

**THE NEED  
FOR  
SPEED**



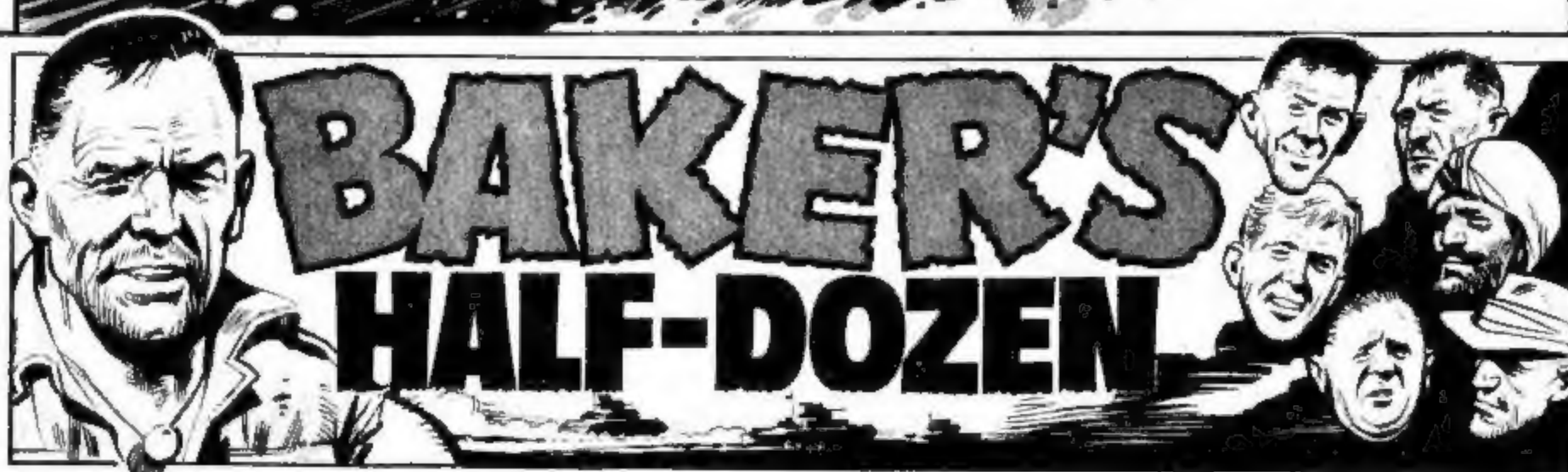
**A  
COMPILATION  
OF STRIPS  
FROM SPEED  
COMICS**

**COMPILED  
BY  
COLTON**

A gripping World War Two story . . . starring fast-moving Sarge Baker!



HE WAS A HARD CASE, ROUGH AND TOUGH, 'FIGHT FAST—MOVE FAST—THEN FIGHT AGAIN', THAT WAS HIS MOTTO . . . AND HE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE TO LEAD A BUNCH OF MISFITS ON ONE OF THE STRANGEST JOURNEYS EVER RECORDED DURING WORLD WAR TWO. THIS IS THE STORY OF **BAKER'S HALF-DOZEN!**



IT BEGAN IN NORTH AFRICA, JANUARY 1942 . . . WHEN A BRITISH SQUADRON OF STUART TANKS WAS AMBUSHED BY A FORMATION OF PANZER MARK IVs...

SHE'S BREWING UP!  
BALE OUT!... BALE OUT!







GRAAAH!

WATTS AND THE  
LIEUTENANT—  
THEY'RE DOWN!

DOWN AND DEAD!  
KEEP RUNNING OR  
THE SAME WILL  
HAPPEN TO US!



OF THE TANK'S CREW, ONLY TWO REACHED SAFETY.  
DRIVER PETE CAREY AND GUNNER JOE PEACH...

WHAT A  
SLAUGHTER!

BRIGADE WAS  
EXPECTING ROMMEL  
TO MAKE A MAJOR  
COUNTER-  
ATTACK... AND  
THIS IS  
IT!



WHAT  
NOW, PETE?  
ANY  
BRIGHT  
IDEAS?

OUR TROOPS  
ARE HOLDING A  
VILLAGE FIVE  
MILES SOUTH!  
WE'LL HOOF IT  
DOWN THERE...



BUT TWO  
HOURS  
LATER...

ANOTHER  
SLAUGHTER HOUSE!  
ROMMEL'S BOYS  
MUST HAVE HIT  
THIS PLACE, TOO!

HOLD IT,  
PETE... I  
HEAR  
VOICES!



COMING FROM  
THAT CELLAR!  
PASS ME THAT  
MILLS BOMB.  
WE'LL SEE IF  
THEY'RE  
KRAUTS...



HEY, YOU LOT BELOW!  
THIS IS A TANKMAN'S ARM  
WITH A  
GRENADE  
ON THE  
END OF IT!  
IF YOU'RE  
JERRIES,  
SAY YOUR  
PRAYERS!

IF YOU'RE  
BRITS—  
HOLLER HARD!

WE'RE NOT HUNS,  
MATE! GET RID OF  
THAT THING!



I'M HARDISTY,  
SECOND AUSTRALIAN  
INFANTRY! WE'VE  
BEEN CUT OFF,  
LIKE YOU TWO!



I'M CORPORAL RUDGE...  
ARMY CATERING CORPS!  
BACK THERE'S TAFF MOODY,  
WELSH FUSILIERS!



WHO'S  
HE?

I DON'T KNOW—  
A RAJPUT FROM THE THIRD  
INDIAN DIVISION, I RECKON!  
POOR PERISHER CAN'T SPEAK  
MUCH ENGLISH! HE CAME  
NOSE-DIVING DOWN HERE  
WHEN THE KRAUTS OVER-RAN US!



THEY HIT US WITH EVERYTHING—MARK FOUR'S,  
EIGHTY-EIGHTS—THE BLOOMING LOT! OUR LADS MIGHT  
HAVE HELD THEM IF THE AUSSIES ON THE LEFT FLANK  
HADN'T CRACKED!

WHAT DOES A  
DISH-JOCKEY  
LIKE YOU  
KNOW ABOUT  
FIGHTING  
SPORT? MY  
COBBERS ARE  
LYING DEAD  
OUT THERE  
SO TAKE THAT  
BACK, OR—

QUIET!  
I HEAR ENGINES!



OUTSIDE...

A JERRY HALF-TRACK!  
THOSE GOONS MUST BE COMING  
TO CHECK ON SURVIVORS!

OKAY, THAT'S IT!  
WE'RE GOING  
TO SURRENDER!

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Race into action with Baker's Half-Dozen in next week's super SPEED!

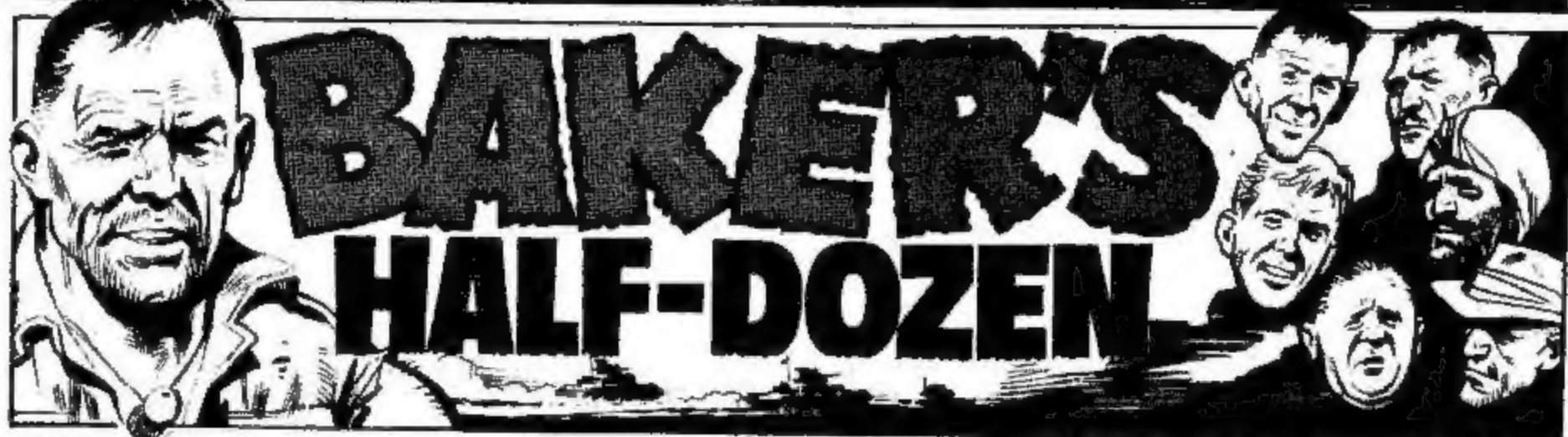


Meet Sarge Baker . . . the fastest moving soldier on two feet!

HE CALLED HIMSELF SARGE BAKER. TALL AND TOUGH, HE SEEMED TO COME OUT OF NOWHERE DURING THE NORTH AFRICAN DESERT CAMPAIGN OF 1942, AND TURNED SIX ALLIED STRAGGLERS INTO THE STRANGEST FIGHTING UNIT OF WORLD WAR TWO . . . THE UNIT THAT BECAME KNOWN AS . . . **BAKER'S HALF-DOZEN!**

FIRST WE ORGANISE, THEN WE MOVE! YOU TWO—FILL THESE WATERBOTTLES! WE'VE GOT A THIRSTY TRIP AHEAD OF US!

AUSSIE—YOU AND THE WELSHMAN SEARCH THE DEAD FOR WEAPONS! WE'LL NEED RIFLES, A COUPLE OF STEPS, GRENADES AND SPARE AMMO!



LITTLE MAN, YOU SCROUNGE FOR GRUB! DATES, FLOUR, AND ANY TINNED STUFF YOU CAN FIND!

I'M NO DOGSBODY SARGE, I GOT RANK TOO! CORPORAL RUDGE... CATERING CORPS!

BIG DEAL! YOU'RE NOT RUNNING A COOKHOUSE NOW, PAL! THIS IS A MAN'S WAR! NOW MOVE!

AAAAGH!







WHY THE ROUGH STUFF SARGE? RUDGE MAY BE A GUTLESS SLOB, BUT HE'S GOT A POINT!

THAT'S RIGHT—AND WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOU! WHAT YOUR OUTFIT IS, OR EVEN WHERE YOU CAME FROM!



A REAL PRETTY BOY, AREN'T YOU? WHAT'S YOUR NAME SON?

JOE... JOE PEACH!



THEN LISTEN HARD, PEACHEY BECAUSE I'M NOT GOING TO SAY THIS TWICE! I'M A REGULAR FROM WAY BACK! I DON'T JUST WEAR MY SARGE'S STRIPES, I GOT THEM TATTOOED ON!

Y-YES, SARGE!

THE ARMY'S MY HOME—MOTHER, FATHER AND WIFE ROLLED INTO ONE. THAT'S ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW... SAVVY?

GOOD! THEN OBEY ORDERS OR YOU'LL END UP A CORPSE WITH THE BEST-COMBED HAIR IN NORTH AFRICA!



ONE MORE THING! IF ANY OF YOU BLISTERS ARE WONDERING WHY I WEAR THESE CUFFS...

...TAKE MY ADVICE... AND QUIT WONDERING RIGHT NOW!



IF YOU ASK ME, THAT GUY'S SCUM, PETE... REAL SCUM!

MAYBE JOE'S RIGHT... BUT THE SARGE HAS GOT TO MAKE THIS BUNCH OF MISFITS MATE HIM ENOUGH TO KEEP MOVING! AND HE'S DOING JUST THAT!



AN HOUR LATER...

ALL THE GEAR'S HERE, SARGE! WE GOING TO TRAVEL IN THE JERRY TRUCK?

YES—SOUTH ACROSS THE DESERT, THEN NORTH TO EL HALFA!

I WANT TO KNOW HOW FAR WE ARE BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES!



BY LATE AFTERNOON, AS THE SUN BEGAN TO SINK...

EL HALFA UP AHEAD, SARGE! LOOKS PRETTY QUIET... MAYBE ROMMEL'S BOYS HAVE BEEN PUSHED BACK!

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS, CAREY! HALF-SPEED, DRIVE UP THE ROAD! WE'LL HAVE A QUICK DEKKO!



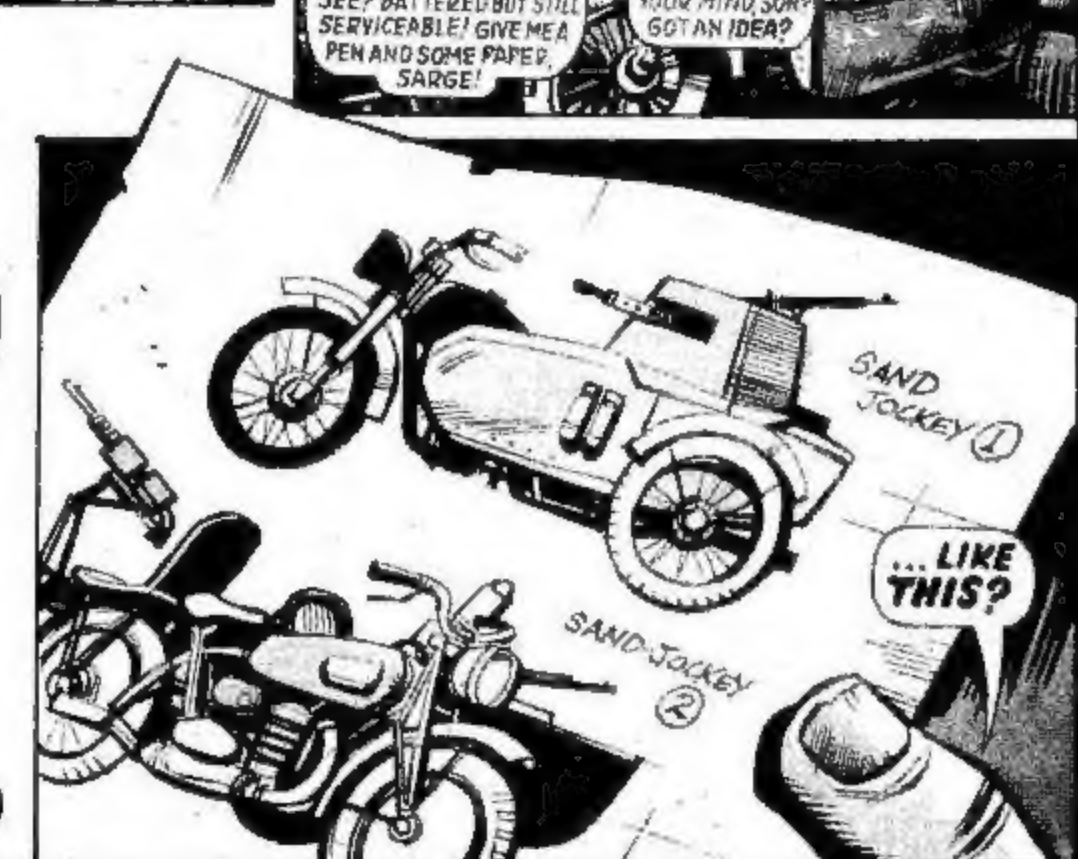
BUT AS THE STOLEN HALF-TRACK NEARED THE TOWN ITSELF...

KRAUTS EVERYWHERE! EL HALFA'S FALLEN!

FOOT DOWN, CAREY! BUST THAT ROADBLOCK, THEN VEER LEFT!

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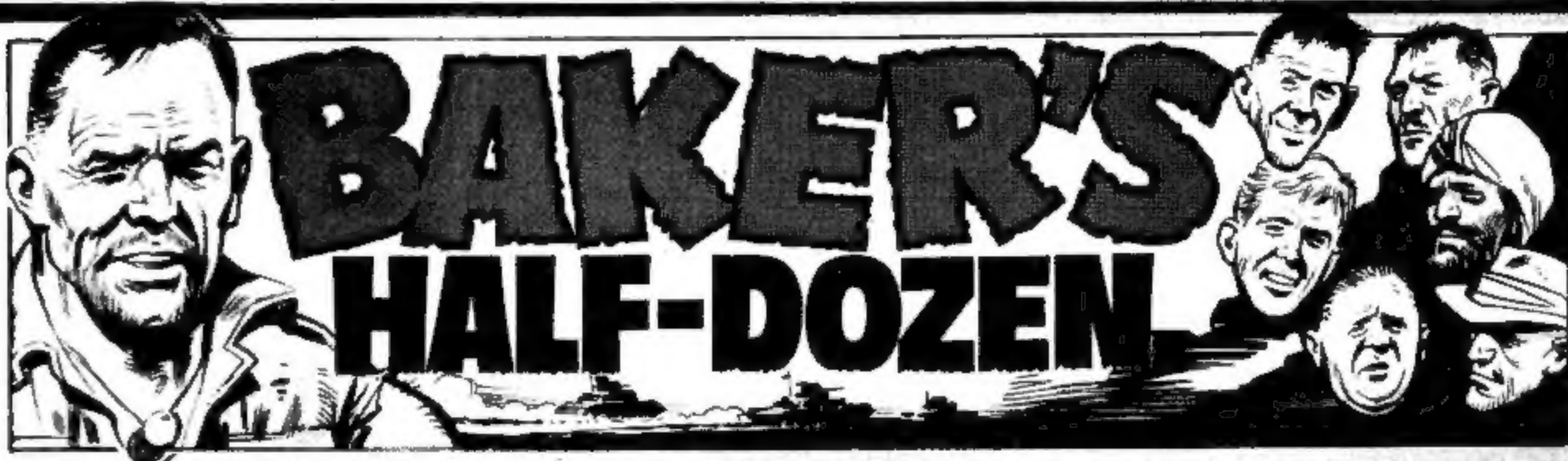




Look out for more high-speed desert action with Sarge Baker next week!



Deadly armoured motor-bike combinations sped into action!



**N**ORTH AFRICA, EARLY 1942. AS THE BRITISH FORCES REELED BACK UNDER THE CRUSHING ONSLAUGHT OF ROMMEL'S AFRICA KORPS, MANY UNITS WERE CUT OFF BEHIND ENEMY LINES. AMONG THEM WERE SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS LED BY THE MYSTERIOUS SARGE BAKER, WHO HAD BEEN FORCED INTO HIDING IN THE GERMAN-HELD PORT OF EL HALFA...

IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS NOW, SARGE! HOW MUCH LONGER WE GOING TO BE STUCK IN THIS LOUSY RAT-HOLE?

FOR AS LONG AS IT TAKES YOUNG CAREY TO GET OUR TRANSPORT READY! UNTIL THEN, WE KEEP QUIET AND LIE LOW, MOODY.

ARMOUR'D MOTOR-BIKE COMBINATIONS! THE WHOLE IDEA'S CRAZY IF YOU ASK ME!

SUDDENLY...

PAKA!  
HINJIN  
DOK!

IT'S THE INDIAN, SARGE!  
SIGNALLING TROUBLE!

NOBODY'S ASKING YOU, RUDGE! SHUT YOUR MOANING MOUTH OR I'LL SHUT IT FOR YOU!





THE WARRIOR-CASTE RAJPUT FROM JODHPUR COULD SPEAK VERY LITTLE ENGLISH. THIS TIME HE DIDN'T HAVE TO!

SQUAD OF KRAUT ENGINEERS - WITH A BULLDOZER!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO CLEAR THE MT. PARK... WHICH GIVES US A HEADACHE!

THE EX-TANK DRIVER HAD BEEN WORKING FOR SEVENTY-TWO HOURS NON-STOP...

PROBLEMS, PETE - WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE OUT FAST! HOW'S OUR TRANSPORT?

ALMOST READY, SARGE! COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

MOMENTS LATER...

WHAT NOW, SARGE? WE GOING TO TAKE THOSE JERRY DUSTMEN?

SURE - BUT QUIETLY! KNIVES AND BAYONETS, NO GUNS! I DON'T WANT HALF THE GERMAN ARMY ON OUR BACKS!

BUT SUDDENLY...

HELL'S TEETH! WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

AIEEEEE!

THE SPUD-BASHER! COOK-BOY PORAL RUDGES!

WARN THE OTHERS, PEACHY-BOY! I'M GOING TO SEE YOUNG CAREY!

MEET SAND-JOCKEYS ONE AND TWO! REBUILT LOW-COMPRESSION ENGINES, STRENGTHENED SUSPENSIONS, WEAPONRY, THE LOT! THESE BABIES WILL HIT HARD AND TRAVEL FAST! I NEED ONE MORE HOUR FOR FINAL CHECKS!

OKAY, GET BUSY! ME AND THE BOYS WILL WIN YOU THAT HOUR!

AND SO...

HUNNING!

UNNUGH!

FOUR DOWN, NINE TO GO! FOR ONCE IN THEIR LIVES, THESE MEAT-HEADS OF MINE ARE ACTING LIKE A TEAM!

YOU GUTLESS LITTLE DISH-JOCKEY! I SAID NO GUNS!

ONE OF THE KRAUTS SPOTTED ME, SARGE! H-HE WAS COMING AT ME SWINGING A PICK!

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More fast-moving thrills with Sarge Baker again next week!

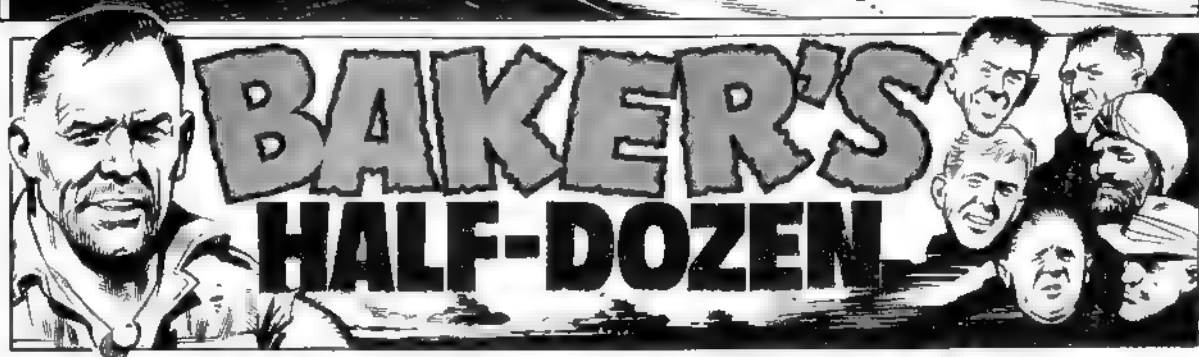


The Stukas had been sent to seek and destroy Baker and company!

NORTH AFRICA, 1942 BAKER'S HALF DOZEN - SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS, LED BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER - HAVE FORMED DESERT RACING INTO A FAST MOVING OUT OF THE GERMAN FORCE AND BROKEN OUT OF THE GERMAN HELD PORT OF EL HALFA

WE'RE AWAY AND CLEAR, SARGE. DO YOU THINK THE KRAUTS WILL TRY AND FIND US?

YOU CAN BET YOUR SWEET LIFE ON IT, CAREY! WE STUNG THEM REAL HARD BACK THERE AND JERRIES DON'T LIKE BEING STUNG!

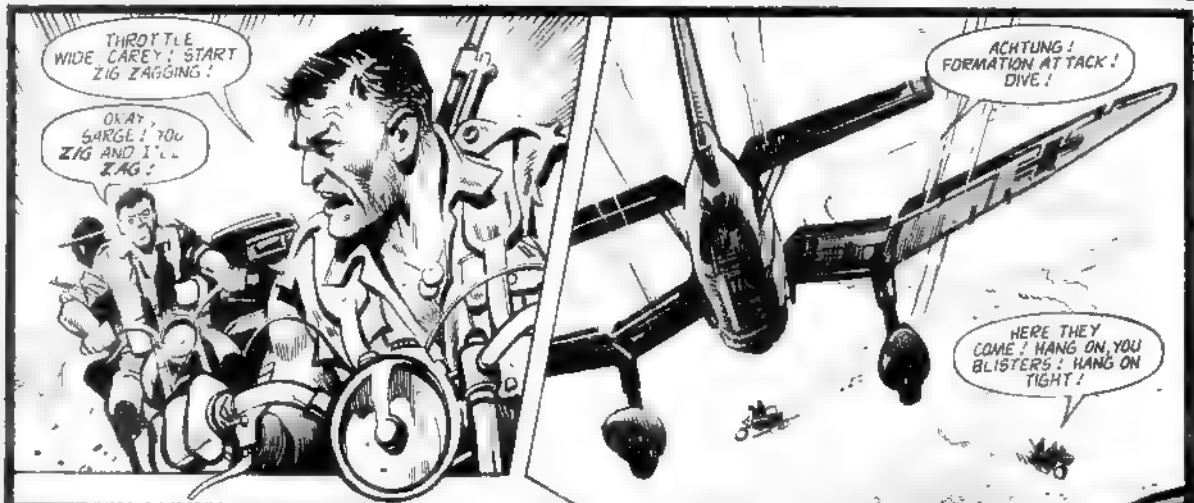


SURE ENOUGH, AN HOUR LATER ..

STUKAS! ELEVEN O'CLOCK HIGH!

NO COVER! NOWHERE TO HIDE! ALL WE CAN DO IS PUT THEM FLY BOYS OFF THEIR AIM!

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UNTIL, AT  
LAST

IT'S ALL  
OVER AND MY  
MOUTH'S LIKE THE  
INSIDE OF A  
WRESTLER'S SOCK!  
HOW ABOUT SOME  
WATER, SARGE?

OKAY,  
ONE MOUTHFUL  
APIECE! THERE'S  
NOT MUCH TO  
SPARE!

RIGHT  
HERE, SARGE  
IN SAND JOCKEY  
ONE!

CORRECTION,  
SARGE - WE'VE  
GOT NONE AT  
ALL!

ONE  
LOUSY STRAY  
CANNON SHELL!  
THAT LUFTWAFFE  
PILOT MUST BE  
LAUGHING IN HIS  
GRAVE!

WITHOUT WATER, WE'RE  
FINISHED! HEAR THAT, YOU  
BLOKES? WE MIGHT  
JUST AS WELL LIE  
DOWN AND DIE RIGHT  
HERE!

ZIP  
THAT MOANING  
CAKEHOLE, MOODY,  
OR I'LL BURY  
YOU MYSELF!  
PEACH - WHERE'S  
THE MAP?

THEN  
QUIT COMBING  
YOUR HAIR AND  
GIVE THE MAP  
TO ME!

YOU'RE REAL PRETTY, SON, AND ONE  
DAY WHEN THIS LOUSY WAR IS  
OVER, YOU MIGHT EVEN BE A  
FILM STAR! BUT OUT HERE,  
NOBODY GIVES A NICKLE  
HOW GOOD YOU  
LOOK! SAVVY?

I I SAVVY,  
SARGE!

SNAP!

BUT AS BAKER STRODE AWAY

STRENGTH, PEACHY, NOT ANOTHER  
COMB! THE SARGE HAS BROKEN  
TWO ALREADY. HOW MANY  
HAVE YOU GOT?

ENOUGH!  
IF YOU'VE GOT HAIR,  
YOU SHOULD LOOK  
AFTER IT, THAT'S  
WHAT I SAY. LOSE  
IT, AND YOU DON'T  
GET A SECOND  
CHANCE!

MOMENTS LATER

15  
waterhole

AS THE SUN SOARED TOWARDS  
ITS ZENITH, THE TINY  
FORCE STRUGGLED ON

MOUNT UP,  
YOU BLOKES! THE  
MAP SAYS THERE'S A  
WATERHOLE TEN MILES  
EAST OF HERE! THAT'S  
WHERE WE'LL  
REFILL!

UNTIL SUDDENLY...

KRAUT  
COLUMN, SARGE!  
DEAD AHEAD!

ENGINES  
OFF! EVERYONE  
OUT! LIE LOW  
SNIFF SAND!  
MOVE!

THE WATERHOLE'S DOWN THERE.  
SARGE! THEM JERRIES COULD  
STAY FOR DAYS WHILE WE  
DIE OF THIRST!

THAT'S  
RIGHT, SON  
WE'RE NOT GOING TO DIE  
OF THIRST! WE'RE GOING  
TO FIGHT! BAKER'S  
HALF-DOZEN ARE ABOUT  
TO MAKE THEIR FIRST  
HIGH-SPEED HIT!

Don't miss the fast-moving thrills in next week's instalment!



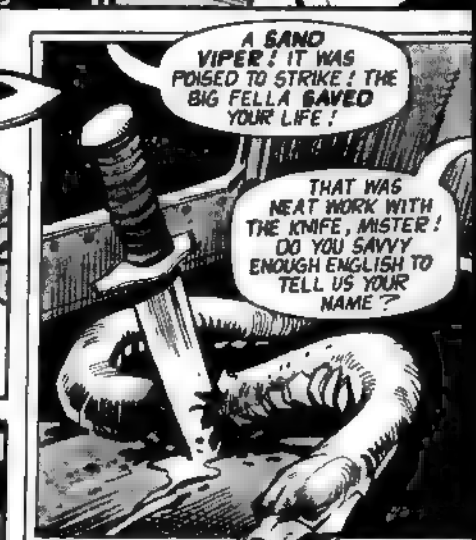
Perot Singh went for Corporal Rudge — with his knife raised!



NORTH AFRICA, 1942. BAKER'S HALF-DOZEN — SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS LED BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER — HAD FORMED THEMSELVES INTO A FAST-MOVING DESERT RAIDING FORCE. NOW THEY NEEDED WATER...AND NEEDED IT DESPERATELY!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





NIGHT FELL



MEANWHILE...



More nerve-tingling action with Sarge Baker again next week!



Meet the FIRE-FIGHTERS - Inside!

# SPEED

12p

29th MARCH, 1980

EVERY MONDAY

## BAKER'S HALF-DOZEN



THE BAYONET'S  
GOT ME PINNED  
TIGHT... AND THE  
STICK GRENADE'S  
ABOUT TO GO OFF!  
I - I CAN'T  
REACH IT!

MOVE OVER,  
SARGE, YOU'RE  
NOT DEAD  
YET!



THE AUSTRALIAN INFANTRYMAN CALLED HARDISTY  
MOVED WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED...



THAT'S ONE I OWE YOU,  
AUSSIE! WHERE DID  
YOU LEARN TO PLAY  
FOOTBALL?

IN THE SOUTH  
QUEENSLAND BOY  
SCOUTS! WANT TO  
HEAR MORE?

YOU MUST BE JOKING,  
PAL! LET'S GET THIS  
SHOW BACK ON THE  
ROAD...

CAREY AND HIS  
CREW ARE IN  
TROUBLE!



SARGE BAKER'S SAND-JOCKEY TWO SPED  
SUDDENLY INTO THE ACTION!

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CAMP, SAND-JOCKEY ONE HAD RUN INTO  
STIFF OPPOSITION!

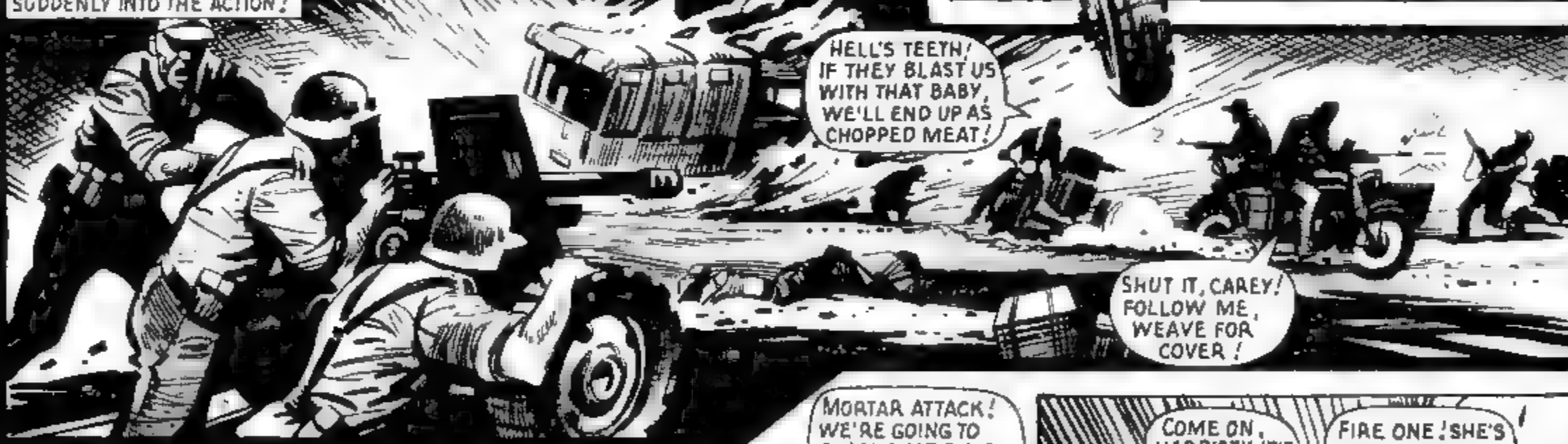
MAIN GROUP  
DIVING FOR COVER,  
JOE! CHOP THEM  
DOWN!

TOO LATE!  
THEY'RE TRYING  
TO BRING THAT  
FIELD-GUN TO  
BEAR!



HELL'S TEETH!  
IF THEY BLAST US  
WITH THAT BABY,  
WE'LL END UP AS  
CHOPPED MEAT!

SHUT IT, CAREY!  
FOLLOW ME,  
WEAVE FOR  
COVER!



MOODY, SLIDE YOUR  
BACKSIDE OUT OF THERE  
AND MOUNT UP WITH US  
IN SAND-JOCKEY TWO!

WHAT'S THE  
IDEA, SARGE?



MORTAR ATTACK!  
WE'RE GOING TO  
BLAST THAT FIELD-  
PIECE AND THE MAIN  
BODY OF KRAUTS  
BEFORE THEY GET  
OUR RANGE! SO  
LET'S RIDE...



I'M NUMBER ONE,  
YOU'RE MY FEED-  
MAN! GRAB A  
SHELL, COBBER...

COME ON,  
HARDISTY, IT'S  
THEM OR  
US!

FIRE ONE! SHE'S  
AWAY, SARGE...  
I ONLY HOPE THIS  
IS OUR LUCKY  
NIGHT!







IT WAS!

AAAGH!

WHAT A MESS! YOU DID IT, SARGE! THOSE THAT ARE LEFT ARE HEADING FOR THE DESERT! RUNNING SCARED!

STOP BLABBERING LIKE A SCHOOLKID, PEACH, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO! CAREY—BRING IN RUDGE AND PEROT SINGH! WE'LL CAMP BY THE WATERHOLE!

WELL, HEAR THIS, CAREY, AND HEAR IT GOOD! THESE 'CUFFS REMIND ME OF SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO DO...

JUST ONE THING, SARGE—I SAW WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU NEARLY GOT THE CHOP EARLIER ON! SO THOSE HAND-CUFFS—HOW ABOUT ME CUTTING THEM OFF?

STILL CURIOUS ABOUT THEM, EH, SON? STILL POKING YOUR NOSE IN WHERE IT ISN'T WANTED!

...AND UNTIL I'VE DONE IT, THEY'LL STAY RIGHT WHERE THEY ARE! SARGE BAKER'S PERSONAL BUSINESS—NOBODY ELSE'S!

THEN...

A STRAY KRAUT MAKING A BREAK FOR IT! I'LL NAIL HIM!

NO!

BAKER'S SHOUT CAME A SECOND TOO LATE!

AAAAGH!

HE'S WAFFENSS...A FULL COLONEL! TAKEN ALIVE, HE COULD HAVE TOLD JS WHAT HE WAS DOING OUT HERE ATTACHED TO AN AFRIKA KORPS COMBAT UNIT!

MAYBE THIS WILL TALK FOR HIM, SARGE! A WALLET FULL OF DESPATCHES!

STUPID WELSH DUMBO! THAT WAS ONE OF ADOLF'S SONS I WANTED ALIVE!

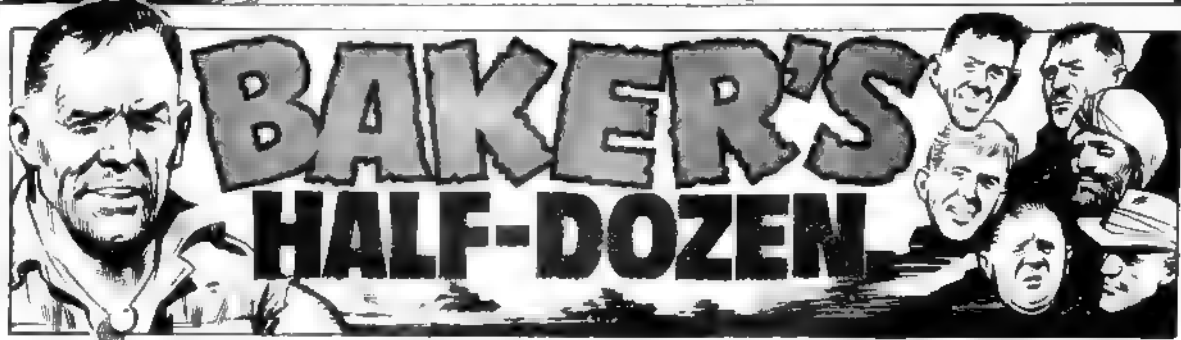
DO YOU RECKON THEY'RE IMPORTANT?

YOU BET YOUR SWEET LIFE I DO, CAREY! THESE AREN'T JUST IMPORTANT...THEY'RE DYNAMITE!

More lightning-fast action with Sarge Baker again next week!



The mob had its cowards — cowards ready to sell out their mates!





ALL THE WATER, GRUB AND AMMO THEY'LL CARRY! WE'RE GOING TO HIT THAT COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE!

HOLD IT, SARGE! EL HOMRA IS A HUNDRED MILES FROM HERE - IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GREAT SAND SEA!

A RAID THAT FAR SOUTH IS ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE! WHY CAN'T WE HEAD DUE EAST BACK TO OUR OWN LINES?

BECAUSE YOU AIN'T IN COMMAND OF THIS OUTFIT, RUDGE... I AM! NOW GET BUSY!



THAT GUY'S A SNAKE, CORP! VENOM THROUGH AND THROUGH!

YEAH, WELL HE WON'T PUSH ME AROUND NO MORE! I GOT A PLAN, MOODY!

COOK CORPORAL RUDGE WAS NO FIGHTING MAN. HE JUST WANTED TO STAY ALIVE..

IF YOU'RE WITH ME, LISTEN HARD! THIS IS WHAT I RECKON WE SHOULD DO.

AT DAWN, BAKER'S HALF-DOZEN HEADED SOUTH... DEEP INTO THE WASTES OF THE GREAT SAND SEA.



AND BY NOON, AS THE SUN BLAZED DOWN WITH UNRELENTING FURY...

DEEP WADI, PLENTY OF COVER! I RECKON YOU BLISTERS HAVE EARNED SOME SHUT-EYE!

EXHAUSTED, THE MEN SLEPT FOR MORE THAN THREE HOURS. UNTIL SUDDENLY—



SARGE, WAKE UP! TROUBLE!

KRAUTS?

HEAR THAT, PETE? OUR BELOVED SERGEANT MIGHT BE HL MAN AFTER ALL!



NO MOODY AND RUDGE HAVE GONE! TAKEN OFF IN SAND-JOCKEY ONE!

YEAH... AND ALL THE FOOD AND WATER HAS GONE WITH THEM!





More action with fast-moving Sarge Baker in next Saturday's issue!

Moody and Rudge were helpless as two scorpions crawled towards them!

# BAKER'S

# HALF-DOZEN

NORTH AFRICA, 1942. MOODY AND RUDGE — TWO MEMBERS OF A RAIDING FORCE, LED BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER — HAD STOLEN THE GROUP'S FOOD AND WATER SUPPLIES AND DESERTED. THEN THEY WERE AMBUSHED BY A GERMAN PATROL, AND...

AAAAARGH!

EXIT MOODY AND RUDGE! THEY MUST HAVE BOUGHT IT, SARGE!

YEAH, BUT LET'S MAKE SURE! APART FROM ANYTHING ELSE, WE NEED THE GRUB AND WATER THEY TOOK!

THE KRAUTS WILL GET THERE BEFORE US, SARGE! BETTER CIRCLE WIDE, KEEP LOW!

BUT, INCREDIBLY...

CORP... WE GOTTA FIND A HIDEY-HOLE! YOU OKAY?

N-NO, IT'S MY ANKLE! TWISTED REAL BAD!





LEAN ON ME, BOYO!  
REACH THOSE ROCKS  
AND WE'LL DODGE  
THE KRAUTS YET!



CORRECTION, ENGLANDER!  
FOR YOU, THE WAR IS  
OVER!

AAAAGH!



D-DON'T  
SHOOT...  
PLEASE! WE  
SURRENDER!

GUT! NOW YOU  
WILL ANSWER  
SOME  
QUESTIONS!



WHERE ARE THE OTHER  
MEMBERS OF YOUR GROUP?  
AND WHERE IS THE PIG OF  
A SERGEANT WHO LEADS  
YOU?

SCHMIDT—  
FIND OUT IF  
DER SCHWEIN  
IS TELLING  
THE TRUTH!  
YOU KNOW  
WHAT TO DO!

I DON'T KNOW...  
HONEST! ME AND  
MY MATE MOODY  
LEFT THEM HOURS  
AGO! DESERTED!



JAWOHL,  
HERR  
KAPITAN!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

THERE'S THE BIKE,  
SARGE! WHERE ARE  
MOODY AND RUDGE?



KRAUTS MUST HAVE  
THEM! BELLY LOW,  
YOU BLOKES—I HEAR  
VOICES AROUND THAT  
NEXT BEND!

ONE MORE TIME I WILL  
ASK YOU, ENGLANDER!  
WHERE IS THE  
REST OF YOUR  
RAIDING  
FORCE?

I—I DON'T KNOW,  
I TELL YOU! THAT'S  
THE **HONEST**  
TRUTH!



HELL'S  
TEETH...  
LOOK!

BELT UP, AUSSIE,  
I'VE GOT EYES! IT'S  
AN OLD BEDOUIN  
TORTURE TRICK!



THINK AGAIN,  
SCHWEIN—BEFORE  
IT IS TOO LATE!

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NEEE-AAARGH  
... SCORPIONS!

C-COMING  
STRAIGHT  
AT US!



SARGE, WE'VE  
GOT TO DO SOME-  
THING! NOW!

I WON'T TELL YOU AGAIN  
TO BELT UP, AUSSIE!  
GIVE ME YOUR RIFLE!

SWIFTLY, THE SARGE TOOK AIM, AND...



TOO LATE, KAPITAN!  
MY FIRST BULLET'S  
GOT YOUR NAME  
ON IT!

AIEEEEE!



AFTERNOON, KRAUTS!  
THE NAME'S BAKER...  
SARGE BAKER!

GOTT IN  
HIMMEL!  
TAKE  
COVER!



OKAY, LAOS...  
NOW! HIT  
'EM HARD!

AAARGH!

UUUUURGH!



CAUGHT IN A WITHERING CROSSFIRE, THE GERMANS  
NEVER STOOD A CHANCE!

HAIRY WHILE IT  
LASTED, SARGE!  
BUT WE NAILED  
THEM GOOD!

YEAH! CAREY— TAKE  
HARDISTY AND SEE WHAT  
YOU CAN DO TO REPAIR  
SAND-JOCKEY ONE!



OKAY...  
BUT WHAT  
ABOUT MOODY  
AND RUDGE?

THOSE CREEPS STOLE  
OUR FOOD AND WATER,  
DIDN'T THEY? LEFT  
US TO DIE!



THEY'RE DESERTERS,  
CAREY... AND IN MY BOOK,  
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY  
TO DEAL WITH DESERTERS!

S-SARGE, FOR  
PETE'S SAKE...  
WH-WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING  
TO DO?

**You can find out the answer to that question in the next instalment!**

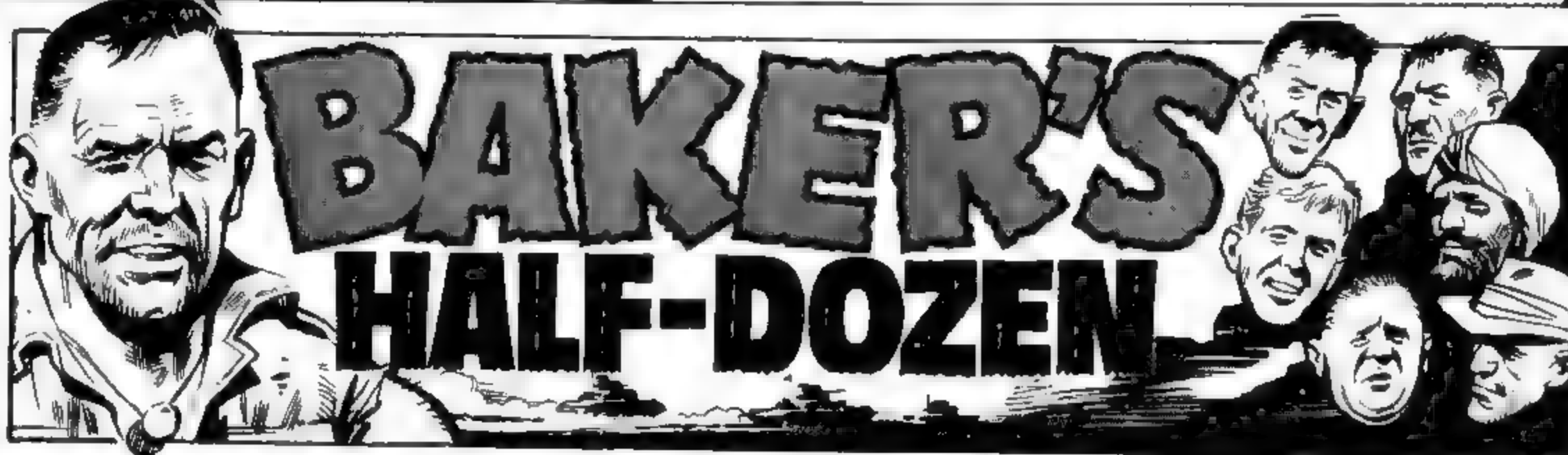


## Mercy was not a word in Sarge Baker's language!

**NORTH AFRICA, 1942. MOODY AND RUDGE—TWO MEMBERS OF A RAIDING FORCE LED BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER—HAD BEEN CAPTURED AND TORTURED BY A GERMAN PATROL AFTER TRYING TO DESERT. BAKER AND THE OTHERS CAUGHT UP AND WIPED THE GERMANS OUT. BUT NOW...**

TH-TH-TH KRAUTS WERE TRYING TO MAKE US TALK, SARGE! FOR MERCY'S SAKE DIG US OUT OF THIS MESS!

WHY SHOULD I? YOU AND MOODY DESERTED WITH ALL OUR FOOD AND WATER—LEFT US OUT THERE TO DIE!



AND NOW YOU CREEPS ARE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT IT FEELS LIKE!

SARGE! YOU CAN'T WALK AWAY AND LEAVE THEM THERE!

CAN'T I? JUST WATCH ME, PEACHEY-BOY...





...JUST WATCH ME!

NO...NO!  
SAAAAARRGE!

PETE, WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!  
LEAVING MOODY AND RUDGE BACK THERE  
IS NOTHING LESS THAN  
**MURDER!**



BAKER MAKES  
HIS OWN RULES,  
JOE! WHERE HE  
COMES FROM AND  
WHY HE WEARS  
THOSE HANDCUFFS,  
NOBODY KNOWS!

IF YOU RECKON YOU'RE MAN  
ENOUGH TO STAND UP TO HIM,  
THEN GO AHEAD...

BUT DON'T  
INVOLVE ME, PAL!  
I'M TOO YOUNG TO  
END UP WITH A  
BREN-BURST IN  
MY BREAD-  
BASKET!



CAREY-HARDISTY, GET BUSY ON REPAIRS  
TO SAND-JOCKEY ONE! PEROT SINGH  
AND ME WILL PICK  
UP THE OTHER  
BIKE!

WILCO,  
SARGE!

THREE LONG, SILENT HOURS WENT BY. THEN...

ALL FINISHED, SARGE!  
WE'RE READY TO ROLL!

OKAY!  
CHECK OUR  
AMMO STATE,  
PACK THE  
GEAR...



...BE READY TO  
MOVE SOON AS  
I GET BACK!

THAT GUY'S  
NUTS, COBBER!  
WHERE THE HELL  
IS HE GOING TO  
NOW?

THEY SOON FOUND  
OUT! FIFTEEN  
MINUTES LATER...

STONE THE WOMBATS-  
MOODY AND RUDGE!  
YOU DUG THEM UP!



YEAH,  
I RECKONED THEY'D  
LEARNED THEIR LESSON!  
SO FEED THEM, WATER  
THEM AND BRING  
THEM ROUND!

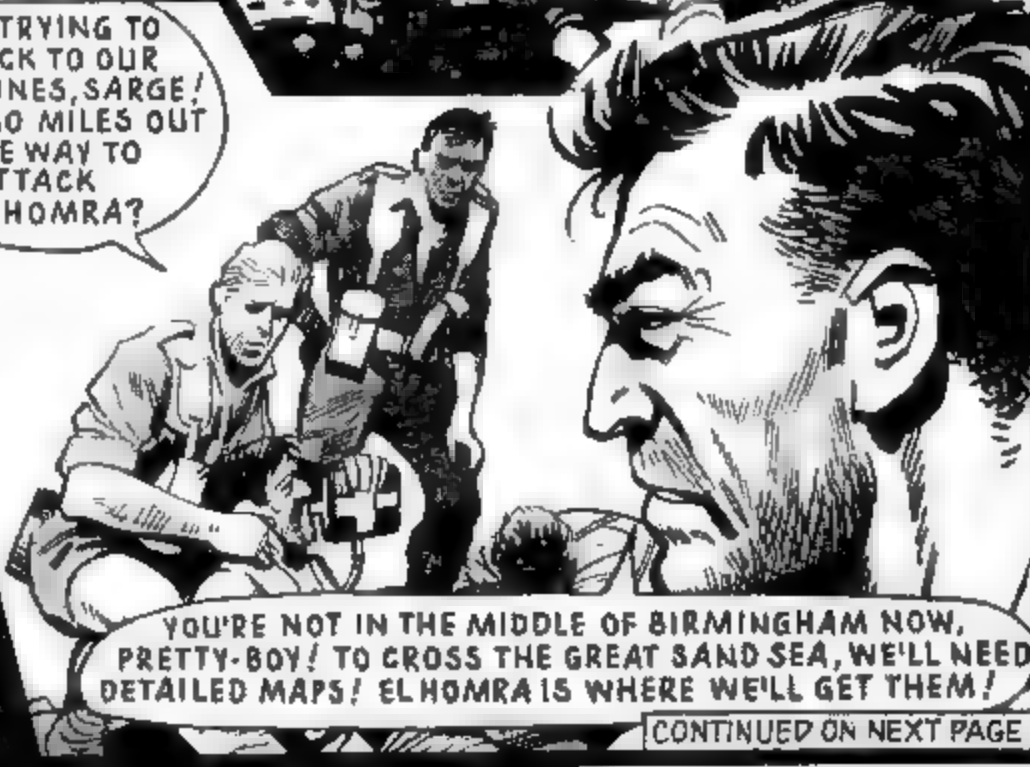


AND IF ANY OF YOU  
BLISTERS THINK I'M GETTING  
SOFT, **FORGET IT!**

I DUG THEM  
CREEPS UP BECAUSE  
WE'LL NEED EVERY  
MAN WE'VE GOT TO  
HIT THE JERRY  
COMMUNICATIONS  
CENTRE AT  
EL HOMRA!



WE'RE TRYING TO  
GET BACK TO OUR  
OWN LINES, SARGE!  
WHY GO MILES OUT  
OF THE WAY TO  
ATTACK  
EL HOMRA?



YOU'RE NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF BIRMINGHAM NOW,  
PRETTY-BOY! TO CROSS THE GREAT SAND SEA, WE'LL NEED  
DETAILED MAPS! EL HOMRA IS WHERE WE'LL GET THEM!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



AS DARKNESS  
FELL, BAKER'S  
HALF-DOZEN  
RODE SOUTH ..



AND AT LAST, AN HOUR  
BEFORE DAWN...

EL HOMRA  
DEAD AHEAD,  
SARGE! LOOKS  
NASTY!



YEAH! STRONG PERIMETER  
FENCE, NO COVER! COULD  
BE A TOUGH NUT!



EVEN  
TOUGH  
NUTS CAN BE  
CRACKED,  
PEACH!

FOLLOW  
ME! HALF-  
SPEED! WE'LL  
HAVE A  
CLOSER LOOK  
AT THAT  
FENCE!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

NO SWEAT, EASY  
CUTTING JOB! GET  
BUSY, CAREY! RUDGE,  
START PRIMING THE  
MORTAR IN SAND-  
JOCKEY TWO!



TARGET!

THE RADIO MASTS! TOPPLE THOSE  
BABIES AND THE KRAUTS WON'T BE  
DOING ANY COMMUNICATING  
FOR WEEKS!

ROGER!



MOMENTS LATER,  
BAKER'S FORCE WAS  
THROUGH THE  
FENCE, AND...

LET HER  
RIP, RUDGE!  
FIARRRRRE!



YAARRR... BULL'S-EYE ON THE MAIN  
FOUNDATION SUPPORTS! NUMBER ONE  
MAST IS GOING TO FALL!

ONLY ONE  
THING WRONG,  
SPORT...



...IT'S GOING  
TO FALL ON  
US!



Don't miss the excitement in next week's thrill-packed instalment!



The toppling radio mast threatened to bury the daring sarge's mob!



**N**ORTH AFRICA, 1942. SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS, LED BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER, HAD FORMED THEMSELVES INTO A DESERT RAIDING FORCE WHILE TRYING TO GET BACK TO THEIR OWN LINES. BUT NOW, DURING AN ATTACK ON A GERMAN COMMUNICATIONS BASE...



# BAKER'S HALF-DOOZEN



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





SWEET POSSUM, I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WE MADE IT!

DON'T TELL ME YOU HAD DOUBTS, AUSSIE! **SPEED** AND **SKILL** IS ALL IT TAKES!



YEAH? WELL, WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO DEAL WITH A COUPLE OF HUNDRED ANGRY KRAUTS?

A CREEPING MORTAR BARRAGE, RUDGE, SO GET BUSY!



TOPPLE THAT SECOND TOWER— AND THIS TIME BRING IT DOWN ON **THEIR** HEADS...NOT **OURS!**

I-I'LL TRY, SARGE!



YOU'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT, COOKIE! YOU'LL DO WHAT I TELL YOU! SAVVY?

SCUM! ONE DAY I'LL GET YOU, BAKER... THAT'S A PROMISE!

MOMENTS LATER...



SLOWLY, THE GIANT MAST TOPPLED SIDWAYS, AND...



FOURTH SHELL ON TARGET, SARGE! THERE SHE BLOWS!



AAAGH!

AIEEEEE!



NICE GOING, SARGE... BUT OUR LUCK CAN'T LAST FOR EVER!

THEN MAKE IT LAST FOR TEN MORE MINUTES, CAREY!



**Crazy or not . . . how will the mob fare? More next week!**

Be like **SPEEDBOY** and be first to the paper shop for a copy of **SPEED Weekly!**



But if you're not as fast as Tim Barlow, then better to use this coupon to make sure of a regular copy of **SPEED** from your Newsagent!

To My Newsagent

Please send/reserve me a copy of **SPEED** every week until further notice.

Name .....

Address .....

Signature of Parent or Guardian

**ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...**

A few weeks ago I promised in my Ed's Chat to give you all a breakdown on how the stories are faring on **SPEED**'s popularity chart. The chart is made up by the votes readers send in with their **SPEEDPOST** entries, so you see how important it is to include the names of your two favourite stories when writing to the paper. Anyway, the top three stories to date are as follows: 1. Topps on Two Wheels. 2. Speedboy and 3. Death Wish. Very interesting, eh? I'll keep you informed on any changes to the top three in future issues.

Now, believe it or not, but Bullet Slick has asked me to thank every reader who has sent in a story of speed and thrills to his £1,000,000 Challenge feature. As you know, Bullet is normally a very hard man to please, but even he has been overwhelmed by the response from **SPEED** readers to the feature. For obvious reasons a lot of the ideas cannot be used, but please feel assured that all the challenges are looked at very carefully and if you have sent an entry in to this popular feature and it hasn't been used, why not have another go?

In next week's exciting **SPEED** there is a super colour photograph of the new Essex Team Lotus in the Speed Collection series and also a marvellous article by the team's No. 1 driver, Mario Andretti. He tells of the exhilarating thrill he gets from driving a Formula One racing car in the major Grand Prix events around the world. I can promise you it makes really exciting reading . . . so don't miss it.

There'll also be some super news of a big, big competition open to all **SPEED** readers!

*David Hunt.*

**ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...**



The Germans were about to send a hit-man after Baker and company!

NORTH AFRICA, 1942. SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS, LED BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER, HAD FORMED THEMSELVES INTO A DESERT RAIDING FORCE WHILE TRYING TO GET BACK TO THEIR OWN LINES. NOW, DURING AN ATTACK ON THE GERMAN COMMUNICATIONS' BASE AT EL HOMRA...

NEEE-AAAGH...  
YOU'RE CRAZY, SARGE!  
PLAIN NUTS!

QUIT YELPING, RUDGE!  
THE NAME OF THIS GAME  
IS **SPEED**...



# BAKER'S HALF-DOZEN

... MIXED WITH  
**SURPRISE!**

**AAAGH!**

HIT THEM, YOU BLISTERS!  
HIT THEM **HARD!**

**AIEEEEE!**



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





WHAT NOW? THE KRAUTS WILL HAVE THIS PLACE SURROUNDED IN FIVE MINUTES FLAT!

FOUR MINUTES IS ALL I NEED TO FIND THE DESERT MAPS I'M LOOKING FOR!



THEY'VE GOT TO BE SOMEWHERE IN THE HQ HUT!

MAYBE THROUGH HERE, SARGE! ALLOW ME TO OPEN THE DOOR!



SWEET POSSUM! AM I SEEING THINGS?

NO, THAT'S A FULL-BLOWN JERRY GENERAL YOU'VE JUST CLOBBERED, AUSSIE!

WATCH HIM CLOSE WHILE I SCOOP UP THOSE MAPS! OUR LUCK'S STILL HOLDING!

AAARRGH!



BUT OUTSIDE, CAREY AND THE MEN OF SAND-JOCKEY ONE WERE FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES!

KRAUT REINFORCEMENTS—MASSING BEHIND A TANK! WE CAN'T FIGHT PANZER STEEL, CAREY!

DEAD RIGHT! WHETHER BAKER LIKES IT OR NOT, IT'S TIME WE WEREN'T HERE!



NAIL THOSE SPANDAUS OUTSIDE THE HQ BLOCK! NAIL THEM NOW!



AAAGH!

HNNNNNGH!



SAAAAARGE...WE'VE GOT A KRAUT TANK BREATHING UP OUR EXHAUST-PIPE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?

ARRANGING OUR EXIT VISA!



STREUTH, WHAT—?

ONE AGEING GERMAN GENERAL, KIDDO! HE'LL MAKE A HANDY HOSTAGE!

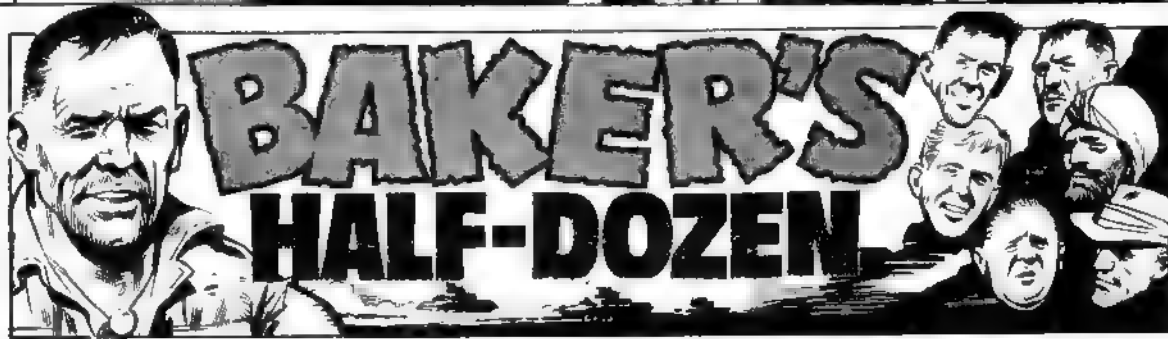




You can discover more about "The Limping Vulture" in the next episode!

No enemy had seen the German sniper's face — and lived!

NORTH AFRICA, 1942. IN THE BLAZING HEAT OF A NOONDAY SUN, SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS RESTED FITFULLY. CUT OFF FAR BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES THEY WERE NOW BEING GUIDED ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT BY SERGEANT BAKER, THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS MAN WHO LED THEM.







WH-WHAT'S  
UP, SARGE?  
DON'T YOU  
LIKE MUSIC?

NOT WHEN I'M  
TRYING TO THINK!  
YOU BLISTERS WANT  
TO GET BACK TO THE  
BRITISH LINES  
DON'T YOU?



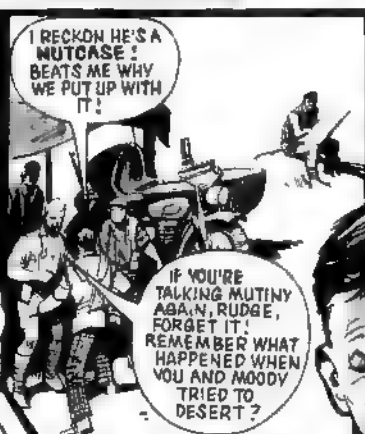
THAT MEANS I NEED  
SOME PEACE TO MAP  
A ROUTE THROUGH  
THE LIBYAN SAND  
SEA!

AND NOISE CARRIES  
OUT HERE! I DON'T WANT  
A COLUMN OF KRAUTS  
JOINING IN YOUR  
SINGSONG!



SCUM! HE TREATS  
US BLOKES LIKE  
SO MUCH DIRT!

YEAH, WHERE DID THE GUY  
COME FROM, ANYWAY? AND  
WHY DOES HE WEAR THEM  
HANDCUFFS ALL THE  
TIME?



I RECKON HE'S A  
NUTCASE!  
BEATS ME WHY  
WE PUT UP WITH  
IT!

IF YOU'RE  
TALKING MUTINY  
AGAIN, RUDGE,  
FORGET IT!  
REMEMBER WHAT  
HAPPENED WHEN  
YOU AND MOODY  
TRIED TO  
DESERT?

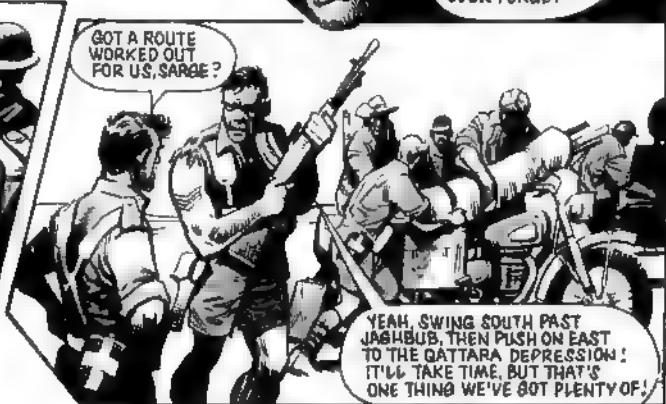


SURE, I  
REMEMBER  
I DON'T RECKON I'LL  
EVER FORGET!



BUT ONE DAY  
I'LL GET OUR  
SARGE BAKER:  
MARK MY  
WORDS!

DISCUSSION TIME  
OVER, YOU CREEPS!  
MOUNT UP!



GOT A ROUTE  
WORKED OUT  
FOR US, SARGE?

YEAH, SWING SOUTH PAST  
JASHBUB, THEN PUSH ON EAST  
TO THE QATTARA DEPRESSION!  
IT'LL TAKE TIME, BUT THAT'S  
ONE THING WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF!

BUT

WRONG, BRITISH  
SERGEANT! TIME  
IS THE ONE THING  
YOU ARE SHORT OF!





You can learn more about 'The Limping Vulture' next week!



One by one — the Limping Vulture picked off the Sarge's mob!



# BAKER'S HALF-DOZEN



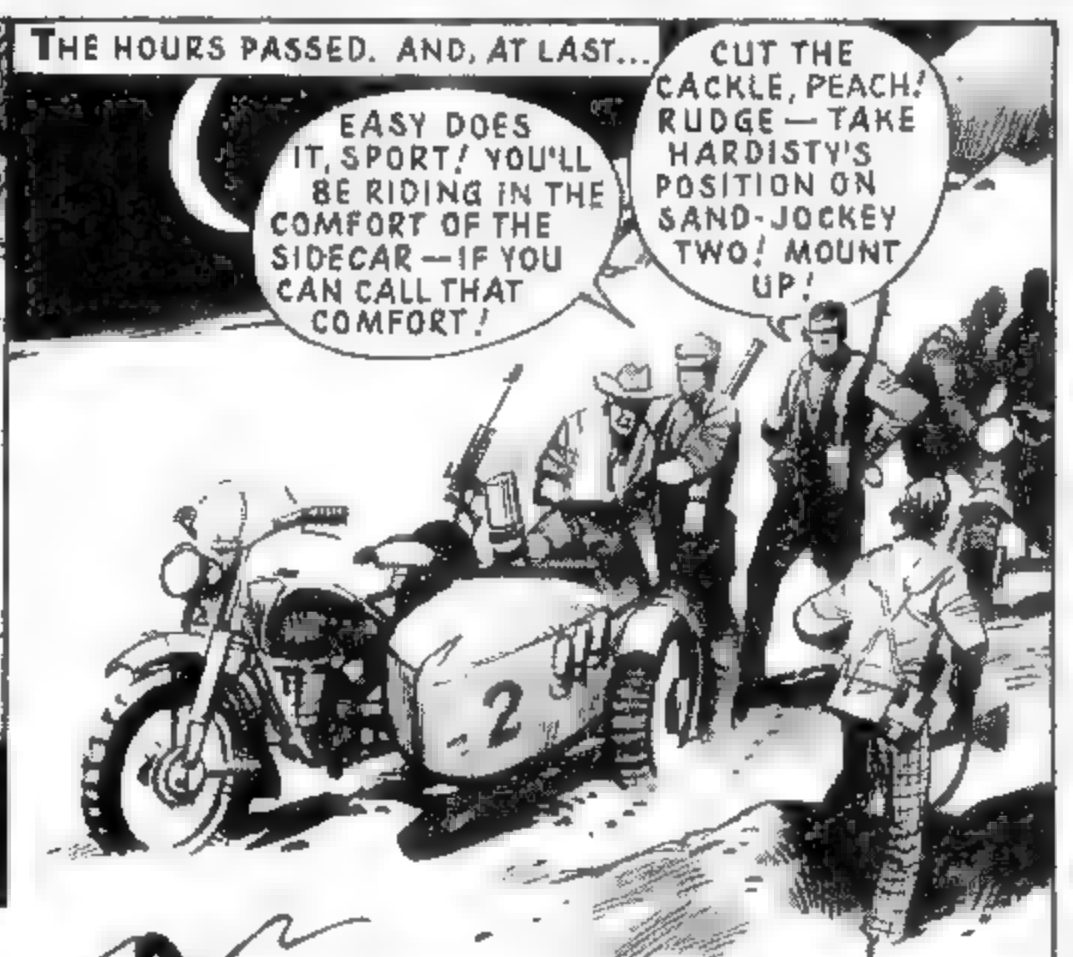
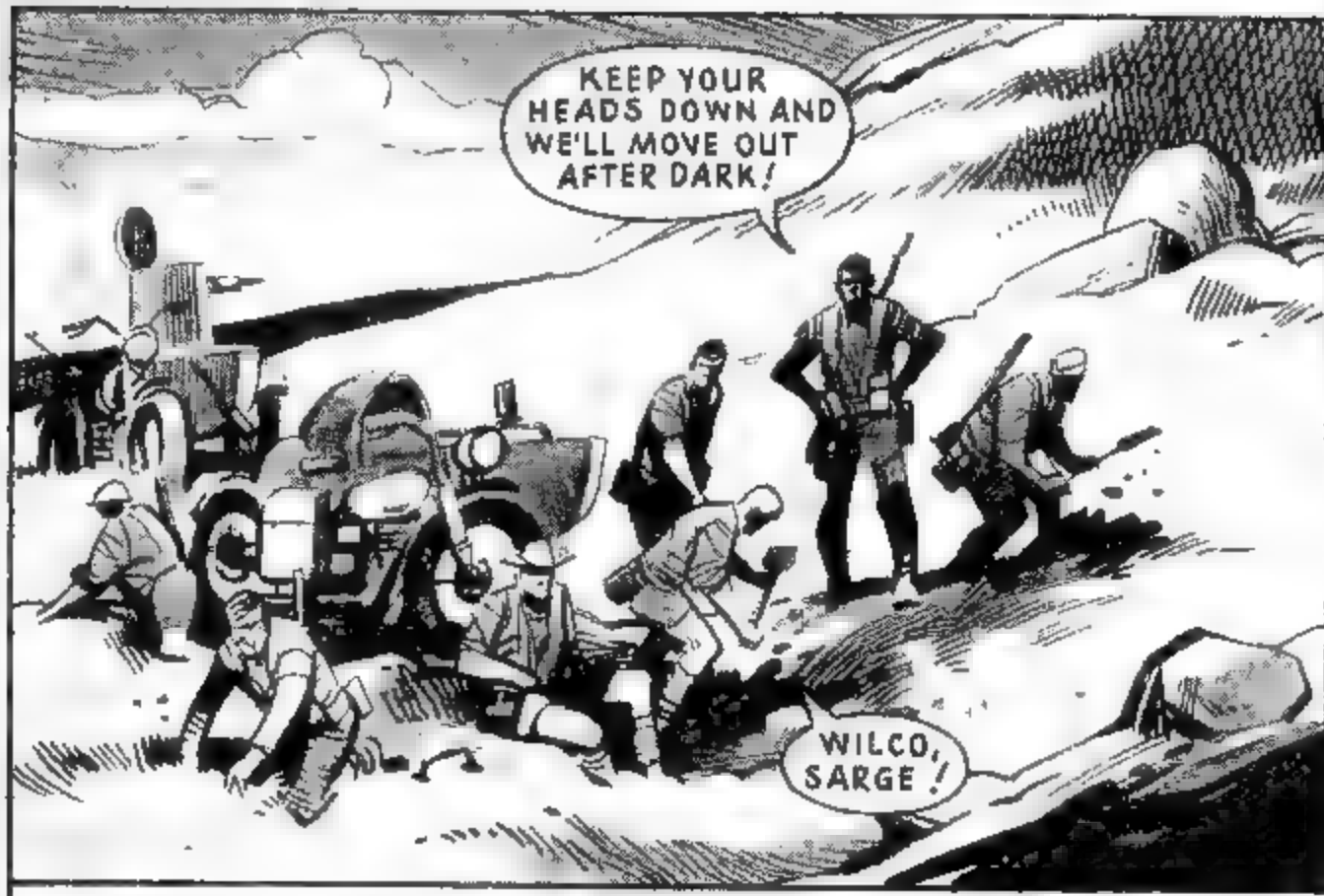
**NORTH AFRICA, 1942.** CUT OFF BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES, SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS WERE TRAVELLING FAST ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT, LED BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER. THEN THEY WERE ATTACKED — BY AN UNSEEN SNIPER!



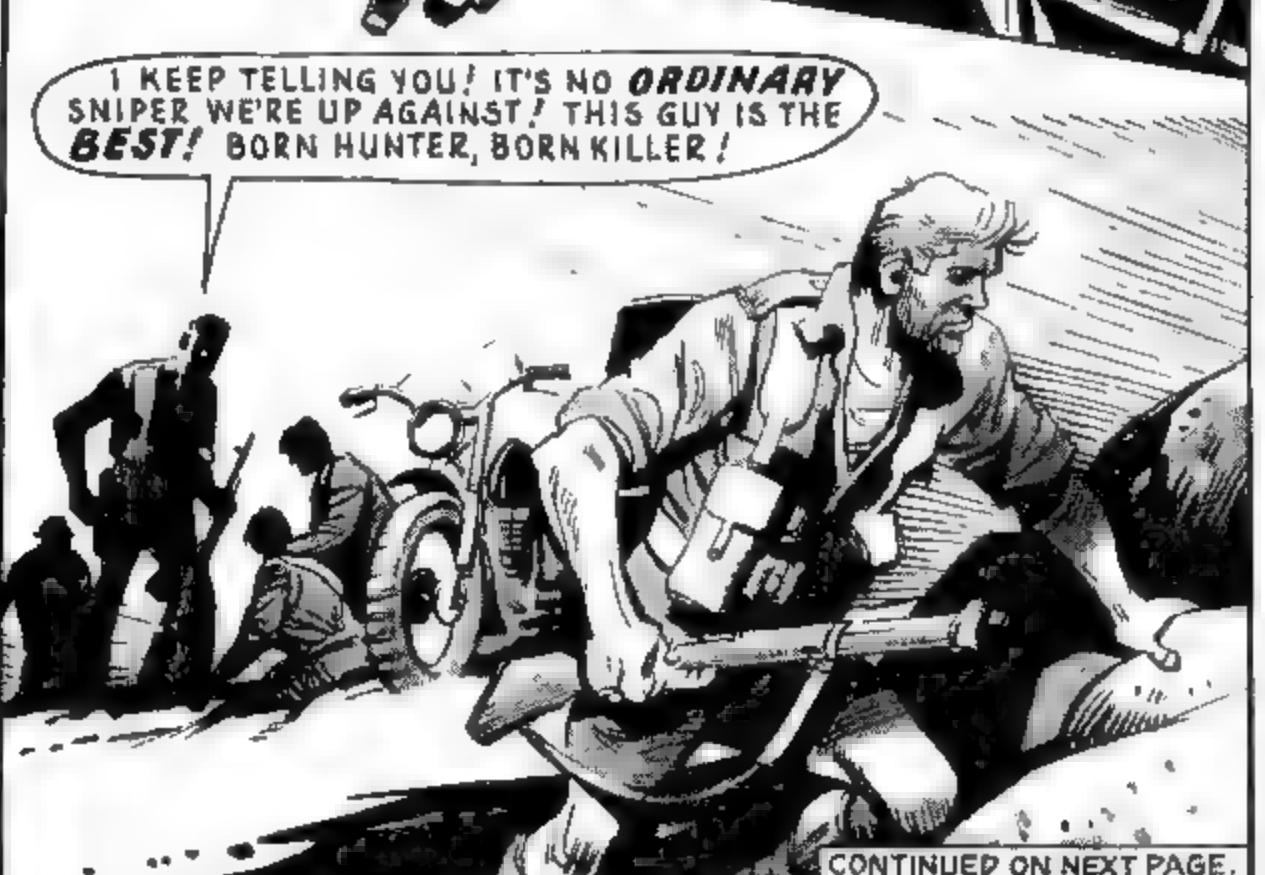
NO-ONE EVEN KNOWS HIS REAL NAME! THEY CALL HIM **THE LIMPING VULTURE!**





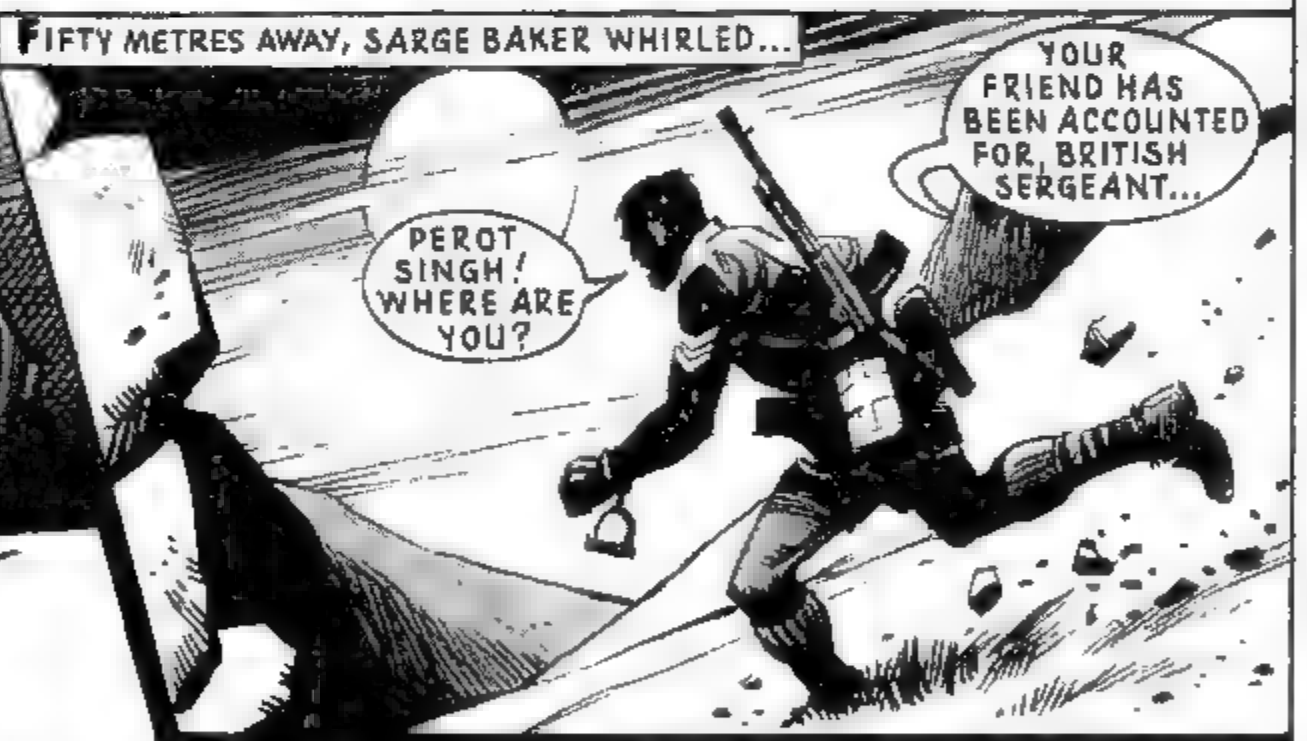


AT HALF-SPEED, THE BIKES ROARED OFF. THEN...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





THE VULTURE...  
COMING AT SPEED!  
HE'S GOING TO  
RIDE ME INTO  
THE SAND!

What can Sarge Baker do now? The answer's in next week's issue!



**BIG NEWS ISSUE! OVER £1,000 TO BE WON!**

# SPEED

12p

**28th JUNE, 1980**

**EVERY MONDAY**





SARGE BAKER WAS KNOCKED FLYING...

SPINAL CORD BRUISED  
AND NUMB... I CAN'T  
MOVE MY LEGS!

THIRTY METRES AWAY, THE VULTURE REINED IN...

GUT, THE  
SCHWEIN IS  
UNCONSCIOUS!  
NOW FOR THE  
KILL!

HE'S CLOSING IN!  
GOT TO PLAY THIS  
COOL—MOVE  
NOTHING EXCEPT  
MY TRIGGER  
FINGER...

...NOW!

YAAAGH!

HIMMEL!  
MY WOODEN  
STUMP!

LET'S JUST SAY  
I'VE CUT YOU DOWN  
TO SIZE, VULTURE!  
FEEDING-TIME IS  
OVER!

MAKE ONE MOVE  
FOR YOUR GUN AND  
I'LL BLAST YOU FROM  
HERE TO NEVER-  
NEVER-LAND!

SUDDENLY THERE  
WAS THE ROAR OF  
AN ENGINE. AND...

SARGE!  
YOU  
OKAY?

I WILL BE WHEN I GET  
SOME FEELING BACK  
INTO MY LEGS! THE  
OTHER CRIPPLE IS THE  
LIMPING VULTURE!

HE JUMPED  
PEROT SINGH THEN  
STEAMROLLED  
ME WITH THE  
CAMEL!

LOOKS AS THOUGH  
SINGH 'S OKAY, SARGE!  
HERE HE COMES  
NOW!



SO THIS IS THE CREEP WHO'S BEEN BUSH-WHACKING US, UH? BAGS ME. FINISH HIM, SARGE!

BACK OFF, YOU WELSH WEASEL! WITH CAREY AND HARDISTY WOUNDED, WE NEED THAT KRAUT ALIVE!

HOW COME?

HE CAN GET US MEDICAL SUPPLIES! CHECK TO SEE IF THERE'S A TRANSMITTER LOADED ON THAT CAMEL!

SURE IS, SARGE! PORTABLE MORSE-KEY JOB! CALL-SIGNS, THE LOT!

GOOD! WE'LL MAKE THE VULTURE REPORT TO THE NEAREST KRAUT PATROL! TELL THEM HE'S BEEN HURT AND TO BRING MEDICAL SUPPLIES! HERE—AT DAWN!

YOU HEARD ME, PAL, SO START SENDING! AND DON'T FORGET I KNOW MORSE! ONE WRONG DOT-DASH AND YOU'RE DEAD!

YOU TALK TOUGH AND ACT HARD, ENGLANDER... BUT I WONDER IF YOUR MEN KNOW THE TRUTH?

DO THEY KNOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT WE HAVE MET BEFORE... AND THAT I KNOW THE SECRET OF THOSE HANDCUFFS YOU WEAR?

SHUT YOUR MOUTH, LOUSE!

SHUT IT TIGHT!

GRAIEEEE!

KRAK!

STRENGTH... DID YOU HEAR ALL THAT, BOYS?

YEAH, AND I WISH I HADN'T! BECAUSE I HAVE A FEELING THAT KNOWING THE SECRET OF BAKER'S PAST JUST ISN'T HEALTHY!

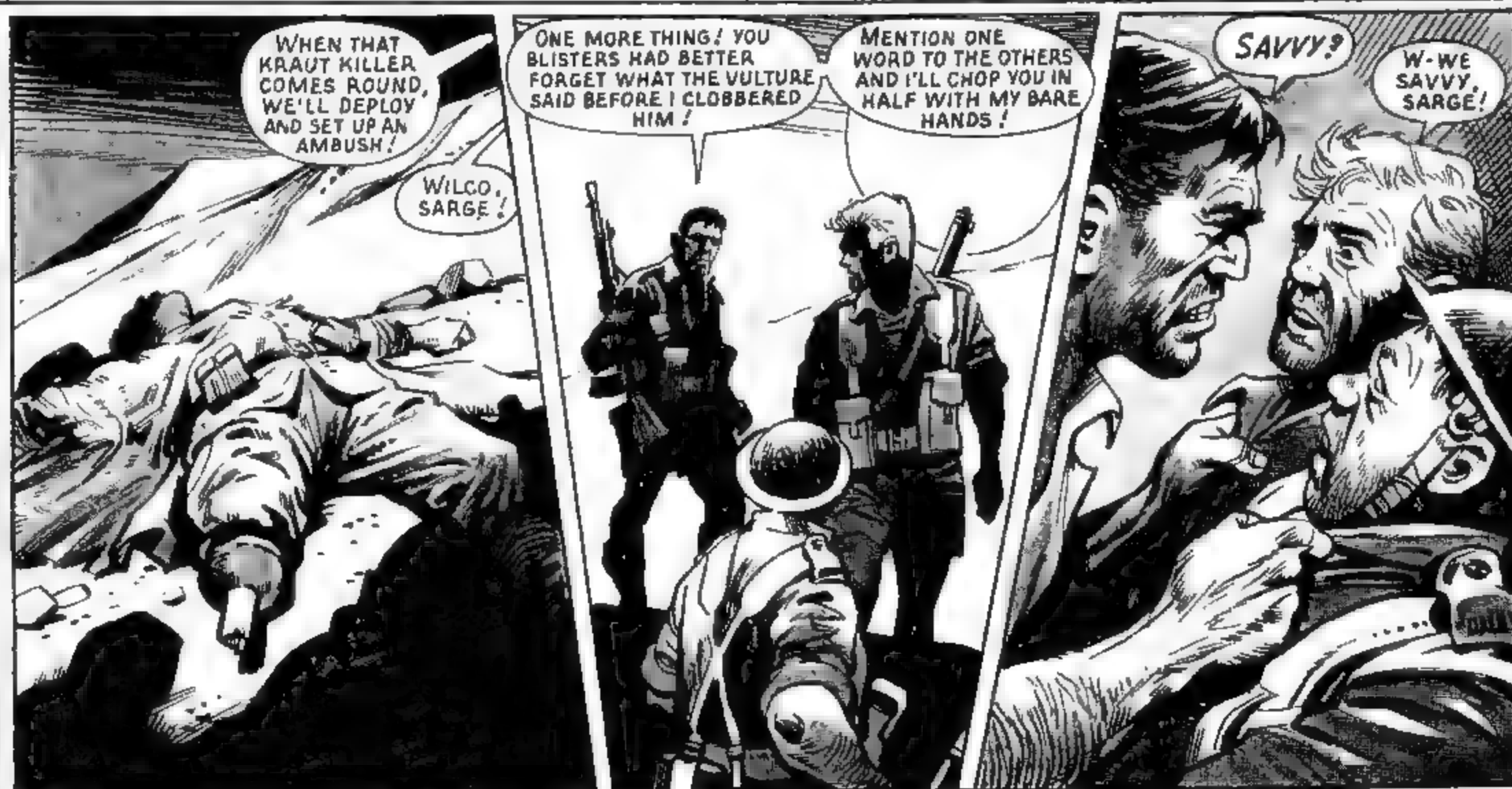
**There's more big war action with Sarge Baker and his men next week!**



## Sarge Baker forced the German killer to obey his orders!

PORT-AFRICA, 1942. CUT OFF BEHIND ENEMY LINES, SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS WERE BEING LED ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER. BUT THE GERMANS HAD SENT SOMEONE TO TRACK THEM DOWN — A RUTHLESS KILLER KNOWN AS THE LIMPING VULTURE. AFTER A DESPERATE FIGHT, BAKER MANAGED TO CAPTURE HIM!

MOODY! PEACH! GO GET THE SPEED-IRONS AND BRING THE REST OF OUR BLOKES UP HERE ON THE DOUBLE!



THE WORDS HAD BEEN BRANDED INTO DAVE MOODY'S BRAIN WITH THE FORCE OF A BLOW-TORCH!

YOU TALK TOUGH AND ACT HARD, ENGLAND... BUT I WONDER IF YOUR MEN KNOW THE TRUTH?

DO THEY KNOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT WE HAVE MET BEFORE... AND THAT I KNOW THE SECRET OF THOSE HANDCUFFS YOU WEAR?

SHUT UP, LOUSE!

WOW! WHEN BAKER HATES, HE SURE HATES HARD!

IF YOU ASK ME, THE GUY'S CRAZY! HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY EXPECT US TO FORGET WHAT THAT JERRY SAID?

YEAH, BAKER'S SECRET PAST MIGHT BE CATCHING UP WITH HIM, MOODY... BUT I AIM TO DO WHAT HE SAYS AND FORGET IT!

NOT THIS KIDDY! I'M GOING TO SPEAK TO MY MATE, CORPORAL RUDGE!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

YOU BLISTERS TOOK YOUR TIME! HOW ARE THE WOUNDED MEN?

HARDISTY IS STILL CONSCIOUS, SARGE... CAREY'S NOT SO GOOD! WE NEED MEDICAL SUPPLIES FAST!

IF THAT KRAUT CAN GIVE US THE LOWDOWN ON BAKER, WE MIGHT GET EVEN WITH THE SCUM!

YEAH, AND THIS NAZI NASTY IS GOING TO GET THEM FOR US! PEROT SINGH—GIVE ME YOUR KNIFE!

LISTEN HARD, VULTURE! DO EXACTLY AS I SAY, AND YOU HAVE A CHANCE OF STAYING ALIVE!

REFUSE, AND IT'LL TAKE A WEEK FOR YOU TO DIE! GET THE PICTURE?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



BAKER MEANT EVERY MERCILESS WORD HE SAID...  
AND THE GERMAN KNEW IT!

VERY WELL, ENGLANDER...  
THIS TIME YOU WIN! BUT  
NEXT TIME IT WILL BE  
DIFFERENT!

THERE WON'T BE A  
NEXT TIME, CHUMMY!  
NOW START  
TRANSMITTING!

UNDER BAKER'S INSTRUCTIONS,  
THE VULTURE TAPPED OUT A SHORT,  
SHARP MESSAGE IN MORSE CODE...

AND TWENTY MILES AWAY ACROSS THE OPEN  
DESERT...

HERR OBERST—A  
CALL ON THE  
EMERGENCY WAVE-  
BAND! THE CODE-  
NAME IS VULTURE!

MEIN GOTT! THE DESERT  
HUNTER? THE ONE WHO IS  
SEARCHING FOR THE ENEMY  
RAIDERS?

JAWOHL! HE  
NEEDS HELP  
AND MEDICAL  
SUPPLIES AT MAP  
REFERENCE 2476!

BREAK CAMP, PREPARE  
TO MOVE OUT! SCHNELL!

THE GERMAN PATROL DROVE FAST.  
AND AS DAWN BROKE...

RENDEZVOUS  
AHEAD, HERR  
OBERST! WE  
HAVE MADE  
CONTACT!

GUT! STOP AT  
THE ENTRANCE  
TO THE WADI!

MORGEN, MEIN  
HERR! YOU ARE  
IN SOME KIND  
OF TROUBLE,  
JA?

THE NAME'S  
BAKER, AND  
YOU'RE THE  
ONE WHO'S IN  
TROUBLE!

NOT ANY  
MORE, PAL!

GREEE-AGH!

OUT FROM THEIR AMBUSH POSITIONS ROARED SAND-JOCKEYS  
ONE AND TWO...

OKAY, YOU BLISTERS,  
I WANT A HIGH-SPEED  
HIT! GIVE IT TO THEM  
HARD AND HOT!

WE'RE WITH  
YOU, SARGE—  
ALL THE WAY!

BUT NOT FOR MUCH  
LONGER! YOU CLEAR  
ABOUT WHAT TO DO,  
RUDGE?

YEAH! CARVE UP  
THE KRAUTS THEN  
DOUBLE BACK...AND  
GET TO THE LIMPING  
VULTURE BEFORE  
BAKER DOES!

**The thrilling action continues in the next exciting instalment!**

The Vulture was about to reveal Sarge Baker's secret to Moody and Rudge!



# BAKER'S HALF-DOZEN

NORTH AFRICA, 1942. CUT OFF BEHIND ENEMY LINES, SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS WERE BEING LED ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER. WITH TWO OF HIS MEN WOUNDED, BAKER AMBUSHED A GERMAN PATROL IN ORDER TO OBTAIN MEDICAL SUPPLIES FOR THEM.

CIRCLE FAST, HIT THEM HARD, YOU BLISTERS! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



KRAUT ON THE HALF-TRACK, SARGE! MACHINE-GUNNER!

LEAVE THE CREEP TO ME, PEACHY-BOY!

BUT...

MAG'S EMPTY — I'M OUT OF AMMO! ONLY ONE THING'S GOING TO SAVE ME NOW...

CLICK!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





... AND THAT'S SPEED!

GOTT IN HIMMEL, WAS - ?

UUUGH!

NICE ACTION YOU'VE GOT, SARGE! EVER PLAYED POLO?



SAVE THE WISECRACKS FOR YOUR OLD AGE, PEACH! WHERE THE HECK ARE MOODY AND RUDGE?

SEARCH ME! CHASING STRAGGLERS, I GUESS!

COOK CORPORAL RUDGE AND TAFF MOODY WERE THE TWO MEN WHOSE DISLIKE OF THE SARGE HAD TURNED TO BLIND HATRED!

GOOD SHOOTING, TAFF! ANY SIGN OF BAKER AND THE OTHERS?

AIEEE!

NO, WE'RE IN THE CLEAR! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO DOUBLE BACK!



AT THE HEAD OF THE WADI WAS A CAPTURED GERMAN TRACKER NAMED THE LIMPING VULTURE...

WE HAVE TO MOVE FAST— AND WE DON'T WANT ANY WITNESSES! HOW ARE CAREY AND HARDISTY?

RELAX, THEY'RE OUT COLD— DELIRIOUS FROM THEIR WOUNDS! JUST CONCENTRATE ON THE KRAUT!



SO THE AMBUSH HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL, JA? AND NOW YOU COME TO KILL ME?

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG, MATE! ME AND MY MATE WANT TO MAKE A LITTLE DEAL!



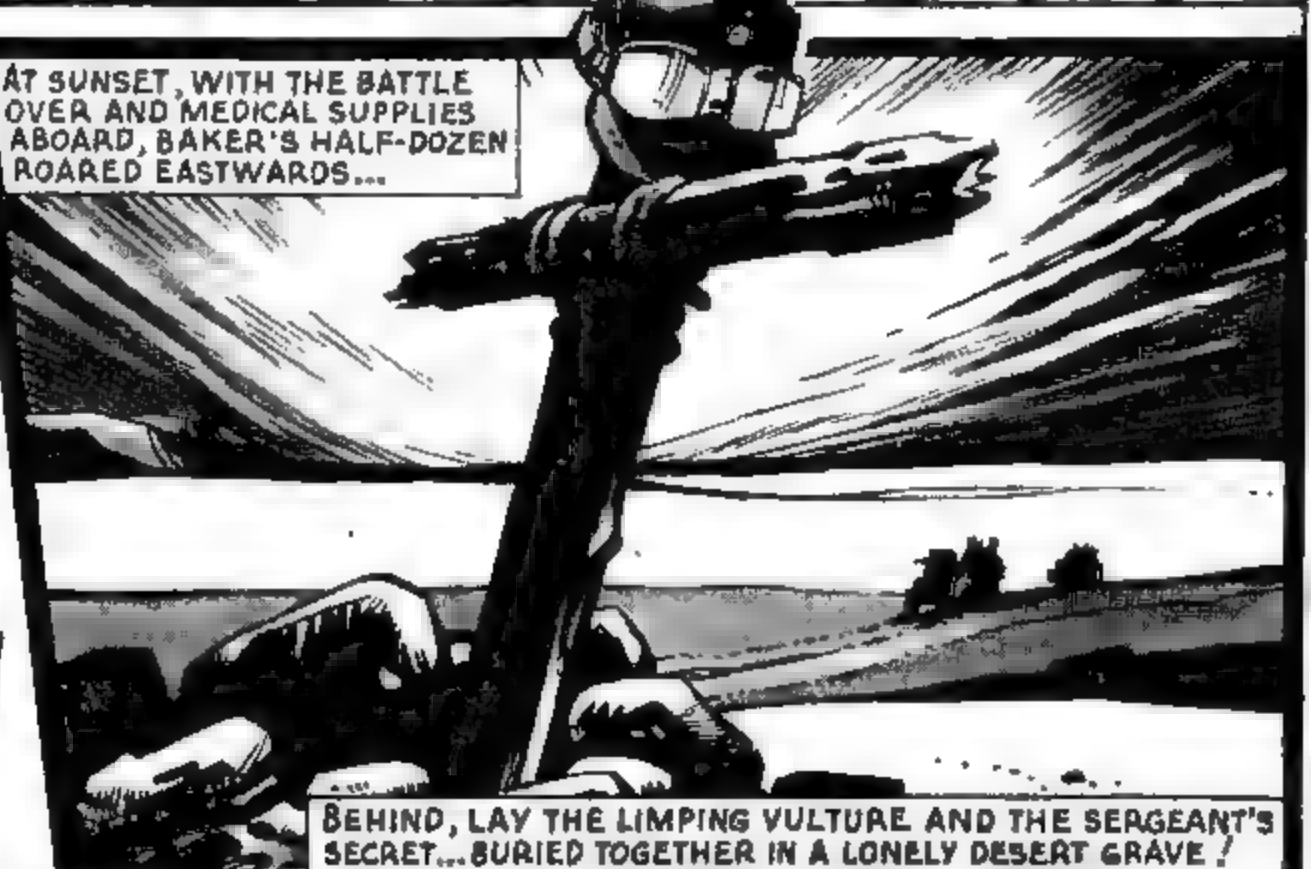
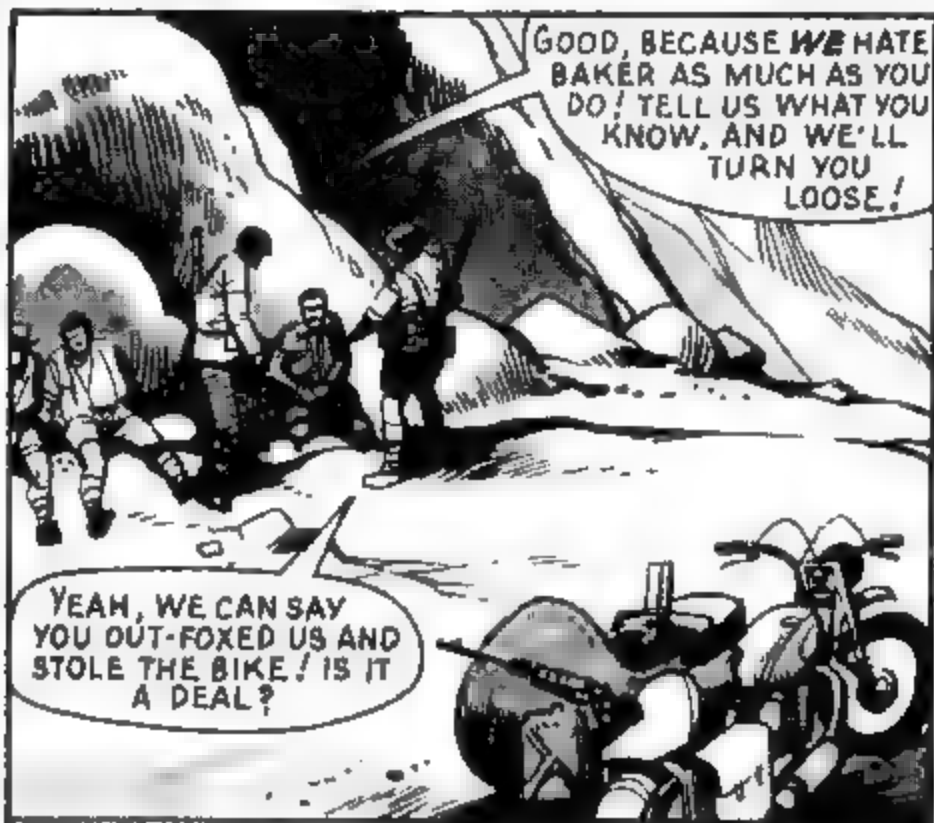
MOODY TELLS ME YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT SARGE BAKER'S PAST! IS THAT RIGHT?

JAWOHL, WE FOUGHT AGAINST EACH OTHER ONCE BEFORE... A LONG TIME AGO!



I KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT THAT ENGLISH SCHWEIN...

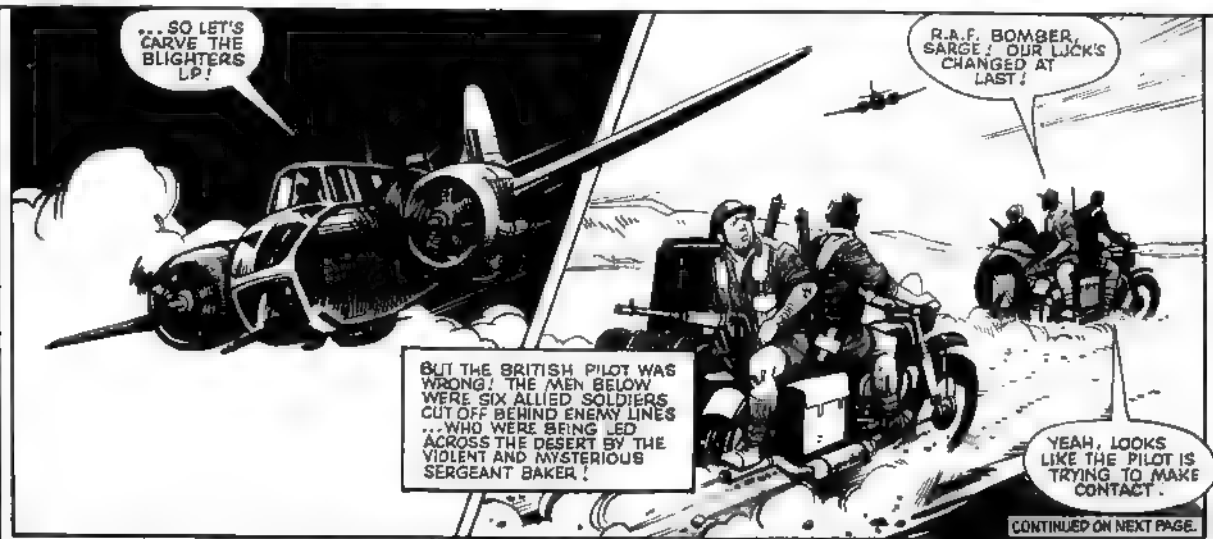
... INCLUDING THE REASON WHY HE WEARS THOSE ACCURSED HANDCUFFS!



Part three of the **SPEED** Treasure Hunt appears next week!



**So far behind enemy lines — Baker and Co. had to be the enemy!**



BUT...



EVERYBODY  
OUT! HUG SAND  
OR YOU'RE  
DEAD!



WE'RE THREE  
HUNDRED MILES  
BEHIND ENEMY  
LINES! THEY THNK  
WE'RE KRAUTS!

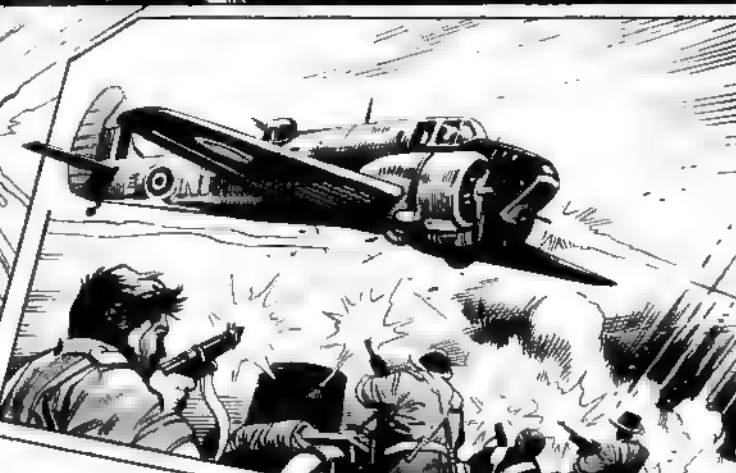


THIS IS NO  
TIME FOR LETTER  
WRITING, RUDGE.  
ALL WE CAN DO IS  
FIGHT BACK.



WRONG, MOODY! WHEN  
SOMEBODY SHOTS AT US,  
WE SHOOT BACK!

AND THAT'S AN ORDER!



SECONDS  
LATER...



SERVES  
THEM  
RIGHT!



INSIDE THE  
STRICKEN  
BLENHEIM...

ALTITUDE THREE  
HUNDRED AND  
FALLING! CAN  
YOU HOLD HER,  
SKIPPER?

AFRAID NOT, OLD BOY! OIL  
PRESSURE'S GONE AND THE  
CONTROLS WON'T  
ANSWER!





The final 'Treasure Hunt' clues — in next week's issue!

**Baker and his men fought desperately to beat off the Tuaregs!**

NORTH AFRICA, 1942. CUT OFF BEHIND ENEMY LINES, SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS WERE BEING LED ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER. NOW, CLOSE TO AN R A F BLENHEIM BOMBER WHICH HAD CRASH-LANDED...

HI-YAARRRRH!

TUAREG WARRIORS OUT FOR BLOOD! FULL THROTTLE, CAREY!



# BAKIER'S HALF-DOZEN

THEY DEPLOYED BEHIND THE COVER OF SOME ROCKS

SECONDS LATER.

GRAAGH!

NOW!  
CONCENTRATED FIRE,  
TEN-SECOND BURSTS!  
GIVE THEM THE CHOP!

NEE-RAAGH!

TOO EASY, SARGE!  
WE'VE GOT THEM  
OUTCLASSED AND  
OUTGUNNED!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



BUT, SUDDENLY.

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE PLANE! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING FOR EASIER PICKINGS. THE FLY-BOYS INSIDE!

SECONDS LATER...

STAY HERE AND COVER ME, AUSSIE! IF A FUZZY-WUZZY SHOWS HIS FACE, SHOOT FAST AND SHOOT STRAIGHT!

INSIDE

THE TURRET GUNNER'S DEAD! THAT'S ONE LESS TO WORRY ABOUT!

ONLY THE PILOT AND OBSERVER LEFT ALIVE! THEY MUST'VE BEEN KNOCKED OUT ON IMPACT!

U-UH! WHO...WHO ARE YOU?

ACTION FIRST, CHAT LATER, PAL! CAN YOU AND YOUR BUDDY MAKE IT TO THE REAR?

I-I GUESS SO. ALL MY BONES SEEM TO BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE!

MOMENTS LATER...

IT'S TOO QUIET AROUND HERE, HARDISTY! WHERE THE HELL ARE THOSE TUAREGS?

MAYBE THEY WENT HOME FOR AN EARLY TEA!

WRONG AGAIN, PAL! HERE THEY COME!

NY-AAAAAGH!

RUN, HARDISTY! GET THEM FLY-BOYS BACK TO THE BIKES! I'LL COVER YOUR REAR!



SO YOU DON'T LIKE THE BRITISH IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD, UH, BOYS?



MEANWHILE...

NICE GOING, SPORT! WHERE'S THE BIG BOSS-MAN?

RIGHT BEHIND ME! HE SHOULD BE HERE IN A COUPLE OF SECONDS!



BUT AS BAKER TURNED AND SPURTED FOR SAFETY...

HA-RAAAAH!

HELL'S TEETH! I GOT TO —



GERNNFF!



AAARRRGH!

THEY'VE GOT THE SARGE!

Remember, the first part of our new booklet appears next week!

ADVERTISEMENT



FREE

# A GUIDE TO BRITAIN'S GARDEN BIRDS

A fascinating 24-page booklet giving you an illustrated insight into the world of birds and their behaviour. The full-colour pictures and detailed descriptions will help you recognise the different species you're almost certain to see in your garden at some time of the year.

PLUS!  
"BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BIRD-  
TABLE"

That's what they call the Wildfowl Trust, and this week we visit their Arundel centre in a special colour feature.

FREE

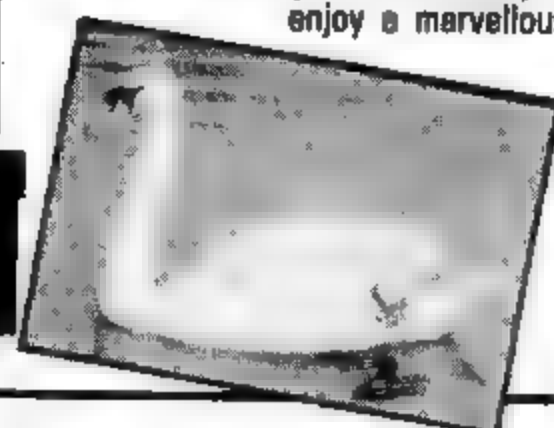
ENTRY COUPON...

to all Wildfowl Trust Reserves in Britain! Visit the beautiful birdlife reserves in Great Britain and get in absolutely free! You'll enjoy a marvellous day out and see hundreds of birds in their natural habitat.

# LOOK AND LEARN

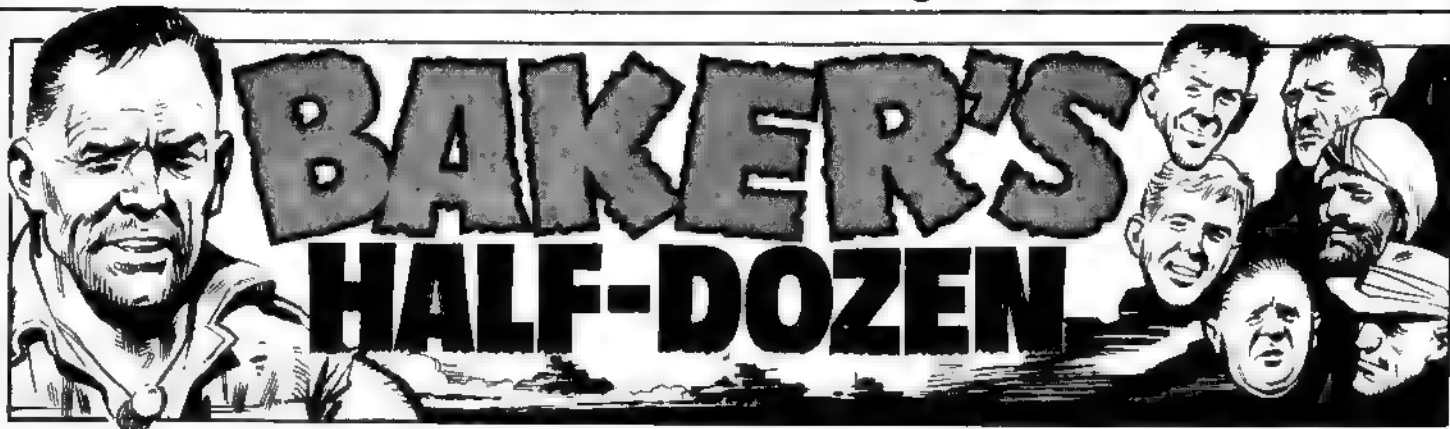
EVERY MONDAY

OUT NOW! 35p





The Mob had two choices . . . rescue the Sarge or die in the desert!



NORTH AFRICA, 1942 CUT OFF BEHIND  
ENEMY LINES SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS  
WERE BEING LED ACROSS THE LIBYAN  
DESERT BY THE VIOLENT AND  
MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER.  
INVESTIGATING A CRASHED R. A.F.  
BOMBER, THE MEN WERE  
ATTACKED BY A BAND OF TUAREG  
WARRIORS...

BAKER'S DOWN!  
THOSE ARAB BLISTERS  
HAVE NAILED THE  
SARGE!

THERE ARE ONLY  
FIVE TUAREGS LEFT,  
SO MOUNT UP!



BUT AS THE BIKES CLOSED IN...

HALT  
SOLDIERS!  
HEAR THIS  
WELL!

FAST FLANKING  
MOVEMENT, CAREY!  
WE'LL HIT THE FUZZIE-  
WUZZIES FROM BOTH  
SIDES!

WITH YOU,  
AUSSIE!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



ONE STEP NEARER AND YOUR COMRADE DIES!

FREEZE, YOU BLOKES! HE MEANS IT!



YEAH, I GUESS HE DOES! SO WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

WE TUAREGS CAME FOR BOOTY... BUT YOU NASRANIS WERE TOO STRONG!

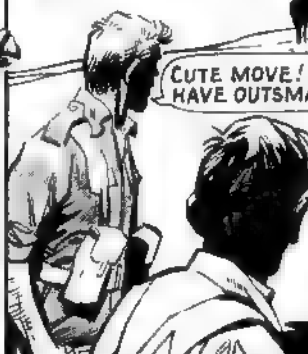
THOSE OF US WHO ARE LEFT, WISH ONLY TO ESCAPE WITH OUR LIVES!

TO THAT END, WE NOW TAKE YOUR LEADER AS A HOSTAGE! FOLLOW US... AND HE DIES!



MOODY'S RIGHT! WE CAN GET BACK TO OUR OWN LINES WITHOUT BAKER'S HELP!

MOMENTS LATER, THE ARAB CAMELS WERE VANISHING OVER A RIDGE...



CUTE MOVE! THOSE BASKETS HAVE OUTSMARTED US!

SO WHAT? MAYBE THE TUAREGS HAVE DONE US A FAVOUR...

COOK CORPORAL RUDGE SMILED GREASILY...

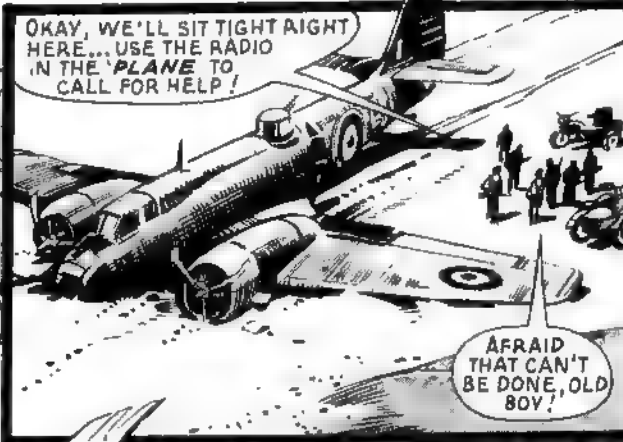
WE'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET RID OF BAKER FOR MONTHS! NOW IT'S HAPPENED!



YEAH. WHAT'S THAT SCUM EVER DONE FOR US? I SAY WE LEAVE HIM TO TAKE HIS CHANCES!



YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ONE THING, RAT-FACE... OUR SARGE IS CARRYING THE DESERT MAPS WITH HIM!

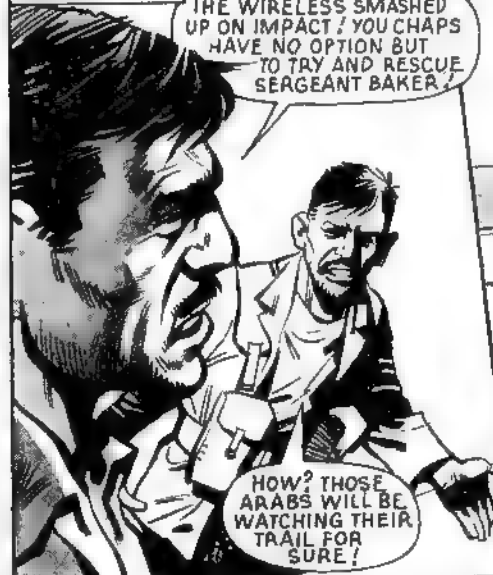


OKAY, WE'LL SIT TIGHT AIGHT HERE... USE THE RADIO IN THE PLANE TO CALL FOR HELP!

AFRAID THAT CAN'T BE DONE, OLD BOY!

IT WAS ONE OF THE TWO SURVIVING AIRMEN WHO SPOKE... FLYING OFFICER ROGER KYLE...

THE WIRELESS SMASHED UP ON IMPACT! YOU CHAPS HAVE NO OPTION BUT TO TRY AND RESCUE SERGEANT BAKER!



HOW? THOSE ARABS WILL BE WATCHING THEIR TRAIL FOR SURE!



YES, BUT JUST BEFORE WE CRASHED, I SPOTTED A TUAREG CAMP SEVEN MILES EAST OF HERE! THAT'S OBVIOUSLY WHERE THEY'RE HEADED!



GREAT! IF WE CIRCLE WIDE AND COME AT THAT CAMP FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, THE ARABS WON'T SPOT US!



MOUNTING UP, THE MEN RODE OUT  
...SWINGING FAR TO THE SOUTH,  
THEN DOUBLING BACK...



AND, AS DARKNESS FELL...

SPOT-ON, PEACHY-BOY!  
THERE'S THE TUAREG  
CAMP!

YEAH!



...AND  
THERE'S  
BAKER!

NOT A PRETTY SIGHT, SPORT! BEATS  
ME WHY THEY'RE BOTHERING TO  
KEEP HIM ALIVE!



THE FUZZIES ATTACKED  
THAT GROUNDED 'PLANE  
LOOKING FOR BOOTY!

MAYBE THEY RECKON  
THE SARGE WILL DO  
INSTEAD! THE KRAUTS  
WOULD PAY A LOT TO  
GET HIM ALIVE!



YEAH, THAT  
GUY HAS A SHADIER  
PAST THAN THE  
TOWER OF  
LONDON!

CUT THE CACKLE  
YOU TWO! HOW ARE  
WE GOING TO BUST  
BAKER LOOSE?



WE'LL DECIDE  
WHEN WE GET  
CLOSER! USE THAT  
HERD OF GOATS  
AS COVER AND  
START CRAWLING!

FORTY METRES...FIFTY! THEN SUDDENLY...

HAAA-AAAAH!

SWEET  
POSSUM,  
WHAT-?



IT'S AN ARAB BOY!  
A GOATHERD!



GET HIM, PEROT SINGH!  
IF THAT KID RAISES THE  
ALARM, WE'RE COLD  
TURKEY!

Order a regular copy of **SPEED Weekly** from your Newsagent!



**It was a daring high-speed raid on the Arab camp to save the Sarge!**



NORTH AFRICA, 1942. CUT OFF BEHIND ENEMY LINES, SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS WERE BEING LED ACROSS THE LIBYAN DESERT BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER. WHEN BAKER WAS CAPTURED BY A BAND OF TUAREGS, HIS MEN TRIED TO RESCUE HIM. BUT NEAR THE ARAB CAMP...



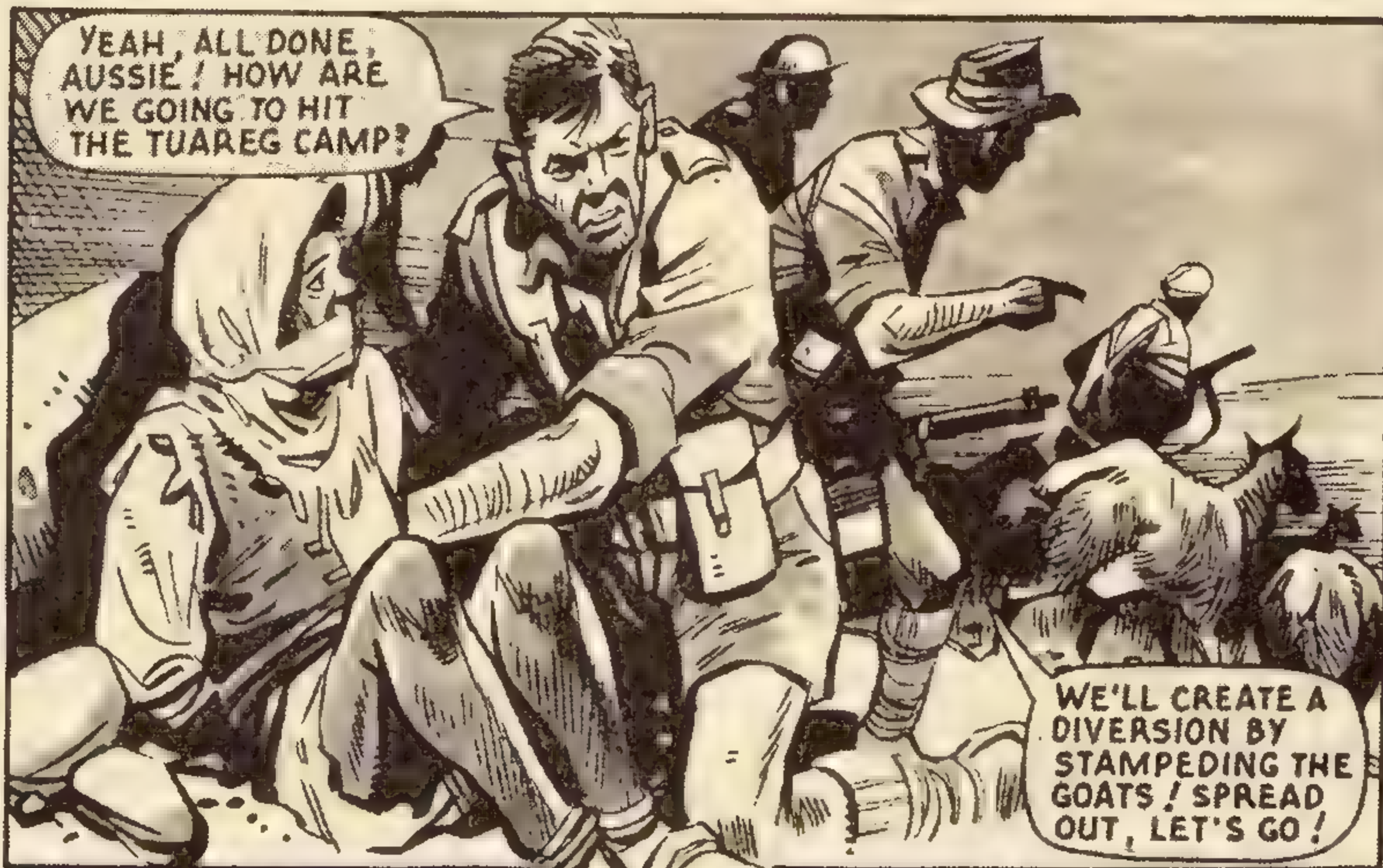
# BAKER'S

# HALF-DOZEN



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YEAH, ALL DONE, AUSSIE! HOW ARE WE GOING TO HIT THE TUAREG CAMP?

WE'LL CREATE A DIVERSION BY STAMPEDING THE GOATS! SPREAD OUT, LET'S GO!



EEE-AAGH!

GRAIEEEEE!

FLYING-OFFICER KYLE AND SERGEANT WISHART WERE SURVIVORS FROM A CRASHED R.A.F. BOMBER...



YOU TWO WILL HAVE TO MOVE FAST! WE CAN'T KEEP THE TUAREGS PINNED DOWN FOR LONG!

TEN MINUTES—THAT'S ALL WE NEED!



SWIFTLY, THE AIRMEN CRAWLED AWAY. AND...

HERE THEY COME, LADS... YELLING LIKE SATAN'S OWN!

SAVE YOUR BREATH, PEACHY-BOY! JUST SHOOT FAST AND SHOOT STRAIGHT!



UNSEEN, THE MEN DROVE THE ANIMALS BEFORE THEM. THEN...

OKAY, COBBERS, ON YOUR FEET! START SHOOTING!

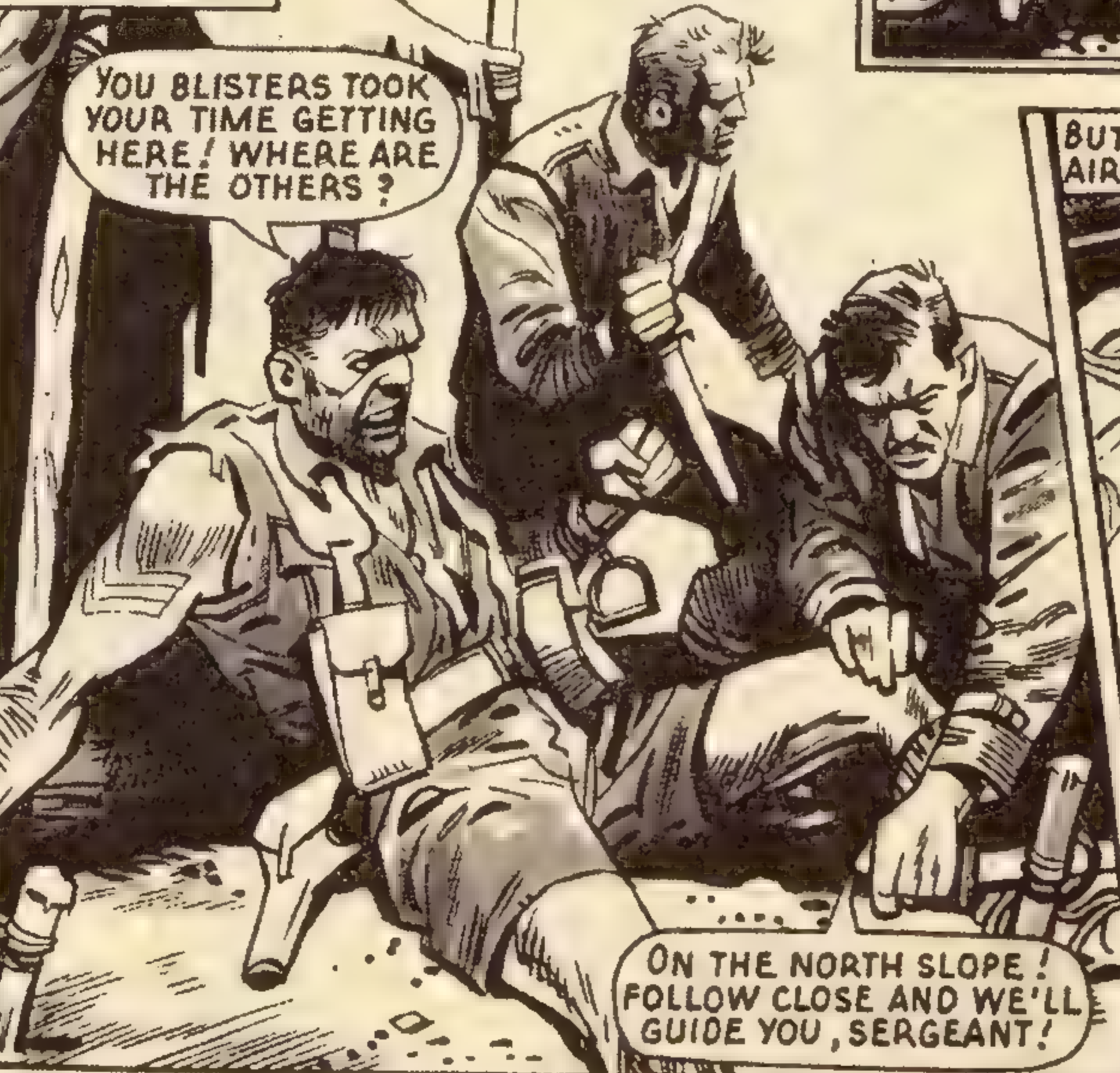
YAA-HAARR! GIDDUP, YOU HAIRY RAG-BAGS! RUN LIKE HELL!



BUNCH OF ARABS ON THE LEFT! HEAVILY ARMED!

DIVE FOR COVER AND WE'LL HOLD THEM OFF! THE FLY-BOYS CAN CUT SARGE BAKER LOOSE!

MEANWHILE...



YOU BLISTERS TOOK YOUR TIME GETTING HERE! WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?

ON THE NORTH SLOPE! FOLLOW CLOSE AND WE'LL GUIDE YOU, SERGEANT!

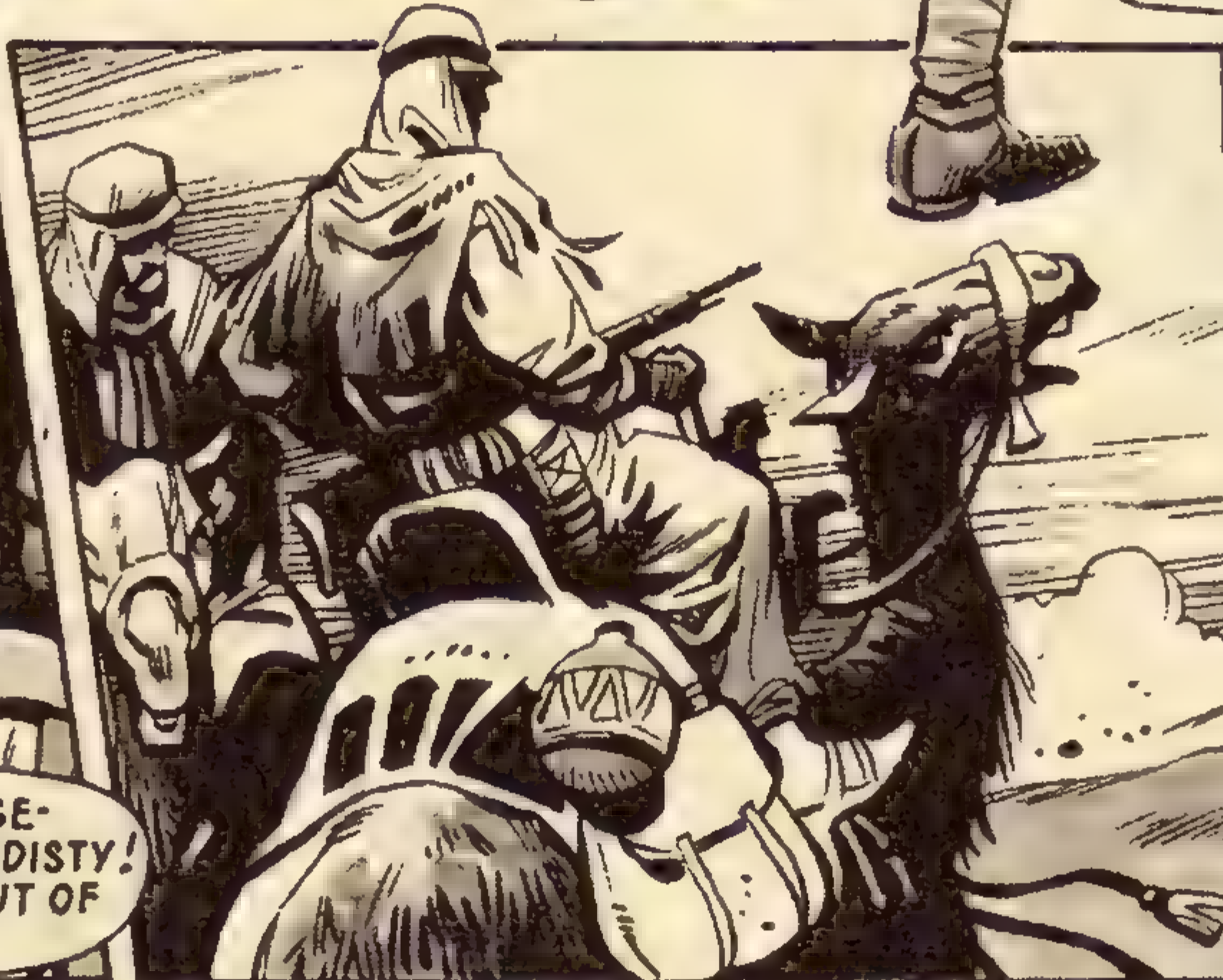


BUT AS BAKER AND THE AIRMEN RACED FOR SAFETY...

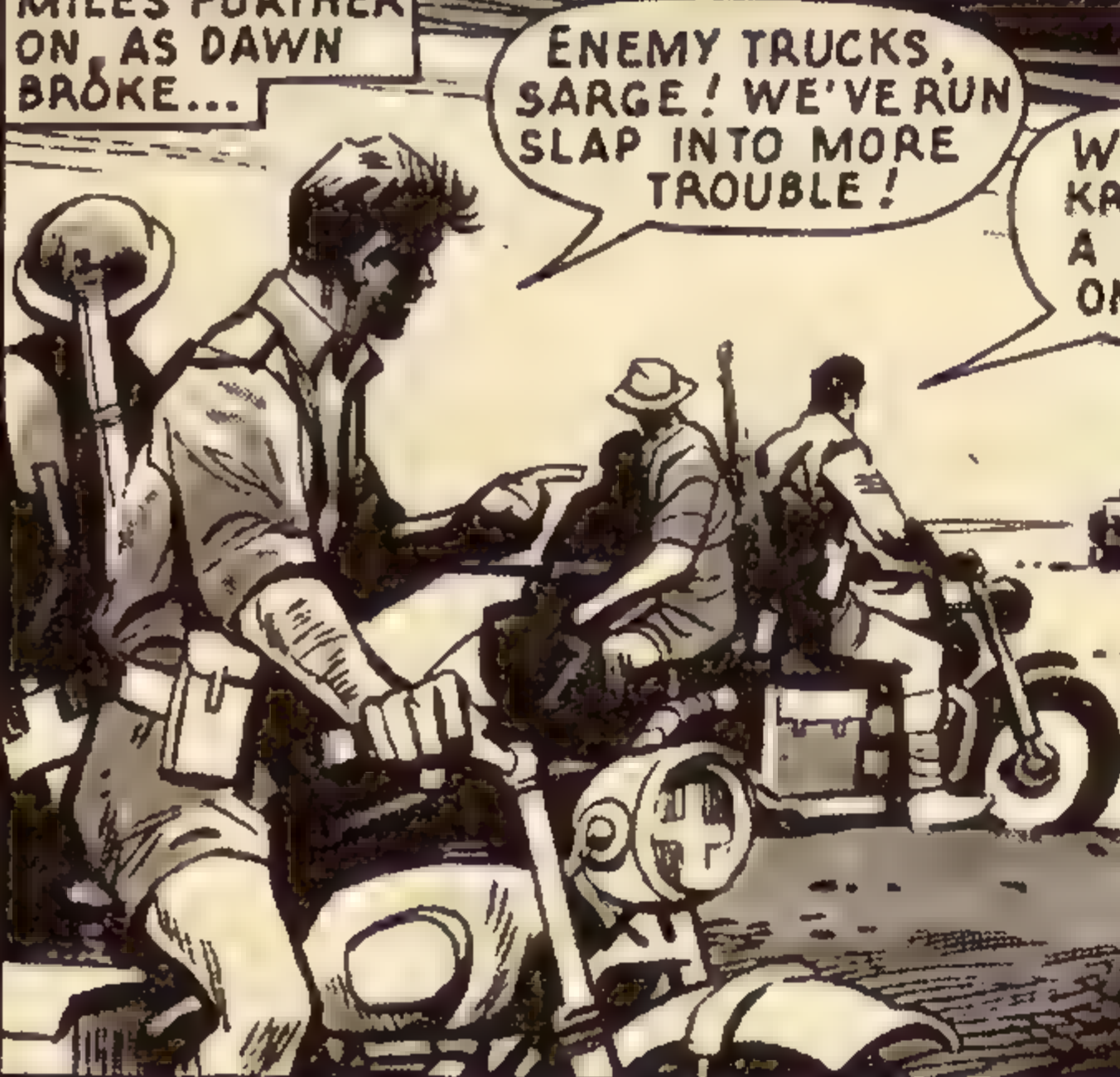
AKO! SHIMBA DAK!

LOOK OUT! HUG SOIL!





BUT THIRTY MILES FURTHER ON, AS DAWN BROKE...

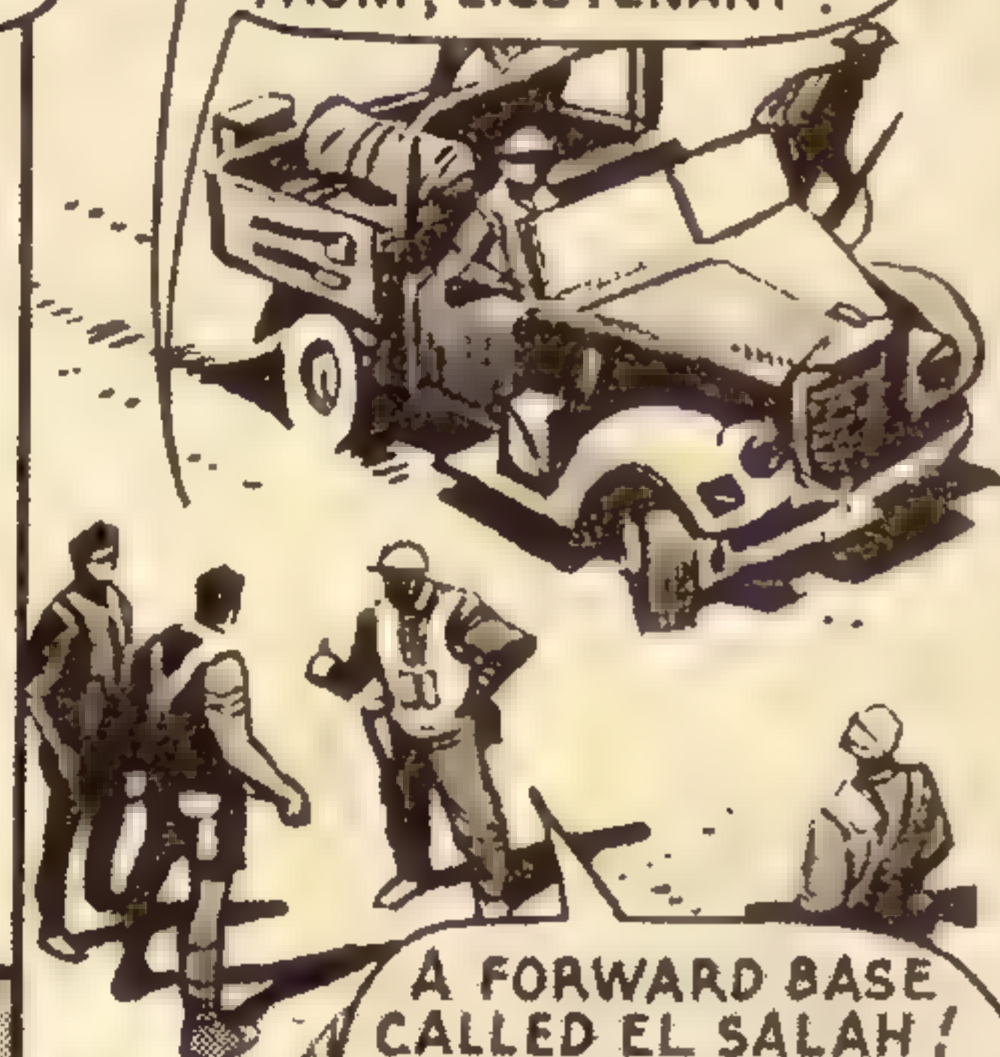


WRONG! THOSE GUYS AREN'T KRAUTS, THEY'RE **BRITISH**! A LONG-RANGE DESERT GROUP ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM A RAID!

YEAH, THOSE GUYS CAN LEAD US STRAIGHT BACK TO OUR OWN LINES! YOU DID IT, SARGE! YOU BROUGHT US THROUGH!



A HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES TO THE BRITISH LINES, UH? WHERE ARE YOU BLOKS OPERATING FROM, LIEUTENANT?



BECAUSE I WANT TO SEE THAT YELLOW-BELLIED RAT! I WANT TO SEE HIM REAL BAD...

...ABOUT THESE!



You can learn Sarge Baker's startling secret in the next episode!

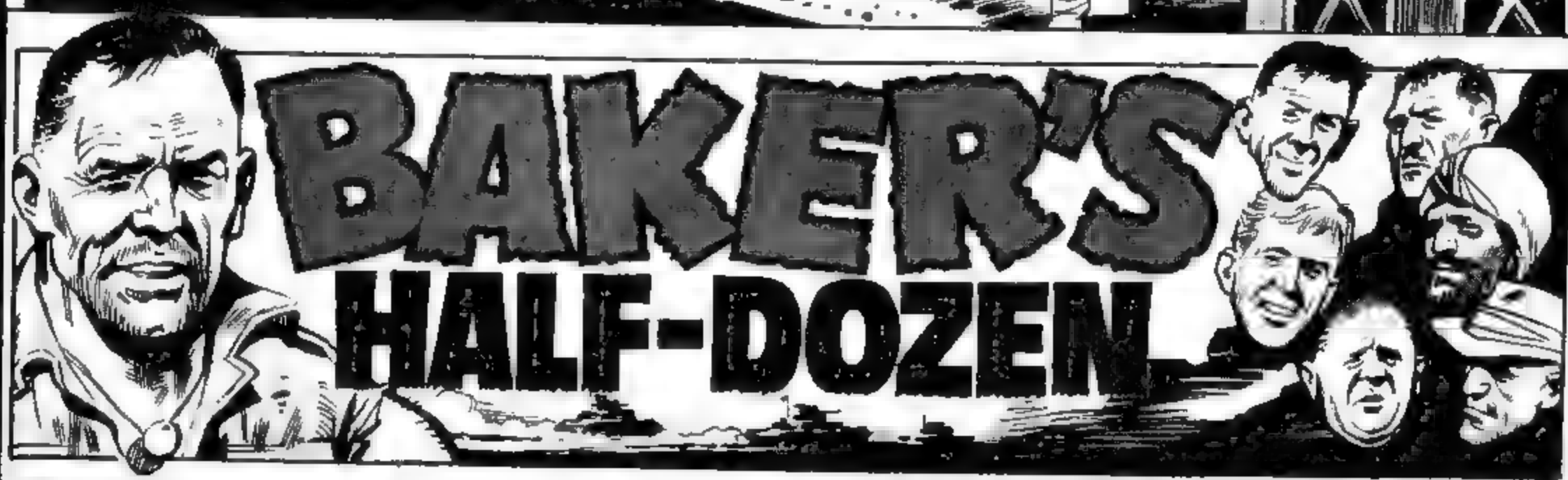


## Sarge Baker's startling secret was revealed at last!

NORTH AFRICA, 1942. AFTER BEING CUT OFF BEHIND ENEMY LINES, SIX ALLIED SOLDIERS LED BY THE VIOLENT AND MYSTERIOUS SERGEANT BAKER, HAD MADE CONTACT WITH A LONG RANGE DESERT GROUP AND BEEN ESCORTED TO A BRITISH BASE AT EL SALAH. NOW SARGE BAKER HAD A SCORE TO SETTLE!

I'M LOOKING FOR YOUR C.O. BUDDY... MAJOR JOHN BRAGGAT!

H.Q. BUILDING'S AT THE TOP OF THE STREET, SARGE! YOU CAN'T MISS IT!



SECONDS LATER...

WHAT'S WITH THIS BRAGGAT GUY, SARGE? HOW COME YOU KNOW HIM?

HELLO, BRAGGAT! REMEMBER ME?

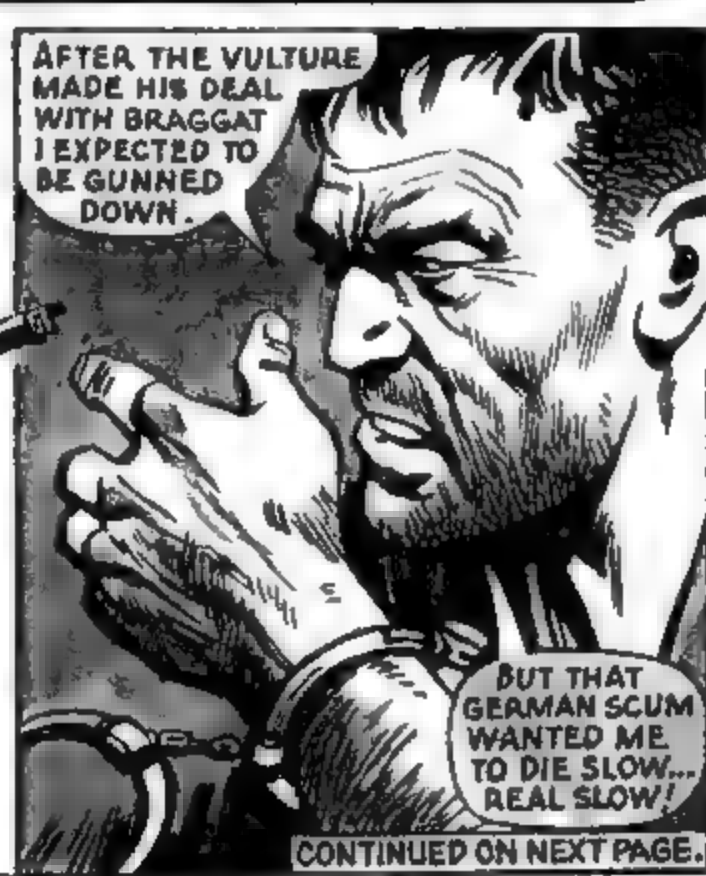
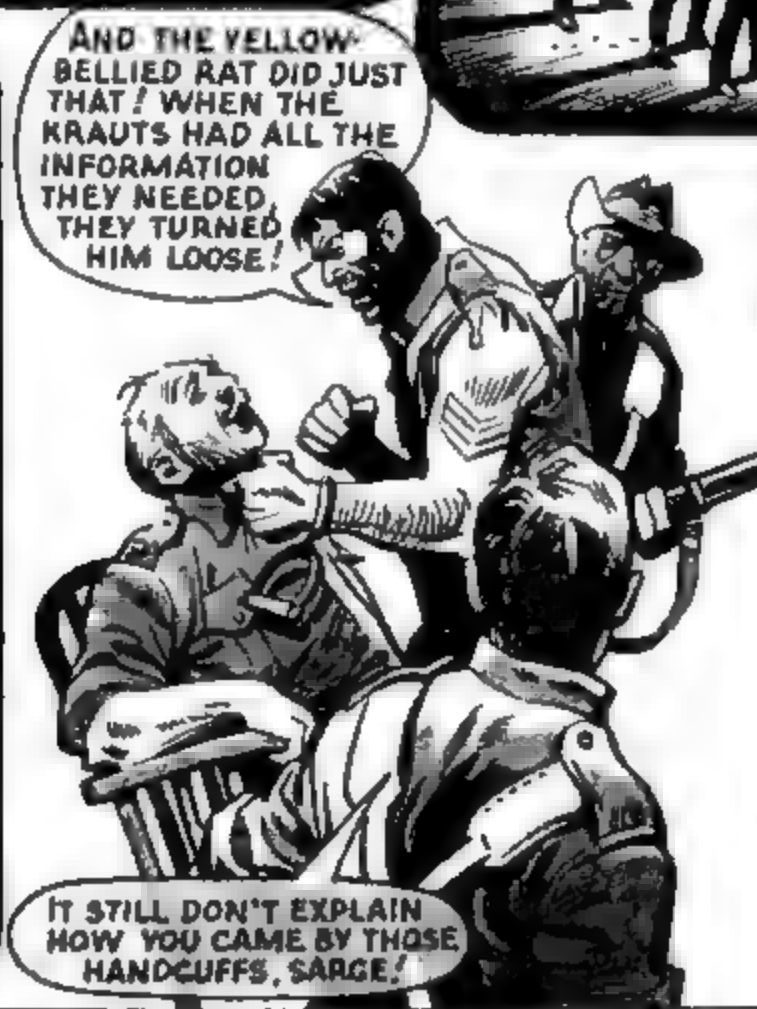
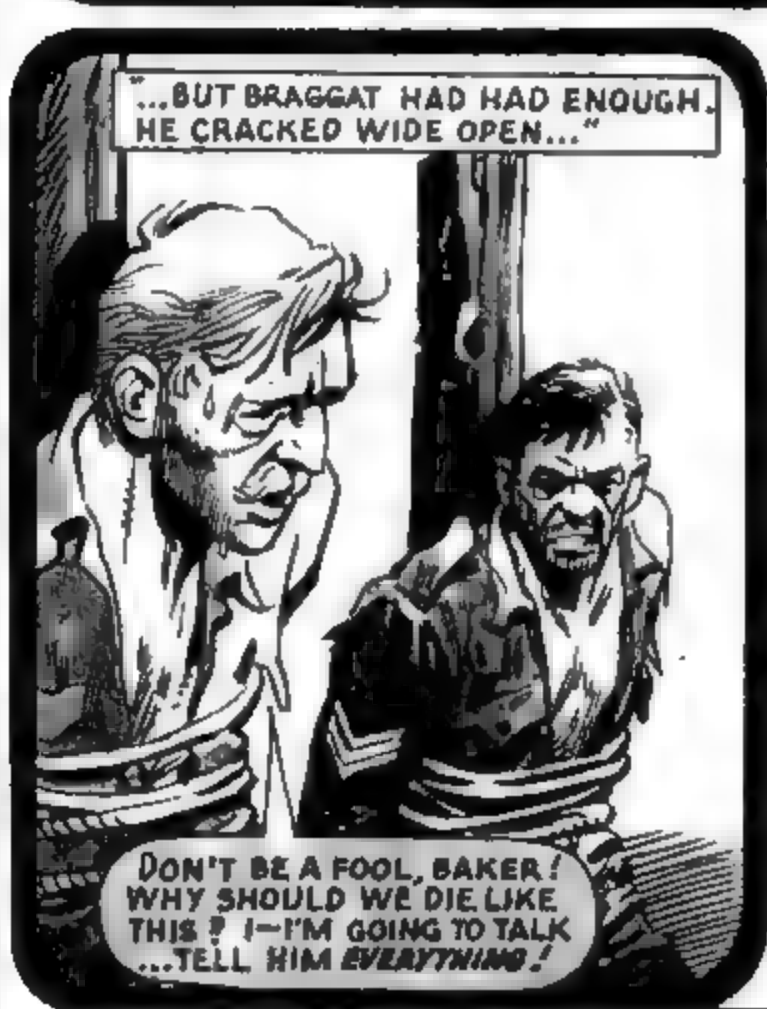
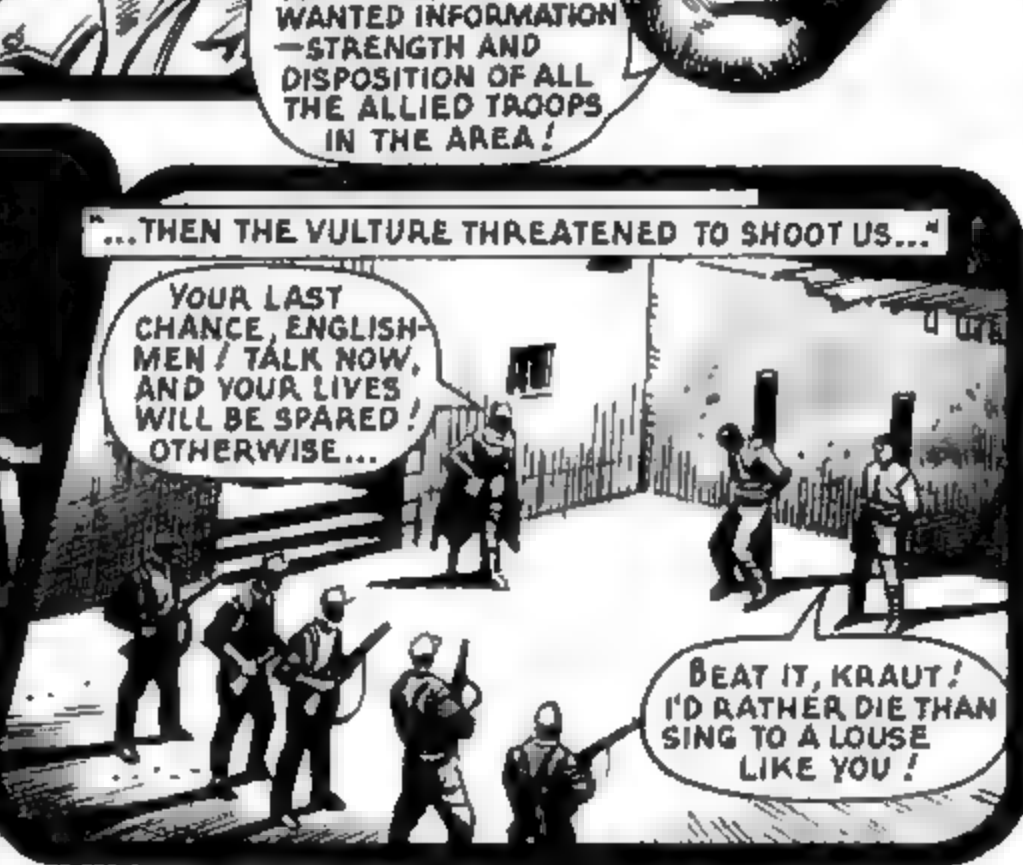
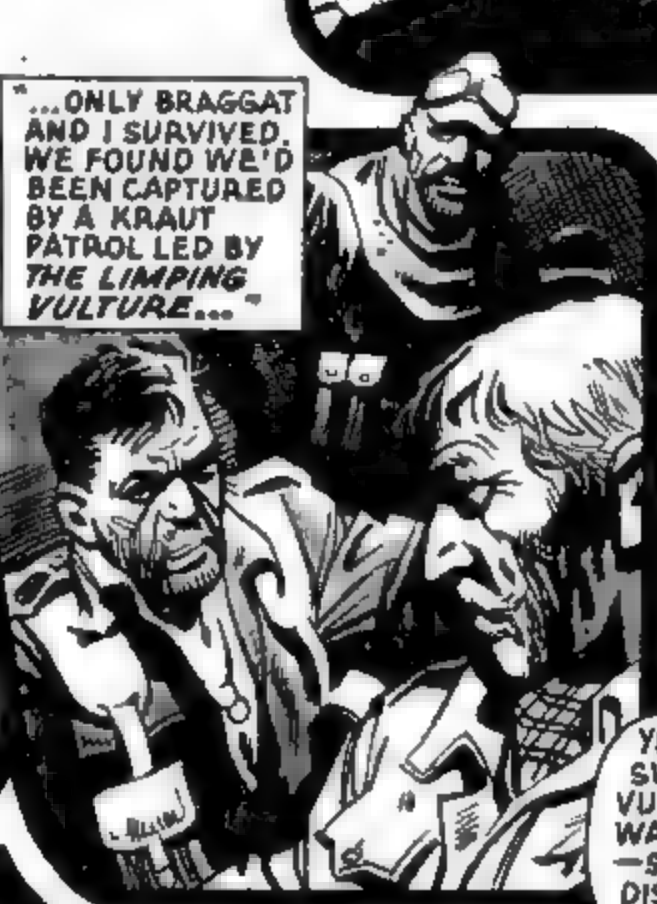
BAKER!

KRASH!

FOLLOW ME AND YOU MIGHT FIND OUT, PEACHY-BOY! BUT I'M WARNING YOU NOW... IT WON'T BE A PRETTY SIGHT!







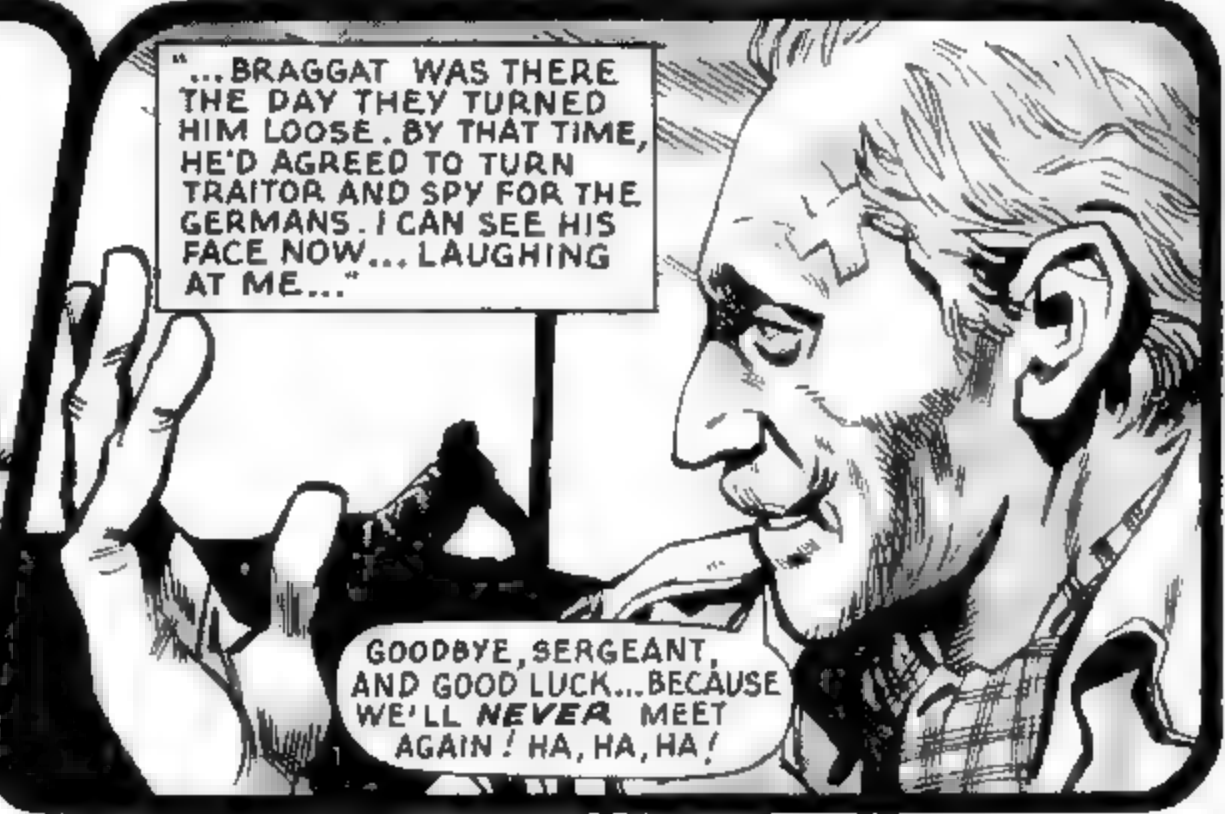
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THEY SUNK A FIFTEEN-FOOT WOODEN POLE INTO THE DESERT AND EMBEDDED IT IN CONCRETE. THEN THEY HANDCUFFED ME TO IT...



"...BRAGGAT WAS THERE THE DAY THEY TURNED HIM LOOSE. BY THAT TIME, HE'D AGREED TO TURN TRAITOR AND SPY FOR THE GERMANS. I CAN SEE HIS FACE NOW... LAUGHING AT ME..."



GOODBYE, SERGEANT, AND GOOD LUCK... BECAUSE WE'LL NEVER MEET AGAIN! HA, HA, HA!

YEAH, I WAS A DEAD MAN, ALL RIGHT—BUT THEN I STARTED TO HATE, AND THAT GAVE ME THE WILL TO SURVIVE!

WANT TO HEAR THE REST, BRAGGAT? WANT TO KNOW HOW I BROKE FREE?



"...THAT WOODEN POST WAS EIGHT INCHES IN DIAMETER! I USED MY TEETH ON IT, BRAGGAT..."



"...I CHEWED MY WAY TO FREEDOM! IT TOOK ME TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS, BUT I MADE IT..."



FOR THREE MONTHS I LIVED LIKE A RAT IN A HOLE! THEN ROMMEL MADE HIS PUSH AND I FOUND YOU BUNCH OF BLISTERS! THE REST YOU KNOW!



THAT'S QUITE A STORY, SARGE! AND WITH THE LIMPING VULTURE ALREADY DEAD, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS HAND BRAGGAT OVER!

WRONG, AUSSIE! BAKER'S GOT ANOTHER SCORE TO SETTLE — WITH US!



IT'S MOODY AND RUDGE! LOOK OUT!

FOR WEEKS, COOK CORPORAL RUDGE AND HIS FRIEND HAD BEEN VOWING TO GET EVEN WITH THE SARGE...

BACK UP, BAKER! WE CAME TO FINISH WHAT BRAGGAT STARTED!



BUT AS TREACHEROUS FINGERS TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGERS...

LAPAK! SINGO-PAI!



GRAAAGH!

YEAH...SO LET'S SEE YOU CHEW THROUGH A COUPLE OF BULLETS, HARD MAN!





A great new all-action war story called "Hit and Run" starts next week!

IT'S HERE!

# SPEED

SUMMER SPECIAL

45p

## FASTEST SPECIAL IN THE WEST!

OUT  
NOW  
45p

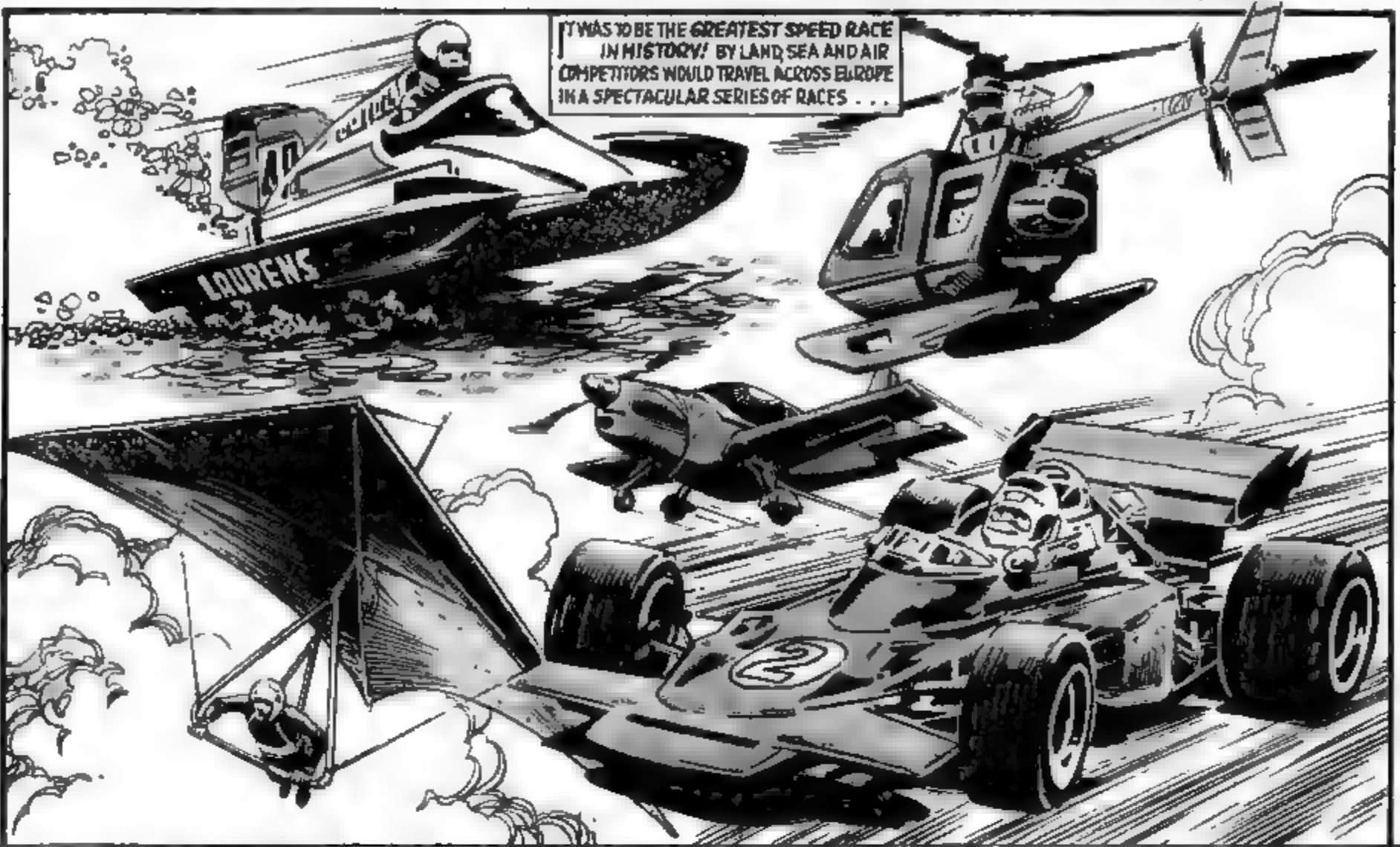
Tops On Two Wheels in a life-or-death race to save a youngster...Death Wish — if there's anything breakneck...Blake Edmonds is in it! While testing a new racing car, he finds someone's bent on putting *his* lights out for good! Speedboy — a great challenge for him, against a flying opponent! There's a feature on Europe's new super-rapid-fire gun the FH70, another on the U.S. Marines, a text story of "Journey To The Stars"... and to round it off, jokes and puzzles. SPEED'S the name, your newsagent's the place, so get it —

64 ALL-ACTION PAGES



Blake Edmonds was a king of speed . . . a superstar of British sport!

IT WAS TO BE THE GREATEST SPEED RACE IN HISTORY! BY LAND, SEA AND AIR COMPETITORS WOULD TRAVEL ACROSS EUROPE IN A SPECTACULAR SERIES OF RACES . . .



# DEATH WISH

THE MOST EAGER OF THE COMPETITORS WAS BLAKE EDMONDS, A FORMER WORLD MOTOR RACING CHAMPION—STILL A KING OF SPEED AND ONE OF THE GREAT SUPERSTARS OF BRITISH SPORT . . .



LOOK! IT'S BLAKE EDMONDS!

I MUST GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!

WHEREVER HE WENT, CROWDS GATHERED . . .



OKAY FOLKS! ONE AT A TIME! I'LL SIGN FOR EVERYBODY...

THE RACE WAS TO START IN A SENSATIONAL FASHION . . .



...AND THE COMPETITORS ARE MAKING LAST-MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS, PREPARING FOR THE MOMENT WHEN THEY'LL JUMP OFF THIS ENORMOUS SKYSCRAPER BLOCK AND HANG-GLIDE TO THE GROUND . . .



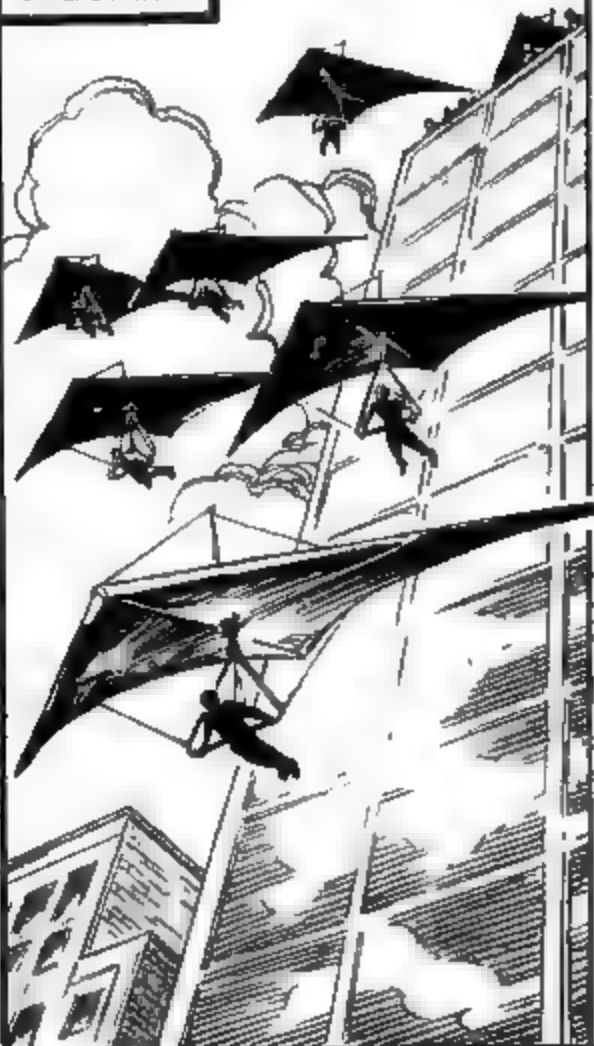
HOW DO YOU FEEL, BLAKE?

...AT ALL NERVOUS?

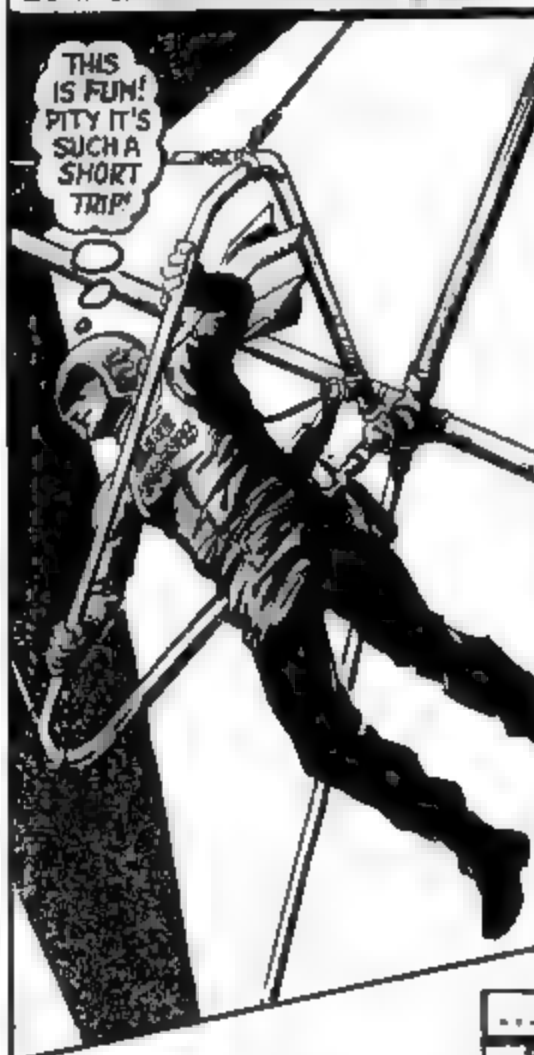
NOT NERVOUS... BUT I'M REALLY KEYED-UP FOR THE START! THIS IS GOING TO BE SOME RACE!



**THE START!**



**BLAKE EDMONDS WAS ENJOYING HIMSELF!**



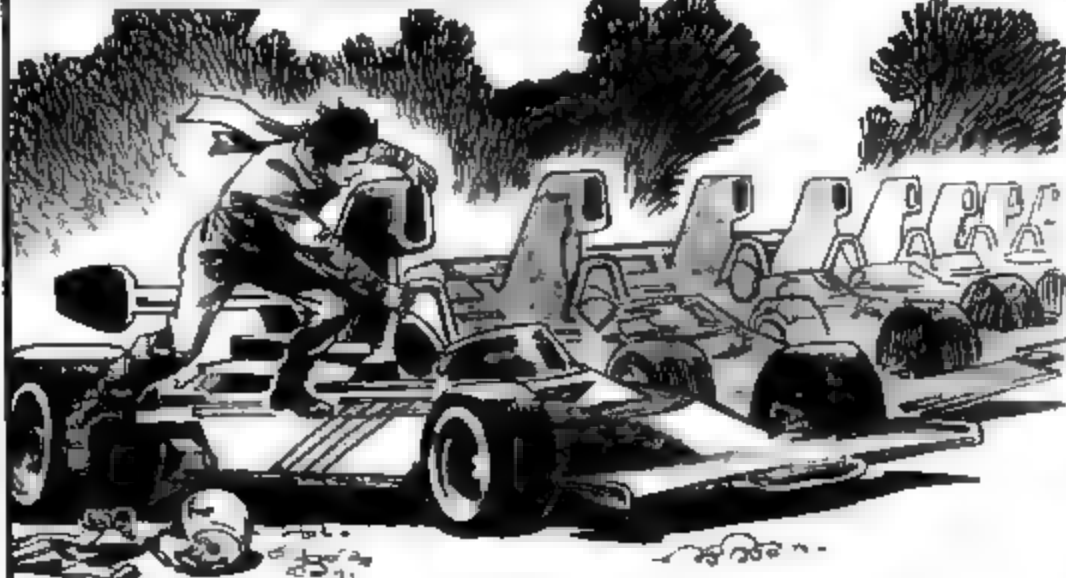
THIS IS FUN!  
PITY IT'S SUCH A  
SHORT TRIP!

**THE SUPERSTAR WAS THE FIRST TO LAND!**



ALREADY EDMONDS IS  
IN THE LEAD! THAT GUY  
DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT'S  
LIKE TO BE A LOSER!

**IDENTICAL RACING CARS WERE WAITING...**



**... AND THEN A NO-SPEED-LIMIT DASH ACROSS LONDON ...**



NOW THE FORMER MOTOR RACING  
CHAMPION IS SHOWING HE'S LOST  
NONE OF HIS OLD DRIVING SKILL!  
JUST LOOK AT  
HIM GO!

**SIX MILES LATER AT A HELICOPTER PORT...**



AND THERE'S  
NO OTHER  
COMPETITOR  
IN SIGHT...

AS BLAKE RACES  
ACROSS TO THE NEAREST  
HELICOPTER, FOR THE NEXT  
STAGE OF THE  
RACE!

SOON LONDON WAS  
BEING LEFT BEHIND...

EDMONDS IS STILL  
IN THE LEAD... BUT NOW  
WE CAN SEE THE SECOND  
MAN... IT'S THE GERMAN  
FLYING ACE, WALTER  
HILDEBRANDT!

**THEN IT WAS TIME FOR  
THE NEXT CHANGE...**

HOW'S IT  
GOING,  
BLAKE?

IT'S GOING  
FINE! BUT...  
MOTOR RACING  
WAS EASIER  
THAN THIS!

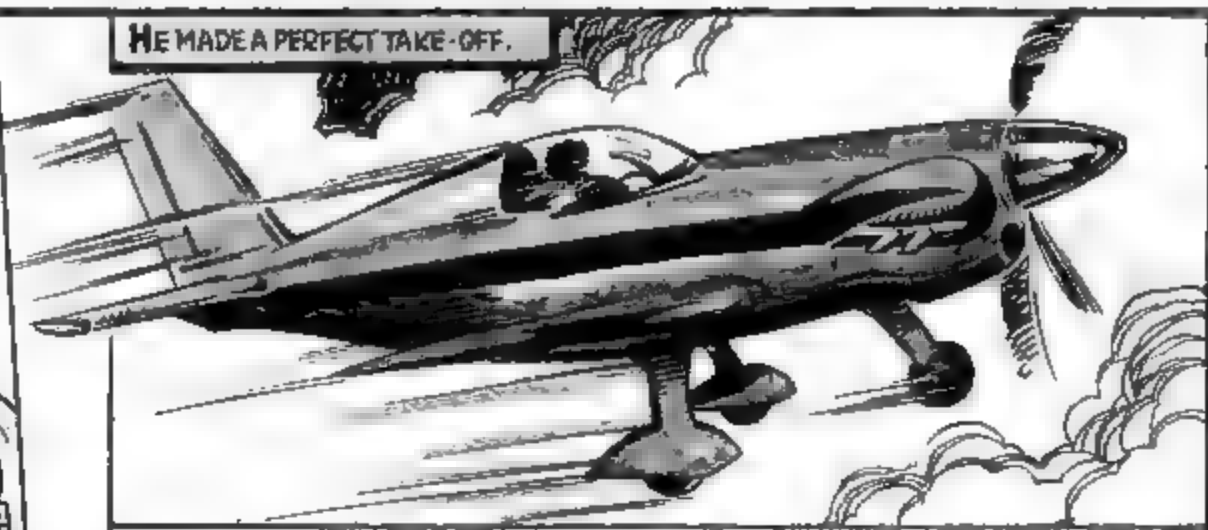


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HE MADE A PERFECT TAKE-OFF.



BUT THINGS WERE STARTING TO GO WRONG!



NEXT MOMENT...



Surprising developments in next week's great free gift issue!



**Blake Edmonds got a shock — and made a deadly vow!**

IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN THE GREATEST **SPEED RACE** IN HISTORY. BY LAND, SEA AND AIR, COMPETITORS WOULD TRAVEL ACROSS EUROPE IN A SPECTACULAR SERIES OF RACES. BUT ON THE FLYING STAGE, **DISASTER STRUCK!**



ABOARD THE CRASHED AIRCRAFT WAS **BLAKE EDMONDS**, ONE OF THE GREAT SUPERSTARS OF BRITISH SPORT



A FORMER WORLD MOTOR RACING CHAMPION, HIS GOOD LOOKS HAD EARNED HIM MILLIONS OF ADMIRERS

BUT NOW HE WAS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE!

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE.



ONLY WAY IS THROUGH THE FLAMES!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THAT WAS THE LAST THING BLAKE EDMONDS REMEMBERED. UNTIL HE WOKE UP IN A HOSPITAL BED...



AND SO BLAKE EDMONDS' WORLD BECAME A NIGHTMARE ONE. AS OPERATION FOLLOWED OPERATION...



UNTIL FINALLY, MANY MONTHS LATER...



FINALLY...





BUT BLAKE WAS NOT PREPARED FOR WHAT HE SAW IN THE MIRROR!



I...  
**I'M A  
MONSTER!**



I CAN'T  
STAND IT!  
YUUUU-  
URGH!

STEADY...  
YOU'RE ALIVE,  
THAT'S WHAT  
MATTERS...

I'LL GIVE  
HIM A  
SEDATIVE...

IT TOOK ALMOST A WEEK BEFORE  
BLAKE COULD COMPOSE HIMSELF.  
AND THEN...



I'M THE  
CRAFTSMAN  
YOU WANTED  
TO SEE, MISTER  
EDMONDS...  
I SPECIALISE  
IN LEATHER  
WORK.

GOOD! I WANT  
YOU TO MAKE ME  
A MASK... A VERY  
SPECIAL MASK!

A MASK?  
BUT WHY  
WOULD  
YOU WANT  
A MASK,  
SIR?

WITHIN A FEW DAYS,  
A MASK HAD BEEN  
MADE...



BECAUSE  
OF THIS!  
THAT'S  
WHY!



NOW MY HORROR IS  
HIDDEN FROM THE WORLD.  
A WORLD I DON'T WANT TO  
KNOW FOR MUCH LONGER...



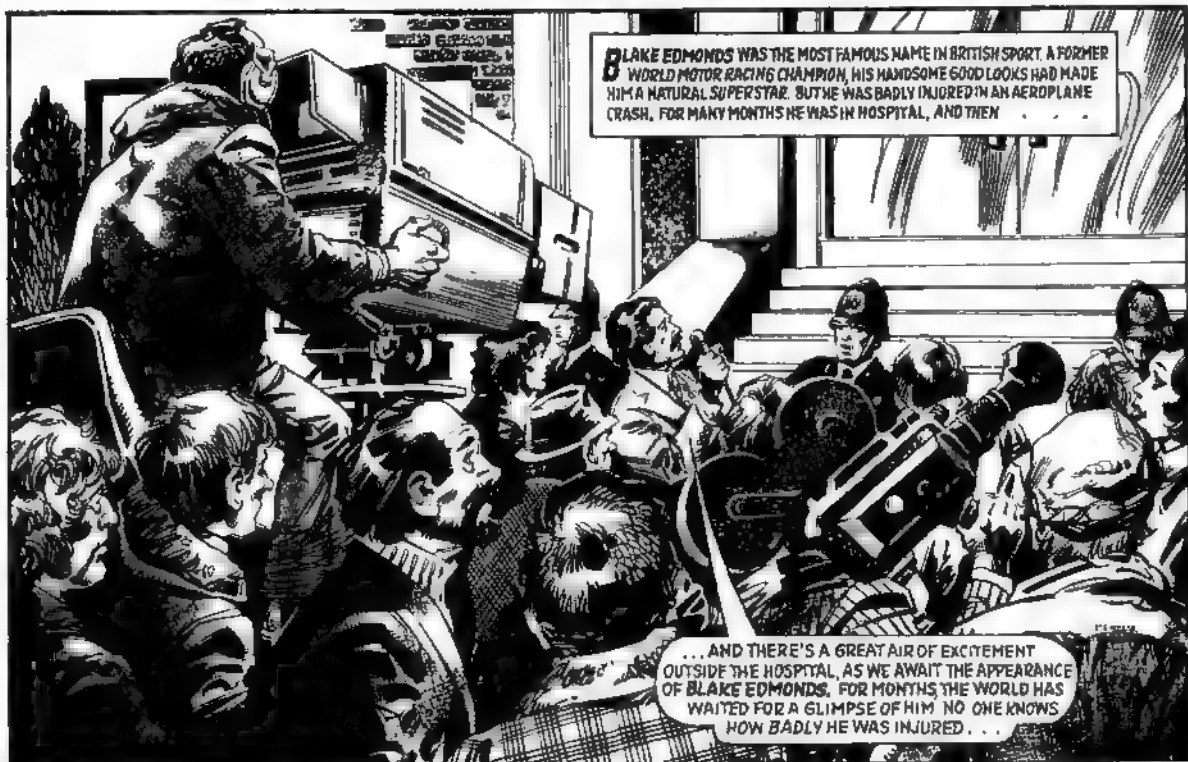
I GOT MY INJURIES FROM  
SPEED... AND SPEED HAS  
ALWAYS BEEN MY LIFE! I WANT  
IT TO BE MY DEATH AS WELL!  
I'LL TRY STUNTS THAT NO-ONE  
HAS EVER DARED  
TO TRY BEFORE...

... IF I SUCCEED,  
IT WILL NOT MATTER.  
IF I FAIL, IT WILL BE A  
RELEASE FROM MY AGONIES!

**Follow the adventures of Blake Edmonds in the next free-gift issue of Speed!**



The sportsman in the iron mask took on his first challenge!



**B**LAKE EDMONDS WAS THE MOST FAMOUS NAME IN BRITISH SPORT. A FORMER WORLD MOTOR RACING CHAMPION, HIS HANDSOME GOOD LOOKS HAD MADE HIM A NATURAL SUPERSTAR. BUT HE WAS BADLY INJURED IN AN AIRPLANE CRASH. FOR MANY MONTHS HE WAS IN HOSPITAL, AND THEN...

... AND THERE'S A GREAT AIR OF EXCITEMENT OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL, AS WE WAIT THE APPEARANCE OF BLAKE EDMONDS. FOR MONTHS THE WORLD HAS WAITED FOR A GLIMPSE OF HIM. NO ONE KNOWS HOW BADLY HE WAS INJURED. . .



HERE HE COMES NOW. HE'S JUST SAYING GOODBYE TO THE DOCTORS AND NURSES. IN A MOMENT, HE'LL TURN ROUND AND WE'LL GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM. . .



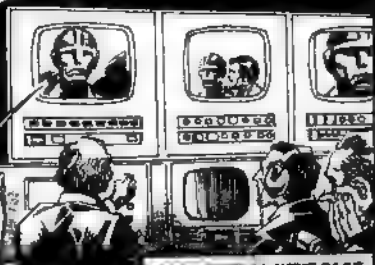
THEN IT HAPPENED!

.. AND NOW WE... AAARGH! WH-WHAT'S THAT?

B-BLAKE. YOU'RE WEARING A MASK! WHY? WHAT'S WRONG? WE WANT TO SEE YOUR GOOD-LOOKING FACE!

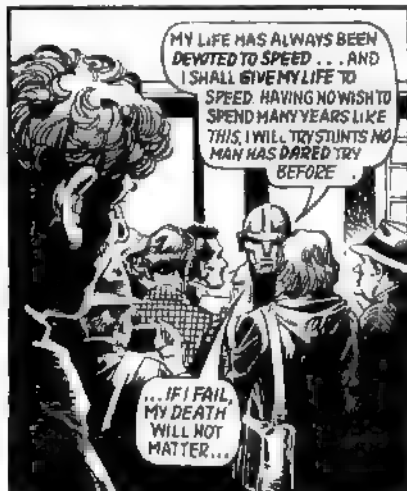
I NO LONGER HAVE A GOOD-LOOKING FACE!

THE INJURIES I RECEIVED BURNT AWAY MOST OF MY FACE. IF YOU SAW IT, YOU'D HAVE NIGHTMARES! FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. . . SHORT THOUGH IT MAY BE. . . I WILL WEAR THIS MASK!



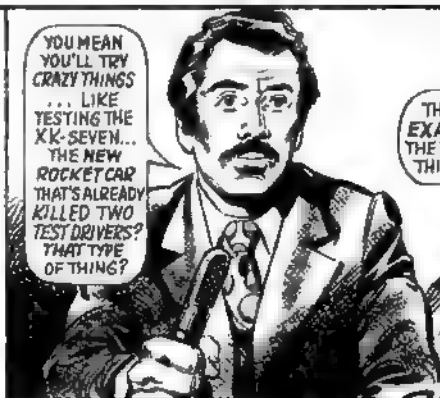
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MY LIFE HAS ALWAYS BEEN DEVOTED TO SPEED... AND I SHALL GIVE MY LIFE TO SPEED. HAVING NOWHSTO SPEND MANY YEARS LIKE THIS, I WILL TRY STUNTS NO MAN HAS DARED TRY BEFORE

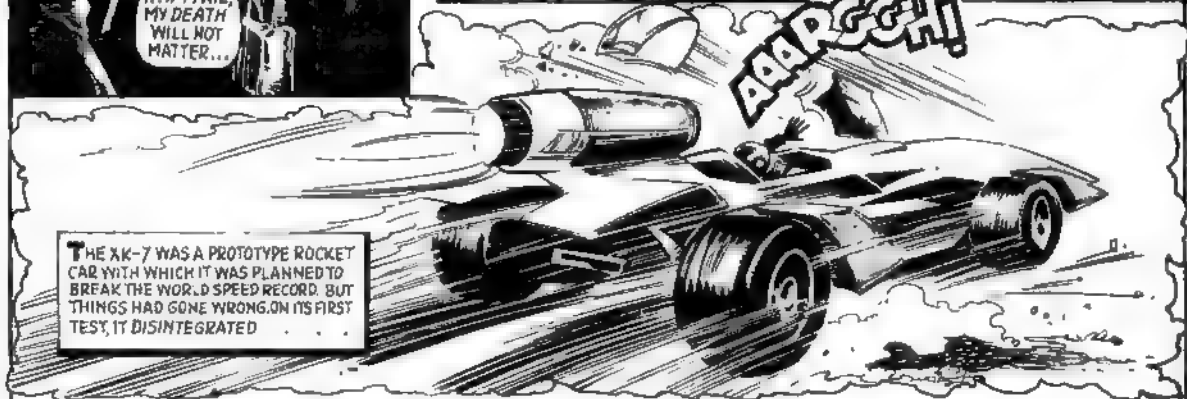
...IF I FAIL, MY DEATH WILL NOT MATTER...



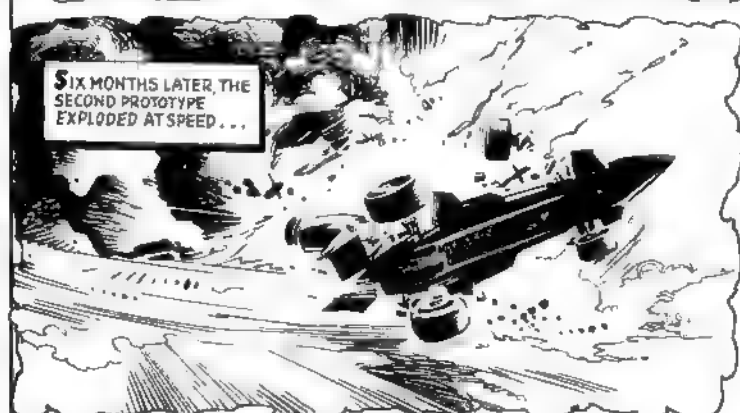
YOU MEAN YOU'LL TRY CRAZY THINGS... LIKE TESTING THE XK-SEVEN... THE NEW ROCKET CAR THAT'S ALREADY KILLED TWO TEST DRIVERS? THAT TYPE OF THING?

THAT'S EXACTLY THE TYPE OF THING...

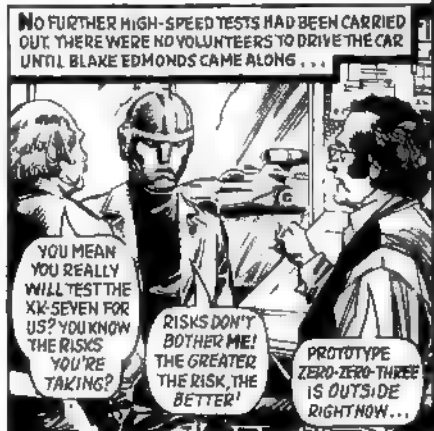
...YOU'VE GIVEN ME THE IDEA FOR MY FIRST... AND HOPEFULLY MY LAST... STUNT!



THE XK-7 WAS A PROTOTYPE ROCKET CAR WITH WHICH IT WAS PLANNED TO BREAK THE WORLD SPEED RECORD. BUT THINGS HAD GONE WRONG. ON ITS FIRST TEST, IT DISINTEGRATED



SIX MONTHS LATER, THE SECOND PROTOTYPE EXPLODED AT SPEED...



NO FURTHER HIGH-SPEED TESTS HAD BEEN CARRIED OUT. THERE WERE NO VOLUNTEERS TO DRIVE THE CAR UNTIL BLAKE EDMONDS CAME ALONG...

YOU MEAN YOU REALLY WILL TEST THE XK-SEVEN FOR US? YOU KNOW THE RISKS YOU'RE TAKING?

RISKS DON'T BOTHER ME! THE GREATER THE RISK, THE BETTER!

PROTOTYPE ZERO-ZERO-THREE IS OUTSIDE RIGHT NOW...



THERE IT IS! DESPITE WHAT'S HAPPENED, IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF MACHINERY!

WE'VE CHECKED AND RE-CHECKED A DOZEN TIMES... AND NEVER FOUND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG. WE'RE CONVINCED TEST NUMBER THREE WILL BE ALL RIGHT...



LISTEN I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU YOU DON'T HAVE TO CONVINCE ME ABOUT THE DANGERS. THE WAY I AM, I DON'T CARE ANY MORE I JUST WANT TO GO OUT OF THIS WORLD AT SPEED...

B-B-BUT THERE ARE MILLIONS OF POUNDS AT STAKE IN THIS PROJECT...





Continue this dramatic story of speed in the next issue!



# Blake Edmonds drove the rocket car known as . . . the death trap!

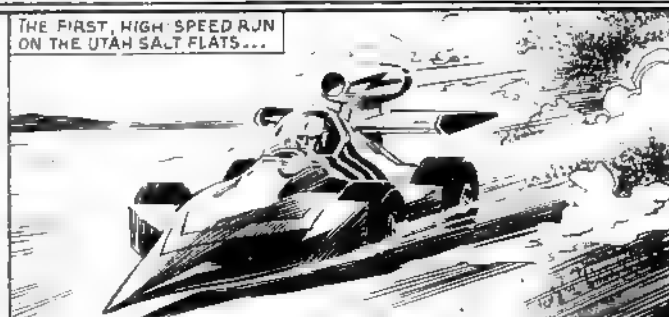
BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND GOOD-LOOKING STARS OF THE SPORT'S WORLD. BUT HE HAD BEEN BADLY INJURED IN AN AIRPLANE CRASH AND NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. NOW HE WANTED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE. NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED, HE AGREED TO DRIVE A NEW ROCKET CAR, THE XK-7, WHICH HAD ALREADY KILLED TWO TEST DRIVERS.

AND HERE AT UTAH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, THE BRITISH ROCKET CAR THAT'S GOING FOR THE WORLD RECORD IS BEING CAREFULLY UNLOADED FROM THE AIRCRAFT THAT'S BROUGHT IT FROM BRITAIN...

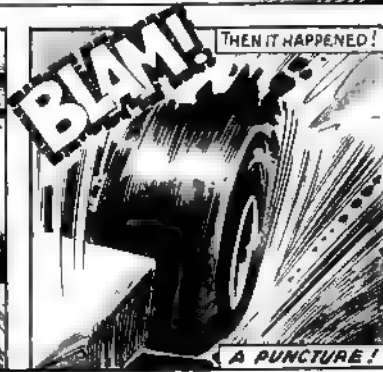


BLAKE EDMONDS...THE MAN WHO'S AGREED TO DRIVE THE CAR THAT'S KNOWN AS **THE DEATH TRAP**... SUPERVISES THE UNLOADING. ONLY A GUY WHO DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE, WOULD RISK HIS NECK IN AN UNTESTED CAR!

THE FIRST, HIGH-SPEED RUN ON THE UTAH SALT FLATS...

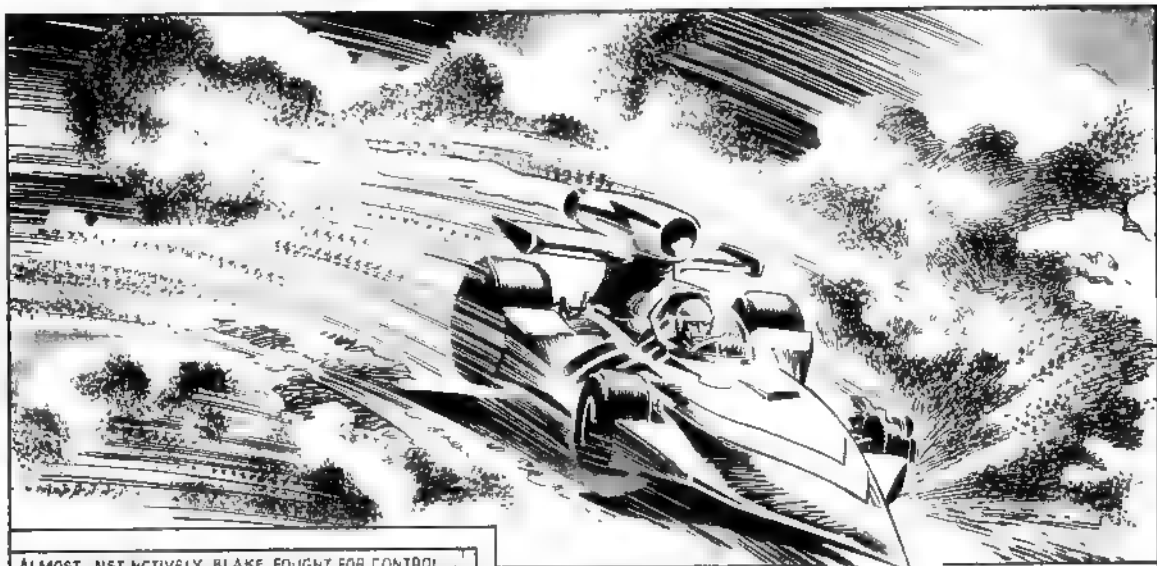


THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY...SLIGHT VIBRATION...BUT NOTHING MUCH. I'M GOING AT ALMOST TWICE THE SPEED AS WHEN THE OTHER ACCIDENTS OCCURRED.



THEN IT HAPPENED!





ALMOST INSTANTLY, BLAKE FOUGHT FOR CONTROL...



THIS IS NO WAY  
TO GO OUT! I'M NOT  
GOING TO DIE BECAUSE  
OF A FLAMING  
PUNCTURE!

HALF A MILE FURTHER ON, THE XK-7  
SKIDDED TO A HALT...

BLAKE...ARE  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

UNFORTUNATELY,  
YES!

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN  
A WEAKNESS IN ONE OF  
THE TYRES...

WE'LL GET THE  
WHEEL CHECKED  
OUT. THEN DO  
SOME MORE  
TEST RUNS...

NOTHING DOING!  
**TOMORROW WE GO  
FOR THE RECORD!**  
ANY MORE DELAYS  
AND I QUIT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...



ALL  
SET?

WE'RE AS  
READY AS  
EVER CAN  
BE. IN THE  
TIME YOU'VE  
GIVEN US!

AND WE STILL  
THINK YOU'RE CRAZY  
TO TRY AGAIN AT  
THIS STAGE...

WHO'S TO  
SAY WHO'S CRAZY  
AND WHO'S NOT? YOU  
JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON YOUR  
STOP WATCHES. BECAUSE I'M  
GOING TO BLAST THAT RECORD  
OUT OF EXISTENCE!

THE XK-7 WAS DUE TO MAKE TWO RUNS ON  
THE UTAH SALT FLATS. IN OPPOSITE  
DIRECTIONS. THE AVERAGE SPEED OF THE  
TWO RUNS WOULD BE WHAT COUNTED.

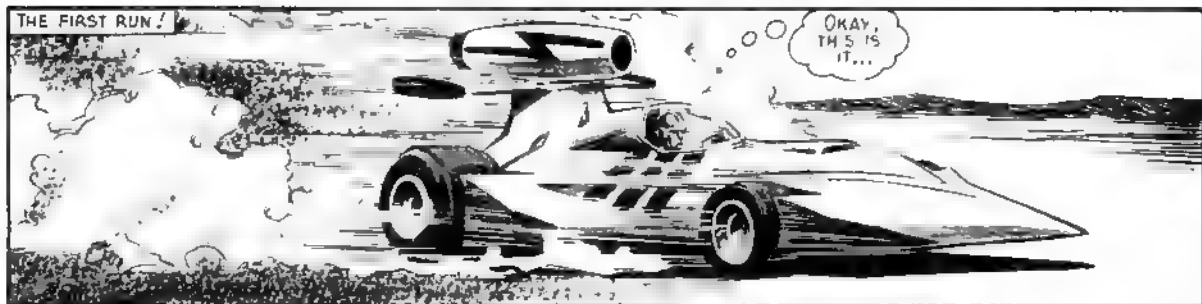
I GUESS  
I SHOULD  
WISH MYSELF  
LUCK... BUT  
WHAT SORT OF  
LUCK DO  
I WANT?



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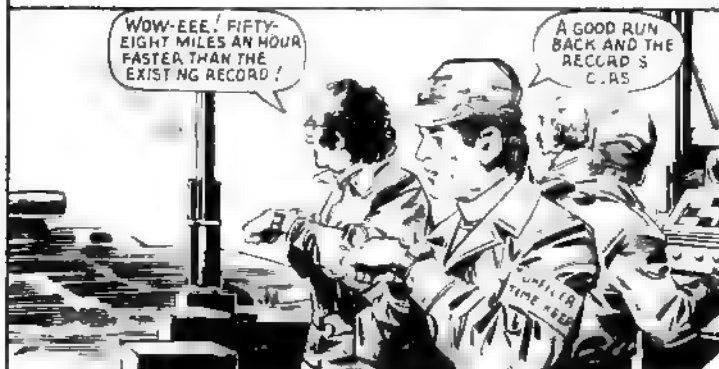


THE FIRST RUN!



WOW-EEE! FIFTY-EIGHT MILES AN HOUR FASTER THAN THE EXISTING RECORD!

A GOOD RUN BACK AND THE RECORD'S OURS



AS BLAKE TURNED THE CAR, READY FOR THE SECOND RUN

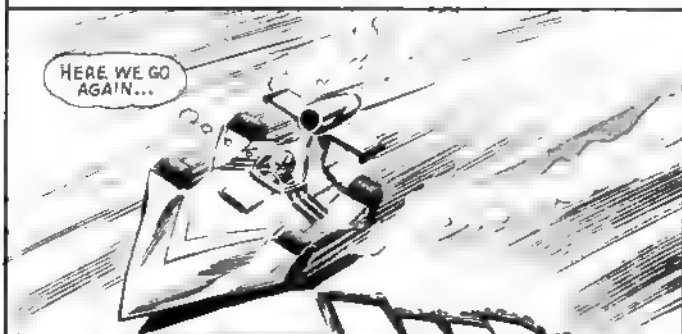
TO THINK THEY CALLED THIS CAR THE DEATH TRAP! IT'S AS SAFE AS ANYTHING I'VE EVER DRIVEN!



ALL SET, BLAKE? KEEP THE SAME THROTTLE GOING BACK AND YOU'RE THE NEW CHAMP!

BUT, SUDDENLY, THINGS STARTED TO GO WRONG!

HERE WE GO AGAIN...



XK 7 DISINTEGRATED!

**CRASH!**



THE WHOLE CAR'S BREAKING UP. BLAKE EDMONDS IS DONE FOR! HE'S GOT HIS DEATH WISH!

**Is this the end of Blake Edmonds? Find out next week!**



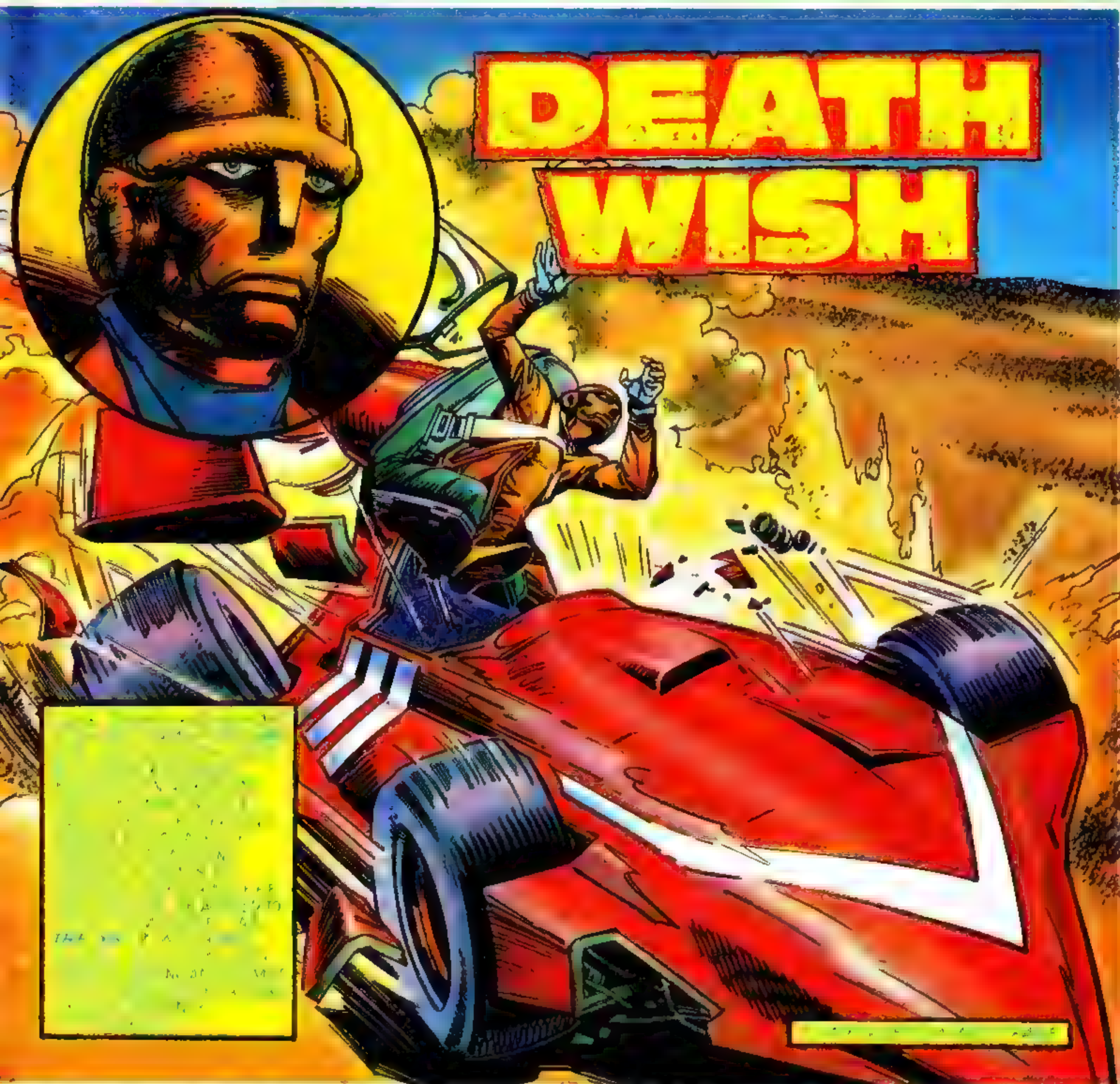
Dare YOU enter the £1,000,000 Challenge?

# SPEED

12p

22nd MARCH, 1980

EVERY MONDAY





STRAPPED TO HIS SEAT, BLAKE FOUND HIMSELF FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...

THIS... COULD... BE THE... END...

BUT THE SEAT LANDED, BACK-FIRST, ON THE SALT FLATS...

UUUH!

AND, CUTTING INTO THE GROUND, THE SEAT STAYED THE SAME WAY UP...

MANY METRES FROM THE DISINTEGRATED CAR, THE SEAT... AND BLAKE EDMONDS... CAME TO A STOP!

THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE GOT TO BLAKE FIRST...

OKAY, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT HIM...

THE SEAT'S SAVED HIM FROM BEING SMASHED UP...

BUT THE IMPACT HAD CAUSED BLAKE'S MASK TO FALL AWAY FROM HIS FACE!

AAARGH! HIS FACE!

WH-WHAT A MESS!

IT LOOKS LIKE BLAKE'S GOT HIS WISH... TO END IT ALL IN A GREAT FEAT OF SPEED!

IT'S AMAZING... HE'S GOING TO BE OKAY!

MOMENTS LATER...

THE IMPACT KNOCKED HIM COLD... BUT THAT SEEMS TO BE THE ONLY DAMAGE. IN A COUPLE OF DAYS, HE'LL BE AS RIGHT AS RAIN... ER... EXCEPT FOR HIS FACE!

NEVER MIND HIS FACE... HOW IS HE? CHECK HIM OVER... HE'S STILL BREATHING!

WHEN BLAKE RECOVERED, IN HOSPITAL...

SO... I DIDN'T GO OUT IN A BLAZE OF GLORY! GUESS IT ISN'T AS EASY AS I THOUGHT!

WE'RE SORRY OUR ROCKETCAR WASN'T UP TO IT. IT HAD THE SPEED, BUT NOT THE STRENGTH, TO BEAT THE RECORD!





WE'RE OFF TO BRITAIN IN A FEW HOURS. BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD, YOU MIGHT SAY.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, BLAKE? WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?



I'LL CARRY ON WITH MY SEARCH FOR SPEED...AND STUNTS THAT NO-ONE ELSE DARE TRY. MOST PEOPLE WANT TO LIVE... BUT WITH MY FACE, I DON'T CARE! SOMEONE WILL WANT TO EMPLOY ME...



SURE ENOUGH, THE FOLLOWING DAY...

SPECIAL DELIVERY PACKAGE JUST ARRIVED FOR YOU, MISTER BLAKE. HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

BORED! I HOPE THIS IS SOMETHING INTERESTING...



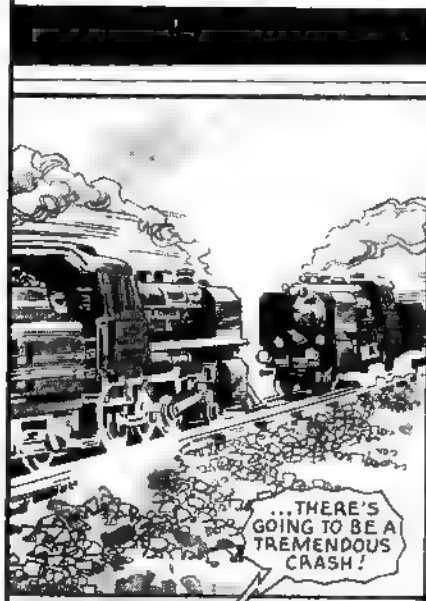
THE HOSPITAL SUPPLIED BLAKE WITH A PROJECTOR AND, TEN MINUTES LATER...



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, MISTER BLAKE. A SINGLE-TRACK RAILWAY LINE...



...AND TWO TRAINS APPROACHING EACH OTHER AT A TERRIFIC SPEED!

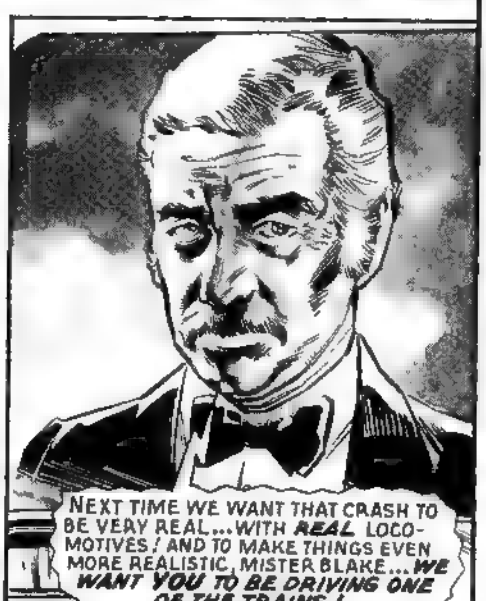


...THERE'S GOING TO BE A TREMENDOUS CRASH!



...BUT AS YOU SEE, MISTER BLAKE... THEY'RE JUST MODEL ENGINES AND THE RESULTING CRASH IS MOST UNREALISTIC!

PHEW, THAT LOOKED VERY REAL UNTIL THE CRASH ACTUALLY HAPPENED!



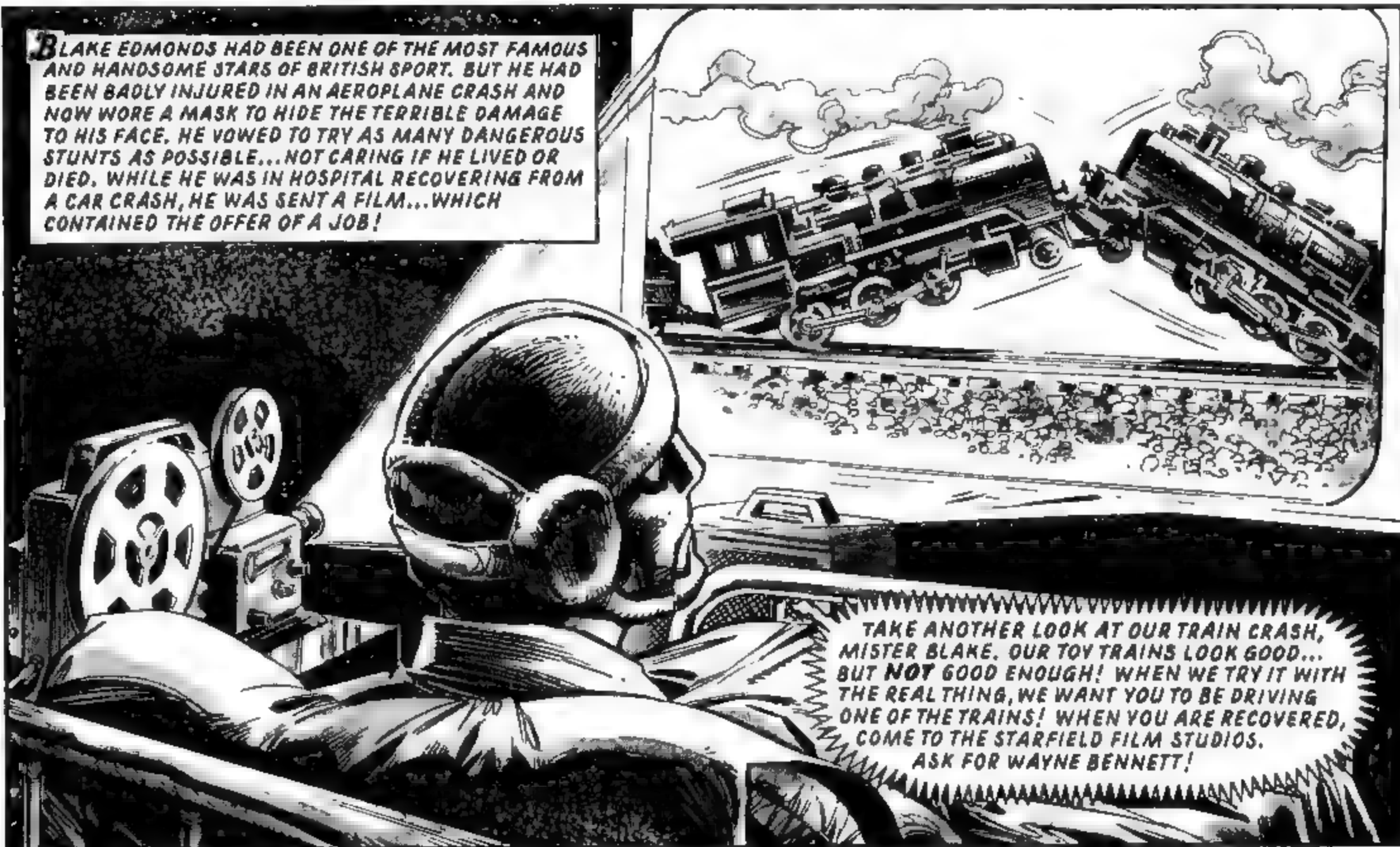
NEXT TIME WE WANT THAT CRASH TO BE VERY REAL...WITH REAL LOCOMOTIVES! AND TO MAKE THINGS EVEN MORE REALISTIC, MISTER BLAKE... WE WANT YOU TO BE DRIVING ONE OF THE TRAINS!

**Will Blake take on this daring new challenge? Find out next week!**



It was the stunt to end all stunts. . . starring Blake Edmonds!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HE HAD BEEN BADLY INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE...NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. WHILE HE WAS IN HOSPITAL RECOVERING FROM A CAR CRASH, HE WAS SENT A FILM...WHICH CONTAINED THE OFFER OF A JOB!



TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT OUR TRAIN CRASH, MISTER BLAKE. OUR TOY TRAINS LOOK GOOD... BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH! WHEN WE TRY IT WITH THE REAL THING, WE WANT YOU TO BE DRIVING ONE OF THE TRAINS! WHEN YOU ARE RECOVERED, COME TO THE STARFIELD FILM STUDIOS. ASK FOR WAYNE BENNETT!



IT'S A STUNT THAT LOOKS DANGEROUS ENOUGH! WHAT A WAY TO END IT ALL...AND HAVE THE MOMENT CAPTURED ON FILM FOR MILLIONS TO SEE. WITH A FACE LIKE MINE, I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS!



AND SO...

GLAD TO MEET YOU, MISTER BENNETT. I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO TRYING YOUR LITTLE STUNT!

EXCELLENT! THE CRASH OF THE TWO LOCOMOTIVES WILL BE THE BIG CLIMAX OF THE FILM. I WILL SHOW YOU WHERE IT WILL HAPPEN...

THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE THE TWO GIANT LOCOS WILL CRASH HEAD-ON! WE COULD, OF COURSE, POWER THEM AUTOMATICALLY...BUT I WANT A HUMAN AT THE CONTROLS...YOU!

NO PROBLEM... PROVIDING THE FILM GIVES ME STAR BILLING!

YOU'LL GET THE STAR BILLING, ALL RIGHT! IF IT'S SUICIDE YOU WANT, THIS FILM CAN PROVIDE IT!

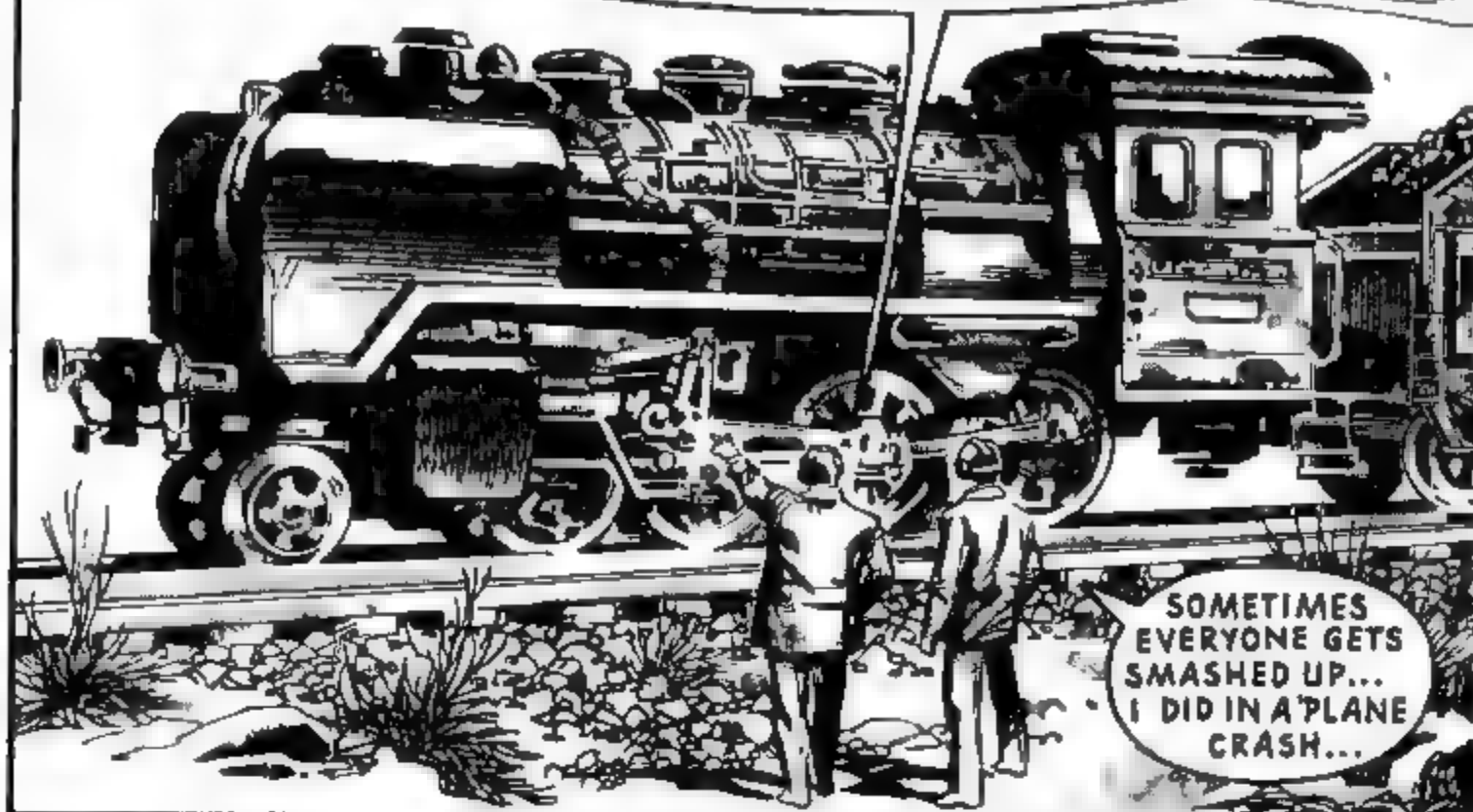
NO-ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO KILL THEMSELVES DELIBERATELY. I JUST TAKE A FEW MORE RISKS THAN MOST OTHER GUYS!

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LATER...

THIS IS ONE OF THE LOCOMOTIVES. WE BOUGHT THEM FROM A STEAM PRESERVATION SOCIETY. PITY WE'VE GOT TO SMASH THEM UP...



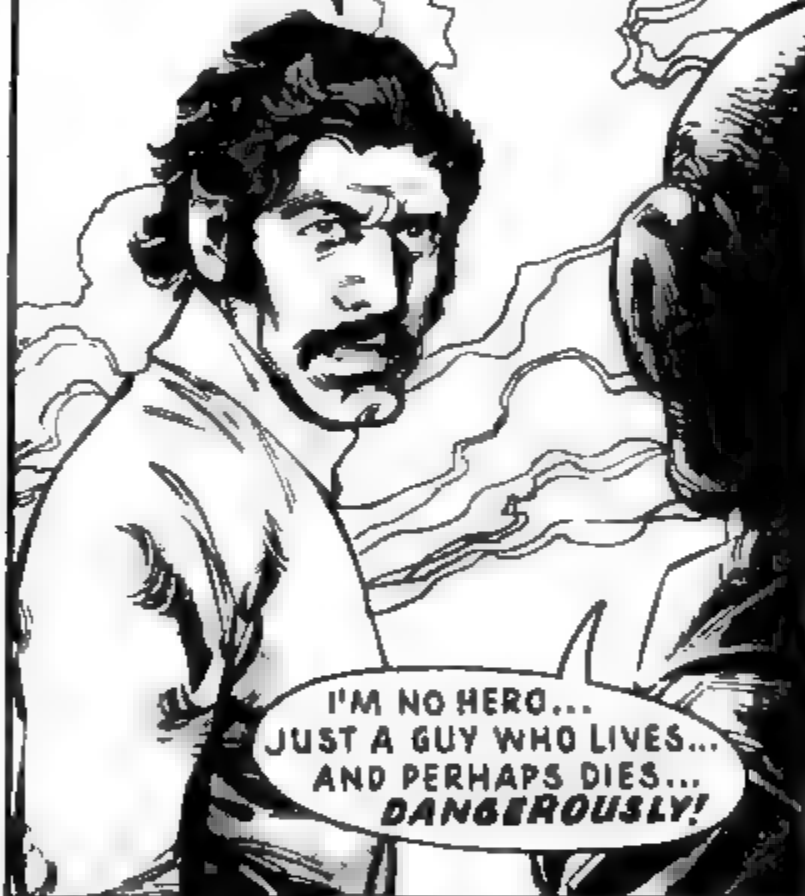
SOMETIMES EVERYONE GETS SMASHED UP... I DID IN A PLANE CRASH...

JUST BEFORE OUR CRASH, WE'LL SHOW YOU FIGHTING IN THE CAB OF THE ENGINE... UP HERE. YOU'LL BE FIGHTING ONE OF OUR STUNTMEN...

THAT'S RIGHT... ME!



... ONLY I'LL JUMP OFF BEFORE THE ACTUAL CRASH. THE HEROICS I LEAVE TO REAL HEROES... LIKE YOU!



I'M NO HERO... JUST A GUY WHO LIVES... AND PERHAPS DIES... DANGEROUSLY!

REHEARSALS WERE HELD THE FOLLOWING DAY... WITH THE ENGINE STANDING STILL!

OKAY, BLAKE EDMONDS, I JUST HOPE YOU CAN FIGHT WELL...



I'LL GET BY...

RIGHT... YOU CAN START FIGHTING NOW. BUT REMEMBER, WHEN WE ACTUALLY FILM THIS, YOU'LL BE TRAVELLING AT EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR!

TRY THAT FOR STARTERS... UURGH!

AND YOU TRY THAT!



NOW YOU SHOULD FEEL I CAN FIGHT WELL!

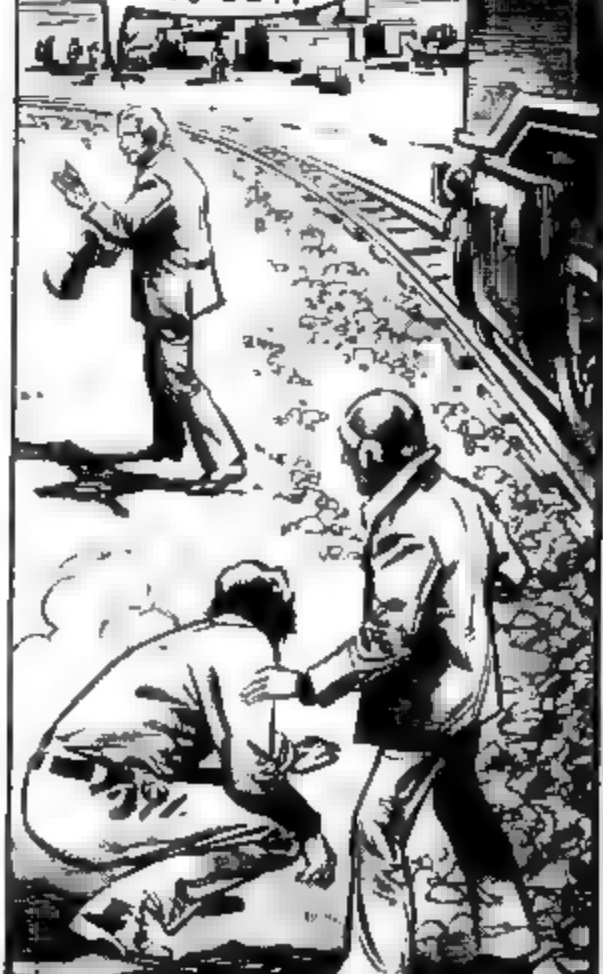
SUCH REALISM! JUST WHAT WE NEED. GET READY TO JUMP...



EXCELLENT! DO THAT ON THE DAY AND WE'LL HAVE A WINNER!



WE'LL SHOOT THE WHOLE SEQUENCE TOMORROW. GET IT RIGHT... IT'S SOMETHING WE CAN ONLY FILM ONCE. THERE ARE NO MORE LOCOMOTIVES LEFT TO BUY!





WHY THE MASK, BLAKE? OTHER PEOPLE HAVE BEEN INJURED IN THE FACE AND NOT GONE TO SUCH SILLY LENGTHS. GUESS WITH YOU IT'S JUST VANITY, BECAUSE YOU WERE ONCE SO PRETTY!

NO VANITY. YOU JUST MIND YOUR BUSINESS AND I'LL MIND MINE!

UURGH!

YOU GUYS SURE ARE BRAVE WHEN THE ODDS ARE ON YOUR SIDE!

HEY, YOU GUYS... COME AND GIVE ME A HAND WITH THIS TROUBLEMAKER...

WE DON'T LIKE YOUR SORT BARGING INTO OUR LITTLE WORLD, EDMONDS...

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AND SEE JUST WHAT IS UNDER THIS MASK. HOLD HIM STILL, BOYS!

AAAARGH! IT... IT'S HORRIBLE!

NOW YOU SEE WHY I WEAR THE MASK! I WARNED YOU CREEPS!

NO HARD FEELINGS, CHUM. IT... IT WASN'T OUR IDEA...

THE FOLLOWING DAY...

ALL SET, MY FRIENDS? WE'RE READY TO ROLL!

SURE I'M READY... BUT YOUR LITTLE STUNTMAN HAD BETTER BE WARNED! AFTER YESTERDAY, THE FIGHT WE'RE ABOUT TO HAVE IS GOING TO BE FOR REAL!

Dare you read on? But dare you miss the next thrilling episode?



Two trains, moving at top speed, raced towards each other!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF THE SPORT. BUT HE HAD BEEN BADLY INJURED IN AN AIRPLANE CRASH AND NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. HE TRIED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. BLAKE WAS ENGAGED TO APPEAR IN A FILM AS A STUNTMAN DRIVING A STEAM ENGINE WHICH WAS TO HAVE A HEAD-ON CRASH WITH ANOTHER LOCOMOTIVE.

O.K., LET 'EM ROLL. LET'S GET THIS SEQUENCE IN THE CAN!

ALL SET EDMONDS... FEELING NERVOUS?

# DEATH WISH

WITH BLAKE WAS ONE OF THE FILM STUNTMEN, WHO HAD DEVELOPED AN INTENSE DISLIKE FOR HIM...

I'VE FACED WORSE THINGS THAN THIS AND SURVIVED...

THEN GET READY FOR OUR FIGHT FOR THE CAMERAS. BUT WE'LL MAKE IT A REAL FIGHT!

THAT'S JUST THE WAY I WANT IT!

TRY THIS FOR OPENERS.

YOU'RE TOO SLOW, CHUM...

YE-AARGH! M-MY HAND!

RIGHT... THIS IS WHERE THEY SHOULD START FIGHTING. DON'T GET TOO CLOSE... THE FILMGOERS HAVE GOT TO THINK THAT IT'S THE STARS OF THE FILM WHO ARE FIGHTING... NOT STUNTMEN!









WHAT A SMASH!  
NO-ONE COULD HAVE  
SURVIVED THAT... NOT  
EVEN BLAKE EDMONDS!



FOR BLAKE EDMONDS, THE SCREAMING,  
TEARING SOUND OF THE CRASH AND THE  
BRUISING, STUNNING FORCE OF THE  
IMPACT, SEEMED TO LAST FOR EVER!



AND THEN THE  
OTHER TRAIN  
CRASHED DOWN  
ON TOP OF BLAKE'S  
ENGINE CUTTING  
OUT ALL LIGHT...



IT LOOKS  
AS IF THE CAB  
HE WAS IN  
HAS BEEN  
CRUSHED...

COME ON...  
LET'S SEE IF  
BLAKE'S  
ALIVE

WHATEVER  
HAPPENED... HE'S  
TRAPPED!

SUDDENLY IT  
WAS ALL OVER  
AND EVERYTHING  
WAS STILL!



BLAKE...  
ARE YOU IN  
THERE? ARE  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

THERE'S NO  
ANSWER...

WHAT A MESS...



SOMEHOW, I THOUGHT  
HE'D SURVIVE! BUT...  
BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM  
TO HAVE HAPPENED!  
AND NOW I'LL NEVER  
FORGIVE MYSELF FOR  
PERSUADING HIM  
TO DO IT!

**Is this really the end of Blake Edmonds? Find out next Saturday!**



## Blake was buried under the debris of two crashed trains!

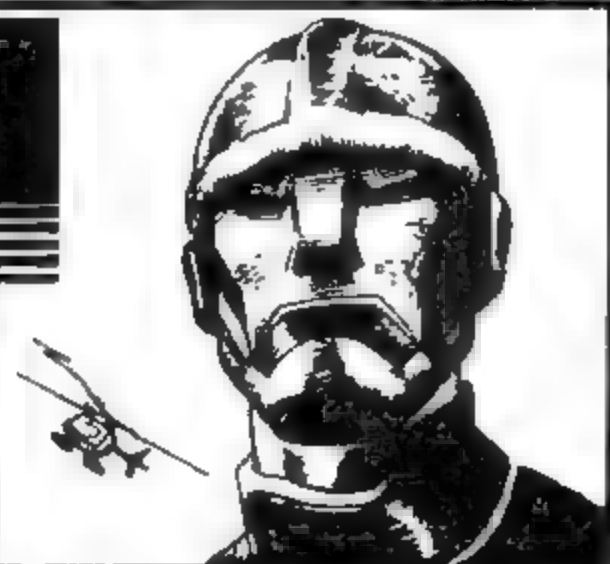
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THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM... NO-ONE COULD LIVE BENEATH THIS MESS!

IT SEEMS HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED! SOMEONE BRING THE HEAVY LIFTING EQUIPMENT!

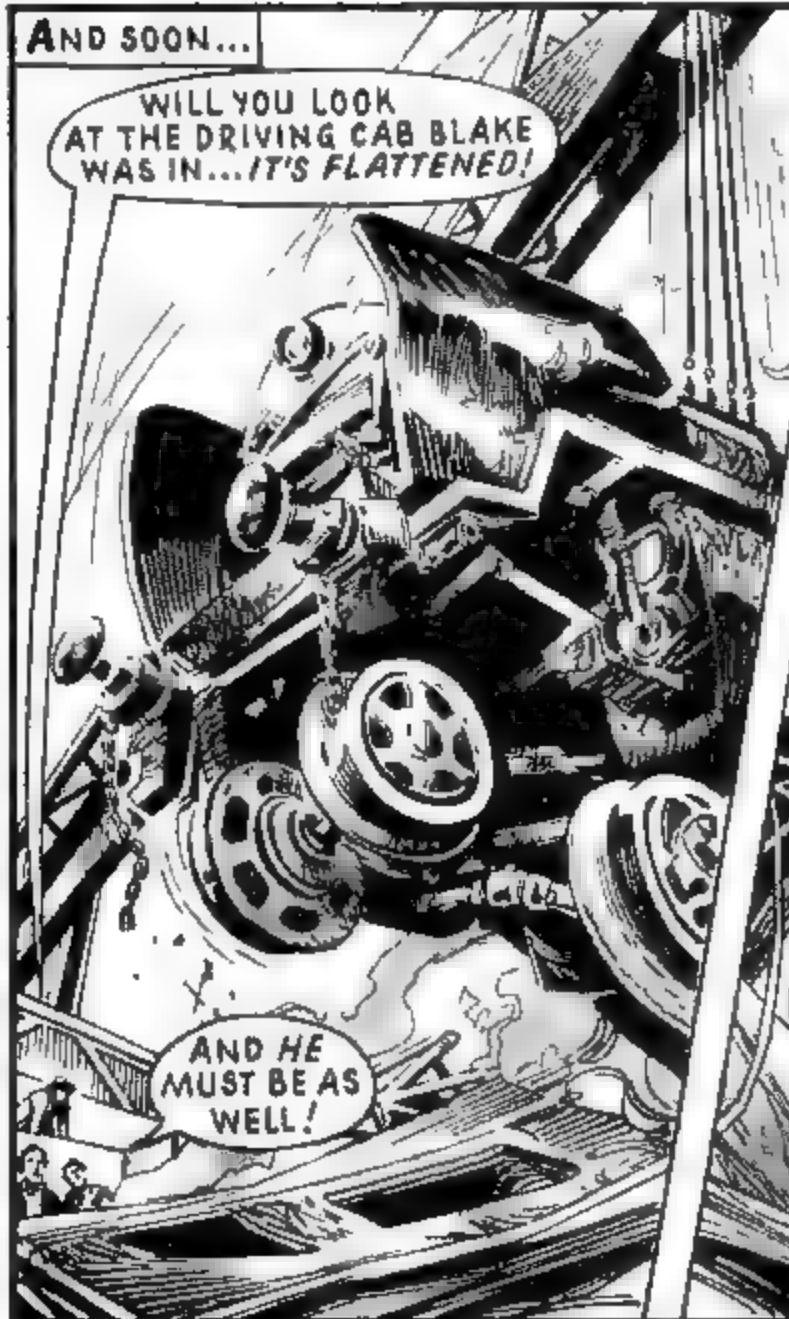


# DEATH WISH



AND SOON...

WILL YOU LOOK AT THE DRIVING CAB BLAKE WAS IN... IT'S FLATTENED!



AND HE MUST BE AS WELL!

THE SEARCH FOR BLAKE WENT ON...



WAIT...THERE'S SOMETHING HERE. I THINK I'VE FOUND EDMONDS...

I THINK... AAAAAAGGGH!



THE MAN HAD SEEN BLAKE'S FACE... WITHOUT ITS MASK!



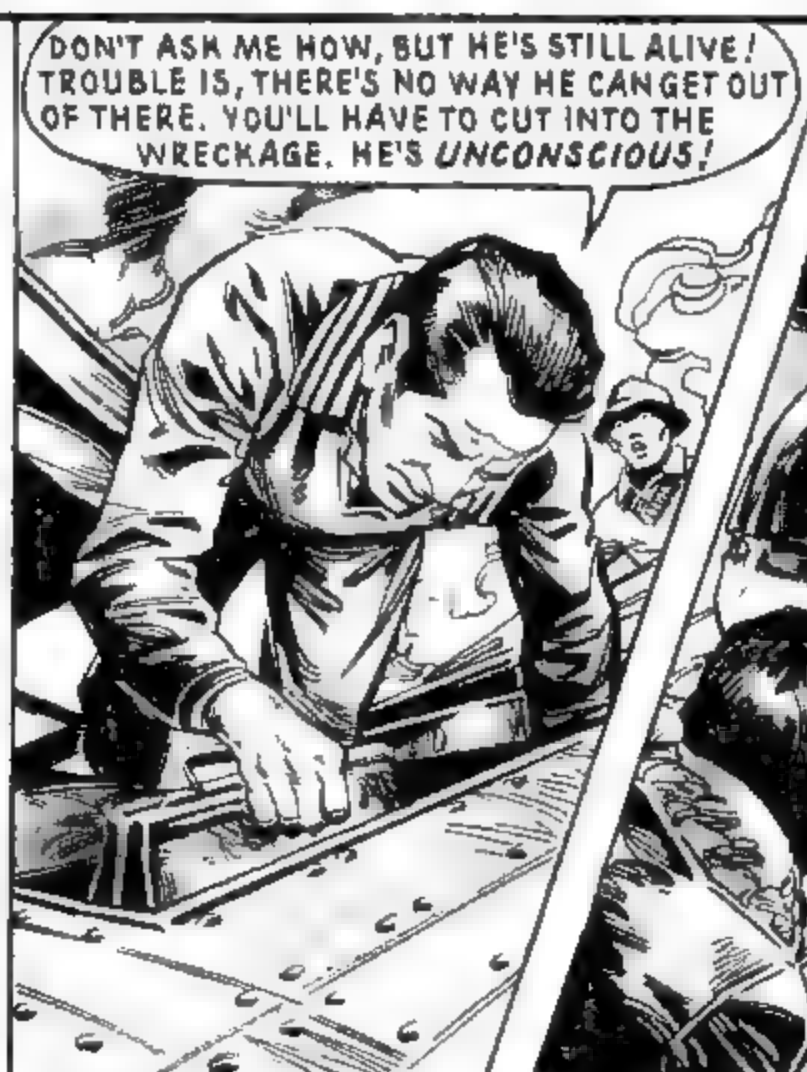
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THERE! IT...IT MUST BE BLAKE EDMONDS. HIS FACE... IT...IT'S HORRIBLE!

SOMEONE GET THE DOCTOR...



DON'T ASK ME HOW, BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE! TROUBLE IS, THERE'S NO WAY HE CAN GET OUT OF THERE. YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT INTO THE WRECKAGE. HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!

IT WAS ALMOST AN HOUR LATER, WHEN THEY REACHED HIM...

HOW... HOW IS HE, DOC?

HE'LL SURVIVE... HE MUST HAVE MORE LIVES THAN A CAT!



JUST LOOK WHERE HE WAS TRAPPED! IF THAT LOCO HAD BEEN CRUSHED ANOTHER MILLIMETRE, BLAKE WOULD HAVE BEEN DONE FOR!

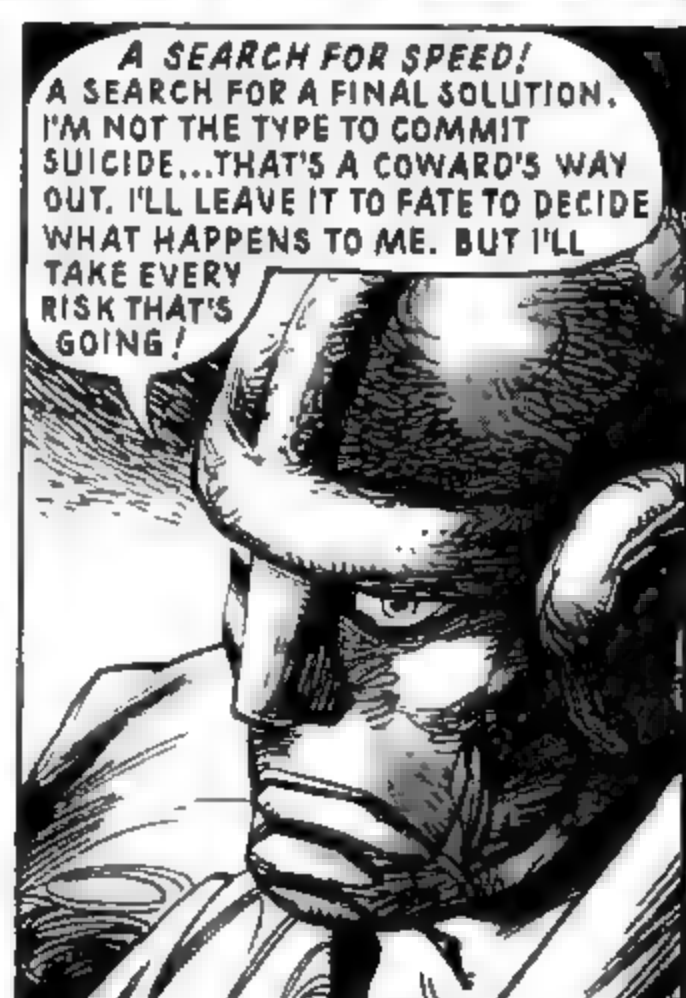
WHAT LUCK! BUT MAYBE IT'S THE SORT OF LUCK HE DIDN'T WANT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

SO...I LIVE TO DIE ANOTHER DAY!

SEEMS LIKE IT, BLAKE. BUT YOU'VE EARNED A LOT OF CASH FROM DOING THE STUNT. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND IT ON?



A SEARCH FOR SPEED! A SEARCH FOR A FINAL SOLUTION. I'M NOT THE TYPE TO COMMIT SUICIDE...THAT'S A COWARD'S WAY OUT. I'LL LEAVE IT TO FATE TO DECIDE WHAT HAPPENS TO ME. BUT I'LL TAKE EVERY RISK THAT'S GOING!



WHEN BLAKE LEFT HOSPITAL...

SORRY ABOUT THE TRAFFIC JAM, MISTER BLAKE. EVERYONE'S GOING TO THE AIR DISPLAY

AIR DISPLAY? THAT SOUNDS INTERESTING. TAKE ME THERE!



AND SO...

QUITE A SHOW! THOSE BOYS IN THE JETS ARE PUTTING ON A FINE DISPLAY... ALMOST AS GOOD AS THE RED ARROWS...





... MAYBE I CAN COME UP WITH AN IDEA FOR MY NEXT STUNT FROM WATCHING THESE STUNTS...



NEXT, FOLKS, A SPECIAL DISPLAY BY THE EAST COAST SKY-DIVING TEAM... FAMOUS FOR THEIR RECORD-BREAKING FREE FALL DISPLAY DEMONSTRATIONS...



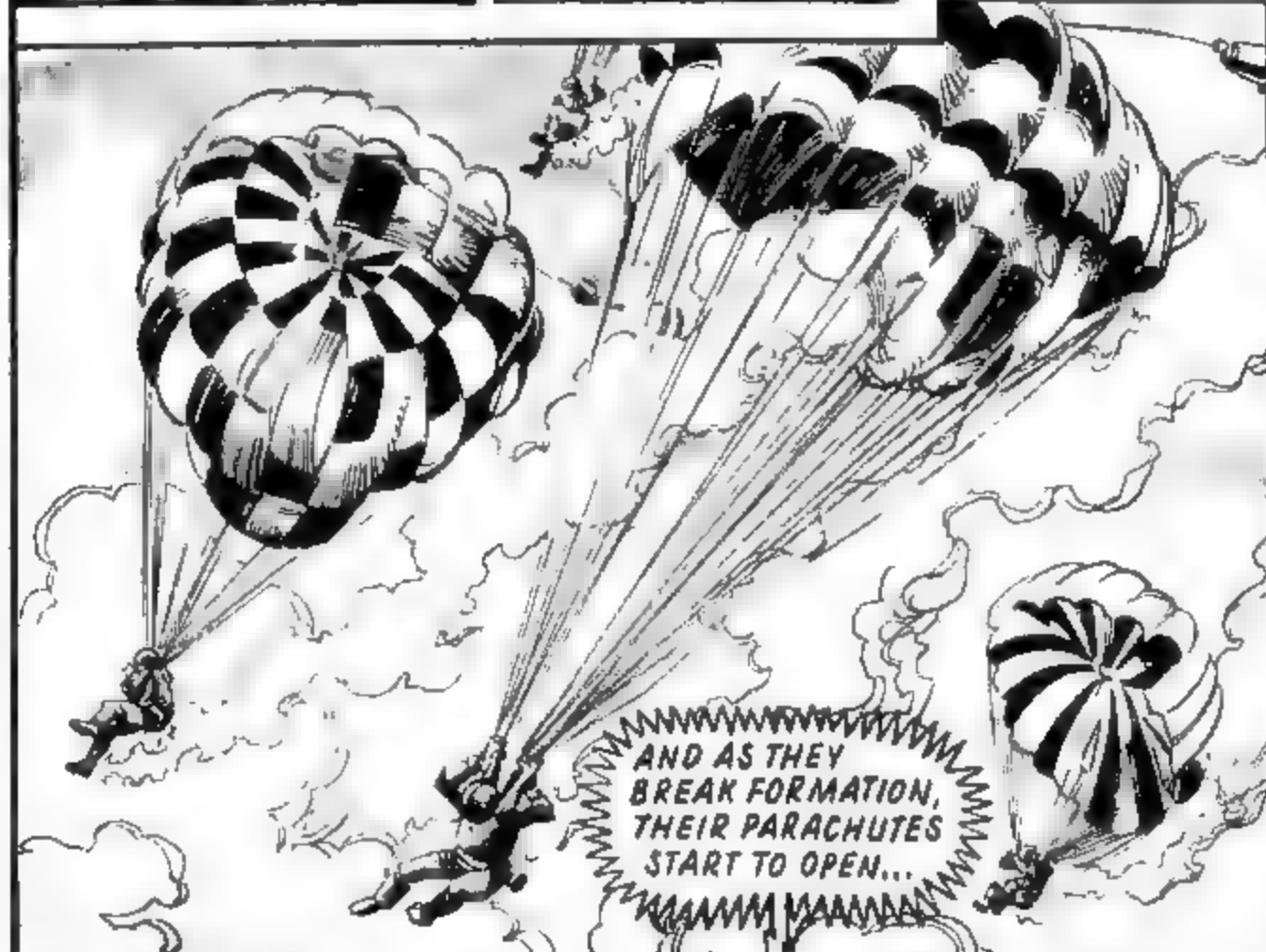
...THAT'S THEIR TRANSPORTER HIGH OVER THE AIRFIELD. IN A MOMENT, YOU'LL SEE THE START OF THE DROP. EACH PARACHUTIST WILL HAVE A SMOKE CANISTER ATTACHED TO HIS LEG, SO YOU CAN FOLLOW THEIR PROGRESS...



THERE THEY GO! THE FIRST MEN ARE ALREADY OUT...



...AND THEY ARE FORMING A STAR, AS THEY FALL. THAT TAKES LOTS OF CONTROL... THEY'RE FALLING AT A TREMENDOUS SPEED...



AND AS THEY BREAK FORMATION, THEIR PARACHUTES START TO OPEN...

THOSE GUYS HAVE GIVEN ME THE IDEA I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR. MY NEXT STUNT WILL BE A HIGH-LEVEL PARACHUTE DROP... **BLINDFOLDED!**



See how Blake fares as a parachutist with a difference in next week's episode!



# SPEED

12p

19th APRIL, 1980

EVERY MONDAY





EVENTUALLY...

TIME TO OPEN  
THE 'CHUTE...

THAT WAS  
EASY! NEXT  
TIME I TRY IT,  
IT'S GOING TO BE  
MUCH MORE DIFFICULT,  
BECAUSE I'M GOING  
TO DO THE WHOLE  
THING BLINDFOLDED!

BUT WHEN THE AUTHORITIES HEARD OF HIS  
PLAN...

NO, NO, NO, NO! WE CANNOT ALLOW  
YOU TO DO IT! THE WHOLE IDEA  
IS FAR TOO DANGEROUS! TO  
START WITH, YOU WOULDN'T  
KNOW WHEN TO OPEN THE  
'CHUTE...

...YOU COULD DO  
IT TOO LATE...

...AND YOU WOULDN'T SEE WHERE  
YOU WERE LANDING. YOU COULD  
KILL YOURSELF!

THAT DOESN'T  
BOTHER ME! WHEN  
I WAS A GOOD-LOOKING GUY,  
I CARED A LOT... BUT NOW I DON'T...

IF YOU HAD  
A FACE LIKE THIS,  
WOULD YOU CARE?

AARGH!

TH-THAT DOESN'T CH-CHANGE  
A THING, MISTER B-BLAKE. RULES  
ARE RULES AND HAVE... HAVE TO  
BE OBEYED! THE  
MATTER IS... IS  
CLOSED!

NO-ONE'S GOING TO STOP ME  
DOING THE STUNT I WANT TO DO.  
I'LL GO AHEAD AND  
ARRANGE IT...

...THE  
PROCEEDS  
CAN GO TO  
CHARITY!

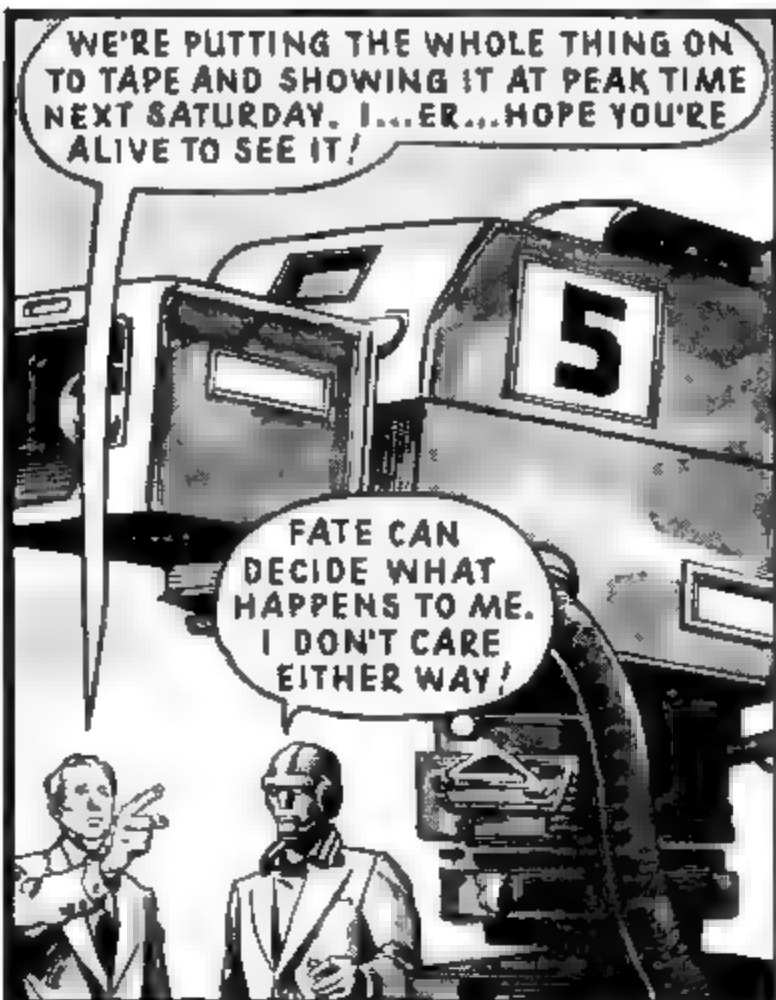
AND SO PLANS WENT AHEAD...

WE'LL HAVE THREE CAMERAS ON THE GROUND  
AND A COUPLE IN HELICOPTERS, IN CASE YOU  
DRIFT AWAY FROM THE TARGET AREA...

SOUNDS FINE.  
WE'RE JUST SUPERVISING  
THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO  
THE AIRCRAFT I'LL JUMP  
FROM.

BLAKE EDMONDS  
DEATH DIVE





**What will happen now? Find out in next week's issue of SPEED!**



**The jump had been banned — but that wouldn't stop the stunt-king!**

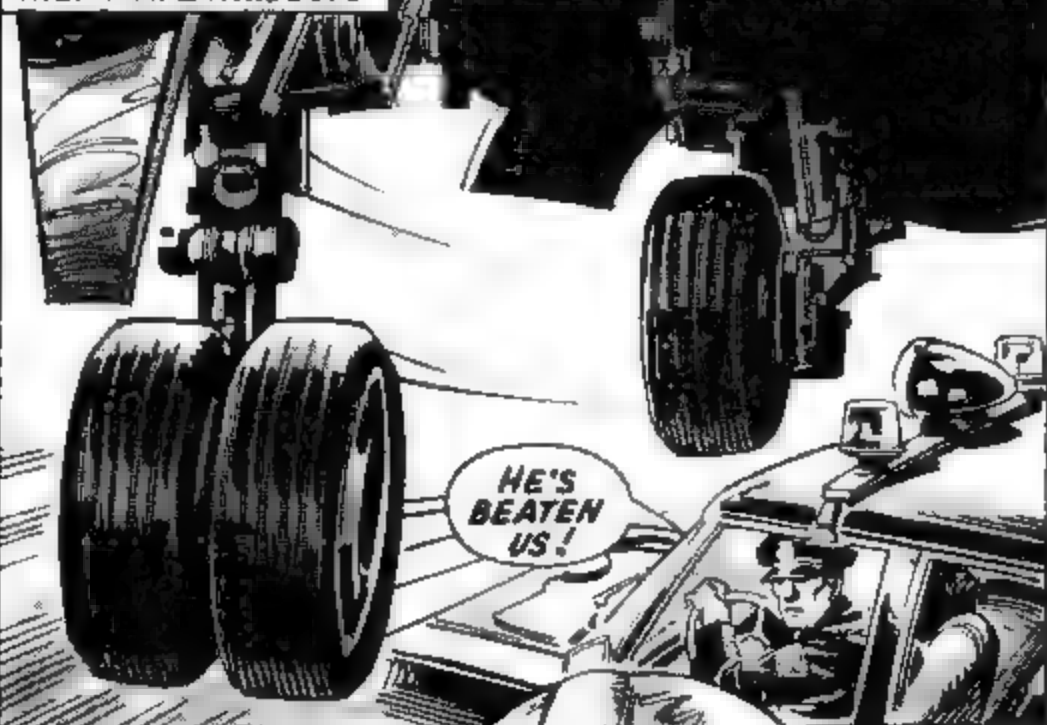
BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS IN BRITISH SPORT. BUT HE HAD BEEN TERRIBLY INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY SPEED STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. BLAKE PLANNED TO PARACHUTE FROM AN AIRCRAFT ... BLINDFOLDED! BUT THE AUTHORITIES TRIED TO BAN THE JUMP. BLAKE IGNORED POLICE WARNINGS AND WENT AHEAD...

GET THIS CRATE UP, MAN... THAT POLICE CAR'S TRYING TO BLOCK US!



# DEATH WISH

THEY MADE IT...JUST!



HE'S BEATEN US!

SURE I COULD KILL MYSELF. IF THAT'S WHAT FATE HAS IN STORE FOR ME, THEN THAT'S WHAT WILL HAPPEN! DON'T WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT IT!



THAT WAS CLOSE...TOO CLOSE! BUT FORGET IT AND GET ME UP TO THE DROPPING HEIGHT!

ARE YOU REALLY GOING AHEAD WITH THIS? YOU'VE BEEN ORDERED NOT TO. EVERYONE THINKS YOU COULD KILL YOURSELF!



IF YOU HAD A FACE LIKE THIS, MAYBE YOU'D THINK DIFFERENTLY!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





LOOK AFTER MY MASK FOR ME. IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG, YOU CAN KEEP IT AS A SOUVENIR! THIS HOOD NOT ONLY HIDES ME... IT HIDES EVERYTHING FROM ME! I'LL BE JUMPING COMPLETELY BLIND!



BLAKE HAD ARRANGED FOR TELEVISION CAMERAS TO COVER THE JUMP... WITH THE PROCEEDS GOING TO CHARITY...

EVERYTHING READY?

ALL SET. THE TWO AIRBORNE CAMERAS ARE OPERATING CORRECTLY. WE'LL HAVE BLAKE'S JUMP COVERED FROM EVERY ANGLE.



THAT GUY'S GOING TO BE IN REAL TROUBLE WHEN HE COMES DOWN!



RIGHT, BLAKE... WE'RE AT THE CORRECT ALTITUDE! PULL THE CORD AS SOON AS YOU JUMP.

THAT WOULD BE AN EASY WAY TO DO THINGS! I OPERATE THE DANGEROUS WAY!



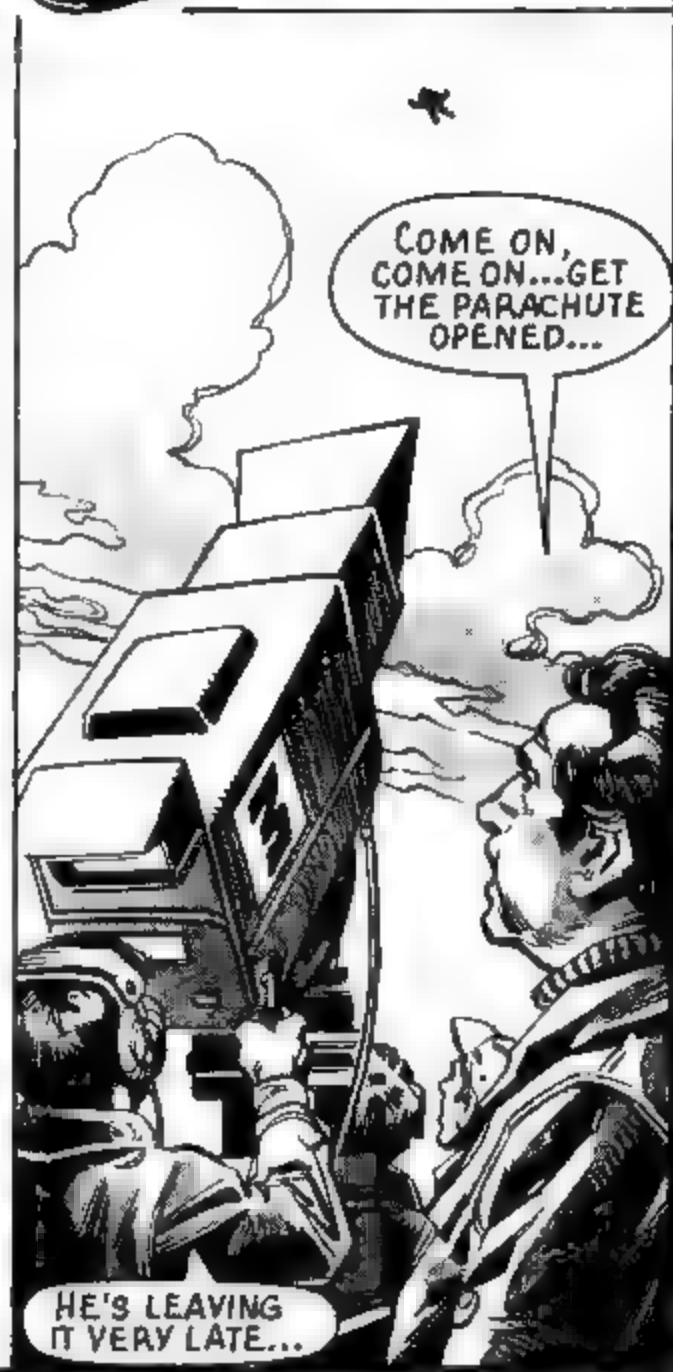
OKAY... GO NOW!

DON'T WISH ME LUCK...



ONCE AGAIN, THE THRILL OF JUMPING AND THE SPEED OF THE FALL MADE BLAKE FEEL EXHILARATED!

FANTASTIC! THIS IS A GREAT FEELING! I'LL LEAVE IT AS LATE AS POSSIBLE TO OPEN THE CHUTE...



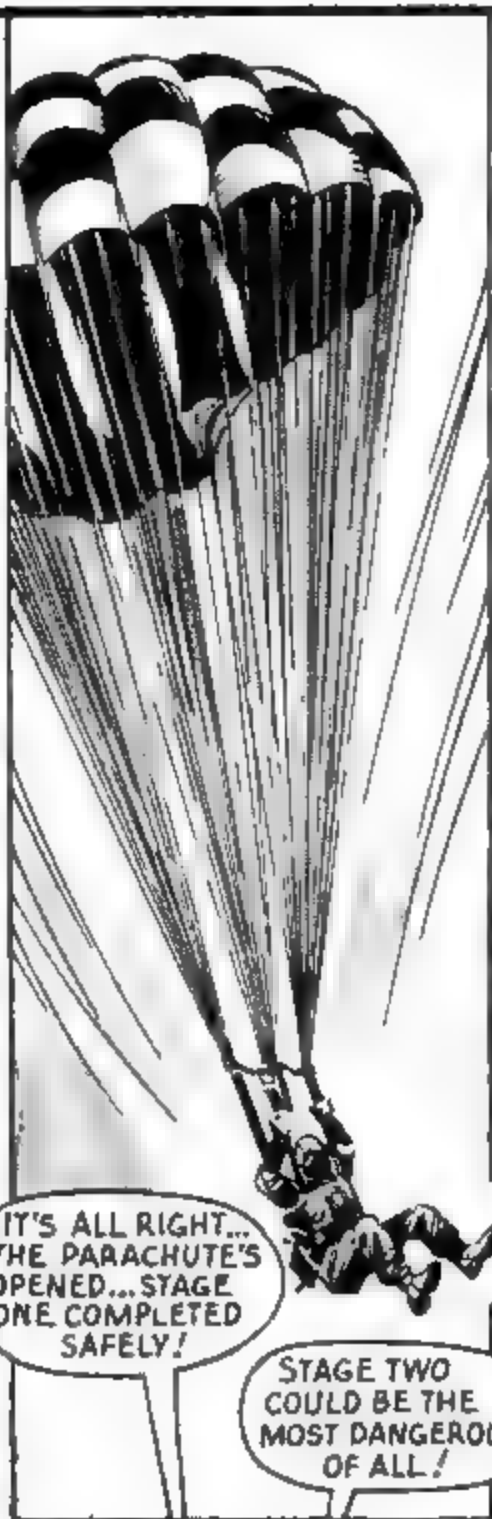
COME ON, COME ON... GET THE PARACHUTE OPENED...

HE'S LEAVING IT VERY LATE...





CAN'T BE FAR  
TO GO NOW. TIME  
TO PULL THE  
CORD...



IT'S ALL RIGHT...  
THE PARACHUTE'S  
OPENED... STAGE  
ONE COMPLETED  
SAFELY!

STAGE TWO  
COULD BE THE  
MOST DANGEROUS  
OF ALL!



I WONDER WHAT I'M HEADING FOR?  
DOWN THERE WILL BE PYLONS... A  
RIVER... A MOTORWAY... TREES...  
HOUSES. I SHAN'T KNOW WHAT  
I'M LANDING ON UNTIL I HIT IT!



HE COULDN'T BE HEADING FOR A  
MORE DANGEROUS AREA! ELECTRIC  
PYLONS, THE RIVER... THEY COULD  
FINISH HIM!

THE WIND'S  
DRIFTING ME  
AWAY FROM THE  
TARGET AREA. I  
WONDER WHAT'S  
WAITING  
FOR ME?



BUT BLAKE WAS  
HEADING FOR SOME-  
THING PERHAPS  
EVEN MORE  
DANGEROUS!

THE SPIRE OF A  
CHURCH STRETCHED  
INTO THE SKY...



... AND TOWARDS BLAKE EDMONDS!

**Impaled on the steeple? Is this Blake's fate? Read on next week!**



## The blindfolded Blake floated down towards certain injury!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HE HAD BEEN BADLY INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. HIS LATEST STUNT WAS A PARACHUTE DROP... **BLINDFOLDED!**

I MUST BE GETTING SOMEWHERE NEAR THE GROUND... BUT WHAT AM I GOING TO LAND ON?



# DEATH WISH



IF ONLY BLAKE KNEW...



HE'S GOING TO HIT THE CHURCH STEEPLE!



AND THEN...



HIS PARACHUTE IS STUCK ON TOP OF THE STEEPLE!

HE'S JUST HANGING THERE!



TELEVISION CAMERAS WERE RECORDING THE EVENT FROM A HELICOPTER...

...THIS IS INCREDIBLE! BLAKE'S TRAPPED... UNABLE TO MOVE... AND LOOK AT HIS LEG... BLOOD'S POURING FROM THAT WOUND!



I CAN'T WATCH ANYMORE!



BLEEDING HEAVILY... GOT TO STOP THE BLEEDING...



THAT SHOULD STOP IT...



HEY... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT UP THERE?

SURE! I'M JUST HANGING AROUND, WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN!



THE TELEVISION PRODUCER ARRIVED...

THIS IS AMAZING... IF WE'D PLANNED THE JUMP TO END LIKE THIS, IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE DRAMATIC!



TV 'COPTER ONE... HOW DO YOU READ THE SITUATION?

NOT GOOD. THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN LOWER ANYONE TO HIM... THE BLAST FROM OUR ROTORS MIGHT SEND THE WHOLE LOT PLUNGING DOWN! YOU'LL HAVE TO RESCUE HIM FROM THE GROUND!



SUDDENLY...



ARGH!

LOOK... SOME OF THE PARACHUTE CORDS HAVE BROKEN!

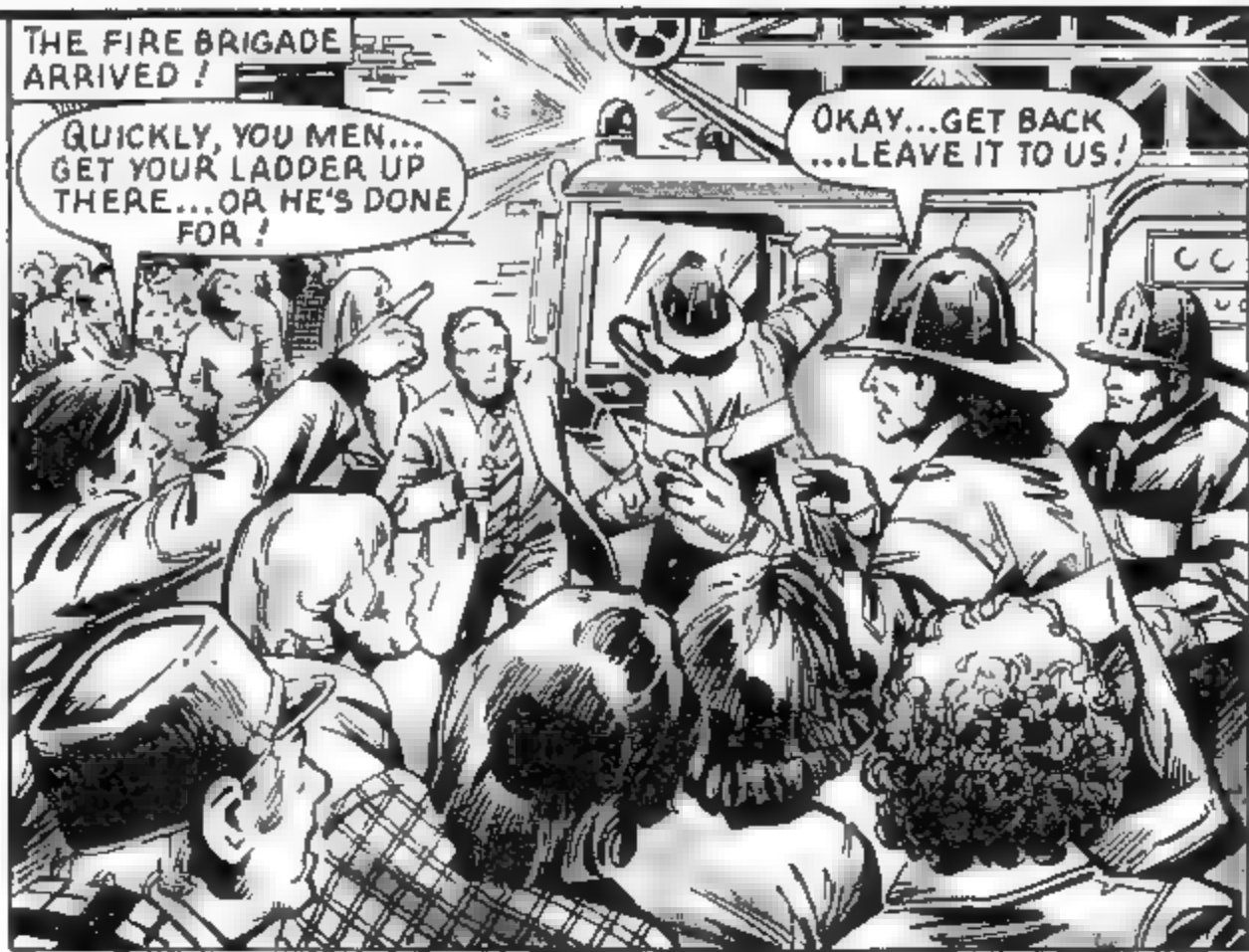
HE... HE MUST FALL...

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THERE'S STILL A COUPLE OF ROPES SUPPORTING HIM... BUT NOT FOR LONG. SOMEONE DO SOMETHING!



THE FIRE BRIGADE ARRIVED!

QUICKLY, YOU MEN... GET YOUR LADDER UP THERE... OR HE'S DONE FOR!

OKAY...GET BACK...LEAVE IT TO US!



BUT THEN...

THE STEEPLE... IT'S GIVING WAY! IT'S COMING DOWN!



AAAAARGH!



UNABLE TO SEE ANYTHING, BLAKE EDMONDS DESPERATELY PUT HIS HANDS OUT, TO GRAB ANYTHING...



FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THERE WAS DUST AND BRICKS EVERYWHERE...

EEEEK!

THAT'S THE END OF HIM!



BUT AS THE DUST STARTED TO CLEAR...

THERE HE IS.. HE SURVIVED! HE MANAGED TO GRAB A HOLD!

BUT HE WON'T BE ABLE TO HANG ON THERE VERY LONG! HE'S STILL IN TERRIBLE DANGER!

Can Blake Edmonds survive? More thrilling action next week!



## Would Blake's daring jump end in life or death?

**B**LAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT, BUT HE HAD BEEN TERRIBLY INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE ACCIDENT AND NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. HE JUMPED FROM AN AIRCRAFT, **BLINDFOLDED!** BUT WHEN HIS PARACHUTE HIT A CHURCH STEEPLE AND THE STEEPLE COLLAPSED... BLAKE SOMEHOW MANAGED TO HOLD ON AND STOP HIMSELF FROM FALLING!



HE...  
HE'S SAVED  
HIMSELF!

BUT FOR HOW  
LONG? HE CAN'T  
HANG ON THERE  
FOREVER!



SOON, ALL WAS READY...

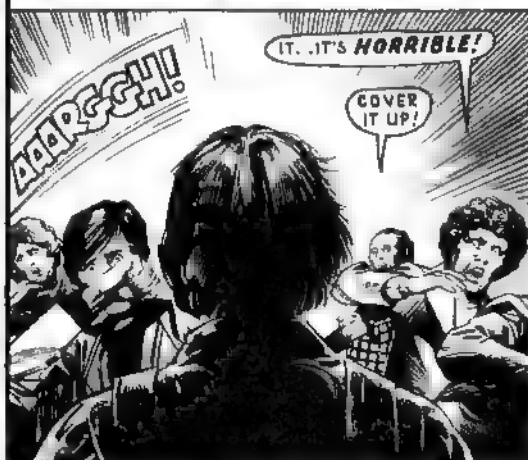
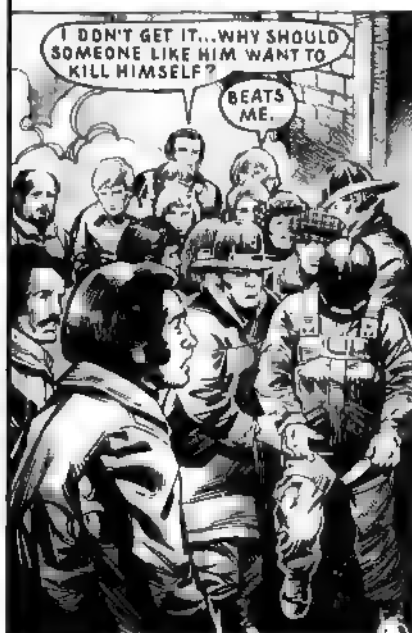
HURRY, YOU GUYS...  
GET THE JUMPING  
SHEET INTO POSITION!  
THERE'S NO TIME TO  
GET THE LADDER  
UP THERE!

OKAY, MISTER EDMONDS  
WE'VE A SHEET OPENED OUT  
BELOW YOU. ALL YOU'VE GOT  
TO DO... IS **JUMP!**

COULDN'T  
HAVE... HELD ON  
FOR... MUCH  
LONGER.

THERE HE  
GOES.





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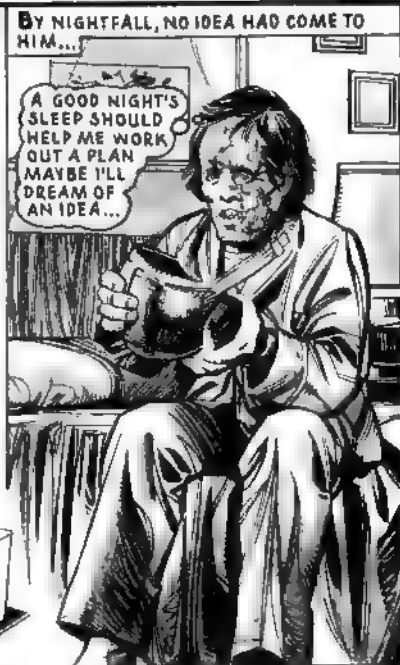
TWO DAYS LATER...



BUT WHERE DO I FIND MY NEXT STUNT?  
SO FAR, THE IDEAS HAVE COME EASILY. AS SOON  
AS MY LEG'S BETTER, I'VE GOT TO TRY  
SOMETHING... BUT WHAT?

BY NIGHTFALL, NO IDEA HAD COME TO  
HIM...

A GOOD NIGHT'S  
SLEEP SHOULD  
HELP ME WORK  
OUT A PLAN  
MAYBE I'LL  
DREAM OF  
AN IDEA...



BUT THAT NIGHT, AS BLAKE SLEPT...

THAT'S THE ROOM WHERE BLAKE  
EDMONDS IS STAYING. HE MUST  
HAVE GOT A FORTUNE FOR THAT  
PARACHUTE  
DROP...



...AND I BET HE WAS  
PAID IN CASH. I'LL TAKE  
A LOOK IN HIS ROOM...

GETTING  
INTO A HOTEL  
ROOM IS EASIER  
THAN FALLING OFF  
A LOG. QUIETLY  
DOES IT...



NOT MUCH HERE...  
NOTHING WORTH STEALING.  
DON'T SAY MY LITTLE  
BREAK-IN'S BEEN  
WASTED...



AND THEN... BLAKE EDMONDS' MASK!  
THAT'LL BE WORTH SOMETHING...  
IT'LL MAKE A GREAT  
SOUVENIR FOR SOME  
MILLIONAIRE  
COLLECTOR. I'LL  
GET A GOOD  
PRICE FOR IT...



BUT WHEN THE MAN GOT OUTSIDE...



THE LAW!  
I'M NOT  
GOING  
BEHIND  
BARS  
AGAIN...  
WITH MY  
RECORD,  
I'D BE  
THERE FOR  
YEARS...

SO I'LL BECOME **BLAKE EDMONDS** FOR A BIT... THIS  
MASK SHOULD FOOL ANY BODY!



Next week: an exciting high-speed chase begins!



Dare YOU enter the £1,000,000 Challenge?

# SPEED

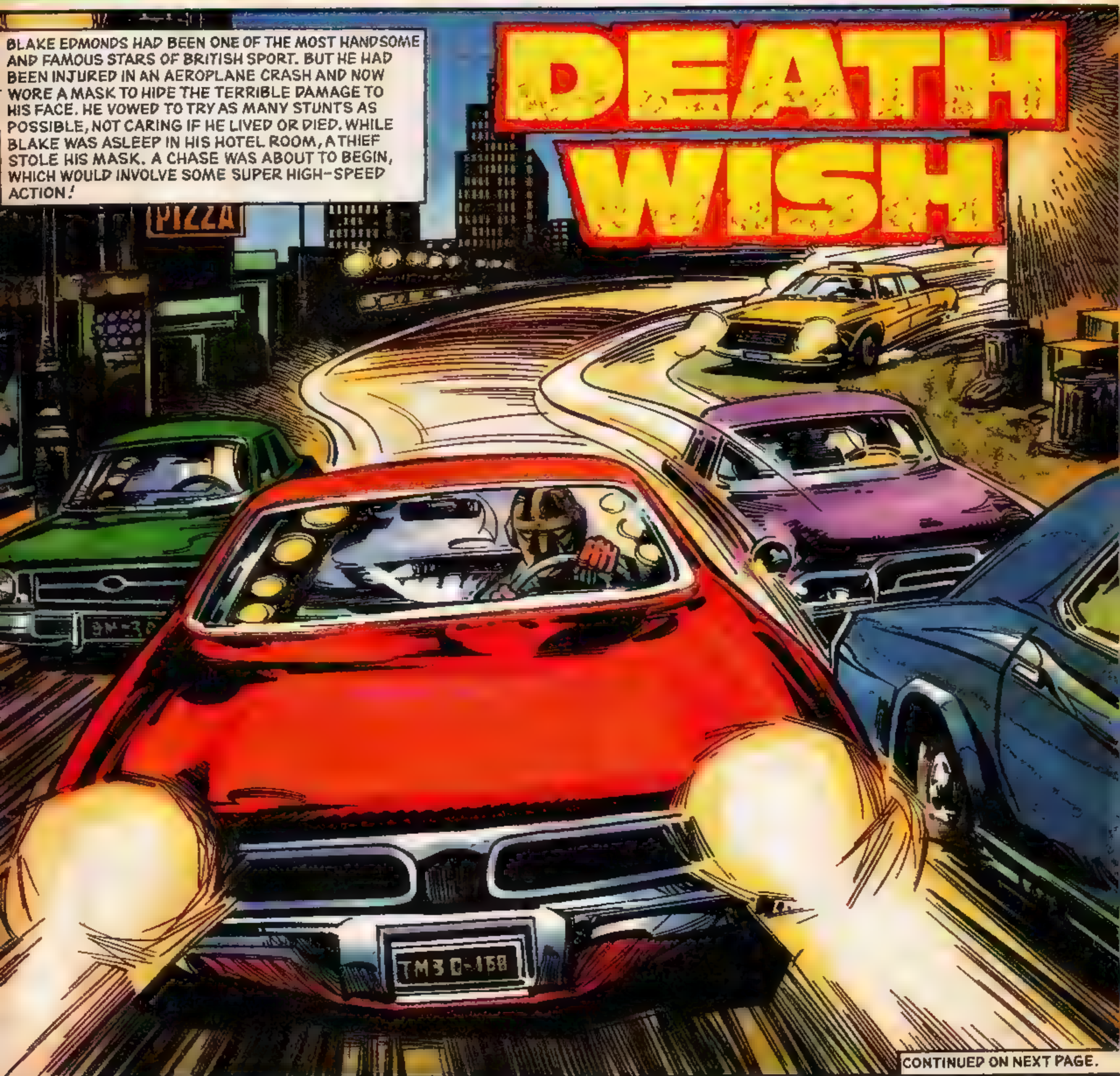
12p

17th MAY, 1980

EVERY MONDAY

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME AND FAMOUS STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HE HAD BEEN INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. WHILE BLAKE WAS ASLEEP IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, A THIEF STOLE HIS MASK. A CHASE WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN, WHICH WOULD INVOLVE SOME SUPER HIGH-SPEED ACTION!

## DEATH WISH



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



EARLIER, WHEN THE THIEF HAD FIRST STOLEN BLAKE'S MASK, HE SAW A POLICE PATROLMAN APPROACHING. HE DECIDED TO PUT ON THE MASK...



HEY, YOU! COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS... WHERE I CAN SEE YOU!



I'D RECOGNISE THAT MASK ANYWHERE... YOU'RE BLAKE EDMONDS! I'VE SEEN YOUR PHOTO IN THE PAPERS!

I'M JUST TAKING A WALK. COULDN'T SLEEP...



SORRY, MISTER BLAKE... I'VE MY ORDERS. ANYONE I FIND PROWLING AROUND HAS TO COME DOWNTOWN WITH ME FOR QUESTIONING...

THAT'S AWKWARD...

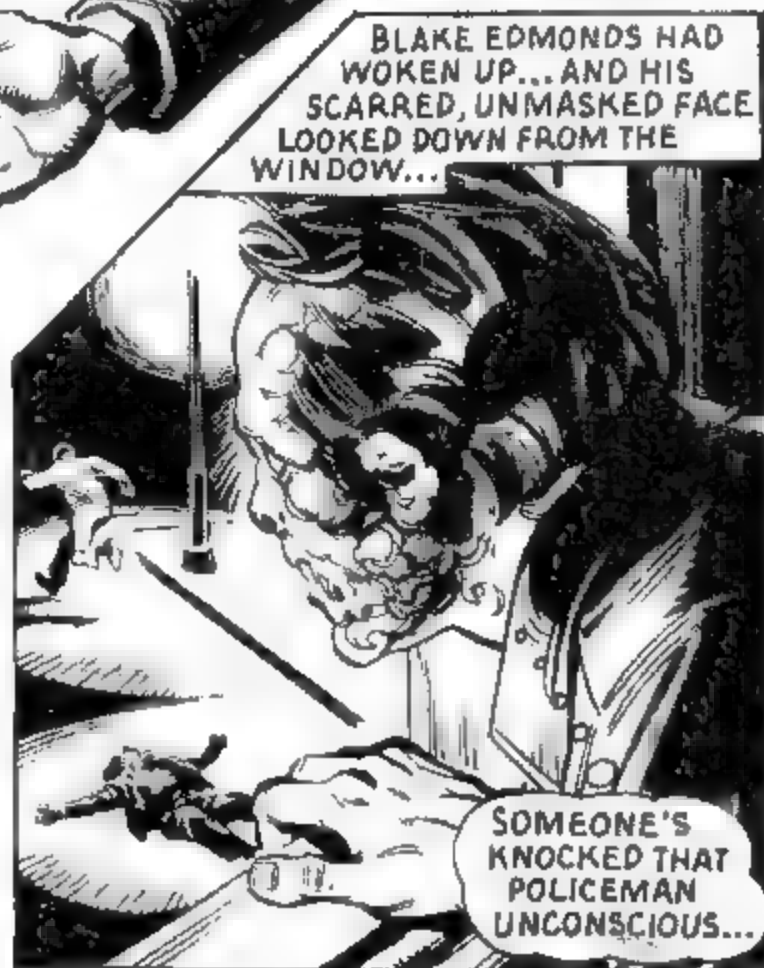


...BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO GO!



THAT'S FIXED HIM FOR A WHILE. NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE...

WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?



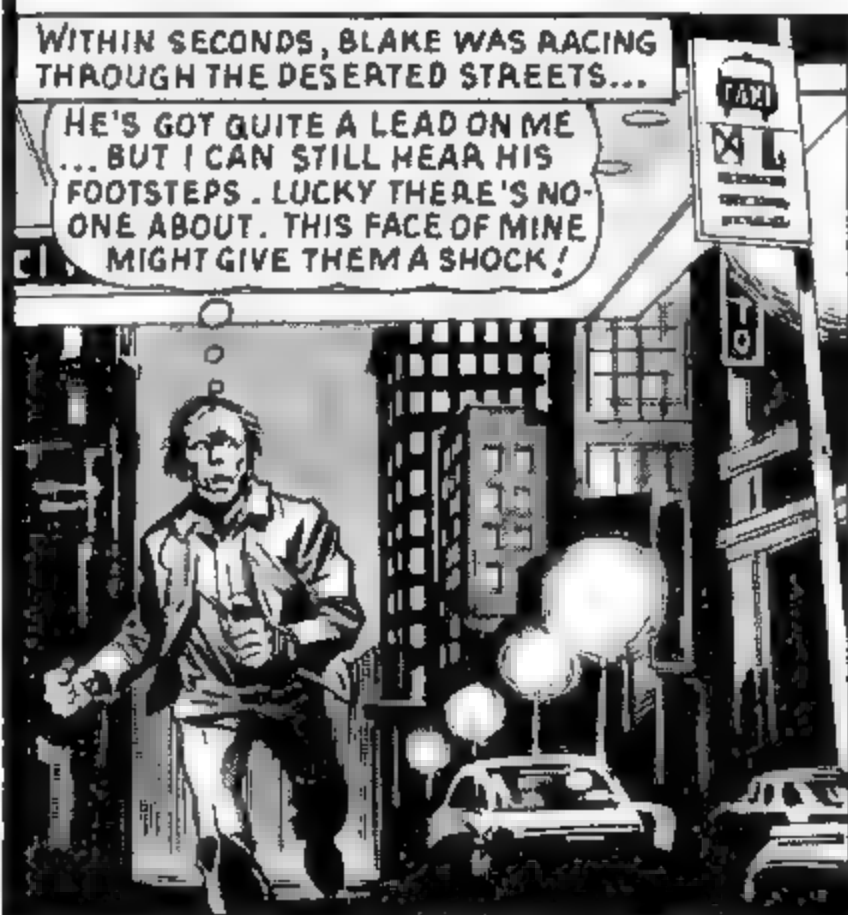
BLAKE EDMONDS HAD WOKEN UP... AND HIS SCARRED, UNMASKED FACE LOOKED DOWN FROM THE WINDOW...

SOMEONE'S KNOCKED THAT POLICEMAN UNCONSCIOUS...



BLAKE MADE A QUICK TELEPHONE CALL...

YES... YOU'LL FIND HIM OUTSIDE THE HOTEL. SEND AN AMBULANCE. I'M GIVING CHASE...



WITHIN SECONDS, BLAKE WAS RACING THROUGH THE DESERTED STREETS...

HE'S GOT QUITE A LEAD ON ME... BUT I CAN STILL HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS. LUCKY THERE'S NO ONE ABOUT. THIS FACE OF MINE MIGHT GIVE THEM A SHOCK!



OH, NO! HE'S GOT A CAR WAITING. HE'LL BE AWAY BEFORE I CAN GET THERE!



BUT AS THE  
THIEF SPED  
AWAY...



THE CAB DRIVER HAD BEEN LISTENING TO A HORROR STORY  
ON HIS CAR RADIO, AND AS HE PULLED UP...



Can Blake avoid the head-on crash? Find out next week!



## Blake took part in a midnight car chase to recover his mask!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HE HAD BEEN INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. WHILE BLAKE WAS ASLEEP IN A HOTEL ROOM, A THIEF STOLE HIS MASK. 'BORROWING' A TAXI, BLAKE GAVE CHASE. BUT THE THIEF WAS AN EXPERT DRIVER...

SO LONG, SUCKER...  
I'M GOING BACK  
THE WAY WE CAME!

AAARGH! HE'S GOOD!  
I JUST MANAGED TO  
AVOID HITTING HIM!



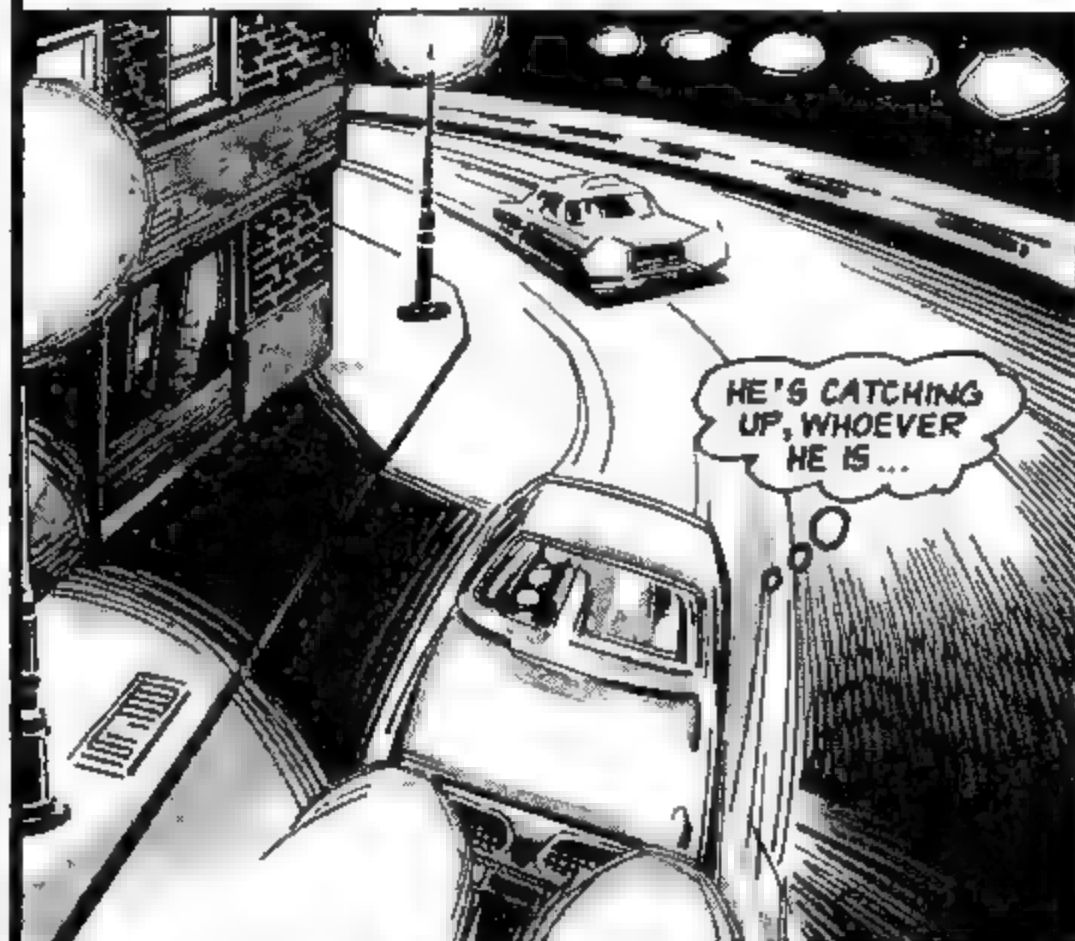
THAT GUY WAS WEARING  
MY MASK! IT'S LUCKY THERE'S  
NO-ONE AROUND THIS TIME OF  
NIGHT TO SEE MY FACE!



AS THE THIEF BRAKED EARLY FOR A  
CORNER, BLAKE CLOSED RIGHT ALONGSIDE...

HE'S CATCHING  
UP, WHOEVER  
HE IS...

NOW LET'S SEE  
WHO...AAAARGH!  
TH-THAT FACE!



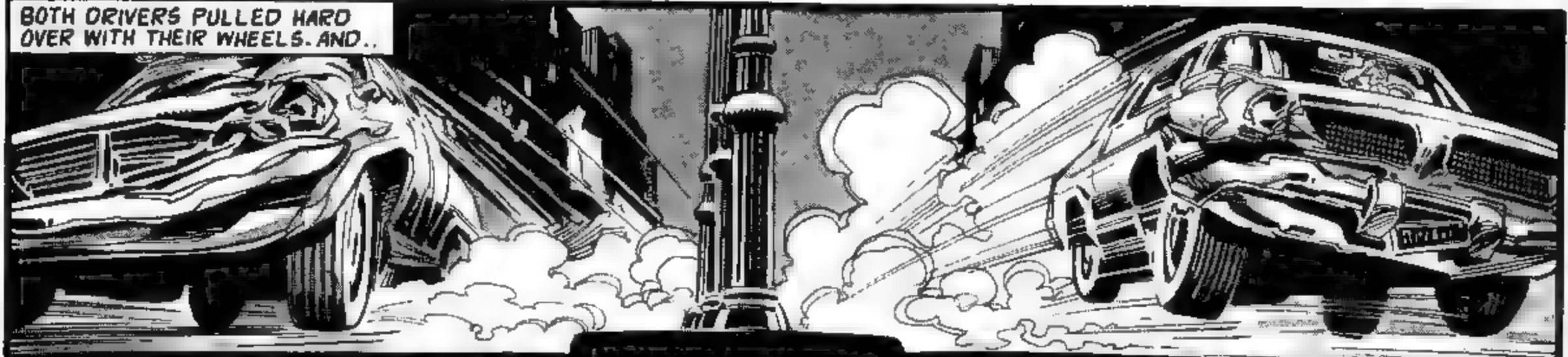
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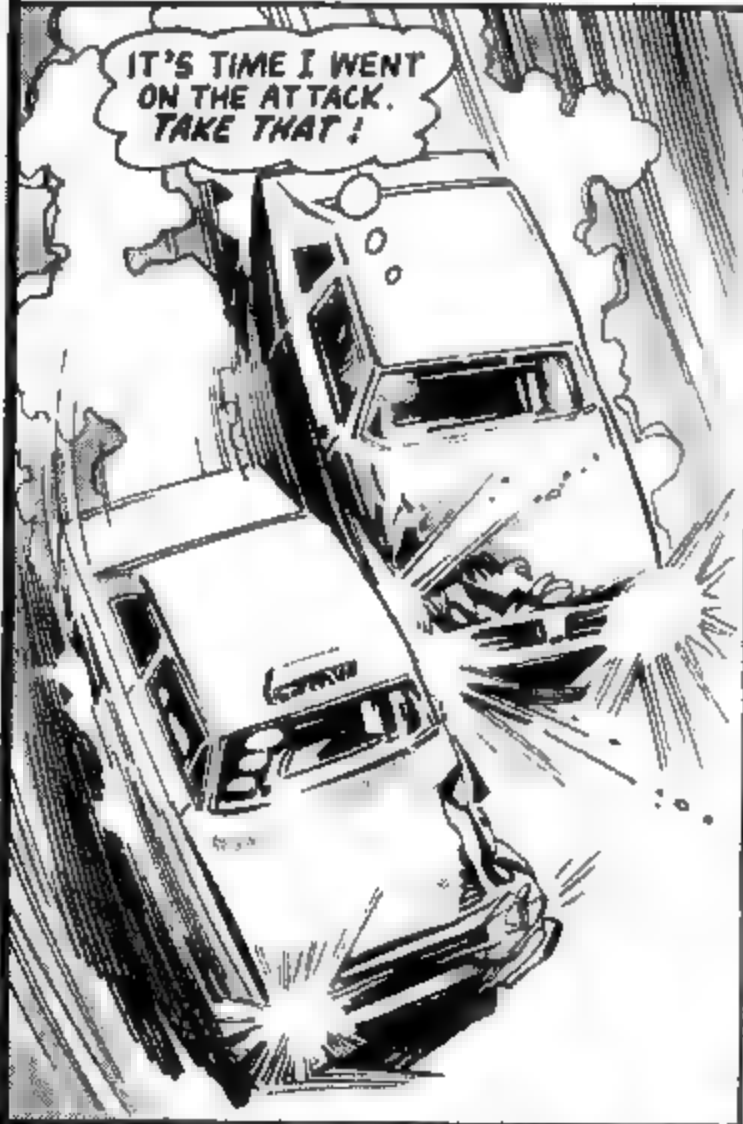




BOTH DRIVERS PULLED HARD  
OVER WITH THEIR WHEELS. AND...



IT'S TIME I WENT  
ON THE ATTACK.  
TAKE THAT!



THE IMPACT SENT BLAKE'S  
CAR ON TO THE SIDEWALK...



BLAKE RETURNED THE COMPLIMENT!



HE'S A GOOD DRIVER...  
I'LL SAY THAT FOR HIM!



BUT JUST AROUND THE CORNER,  
TERRIBLE DANGER THREATENED!



NEXT MOMENT...



**Don't miss out on our great Treasure Hunt in the next SPEED!**



# The two speeding cars smashed their way through a plate glass window!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HE HAD BEEN SERIOUSLY INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND NOW WORE A MASK, TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. A THIEF TRIED TO STEAL BLAKE'S MASK AND THEN INJURED A POLICEMAN. BLAKE WENT AFTER HIM... AND A TREMENDOUS CAR CHASE DEVELOPED. THEN, AFTER BLAKE HAD RETRIEVED HIS MASK, DISASTER THREATENED!

A... A STREET-CLEANING VEHICLE!

IS THERE ROOM TO GET PAST?



NEXT MOMENT...

THIS IS GOING TO BE VERY, VERY TIGHT...

CAN'T... SEE WHAT'S THROUGH... THE SPRAY...



MADE IT... JUST!

I'M THROUGH...



BUT AT THE CORNER, THE ROAD WAS VERY WET, AND...

LOST IT!



BLAKE COULD NOT PREVENT HIS OWN CAR HITTING THAT OF THE THIEF!

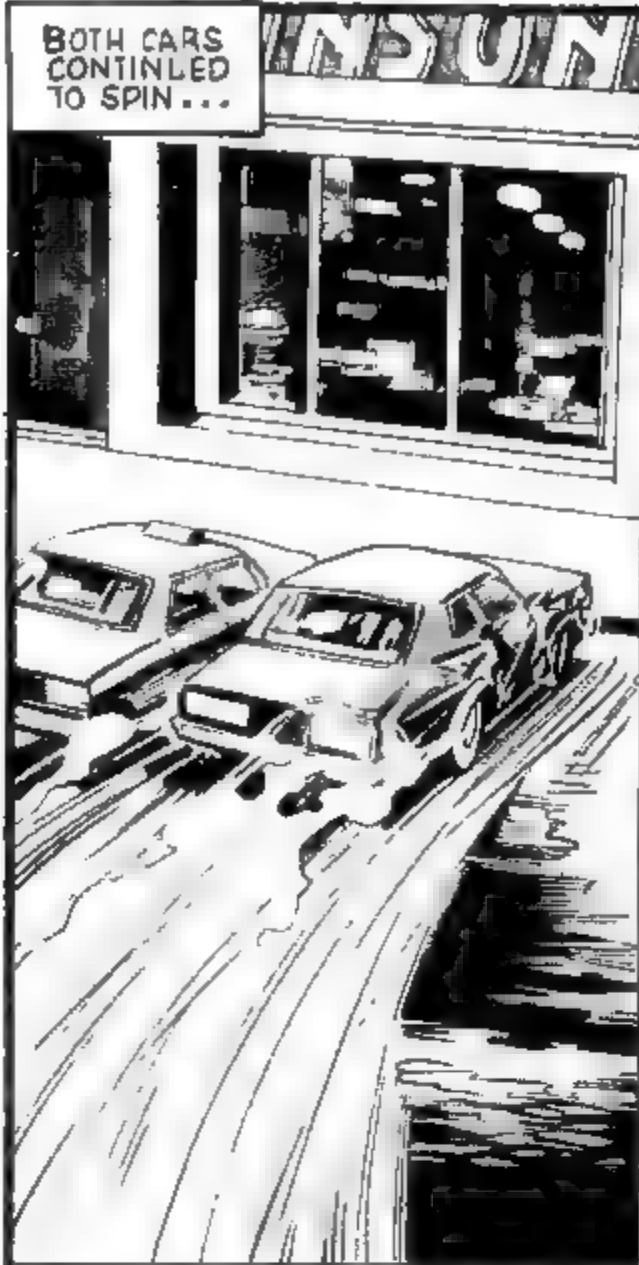
UUURGH!



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BOTH CARS  
CONTINUED  
TO SPIN...



UNTIL !



SUDDENLY,  
ALL WAS  
STILL !



AFTER SOME  
MINUTES...



UGH... TH-THAT  
WAS SOME SMASH!

GUESS WE  
WERE BOTH LUCKY  
TO SURVIVE IT...

BUT I'M  
STILL GOING  
TO GET YOU!



DON'T  
BE SO  
SURE...

THE INCREDIBLE CHASE  
WAS ON AGAIN!







THE THIEF RACED UPSTAIRS... BUT THEN HE RECEIVED A SHOCK!

OH, NO!

A GUARD DOG!



THE DOG LEAPT STRAIGHT AT THE MAN, BUT HE DUCKED... AND BLAKE FOUND HIMSELF FACING THE FOUR-LEGGED FURY!



UUURGH!

SO LONG, SUCKER... I'LL LEAVE YOU TO PLAY GAMES WITH FIDO! GUESS YOU LOST THE RACE, AFTER ALL!



THAT'S IT, FELLER... TRY TO BITE A PIECE OUT OF MY MASK! BUT... I'M NOT GOING... TO BE ABLE... TO HOLD YOU OFF... FOR LONG...



THERE - THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...



BLAKE REMOVED HIS MASK...

THERE, DOG... WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?



THE GUARD DOG SUDDENLY LOST ALL INTEREST IN THE ATTACK...

MAYBE THIS FACE OF MINE HAS SOME USES AFTER ALL...

NOW TO GET AFTER OUR FRIEND...



BUT THEN...

YE-AAAARGH!

A SCREAM OF TERROR! WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW?

**You can find out what has happened to the thief next week!**



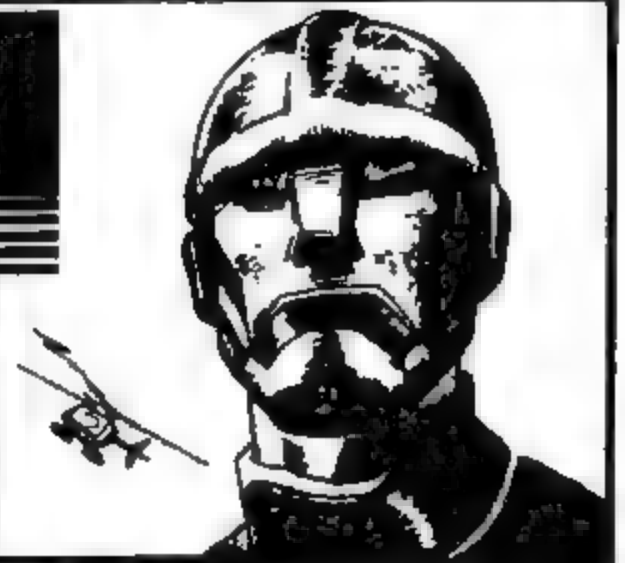
## Blake paid the price for saving the thief's life!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HE HAD BEEN SERIOUSLY INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO HIS FACE. BLAKE WAS CHASING AFTER A THIEF, WHO HAD TRIED TO STEAL HIS MASK. AFTER A HECTIC CAR CHASE, BLAKE FOLLOWED THE THIEF INTO A SHOP. THEN HE HEARD A TERRIBLE CRY...

H-HELP!  
HELP ME,  
SOMEONE!



# DEATH WISH



GOOD GRIEF!  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO YOU?

I... I THOUGHT  
THIS DOOR LED  
SOMEWHERE...  
WHEN I OPENED  
IT, I ALMOST FELL  
ST- STRAIGHT  
THROUGH THE  
G-GAP! HELP  
ME!

SUDDENLY YOU  
WANT MY HELP!  
BUT WHY SHOULD  
I HELP YOU?

PLEASE! GET  
ME OUT OF THIS  
AND YOU CAN HAND  
ME OVER TO THE COPS.  
ANYTHING!

GIVE ME ONE OF YOUR  
HANDS...TRANSFER  
YOUR WEIGHT TO ME...

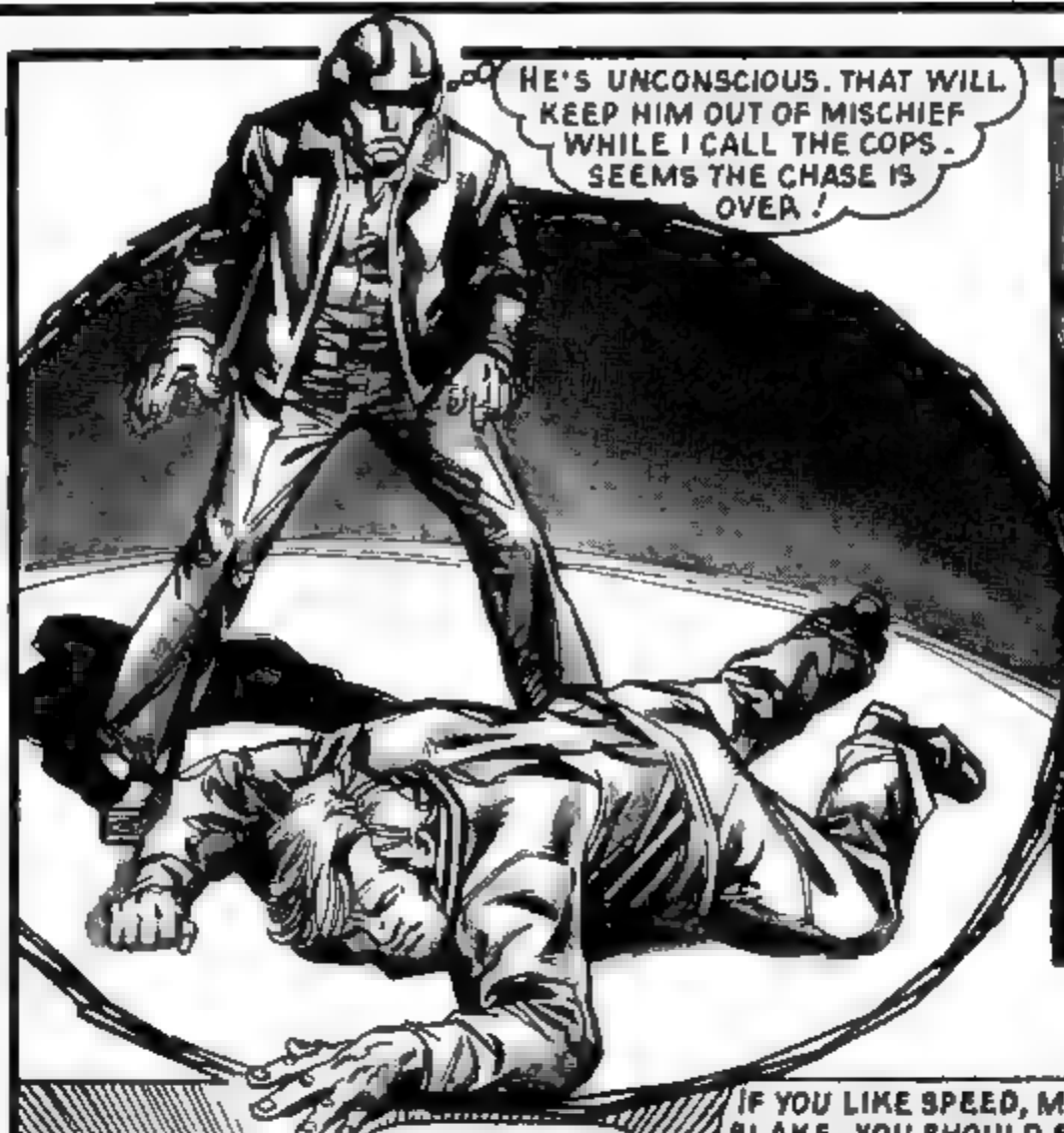
D-DON'T  
LET GO...





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HE'S UNCONSCIOUS. THAT WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF MISCHIEF WHILE I CALL THE COPS. SEEMS THE CHASE IS OVER!

AND, SOON...



WE'RE OBLIGED FOR YOUR HELP, MISTER BLAKE. THERE WAS A BIG REWARD ON OFFER FOR THIS GUY!

THAT'S GREAT. YOU CAN GIVE IT TO THE OWNER OF THE TAXI CAB I... ER... BORROWED WHEN I CHASED AFTER THAT THIEF. HE CAN BUY HIMSELF A NEW ONE!



I QUITE ENJOYED THE CAR CHASE. THAT GUY WAS A GOOD DRIVER!

IF YOU LIKE SPEED, MISTER BLAKE, YOU SHOULD ENTER THE RIVER GAYNOR POWERBOAT RACE. THAT'S REAL DICEY! CAN YOU HANDLE A POWERBOAT?



I SURE CAN! SOUNDS LIKE FUN...

AND SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD WAY TO FINISH THINGS, IF FATE WORKS THINGS OUT FOR ME TO GO IN A RACE CRASH! I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THINGS IN THE MORNING.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, BLAKE WENT TO LOOK AT THE COURSE FOR THE POWERBOAT RACE...



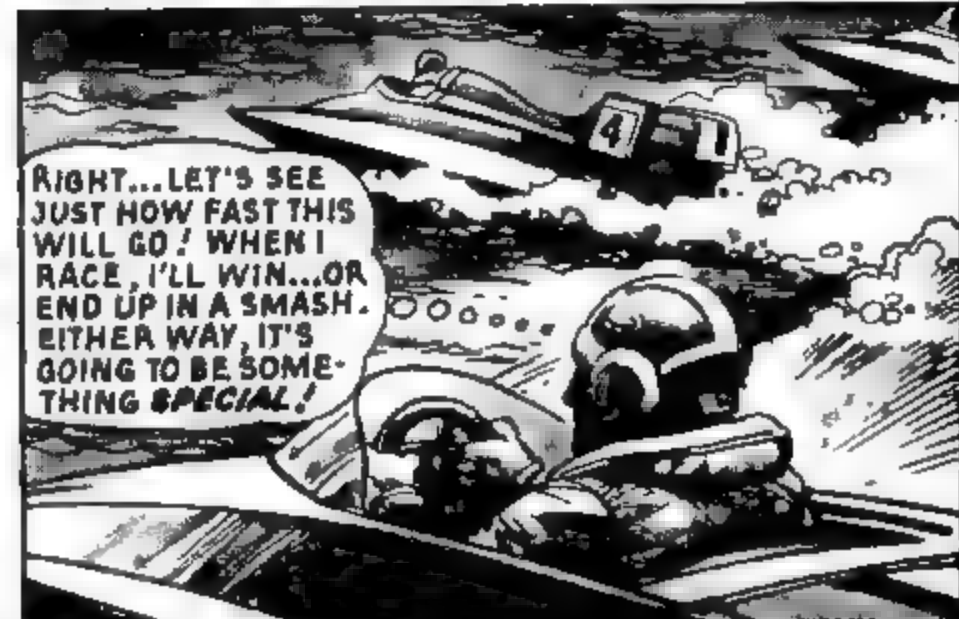
EVEN AT PRACTICE, THOSE GUYS ARE GOING REALLY FAST. I'LL ENTER FOR THE MAIN RACE TOMORROW. THIS AFTERNOON, I'LL GET IN SOME PRACTICE MYSELF!



THREE HOURS LATER...

ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN HANDLE ONE OF THESE? THE STEERING'S REAL LIGHT... AND THE POWER'S FANTASTIC!

DON'T WORRY... I CAN HANDLE THINGS. AND I'LL PAY FOR ANY DAMAGE!



RIGHT... LET'S SEE JUST HOW FAST THIS WILL GO! WHEN I RACE, I'LL WIN... OR END UP IN A SMASH. EITHER WAY, IT'S GOING TO BE SOMETHING SPECIAL!

Look out for the next part of our **SPEED Treasure Hunt** next week!



**Tucktonia Speed Grand Prix...Details Inside!**

# **SPEED**

**12p**

**19th JULY, 1980**

**EVERY MONDAY**

**Ughh**  
**Wish**

WOW-EEE!  
THIS THING REALLY  
SHIFTS! THE POWER'S  
FANTASTIC!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN  
ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME  
AND FAMOUS MEN IN BRITISH  
SPORT BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN  
BADLY INJURED IN AN AERO-  
PLANE CRASH AND HE NOW  
WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE  
DAMAGE. HE VOWED TO TRY  
AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS  
AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF  
HE LIVED OR DIED. HE ENTERED  
A POWERBOAT RACE. AT  
PRACTICE HE DECIDED TO SEE  
JUST HOW FAST THE BOAT  
WOULD GO!

Inside **NEW 3 CLUES FOR**  
**SPEED TREASURE HUNT**  
*There's a fortune in money and prizes waiting to be*  
*won by **SPEED** Readers!*

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





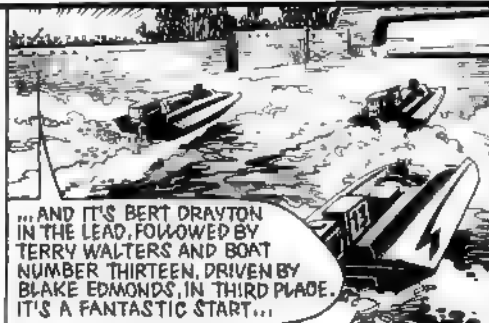




BUT THE SECOND MAN MISJUDGED THE DISTANCE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE BRIDGE, WITH THE RESULT...



HE'S OKAY... THAT'S A RELIEF IT WASN'T MY FAULT... BUT I COULDN'T HAVE GONE ON, IF SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM...



...AND IT'S BERT DRAYTON IN THE LEAD, FOLLOWED BY TERRY WALTERS AND BOAT NUMBER THIRTEEN, DRIVEN BY BLAKE EDMONDS, IN THIRD PLACE. IT'S A FANTASTIC START...



BRIDGE COMING UP... AND WE'RE STARTING TO BUNCH A BIT. THIS BIT CALLS FOR REAL SKILL...



WHAT A CRASH. TERRY WALTERS DISAPPEARS IN A MASS OF SPRAY AND DEBRIS. IS HE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT?



NOW TO GET AFTER THE CLEVER GUY IN BOAT NUMBER TEN, IT'S GOING TO GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO BEAT THAT IDIOT!

**More lightning-action with Blake Edmonds again next week!**

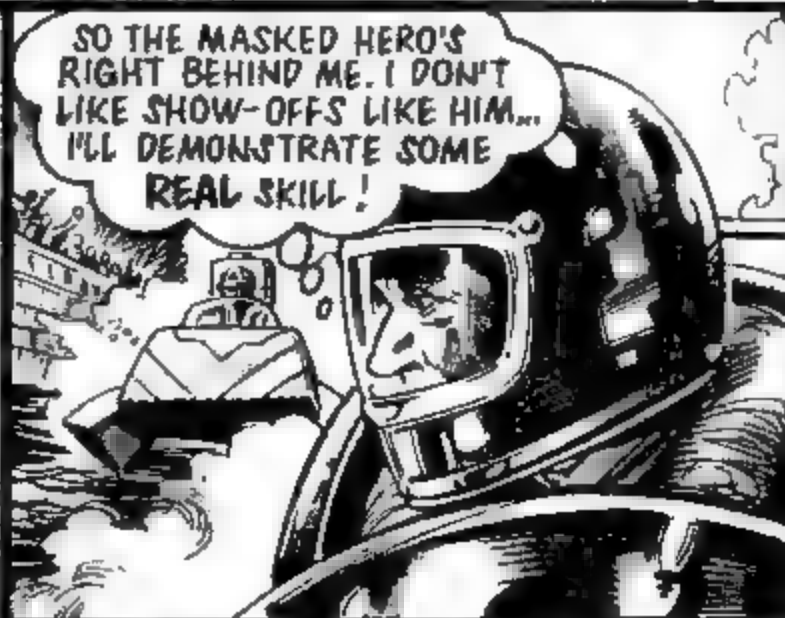


## Blake carried out a dangerous rescue bid to save an opponent's life!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN BADLY INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE DAMAGE. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE. NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. HE ENTERED A POWERBOAT RACE AND WAS SOON IN SECOND PLACE...



I'M CLOSING ON THE LEADER... BUT THE RIVER'S STARTING TO NARROW. THERE WON'T BE MANY PLACES TO PASS HIM...



SO THE MASKED HERO'S RIGHT BEHIND ME. I DON'T LIKE SHOW-OFFS LIKE HIM... I'LL DEMONSTRATE SOME REAL SKILL!



HERE I GO...

AND A FANTASTIC BURST OF ACCELERATION FROM BERT DRAYTON! HE'S REALLY MOVING!

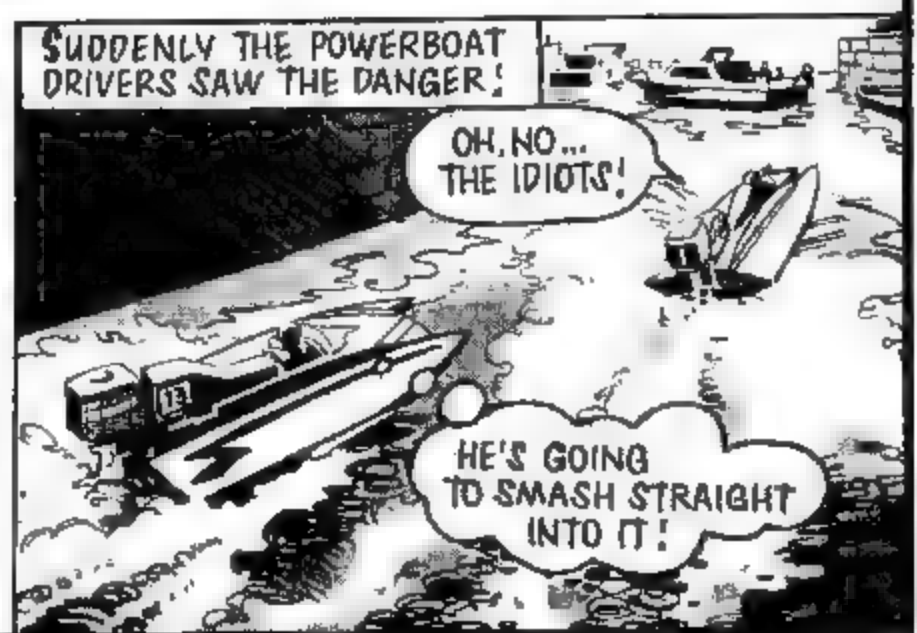


MEANWHILE, JUST A FEW HUNDRED METRES DOWN RIVER...

WE'RE ADrift! THE BOAT'S COME UNTIED!

THE POWERBOATS WILL BE HERE AT ANY MOMENT! DO SOMETHING!

THERE'S NO TIME TO START THE ENGINES!



SUDDENLY THE POWERBOAT DRIVERS SAW THE DANGER!

OH, NO... THE IDIOTS!

HE'S GOING TO SMASH STRAIGHT INTO IT!



THE LEADER SHOWED AMAZING SKILL IN AVOIDING THE BOAT...



...BUT THERE WAS NO WAY HE COULD AVOID THE CRASH WHICH FOLLOWED...



A FEW METRES BEHIND THE LEADER, BLAKE WAS ABLE TO SWING HIS BOAT ROUND...



BLAKE'S MIND RACED BACK TO THE MOMENT WHEN HE HAD SUFFERED HIS TERRIBLE BURNS...



AND HE DIDN'T HESITATE!

HANG ON... I'M COMING!



GET BELOW THE SURFACE... IT'S THE ONLY ESCAPE...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





DOWN WE GO!



THAT'S BETTER... THIS IS ONE PLACE THE FLAMES CAN'T BURN!



OKAY... WE'VE GOT YOU...

THE GUY'S UNCONSCIOUS...

SOON AN AMBULANCE WAS SPEEDING THE CASUALTY TO HOSPITAL...



HE'LL BE OKAY... THE BURNS ARE MAINLY SUPERFICIAL...

HE'S LUCKY...



THE FOLLOWING DAY, BLAKE VISITED THE INJURED MAN...

HELLO... HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

MUCH BETTER. I... I GUESS YOU SAVED MY LIFE!



FORGET IT. IT WAS JUST ONE DRIVER DOING A FAVOUR FOR A FELLOW DRIVER! THEY SAY YOUR BURNS WILL SOON HEAL. THEN YOU'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW! UNLIKE ME!



BLAKE, I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY, FOR WHAT I SAID BEFORE THE RACE, ABOUT YOUR MASK. I... I DIDN'T KNOW...

APOLOGY ACCEPTED! JUST TELL ME WHERE I CAN GO FOR MY NEXT SPEED STUNT BECAUSE SPEED IS ALL I LIVE FOR!

Don't miss our fabulous "Champions of the Air" booklet next week!



You had to be brave . . . "Mighty Brave" . . . to be a ski-jumper!

LAKE PLACID . WHERE THE 1980 WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES WERE HELD THE 90 METRE SKI-JUMP WAS BEING USED FOR AN INTERNATIONAL COMPETITION...

AND IT'S KARL RUNBURGER, OF EAST GERMANY, TRYING FOR A REALLY BIG JUMP HIS FIRST JUMP WAS OVER NINETY-FIVE METRES!

# DEATH WISH







BUT NOT EVERY COMPETITOR WAS SO LUCKY!

HE'S LOST IT!

HE'S HEADING FOR A CRASH-DOWN!



NEXT MOMENT...

AAARGH!

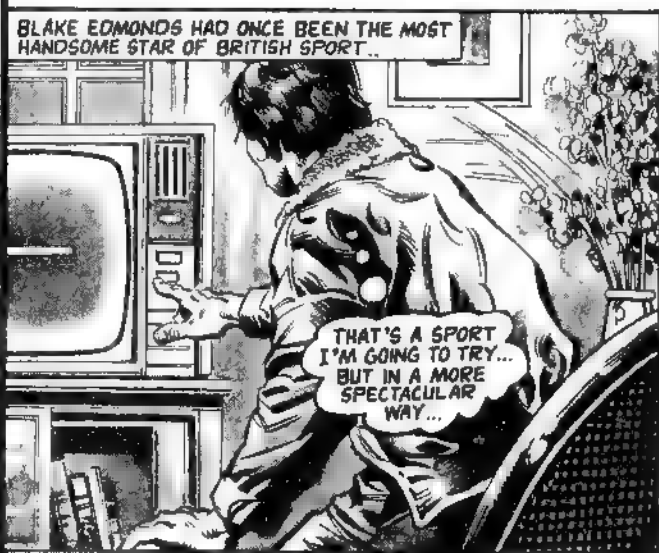


URGENT MEDICAL ATTENTION IS BEING GIVEN TO THE SWISS SKIER. BUT IT LOOKS BAD. YOU'VE GOT TO BE BRAVE... MIGHTY BRAVE... TO EVEN THINK ABOUT BEING A SKI-JUMPER!



I HEAR FROM OUR REPORTER ON THE SPOT THAT THE INJURED MAN'S GOT A BROKEN COLLAR BONE. THAT'S TOUGH LUCK. BUT I GUESS HE WAS LUCKY...

HE SURE WAS! HE COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!



BLAKE EDMONDS HAD ONCE BEEN THE MOST HANDSOME STAR OF BRITISH SPORT...

THAT'S A SPORT I'M GOING TO TRY... BUT IN A MORE SPECTACULAR WAY...



UNTIL AN AEROPLANE CRASH HAD TRANSFORMED HIS FACE!

I'LL NOT DELIBERATELY KILL MYSELF. BUT IF I PERISH IN A SPEED STUNT, I'LL HAVE NO COMPLAINTS!



WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOR EVER WEARING A MASK LIKE THIS?



SOON BLAKE HAD EQUIPPED HIMSELF AND WAS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION AT THE WINTER SPORTS CENTRE

ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS? I'VE TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW. BUT YOU SHOULD BE STARTING WITH LITTLE JUMPS...NOT A MONSTER LIKE THIS!

LEAVE THE WORRYING TO ME LET ME HAVE MY FIRST JUMP!



AND, SO...



PHEW IT'S LIKE BEING IN AN AEROPLANE! BUT WHEN YOU JUMP OUT OF AN AEROPLANE, YOU HAVE A PARACHUTE!



THIS IS IT! HERE I GO...

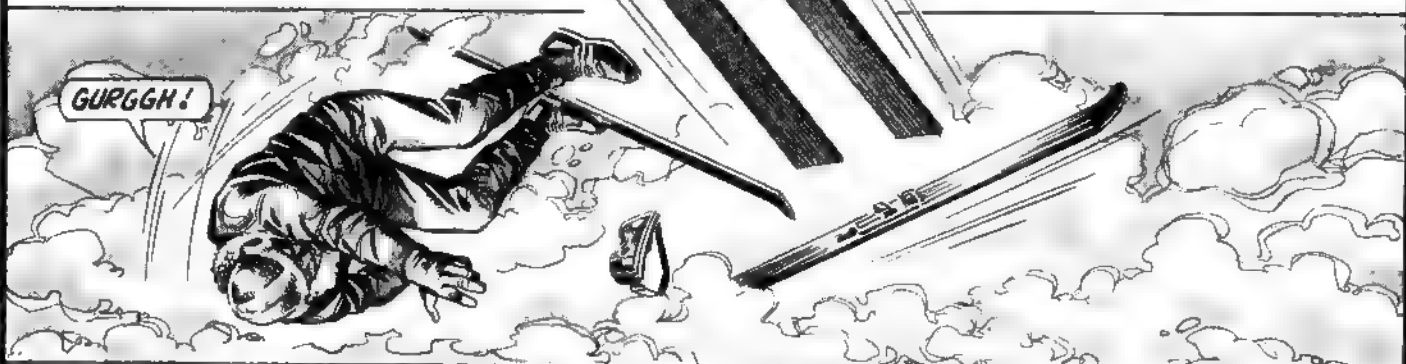


WOW! WHAT A SENSATION!

BUT HE LEANED FORWARD JUST TOO FAR, AND...



OH, NO...



GURGGH!



WHAT A LANDING! ARE YOU OKAY?

I... I THINK SO A BIT BRUISED AND BATTERED... BUT I'LL SURVIVE!



...I'VE GOT TO GET USED TO CRASHES LIKE THIS... READY FOR WHEN I SKI-JUMP OVER THE SERPENT RIVER GORGE!

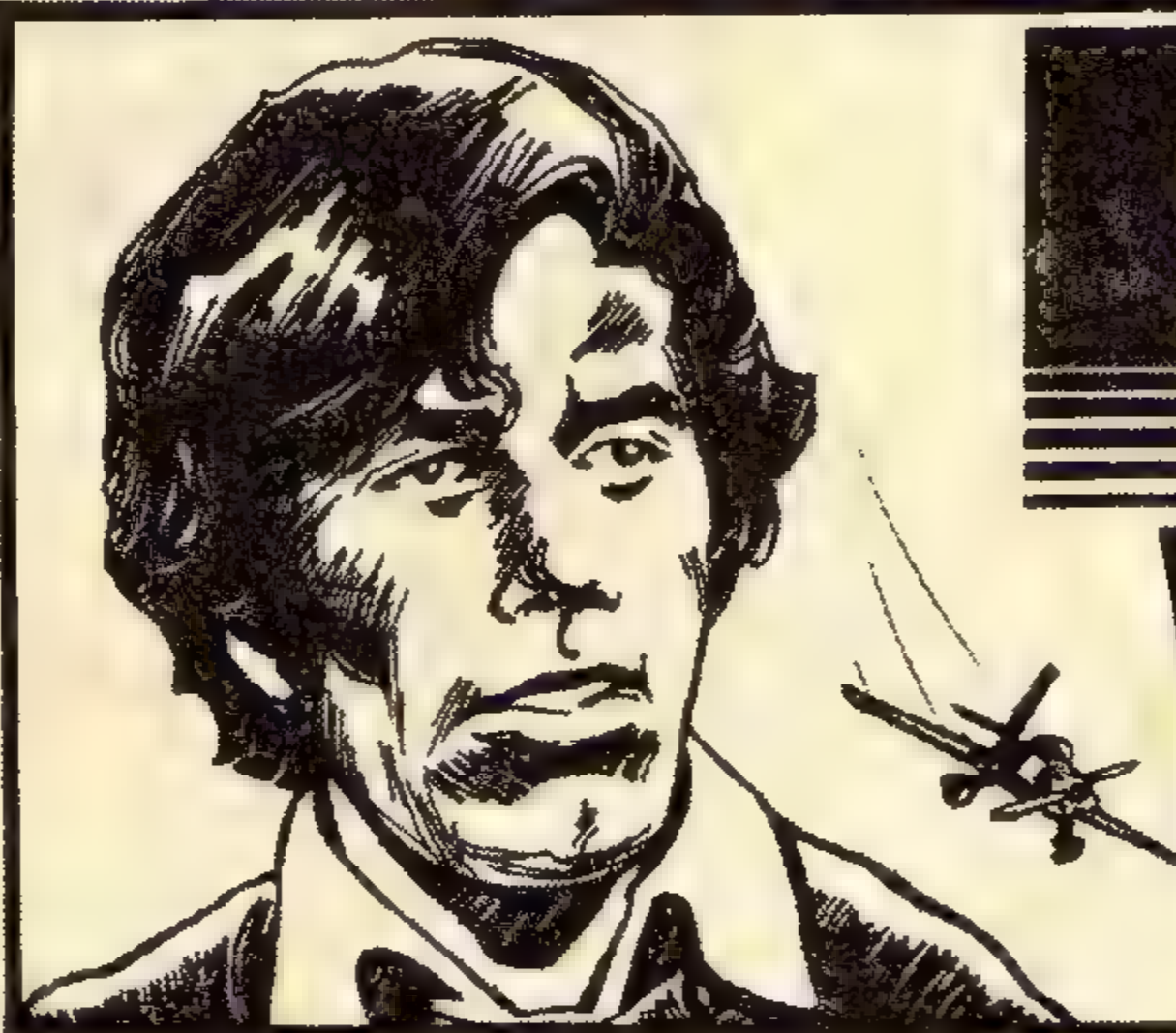
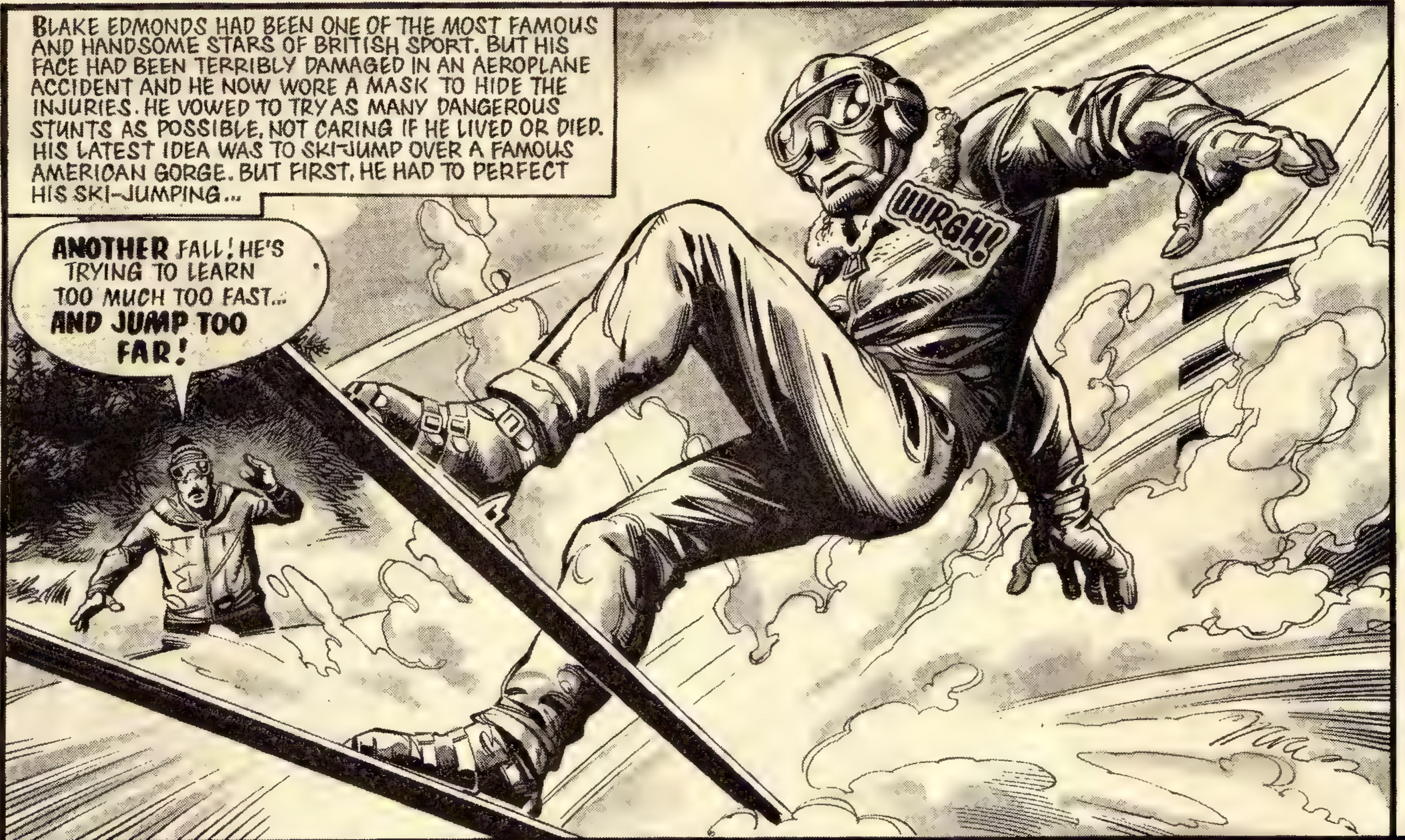
**Is Blake about to attempt the impossible? Read on next week!**



# Blake planned to make the world's most spectacular ski-jump!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN TERRIBLY DAMAGED IN AN AEROPLANE ACCIDENT AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE INJURIES. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. HIS LATEST IDEA WAS TO SKI-JUMP OVER A FAMOUS AMERICAN GORGE. BUT FIRST, HE HAD TO PERFECT HIS SKI-JUMPING...

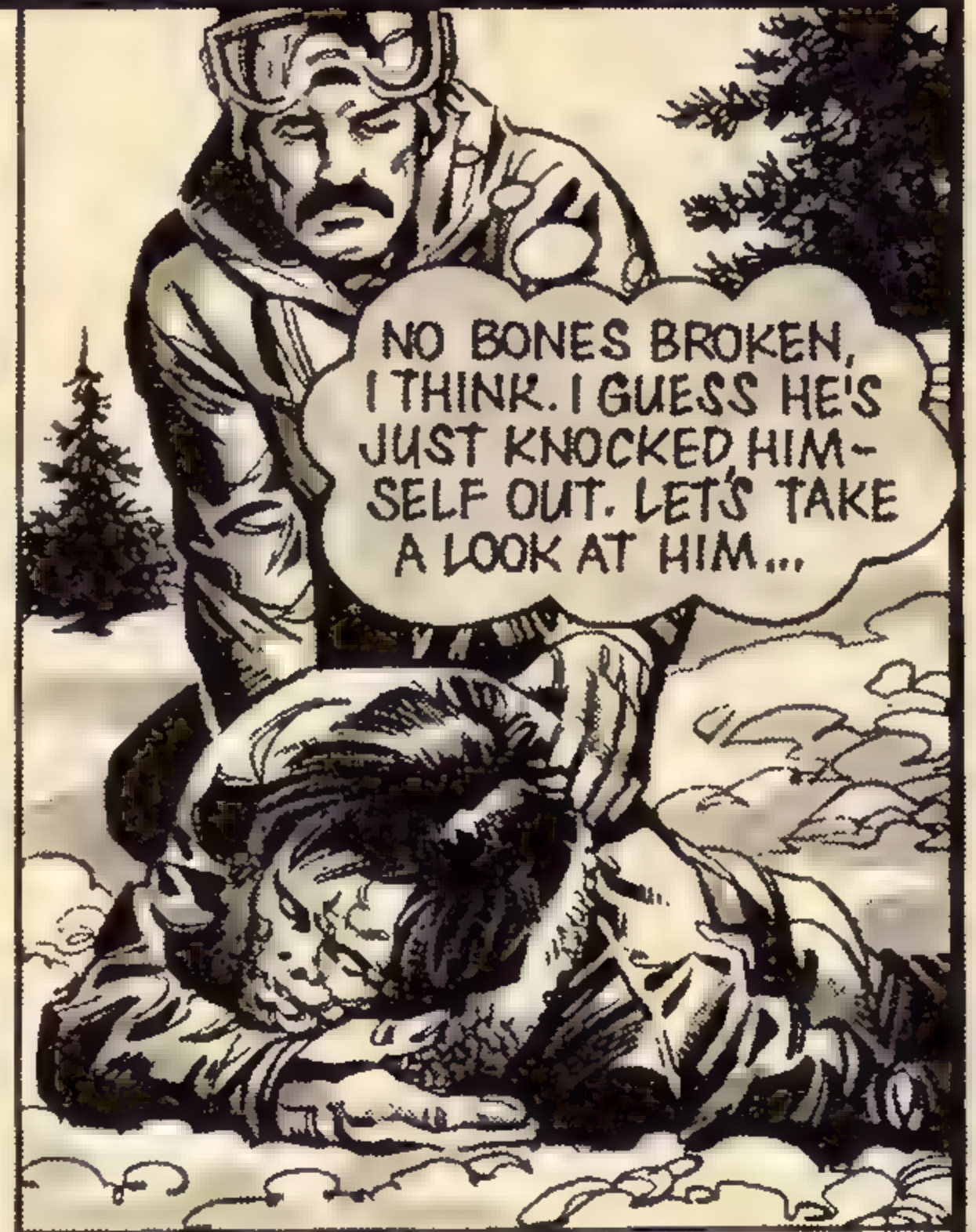
ANOTHER FALL! HE'S TRYING TO LEARN TOO MUCH TOO FAST... AND JUMP TOO FAR!



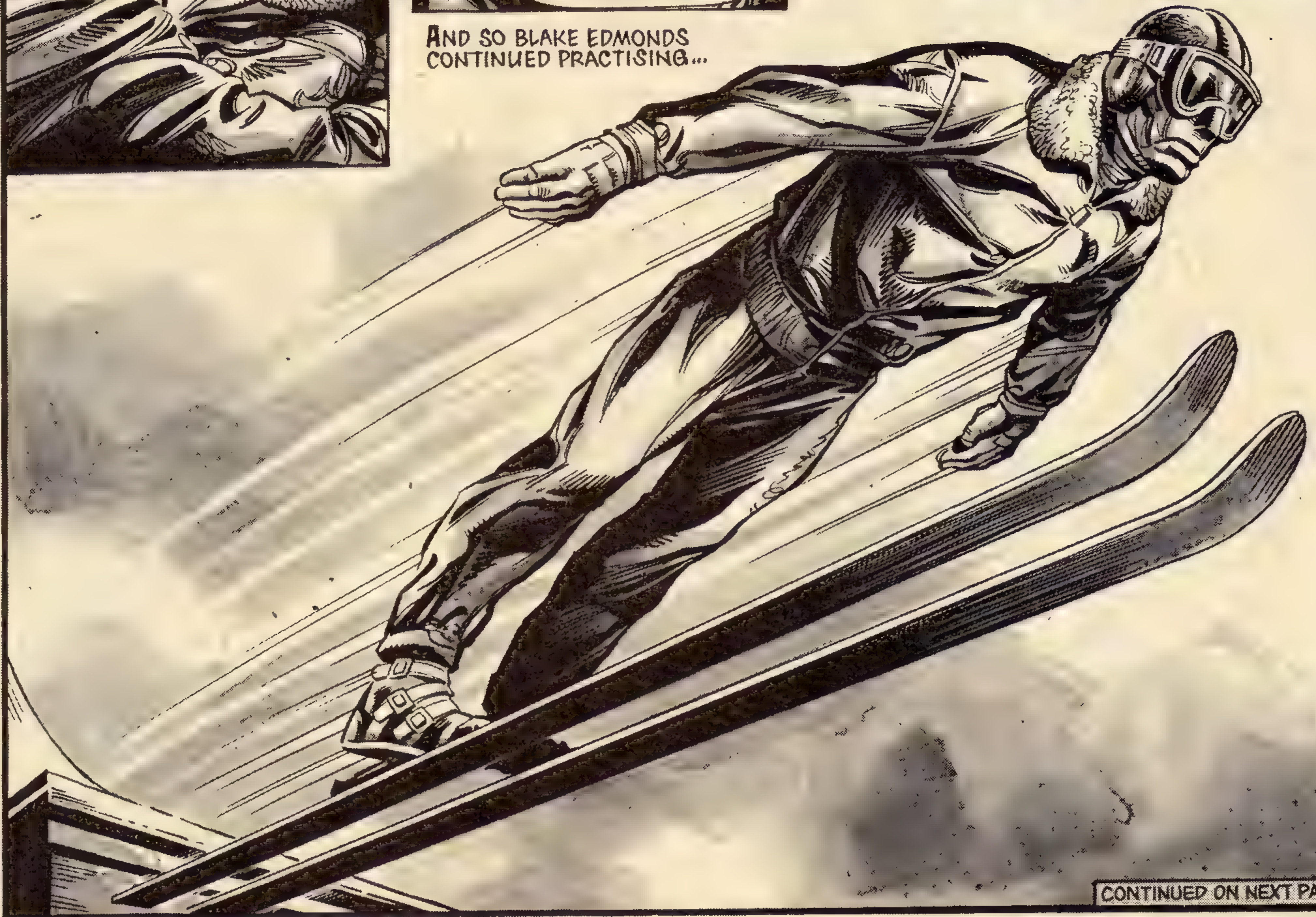
# DEATH WISH







AND SO BLAKE EDMONDS CONTINUED PRACTISING...



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FINALLY, HE STARTED TO IMPROVE!



THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! YOU'RE GETTING BETTER!

EVENTUALLY...



FANTASTIC! ALMOST A HUNDRED METRES! YOU'RE GETTING NEAR TO WORLD CLASS!

I'VE GOT TO BE THAT GOOD... THE SERPENT RIVER GORGE IS EXACTLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE METRES WIDE! TOMORROW, WE GO TAKE A LOOK AT IT!

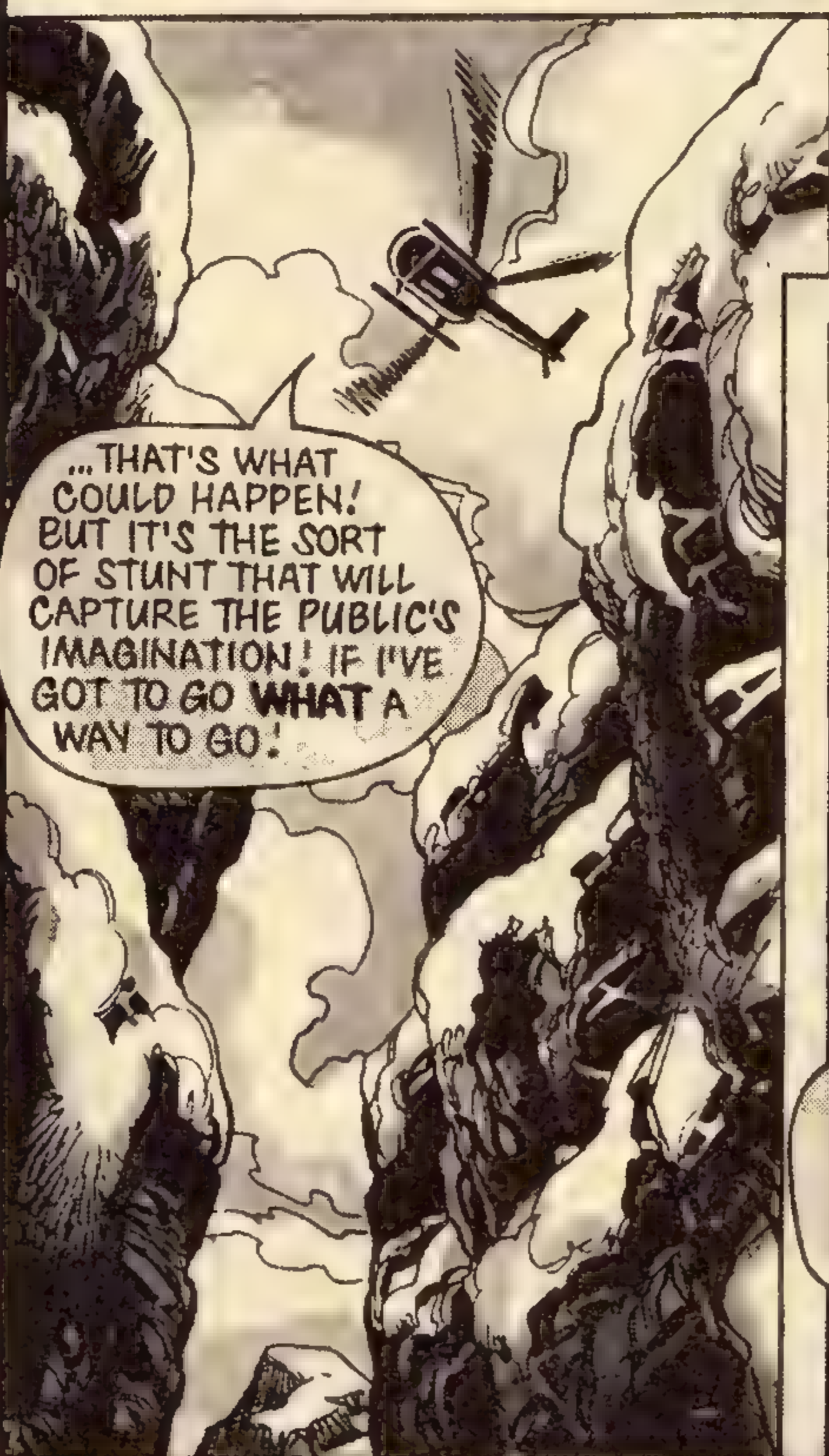
THE NEXT DAY...



WELL, THERE IT IS... THE SERPENT RIVER GORGE! ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?

IT SURE IS...

...BUT YOU CAN'T SERIOUSLY BE PLANNING TO SKI-JUMP ACROSS THAT, BLAKE? THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THE AIR CURRENTS WILL DO... YOU COULD CRASH TO YOUR DEATH!



...THAT'S WHAT COULD HAPPEN! BUT IT'S THE SORT OF STUNT THAT WILL CAPTURE THE PUBLIC'S IMAGINATION! IF I'VE GOT TO GO WHAT A WAY TO GO!



THAT'S WHERE WE'LL BUILD THE SKI-JUMP... A BIG NINETY METRE JOB. I'LL WANT YOU TO ADVISE ME OF THE EXACT ANGLE... AND METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION!

I'LL DO IT... BUT ONLY UNDER PROTEST!



PROTEST AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE... I'M GOING TO DO THE JUMP. WITH ANY LUCK, IT'LL BE THE MOST SPECTACULAR THING SINCE EVEL KNieVEL TRIED TO JUMP THE SNAKE RIVER CANYON!

**Is Blake right? Find out in next week's thrilling episode!**



**SUPER COLOUR PHOTO OF MIKE HENDRICK-INSIDE!**

# **SPEED**

**12p**

**16th AUGUST, 1980**

**EVERY MONDAY**

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN TERRIBLY DAMAGED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE INJURIES. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. HIS LATEST IDEA WAS TO ATTEMPT A SKI JUMP OVER A FAMOUS AMERICAN GORGE ...

... BLAKE EDMONDS HAS MISTIMED HIS JUMP ... HE'S FAR TOO SHORT! HE'S GOING TO CRASH INTO THE ROCK WALL!

# **DEATH WISH**

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



AS HE SEEMED TO CRASH INTO THE ROCKS, EVERYTHING WENT BLACK... AND BLAKE EDMONDS WOKE UP!

UURGH! IT... IT WAS ONLY A DREAM! IT SEEMED SO REAL...

BLAKE DID NOT WEAR HIS MASK IN BED!

DREAMS ONLY SCARE ME WHEN I'M ASLEEP! I'M GOING TO DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO SUCCEED WITH THIS JUMP. BUT IF THINGS GO WRONG, IT'LL BE A SPECTACULAR ENDING!

THE SKI JUMP WAS GRADUALLY CONSTRUCTED OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS...

THE WHOLE IDEA IS MADNESS! COULDN'T YOU AT LEAST WEAR A PARACHUTE WHEN YOU JUMP, JUST IN CASE SOMETHING GOES WRONG?

THAT WOULD TAKE AWAY ALL THE DRAMA OF THE JUMP. IT'D BE TOO EASY JUST TO PULL THE RIP CORD. NO WAY!

BUT YOUR BEST JUMP TO DATE IS JUST SHORT OF A HUNDRED METRES... AND THE GORGE IS ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE METRES WIDE!

NO PROBLEM. WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO JUMP SOMETHING, YOU USUALLY JUMP IT! LEAVE THE WORRYING TO ME!

THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING, I'LL BE READY TO GO IN A WEEK'S TIME!

OKAY... IT'S YOUR FUNERAL. I'LL HAVE THE ARTIFICIAL SNOW SET TO ARRIVE IN SIX DAYS!

PREPARATIONS WENT ACCORDING TO PLAN...

... AND THERE YOU SEE THE SCENE AS THE FINAL TOUCHES ARE PUT TO THIS INCREDIBLE JUMP. TOMORROW, MILLIONS OF TELEVISION VIEWERS, ALL OVER THE WORLD, WILL WITNESS BLAKE EDMONDS, AMAZING DICE WITH DEATH!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...

HOW DO YOU FEEL, BLAKE? NERVOUS? ARE YOU BEGINNING TO WISH YOU HADN'T THOUGHT OF THIS IDEA?

NERVES DON'T BOTHER ME. LET FATE DECIDE MY DESTINY. EITHER WAY, I DON'T CARE!

LET'S GET IT OVER WITH...

HE'S CRAZY! HE'S GOT A DEATH WISH!

WHO'S TO SAY IF A MAN'S CRAZY? HE WON'T DELIBERATELY KILL HIMSELF!



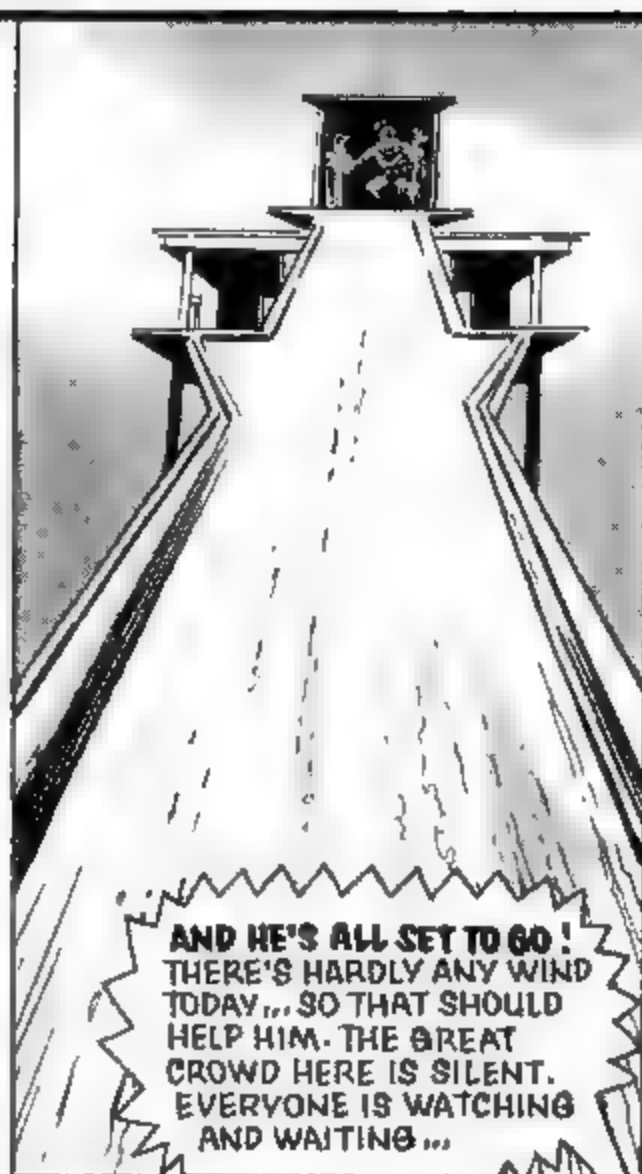


YOU REMEMBER  
ALL I'VE TOLD YOU.  
YOUR BALANCE.  
YOUR TAKE-OFF  
POSITION YOUR  
ANGLE WHEN...

THAT'S ENOUGH!  
IF I DON'T KNOW, I'LL  
NEVER KNOW. I  
APPRECIATE WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING...  
BUT NOW IT'S TOO  
LATE TO LEARN  
ANYTHING!



I WISH I  
HAD TIME  
TO ENJOY  
THE VIEW!



AND HE'S ALL SET TO GO!  
THERE'S HARDLY ANY WIND  
TODAY... SO THAT SHOULD  
HELP HIM. THE GREAT  
CROWD HERE IS SILENT.  
EVERYONE IS WATCHING  
AND WAITING...



THIS IS  
IT!



TAKE-  
OFF!



AND HE'S  
LOOKING GOOD!  
HE'S HALFWAY  
ACROSS AND IT  
SEEMS HE  
MIGHT MAKE IT!



BUT WAIT!  
HE'S STARTING  
TO DROP! HE'S  
GOING TO FALL  
SHORT!



HE'S ABOUT  
TO CRASH INTO  
THE ROCK  
WALL!

**Will Blake Edmonds be killed? Find out next week!**



# Blake Edmonds fell helplessly towards the bottom of the gorge!

**B**LAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN TERRIBLY DAMAGED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE INJURIES. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY DANGEROUS STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. HIS LATEST IDEA WAS TO ATTEMPT TO SKI-JUMP OVER A FAMOUS AMERICAN GORGE... BUT THINGS STARTED TO GO WRONG!

HE'S FALLING SHORT!  
HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE IT!



## DEATH WISH



NEXT MOMENT...

AAAARGH!

THIS... THIS IS LIKE A NIGHTMARE! AFTER CRASHING INTO THE ROCK FACE, BLAKE EDMONDS IS FALLING HELPLESSLY TOWARDS THE BOTTOM OF THE GORGE!

AAAAARGH!

MILLIONS OF TELEVISION VIEWERS WERE SHARING THE EXPERIENCE...

...AND ALMOST CERTAINLY TO HIS DEATH!





NO... NO  
...NO!

IT... IT'S  
HORRIBLE!  
I CAN'T  
LOOK!

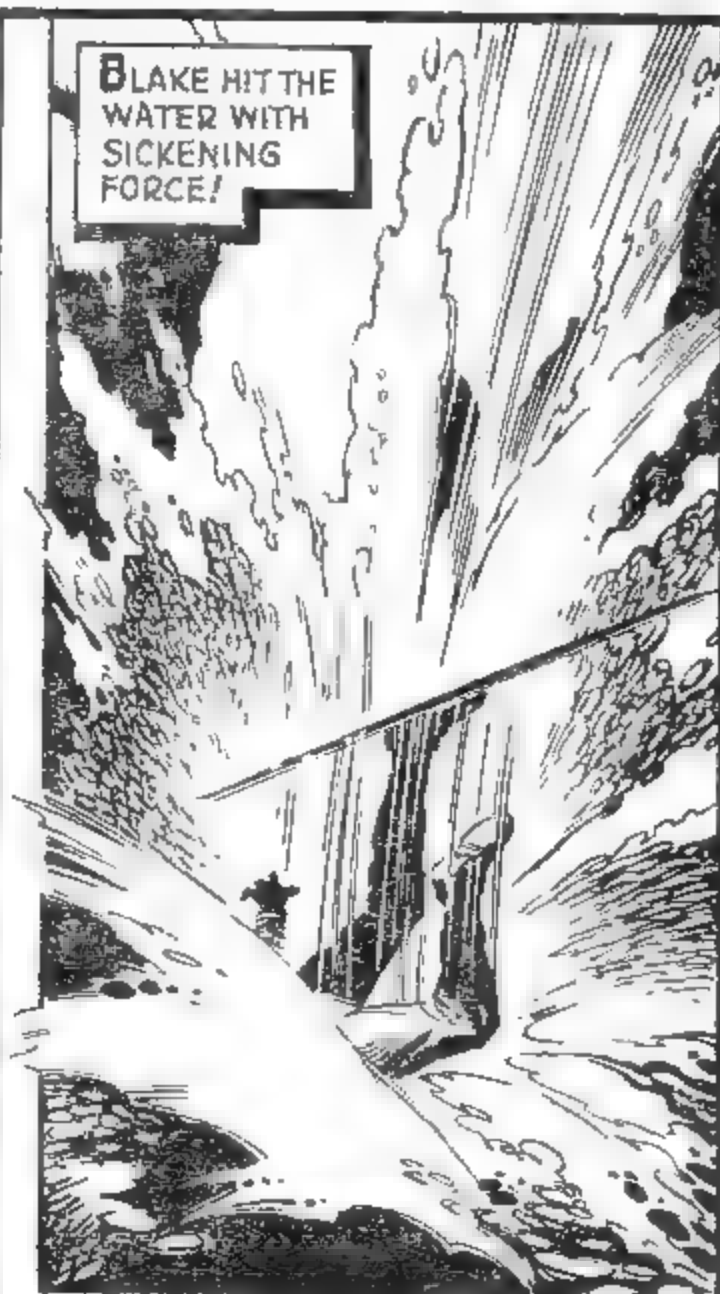


GET THE 'COPTER  
DOWN THERE...  
FAST! THERE'S A CHANCE  
HE'S STILL ALIVE!

...GET MOVING!



THIS IS IT!  
THIS IS THE  
END!



BLAKE HIT THE  
WATER WITH  
SICKENING  
FORCE!



NOTHING! APART FROM  
RIPPLES ON THE WATER,  
TH- THERE'S NO SIGN  
OF HIM!



TEN MINUTES  
LATER . . .

THERE YOU  
HAVE IT, FOLKS...

... IT SEEMS  
THAT AT LAST  
BLAKE EDMONDS HAS  
GOT HIS DEATH WISH!  
IF HE HAD TO GO, I GUESS  
... ER.. THERE WAS NO  
MORE SPECTACULAR WAY  
FOR HIM TO PERISH!



AND SO THE TELEVISION EQUIPMENT WAS DISMANTLED  
AND THE GREAT CROWD STARTED TO DRIFT AWAY . . .

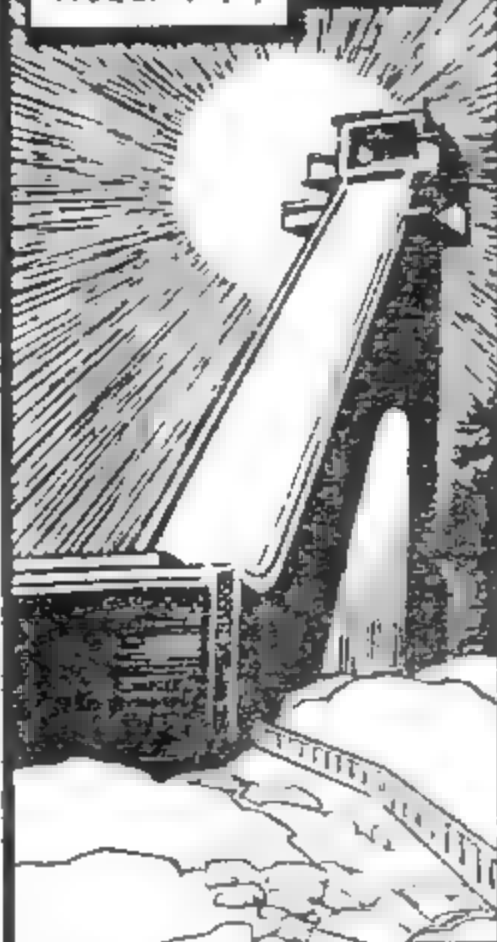
MAYBE HIS  
BODY WILL NEVER  
BE RECOVERED...

NB

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AND SOON, AS THE SUN STARTED TO SET, THE ONLY THING LEFT WAS THE GREAT SKI-JUMP ITSELF . . .



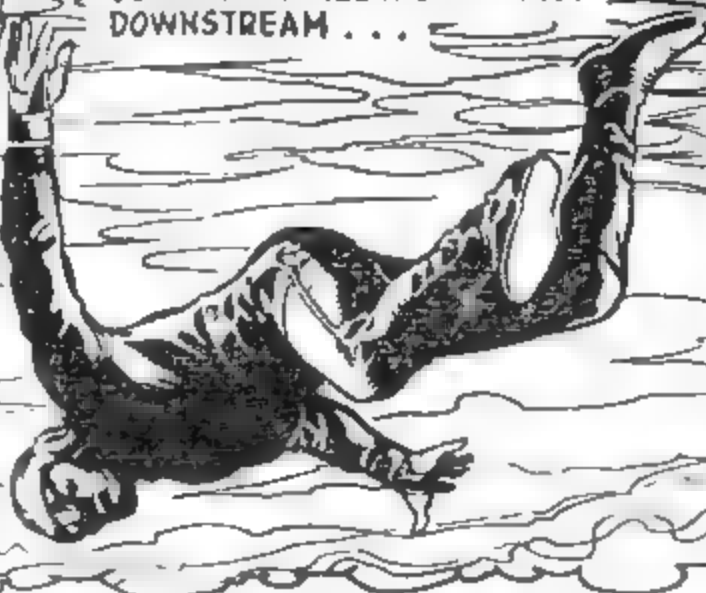
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO BLAKE EDMONDS? LET'S GO BACK TO THE TIME HE STRUCK THE WATER...



KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS BY THE FORCE OF THE FALL, BLAKE SANK STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER . . .



THE FAST-FLOWING CURRENT QUICKLY CARRIED HIS LIMP BODY DOWNSTREAM . . .



AIR TRAPPED WITHIN HIS MASK KEPT HIM ALIVE . . .



MILES DOWNSTREAM, HIS UNCONSCIOUS BODY WAS CARRIED TO THE SURFACE . . .



AND EVENTUALLY . . .



FOR A FEW MOMENTS, BLAKE'S SENSES RETURNED TO HIM. GASPING FOR BREATH, HE REMOVED HIS MASK . . .



... AND COLLAPSED AGAIN INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS!

**What will happen to Blake now? Find out in the next instalment.**



## Blake's mutilated face did not shock his rescuer!

**B**LAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT AFTER A SERIOUS ACCIDENT HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE INJURIES TO HIS FACE. BLAKE FAILED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO SKI-JUMP OVER AN AMERICAN GORGE AND EVERYONE THOUGHT HE HAD DIED IN THE ATTEMPT. BUT HE HAD BEEN KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS WHEN HE FELL INTO A RIVER AND HAD BEEN CARRIED DOWNSTREAM. NOW, WITHOUT HIS MASK, HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS FOR MANY HOURS...



A YOUNG GIRL CAME OUT OF THE TREES...



SOMEONE IS HERE  
... SOMEONE IN  
TROUBLE!

SHE DISCOVERED  
BLAKE'S  
UNCONSCIOUS  
BODY...



... STRANGELY, THE  
GIRL DID NOT SHOW  
ANY SHOCK AT  
SEEING BLAKE'S  
HIDEOUS FACE!

HIS HEART IS  
STILL BEATING  
STRONGLY... HE  
WILL SURVIVE...

WHEN BLAKE  
RECOVERED  
CONSCIOUSNESS...

YOU HAVE  
COME ROUND!  
... THAT  
IS GOOD!

WH-WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
WHERE AM I?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





I FOUND YOU  
DOWN BY THE RIVER  
AND GOT YOU BACK  
HERE. THIS IS  
WHERE I LIVE...

SHE ISN'T  
SHOWING ANY  
FEAR OF MY  
FACE...



I... I REMEMBER NOW.  
I TRIED TO JUMP ACROSS  
SERPENT RIVER GORGE  
... AND FAILED!

SO IT WAS YOU!  
I HEARD ABOUT IT  
ON THE RADIO...



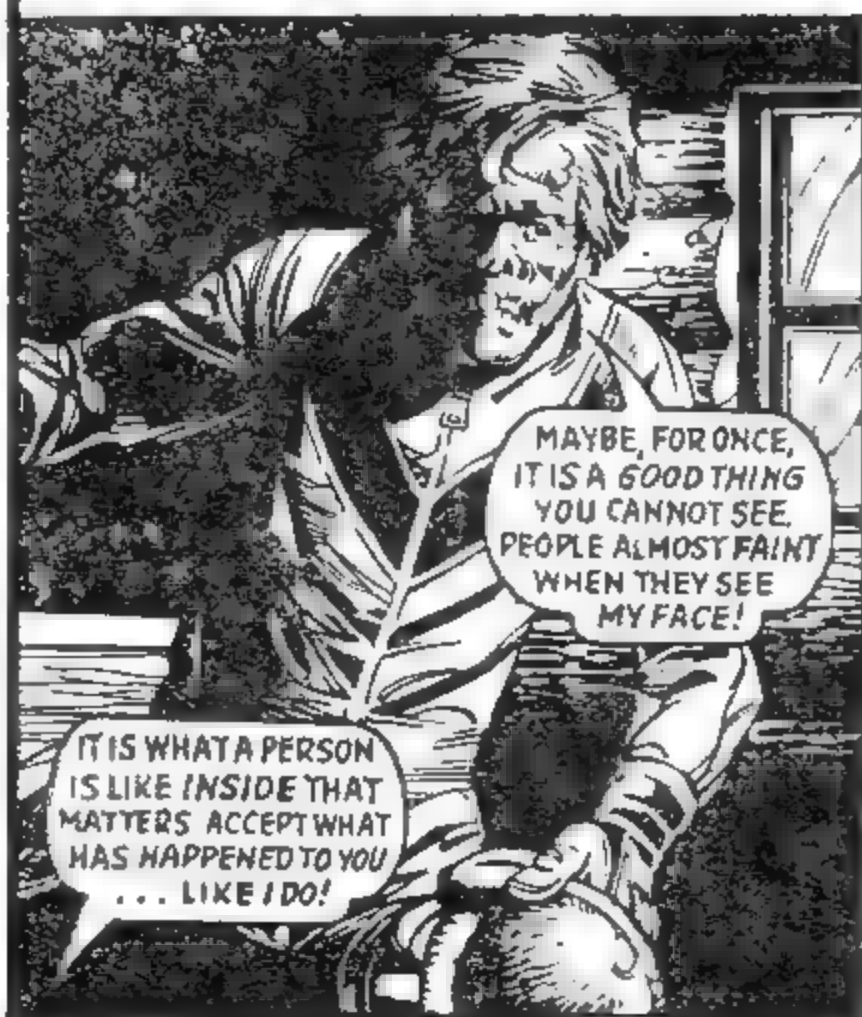
SUDDENLY BLAKE REALISED  
THE TRUTH...

SHE'S  
BLIND!



YOU... YOU  
LIVE HERE ALL  
ALONE, EVEN  
THOUGH YOU'RE  
... YOU'RE...

BLIND? YOU CAN  
SAY THE WORD... I DON'T  
MIND. YES... I AM HAPPY  
HERE... IN THE WORLD  
OUTSIDE, PEOPLE PAY TOO  
MUCH ATTENTION TO MY  
BLINDNESS. I WANT  
TO FEND FOR MYSELF...



MAYBE, FOR ONCE,  
IT IS A GOOD THING  
YOU CANNOT SEE.  
PEOPLE ALMOST FAINT  
WHEN THEY SEE  
MY FACE!

IT IS WHAT A PERSON  
IS LIKE INSIDE THAT  
MATTERS. ACCEPT WHAT  
HAS HAPPENED TO YOU  
... LIKE I DO!



I ACCEPT  
NOTHING! I FAILED  
IN MY SKI-JUMP...  
AND THAT MATTERS  
TO ME!

THEN TRY IT  
AGAIN! THERE'LL  
BE NO CROWDS TO  
WATCH YOU... DO  
IT FOR YOURSELF!  
GO AND DO IT  
NOW!



AND SO...

I'LL DO IT!  
... BUT YOU'RE  
COMING WITH  
ME... I THINK  
YOU'LL BRING  
ME LUCK!

IF THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
WANT...



THEY WERE SOON  
HEADING UP RIVER...

I JUST HOPE THEY  
HAVEN'T STARTED  
TO TAKE DOWN  
THE SKI-JUMP...

THEY SAID  
ON THE RADIO  
THEY WERE  
KEEPING IT  
THERE... AS  
A SORT OF  
MEMORIAL  
TO YOU!



EVENTUALLY...

IT'S STILL THERE!  
THE ARTIFICIAL SNOW  
SHOULD BE OKAY...  
BUT I'VE A LONG  
CLIMB UP TO THE  
TOP!

WE'VE GOT  
A LONG  
CLIMB...

I'M COMING  
WITH YOU!

AT THE TOP OF  
THE GORGE...

MY SPARE SKIS  
ARE RIGHT WHERE  
I LEFT THEM!

THEN  
GET GOING  
...AND...  
AND GOOD  
LUCK!

MINUTES  
LATER...

I'M GOING TO  
NEED LUCK... LOTS  
OF IT! IF I SUCCEED  
IT'LL BE A BIGGER  
JUMP THAN I'VE  
EVER MANAGED  
BEFORE!

HERE I GO  
AGAIN...



IT FEELS  
GOOD...



IT IS GOOD!  
I'VE DONE IT!

HEY... I'VE DONE IT!  
I'VE GOT ACROSS OKAY!  
I'VE SKI-JUMPED  
OVER THE  
SERPENT RIVER  
GORGE!

WONDERFUL!  
I KNEW YOU  
COULD DO IT!

DON'T GO  
AWAY, ER...

GOOD GRIEF!  
... I DON'T EVEN  
KNOW HER  
NAME!

I'M TAKING  
YOU OUT FOR A MEAL  
TO CELEBRATE! BUT IT  
MIGHT TAKE A WHILE FOR ME  
TO CLIMB DOWN THE GORGE, THEN  
CLIMB UP TO YOU... ONE THING'S FOR SURE!...  
I'M NOT SKI-JUMPING OVER IT AGAIN!

*There are more startling developments in next week's instalment!*



## Four armed thugs took Blake Edmonds completely by surprise!

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN BADLY DAMAGED IN AN AEROPLANE ACCIDENT AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE HIS INJURIES. HE VOWED TO TRY AS MANY STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. AFTER SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETING A STUNT IN AMERICA, BLAKE RELAXED FOR A FEW DAYS WITH HIS NEW FRIEND, A BLIND GIRL...

DEBBIE, THIS IS MARVELLOUS! I HAVEN'T FELT SO CONTENTED FOR YEARS!

UP UNTIL NOW... SINCE YOUR ACCIDENT... YOU'VE FELT THE WHOLE WORLD WAS AGAINST YOU. YOU NEEDED A FRIEND...



# DEATH WISH



YOU CAN STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE. FORGET YOUR CRAZY SPEED STUNTS FOR A WHILE!

I'LL DO JUST THAT. BUT ONE DAY, I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO MY WORLD OF SPEED... IT'S IN MY BLOOD!

BUT JUST A FEW HUNDRED METRES AWAY, A GROUP OF TOUGH, RUTHLESS MEN WERE ABOUT TO CHANGE THEIR PEACEFUL WORLD!

OKAY, YOU GUYS... MOVE IN AND MAKE IT FAST! EDMONDS IS A STRONG MAN... WE'VE GOT TO TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE!

HE WON'T ARGUE WITH FOUR OF US... AND FOUR GUNS!

MEANWHILE... I'M GOING TO PREPARE A MEAL...

FINE! GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU NEED ANY HELP...









IT WAS ALL OVER!

RIGHT...TAKE HER AWAY TO THE PLACE WE ARRANGED! WE'LL DEAL WITH BLAKE WHEN HE COMES ROUND!

SURE, BOSS!

...AND DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE, SWEETHEART... OR IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR YOUR BOYFRIEND!



LOOK AT THIS... HIS MASK HAS FALLEN OFF!

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT HIM...



NEXT MOMENT!

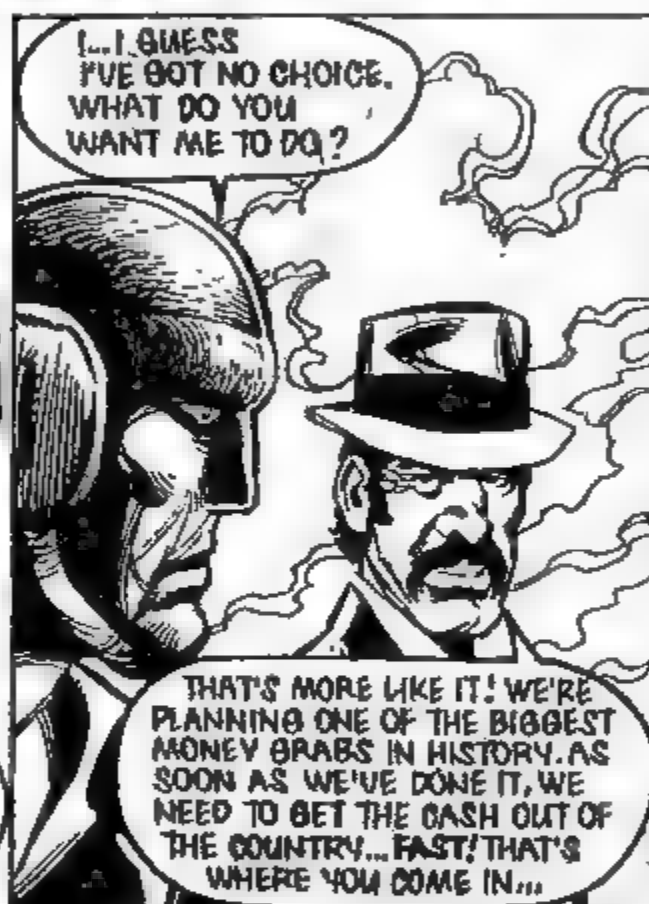
WH-WHAT A MESS!

PUT THE MASK BACK ON... I DON'T WANT TO LOOK AT THAT ANY MORE!

WHEN BLAKE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...

THE GIRL? IF...IF YOU'VE HARMED HER...

RELAX. WE'VE TAKEN HER TO A SAFE PLACE. JUST DO WHAT WE WANT IN FUTURE AND CUT OUT THE HEROICS AND SHE'LL BE OKAY!



!...I GUESS I'VE GOT NO CHOICE. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! WE'RE PLANNING ONE OF THE BIGGEST MONEY GRABS IN HISTORY. AS SOON AS WE'VE DONE IT, WE NEED TO GET THE CASH OUT OF THE COUNTRY... FAST! THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN...



YOU DRIVE A FAST CAR TO A DISUSED AIRFIELD... AND THEN PILOT A JET OVER THE BORDER, WITH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ABOARD! THE WHOLE OPERATION'S GOT TO BE DONE FAST!



I'LL DO IT! FOR DEBBIE'S SAKE. BUT IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG AND SHE COMES TO HARM... I'LL KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU!

There's lots more drama with Blake Edmonds in the next instalment!



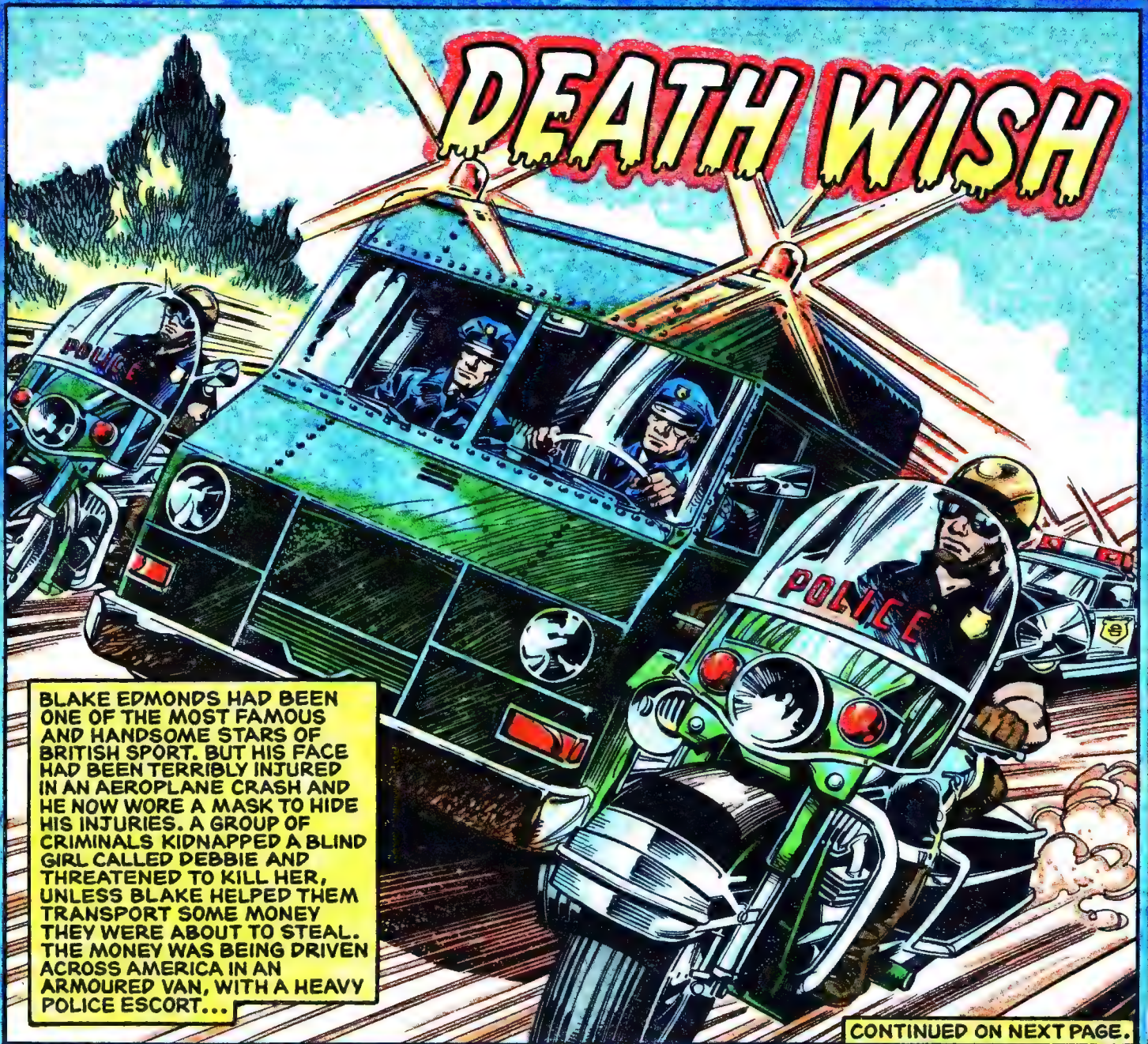
Big race thrills with WINNER-Inside!

# SPEED

14p

13th SEPTEMBER, 1980

EVERY MONDAY



BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN TERRIBLY INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE HIS INJURIES. A GROUP OF CRIMINALS KIDNAPPED A BLIND GIRL CALLED DEBBIE AND THREATENED TO KILL HER, UNLESS BLAKE HELPED THEM TRANSPORT SOME MONEY THEY WERE ABOUT TO STEAL. THE MONEY WAS BEING DRIVEN ACROSS AMERICA IN AN ARMoured VAN, WITH A HEAVY POLICE ESCORT...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



BLAKE EDMONDS WAS WATCHING,  
ALONG WITH SOME OF THE GANG...



WELL, THERE IT IS!  
TWO HUNDRED  
MILLION DOLLARS  
...AND IT'S SOON GOING  
TO BE ALL OURS!

AND YOU'RE GOING TO  
BE THE MAN WHO'S  
GOING TO GET IT OUT  
OF THE COUNTRY  
FOR US, EDMONDS!

REMEMBER, RAT... I'M  
ONLY DOING THIS BECAUSE  
YOU'VE GOT DEBBIE! YOU  
HARM HER... AND YOU'LL  
HAVE ME TO ANSWER TO!



RELAX, BLAKE...  
YOU'VE NO WORRIES...

THE GIRL'S QUITE SAFE...  
AS LONG AS YOU DO AS  
YOU'RE TOLD! YOU DISOBEY  
US JUST ONCE AND SHE'S  
DEAD!

HER LIFE  
DEPENDS ON YOUR  
CO-OPERATION!



TONIGHT, THAT ARMoured VAN...  
WITH THE MONEY... IS GOING TO  
BE UNDER GUARD AT A LOCAL  
ARMY BARRACKS. WE GRAB IT  
TOMORROW... STRIKING AT NOON!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE ARMoured  
TRUCK AND ITS ESCORT WAS SPEEDING  
ALONG THE HIGHWAY ONCE AGAIN...



DIVERSION AHEAD!  
THAT WASN'T  
SCHEDULED!



RELAX.  
WITH THE ESCORT  
WE'VE GOT, WE'VE  
GOT NO WORRIES!

AMBUSH!

AAAARGH!



HERE  
THEY COME NOW.  
STAND BY...



EVERYTHING WAS TIMED TO PERFECTION...



NEXT MOMENT...

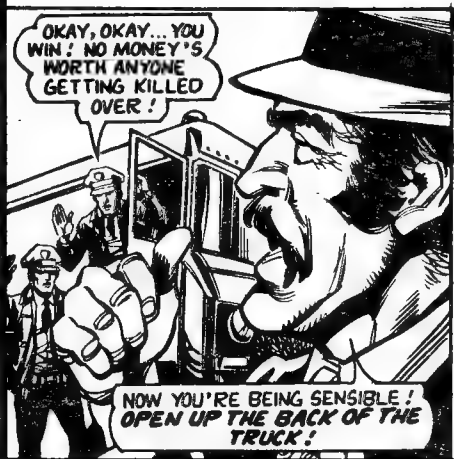


IT HAD ONLY TAKEN A FEW SECONDS, BUT NOW THE ARMoured CAR WAS UNPROTECTED...

THE SECOND POLICE CAR WAS SWEEPED OFF THE ROAD...



NOTHING DOING! THIS THING IS TOO STRONG FOR YOU TO BREAK INTO! THE MONEY'S SAFE!



NOW YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE! OPEN UP THE BACK OF THE TRUCK!



ENOUGH TO MAKE US ALL RICH FOR LIFE! LET'S GET BUSY UNLOADING IT!

BLAKE WAS AT THE WHEEL OF A CAR PARKED NEARBY...



There's lots more speed drama with Blake Edmonds again next week!



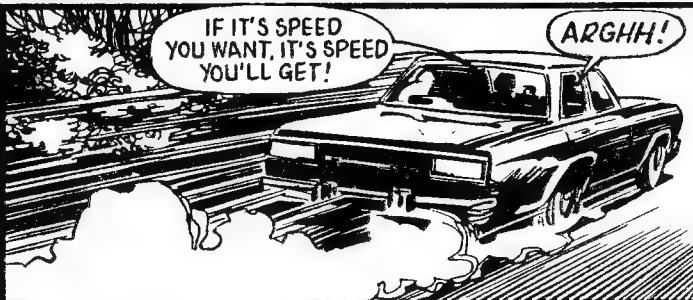
**Blake piloted a jet loaded with money stolen from an armoured car raid!**

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN BADLY DISFIGURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE HIS INJURIES. A GROUP OF CRIMINALS KIDNAPPED A BLIND GIRL WHO WAS A FRIEND OF BLAKE'S AND THREATENED TO KILL HER UNLESS HE HELPED THEM TRANSPORT SOME MONEY, STOLEN IN A RAID ON AN ARMoured VAN...

OKAY, EDMONDS. LET'S GO! ONE TRICK OUT OF YOU AND THE GIRL WILL DIE! HEAD FOR THE AIRSTRIP! I WANT TO GET THE LOOT AIRBORNE... AND FAST!



# DEATH WISH



IF IT'S SPEED YOU WANT, IT'S SPEED YOU'LL GET!

ARGHH!

SOON THE CAR WAS EXCEEDING ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY MILES AN HOUR...



S-SLOW DOWN... YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!

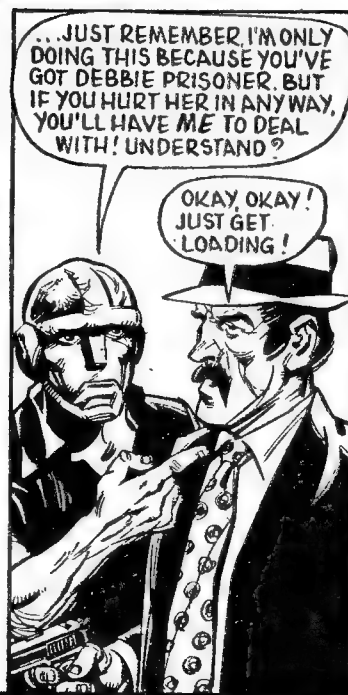
QUIT SQUAWKING YOU COWARDLY RAT! YOU WANTED A FAST DRIVER... AND THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT!



HOW FAR AWAY IS THIS AIRFIELD?

N-NOT FAR NOW! TURN OFF AT THE NEXT INTERSECTION!





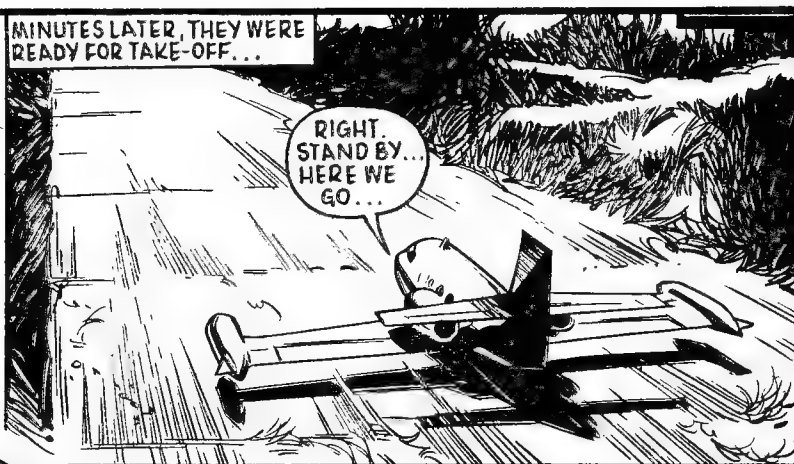




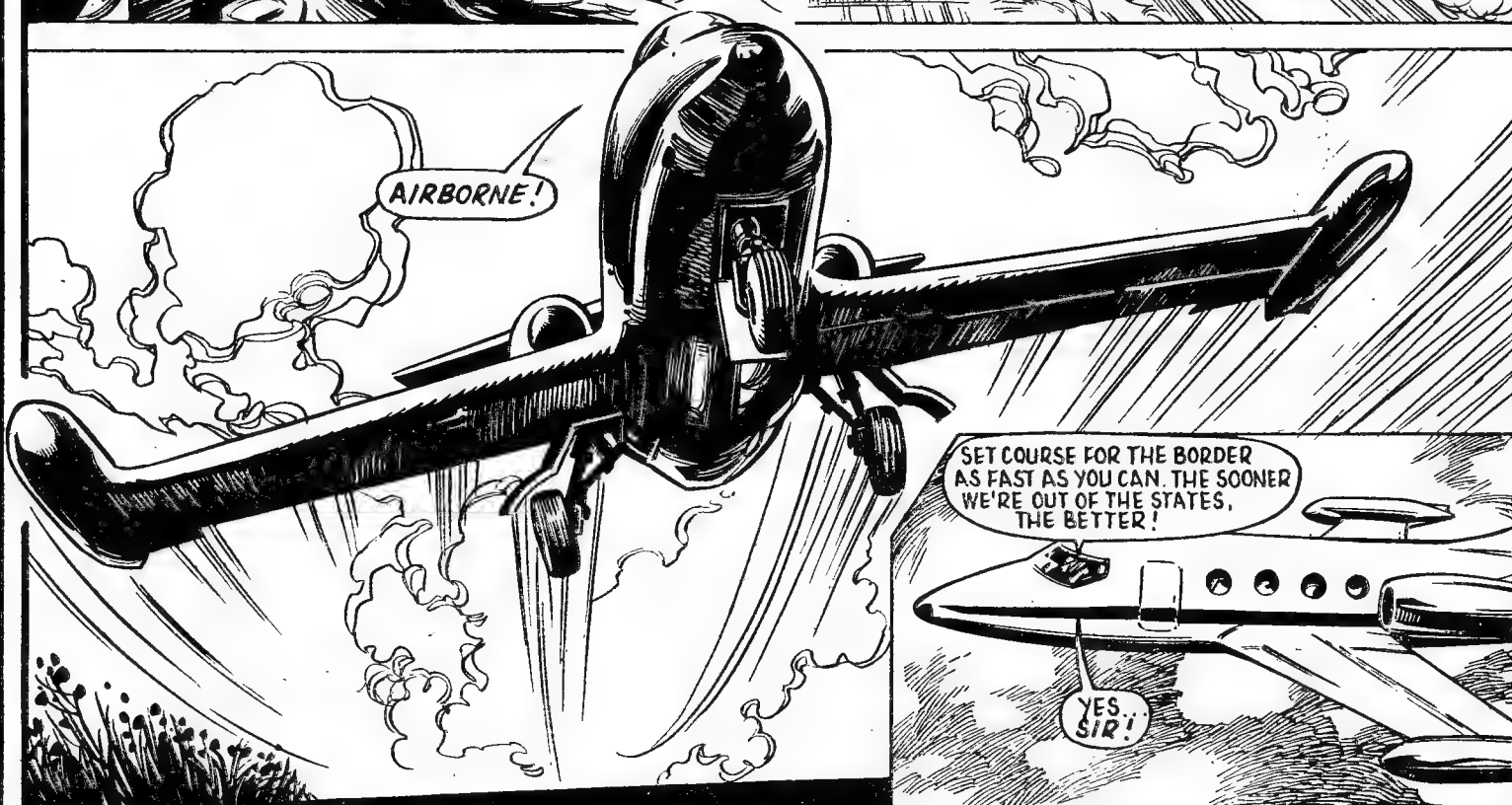
REMEMBER, YOU SAID YOU KNEW HOW TO HANDLE THIS AIRCRAFT. NO TRICKS!

YOU'RE GETTING NERVOUS, LITTLE MAN! JUST SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!

MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE READY FOR TAKE-OFF...



RIGHT. STAND BY... HERE WE GO...



AIRBORNE!

SET COURSE FOR THE BORDER AS FAST AS YOU CAN. THE SOONER WE'RE OUT OF THE STATES, THE BETTER!

YES, SIR!

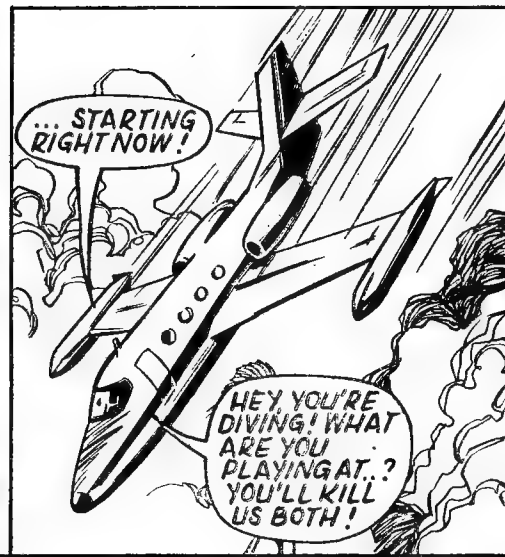


I'M WARNING YOU, BLAKE... DON'T GET SMART! IF I DON'T RADIO IN ON TIME, YOUR GIRLFRIEND WILL BE DEAD!

I GET THE MESSAGE... LOUD AND CLEAR!



... BUT I'VE A FEELING YOU'RE GOING TO KILL DEBBIE AND ME, WHATEVER HAPPENS! WE CAN IDENTIFY YOU... AND THAT'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T WANT! IT'S TIME I STARTED TO FIGHT BACK!



... STARTING RIGHT NOW!

HEY, YOU'RE DIVING! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT..? YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!

**You can find out what Blake is up to in the next exciting instalment!**



**Blake headed the plane straight towards a group of trees!**

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT. BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN BADLY DISFIGURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE HIS INJURIES. A GROUP OF CRIMINALS KIDNAPPED A BLIND GIRL WHO WAS A FRIEND OF BLAKE'S, AND THREATENED TO KILL HER UNLESS HE HELPED THEM TRANSPORT SOME MONEY, STOLEN IN A RAID. BLAKE AND THE LEADER OF THE GANG WERE IN A JET AIRCRAFT, TAKING THE MONEY OUT OF THE COUNTRY...



HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON?

IT'S TIME I GAVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION OF JUST HOW GOOD A PILOT I AM!



YOU FOOL! PULL OUT OF THE DIVE! YOU'RE CRAZY!

WANT TO GIVE UP? HAND OVER THE GUN TO ME AND SURRENDER!



... AND LOSE A FORTUNE? N-NEVER, AND IF I DON'T RADIO IN ON TIME, THE GIRL WILL BE KILLED! TRYING TO S-SCARE ME IS A WASTE OF TIME!



...THEN LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS!

AAARGH!





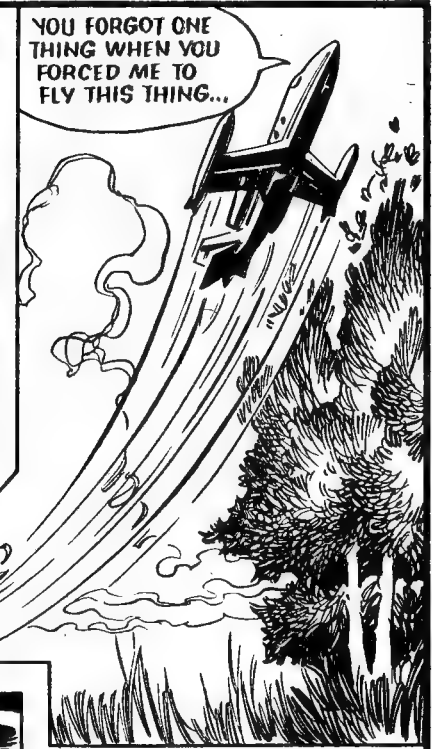
...AND THIS!

N-NO! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!



TH-THOSE TREES...Y-YOU'LL PLOUGH STRAIGHT INTO THEM...

WHO CARES?



YOU FORGOT ONE THING WHEN YOU FORCED ME TO FLY THIS THING...



WITH A FACE LIKE MINE I DON'T CARE IF I LIVE OR DIE! I ENJOY DICING WITH DEATH! IF THIS 'PLANE CRASHES, IT'LL BE A HAPPY RELEASE FOR ME!



YOU ARE MAD! I...I DON'T WANT TO DIE! STOP... PLEASE!



HAND ME THAT GUN AND WE CAN TALK BUSINESS!



...OR SHALL WE NOSE-DIVE INTO THE GROUND RIGHT NOW?

N-N-NO! NO! T-TAKE THE GUN!



OKAY... RADIO YOUR PALS AND TELL THEM EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!

S-SURE... ANYTHING! J-JUST PULL OUT OF THIS DIVE!



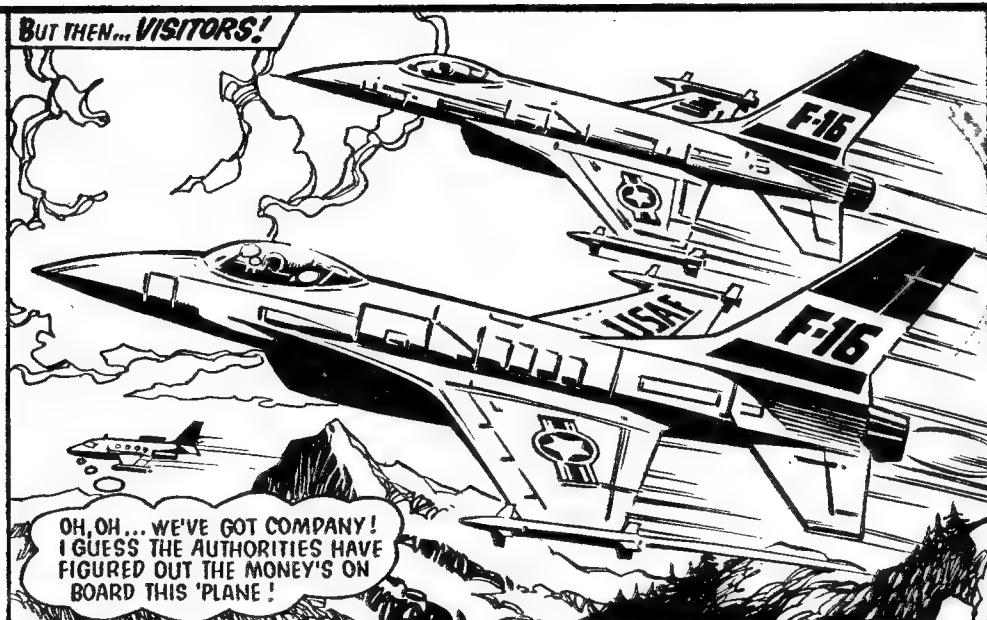
AND SO...

LEADER TO JAKE. EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT HERE. I'LL R-REPORT IN LATER!

OKAY, BOSS. GOOD LUCK WITH THE MONEY!

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What will happen now? Find out in next week's super episode of "Death Wish"!



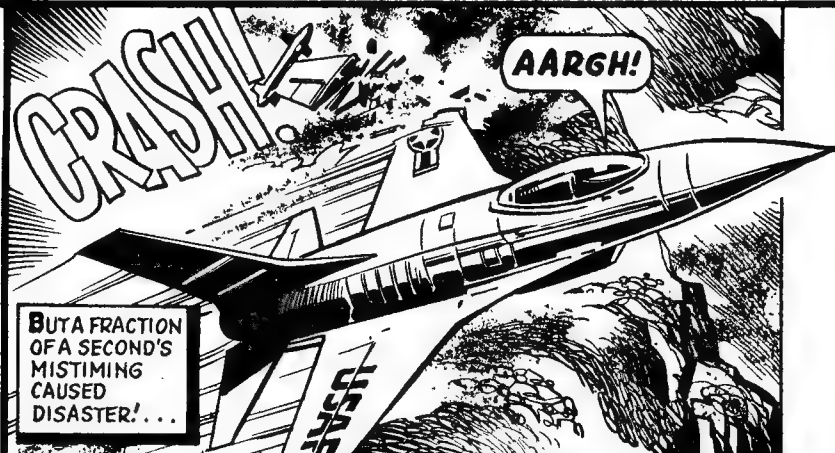
## Into the valley of death flew the two pilots!

**B**LAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT BUT HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE INJURIES TO HIS FACE, RECEIVED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH. A GROUP OF CRIMINALS KIDNAPPED A GIRL FRIEND OF BLAKE'S AND THREATENED TO KILL HER UNLESS HE HELPED THEM TRANSPORT THE MONEY OBTAINED IN A RAID ON AN ARMOURD CAR. IN A JET AIRCRAFT BLAKE OVERPOWERED THE LEADER OF THE CRIMINALS... BUT THEN HIS AIRCRAFT WAS SHOT AT BY AIR FORCE JETS...

IF THOSE JET FIGHTERS ARE GOOD, THEY'LL FOLLOW ME THROUGH THE GAP. LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS...

ONE OF THE FIGHTERS DID FOLLOW BLAKE...

# DEATH WISH





AS THE FIRST PILOT FLOATED DOWN TO EARTH, THE OTHER PILOT DECIDED AGAINST THE MOVE...

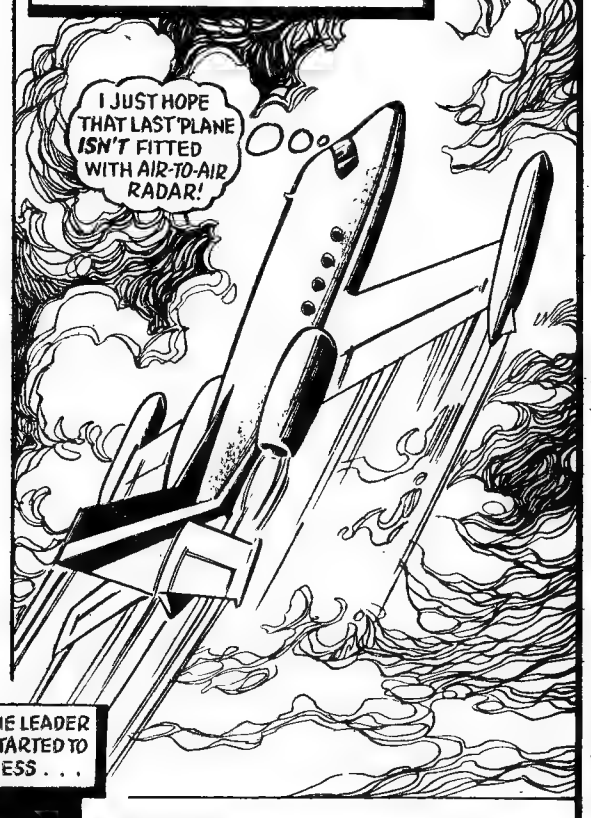


THE PARACHUTIST GOT A GOOD VIEW OF HIS AIRCRAFT'S LAST MOMENTS...

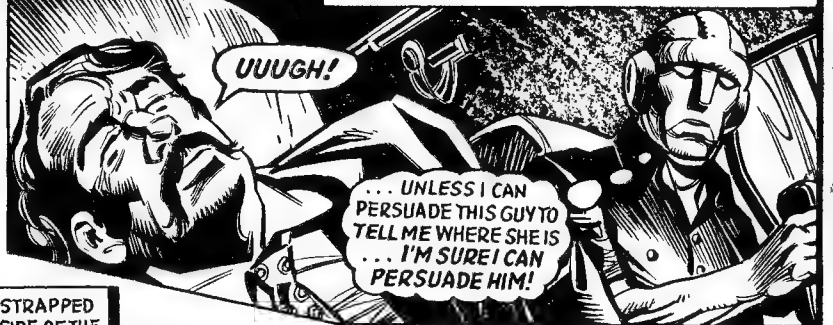


MEANWHILE, BLAKE'S AIRCRAFT WAS CLEAR OF THE HAZARDS AND HEADING FOR CLOUD...

I JUST HOPE THAT LAST PLANE ISN'T FITTED WITH AIR-TO-AIR RADAR!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE LEADER OF THE CRIMINALS STARTED TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...

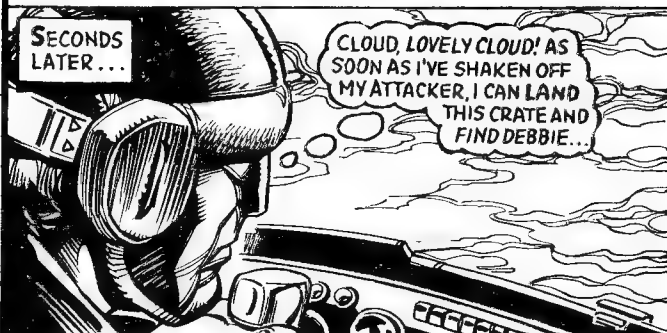


UUUGH!

... UNLESS I CAN PERSUADE THIS GUY TO TELL ME WHERE SHE IS ... I'M SURE I CAN PERSUADE HIM!

SECONDS LATER...

CLOUD, LOVELY CLOUD! AS SOON AS I'VE SHAKEN OFF MY ATTACKER, I CAN LAND THIS CRATE AND FIND DEBBIE...



BLAKE SWITCHED THE AIRCRAFT ON TO AUTOMATIC PILOT, AND...

UUURGH... WH-WHAT'S GOING ON?

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, CHUM ... AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE IT!



THE MASKED MAN STRAPPED HIMSELF TO THE INSIDE OF THE AIRCRAFT ... AND OPENED THE DOOR!

RIGHT, MISTER... HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A JUMP ... WITHOUT A PARACHUTE!

WH-WHAT? ARRRRRGH!



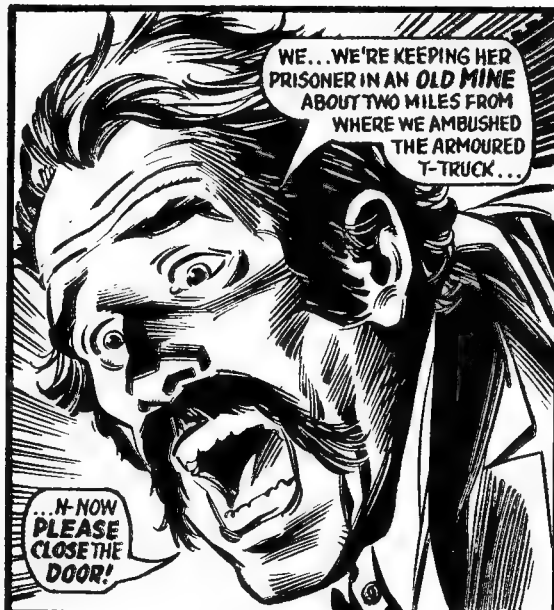
YOU'RE FOR THE BIG JUMP RIGHT NOW ... UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHERE DEBBIE IS!

S-SURE! ANYTHING! ANYTHING! J-JUST CLOSE THE D-DOOR!

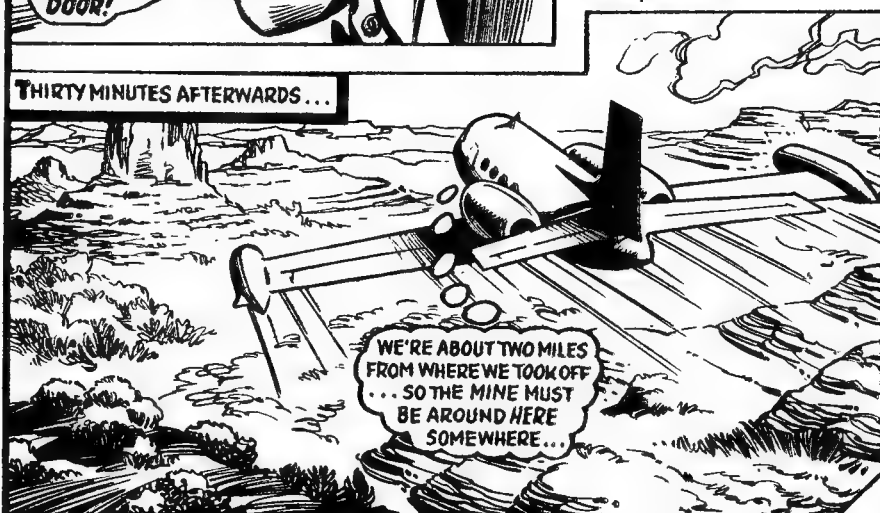


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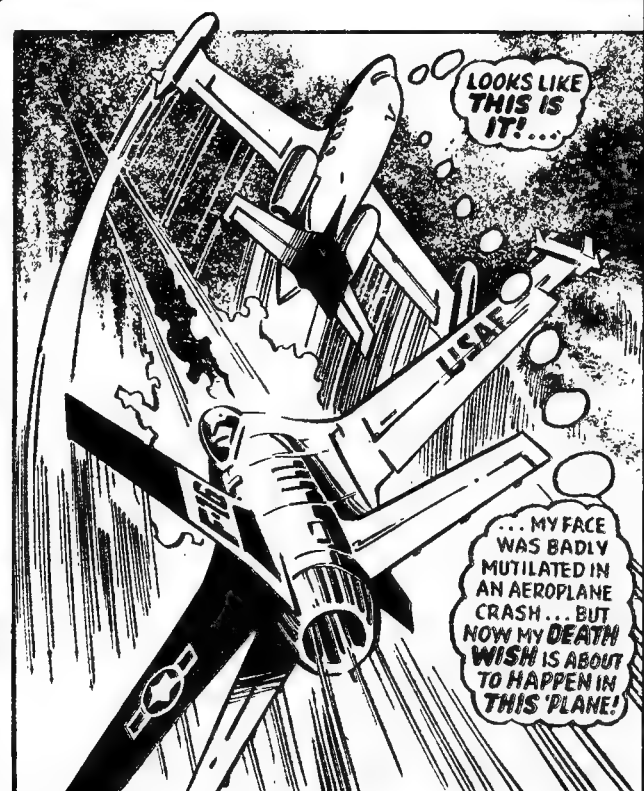
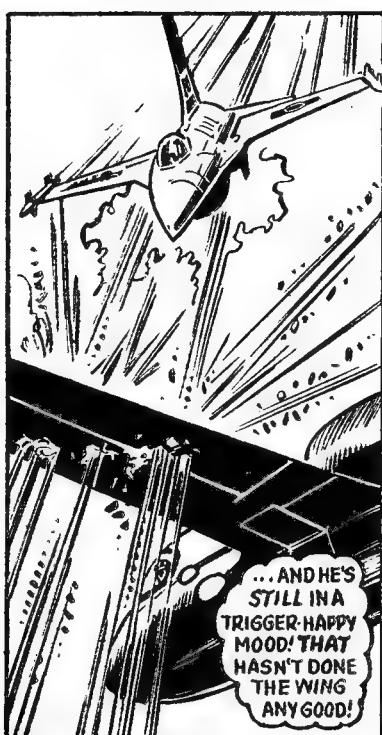
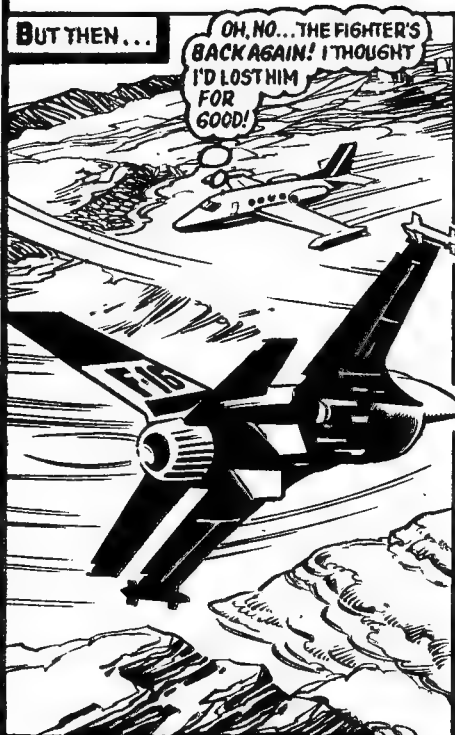




THIRTY MINUTES AFTERWARDS...



BUT THEN...



**Next week – The dramatic outcome of the supersonic dog-fight!**



**ROCKET MISSILES POSTER-2nd.part this week!**

# SPEED

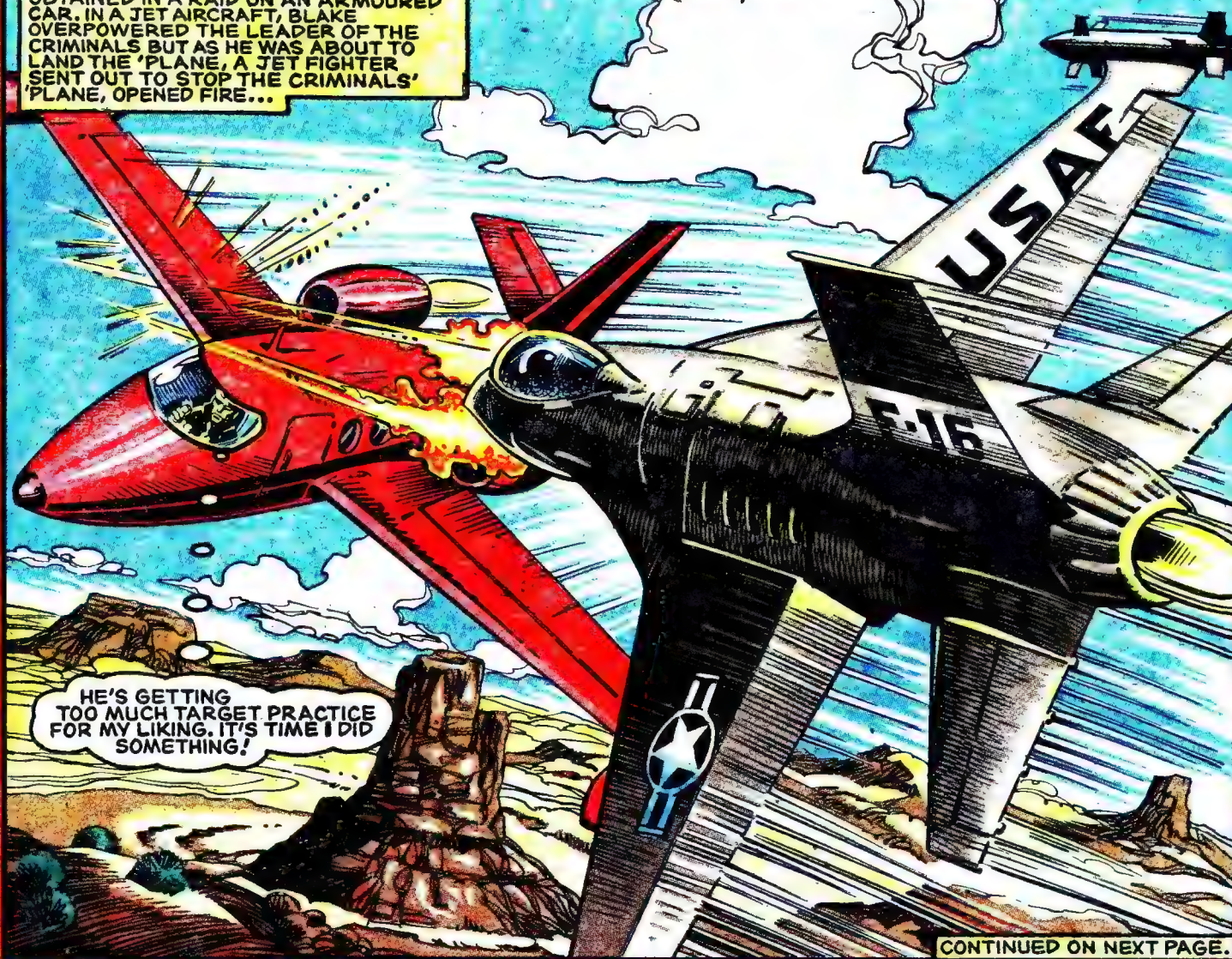
14p

11th OCTOBER, 1980

EVERY MONDAY

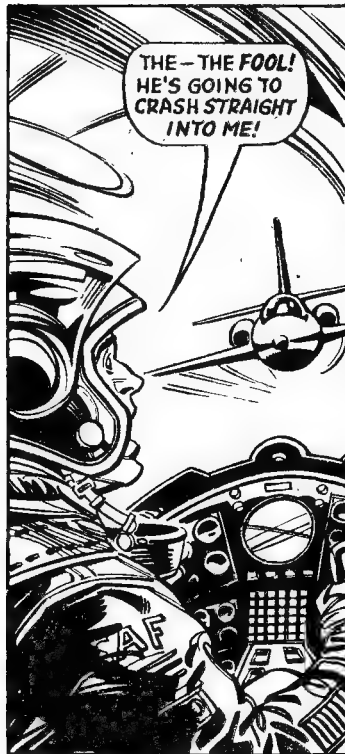
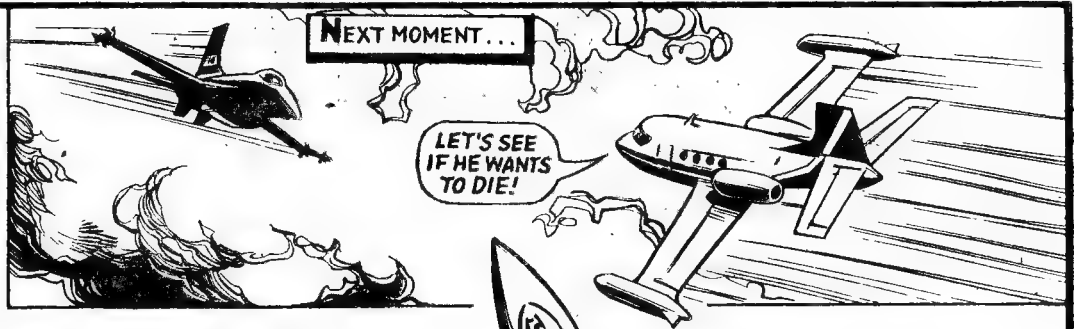
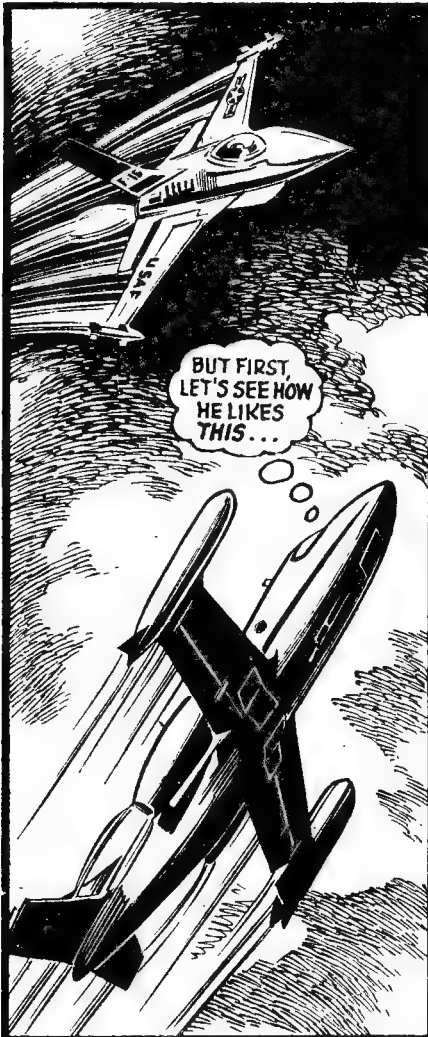
BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT BUT NOW HE WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE INJURIES TO HIS FACE, RECEIVED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH. A GROUP OF CRIMINALS KIDNAPPED A FRIEND OF BLAKE'S AND THREATENED TO KILL HER UNLESS HE HELPED THEM TRANSPORT THE MONEY OBTAINED IN A RAID ON AN ARMoured CAR. IN A JET AIRCRAFT, BLAKE OVERPOWERED THE LEADER OF THE CRIMINALS BUT AS HE WAS ABOUT TO LAND THE 'PLANE, A JET FIGHTER SENT OUT TO STOP THE CRIMINALS' PLANE, OPENED FIRE...

## DEATH WISH

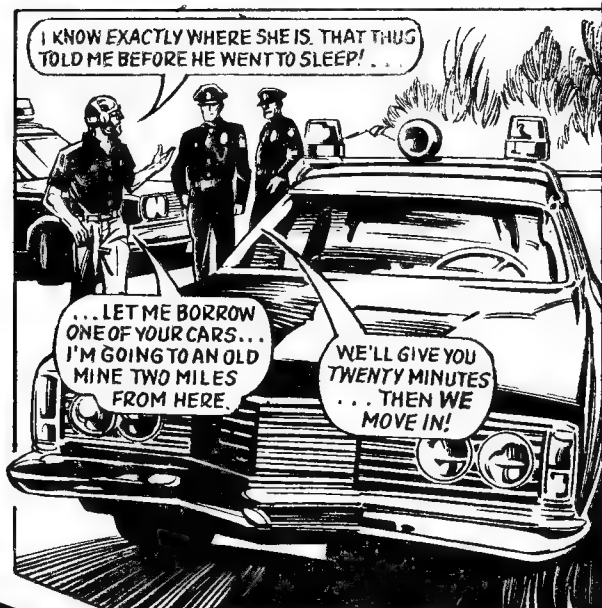
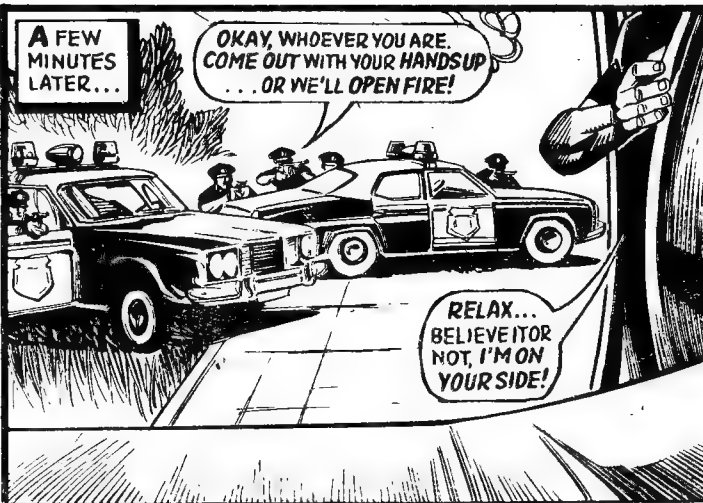


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**What will happen to Blake Edmonds? Will he be shot? Find out next week!**



*If Blake was to save the girl's life...he had to move fast!*

BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT BUT HE NOW WORE A MASK, TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE INJURIES TO HIS FACE, RECEIVED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH. A GROUP OF CRIMINALS KIDNAPPED A FRIEND OF BLAKE'S AND THREATENED TO KILL HER UNLESS HE HELPED THEM STEAL SOME MONEY. BUT BLAKE OVERPOWERED THE LEADER OF THE CRIMINALS AND RETURNED THE MONEY TO THE AUTHORITIES. THEN HE WENT IN SEARCH OF HIS FRIEND, WHO WAS BEING HELD CAPTIVE IN AN OLD MINE...



IT'S VITAL THOSE CROOKS DON'T KNOW I'M HERE...IF THEY DO, THEY MIGHT HARM DEBBIE...

**BUT BLAKE HAD ALREADY BEEN SPOTTED!**

NEXT MOMENT...



OKAY, MISTER... HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HUH?



# DEATH WISH



NO TRICKS NOW...



I HAVEN'T GOT TIME FOR TRICKS. TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...

PRETTY ISN'T IT?

AARRGH! C-COVER YOUR FACE UP!



FOR A MOMENT, THE MAN WAS OFF-GUARD...IT WAS ALL THE TIME BLAKE NEEDED!

GO TO SLEEP...AND HAVE PLEASANT NIGHTMARES ABOUT ME!

UURGH!







CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**Read next week's *SPEED* for super-fast action... and BIG news!**



*The man in the mask set out to conquer Earth, Fire and Water!*

**B**LAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT, BUT AN AEROPLANE ACCIDENT HAD LEFT HIS FACE BADLY DAMAGED, AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE INJURIES. A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE PACKED A SPORTS STADIUM IN AMERICA, WHERE MANY OF THE COUNTRY'S TOP STUNTMEN WERE GATHERED. BLAKE WAS THERE TO ANSWER AN AMAZING TRIPLE CHALLENGE...

AND HERE HE IS, FOLKS...  
THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN WAITING  
TO SEE... THE SENSATIONAL  
BLAKE EDMONDS... THE MAN  
IN THE MASK!...

... HE'S ALL  
SET FOR THE  
FIRST OF HIS  
THREE STUNTS,  
WHICH WILL TAKE  
HIM THROUGH  
**FIRE, EARTH  
AND WATER!**



FIRST...  
A HIGH-SPEED  
DRIVE THROUGH  
THE BURNING  
HAYSTACK... IN  
AN OPEN-TOPPED  
CAR...

IT WAS FIRE THAT CAUSED MY  
INJURIES IN THE 'PLANE CRASH...

... THIS ISN'T MY  
FAVOURITE WAY TO  
SPEND AN AFTERNOON...

HERE GOES! IT'S TOO  
LATE TO STOP NOW...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



NEXT MOMENT...



HE'S DONE IT, FOLKS... BUT ONLY JUST! GET IN THERE, FIRE-FIGHTERS, AND PUT OUT THAT FIRE!



AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BLAKE EDMONDS FACES THE PERIL OF EARTH... AND MAYBE EARTH WILL BE EVEN MORE DANGEROUS THAN FIRE WAS!

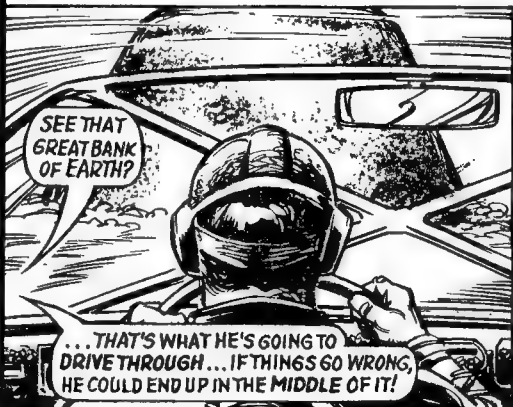


HERE WE GO AGAIN...



SEE THAT GREAT BANK OF EARTH?

... THAT'S WHAT HE'S GOING TO DRIVE THROUGH... IF THINGS GO WRONG, HE COULD END UP IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!



BREAKTHROUGH!



ANOTHER SUCCESS FOR THE MAN IN THE MASK...

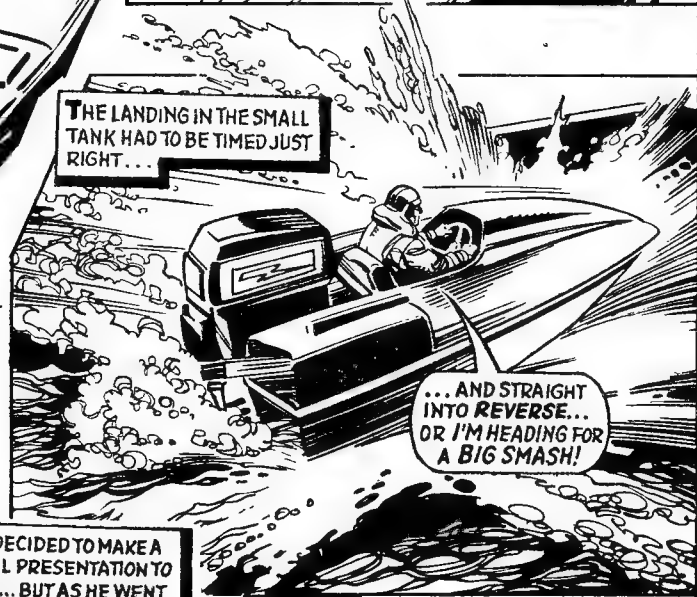
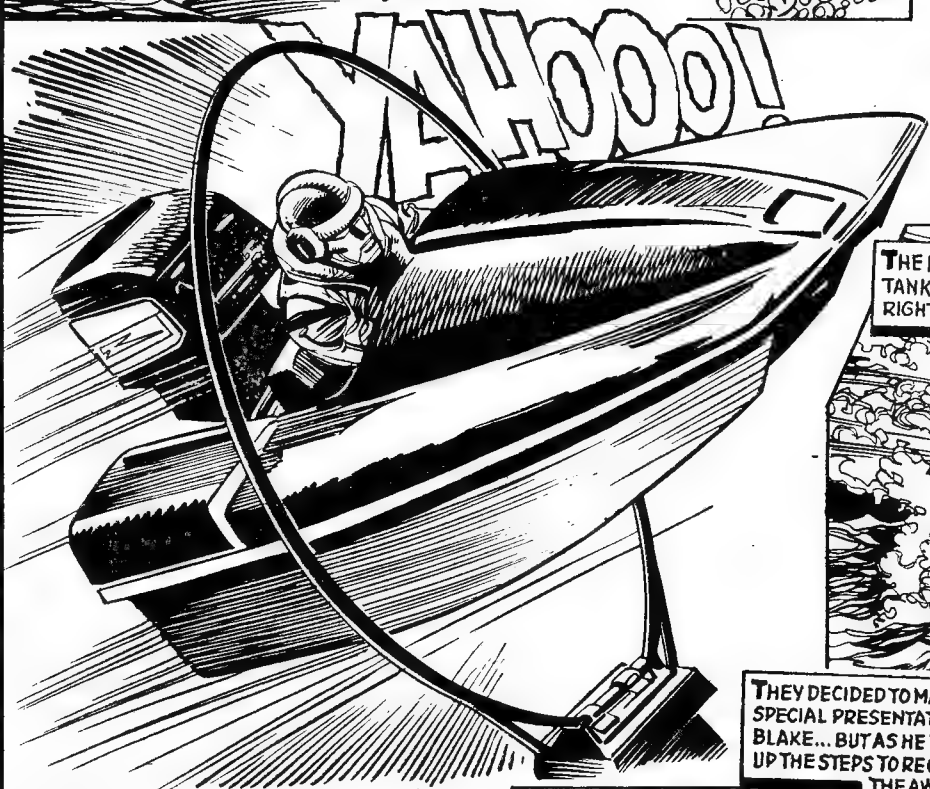
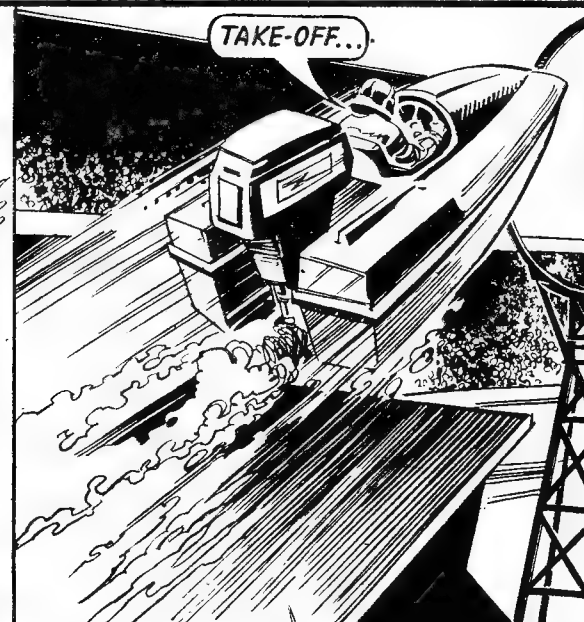
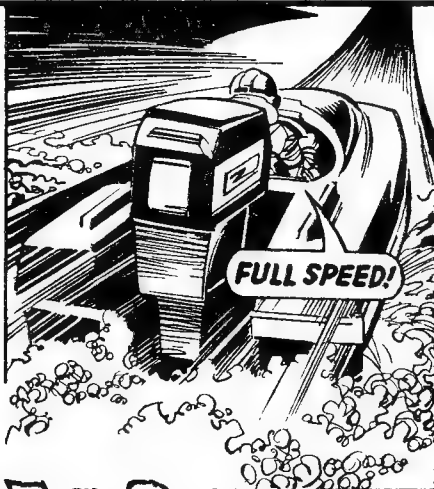
... GIVE HIM A BIG HAND, FOLKS... HE DESERVES IT!



AND NOW FOR WATER! BLAKE WILL SEND THE SPEED BOAT UP THE STRETCH OF WATER WE'VE BUILT, OFF THE RAMP, THROUGH THE HOOP TO LAND IN THAT TANK OF WATER... THAT IS... IF EVERYTHING GOES AS PLANNED!



SOON THE POWERFUL ENGINE OF THE BOAT WAS  
READY FOR ACTION...

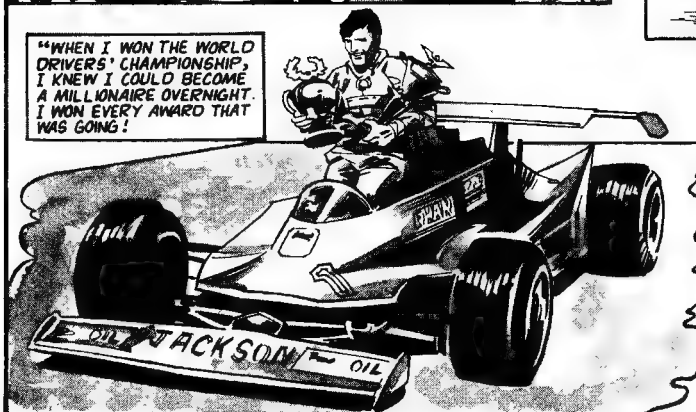
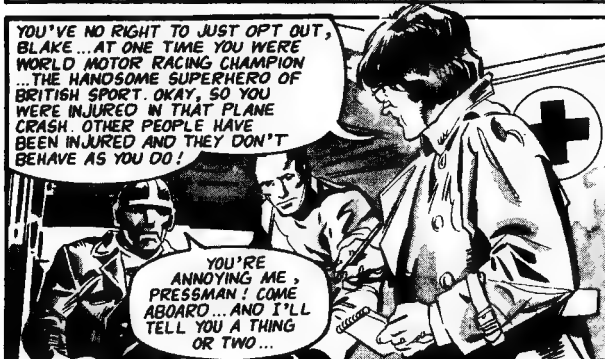


**'Death Wish' lives on in TIGER and SPEED! Get your copy next week!**





# DEATH WISH



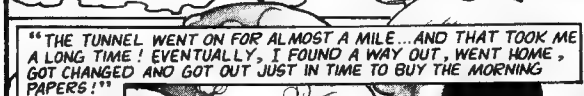
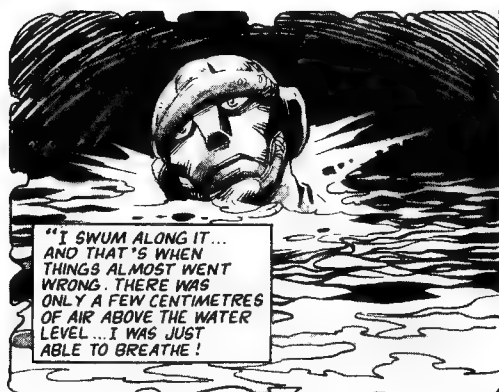












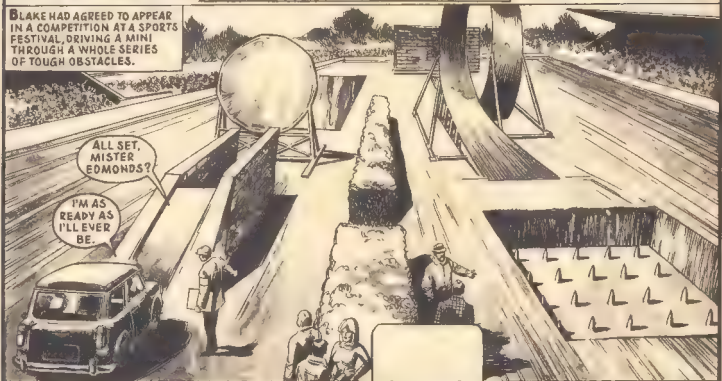
THE END



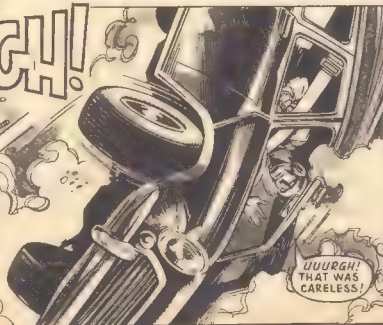
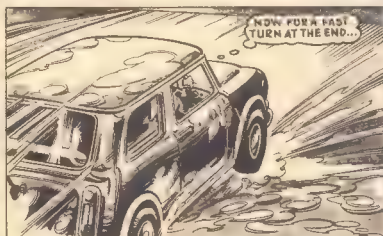


BLAKE EDMONDS HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST HANDSOME STARS OF BRITISH SPORT BUT HIS FACE HAD BEEN BADLY INJURED IN AN AEROPLANE CRASH AND HE NOW WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE DAMAGE...

BLAKE HAD AGREED TO APPEAR IN A COMPETITION AT A SPORTS FESTIVAL, DRIVING A MINI THROUGH A WHOLE SERIES OF TOUGH OBSTACLES.

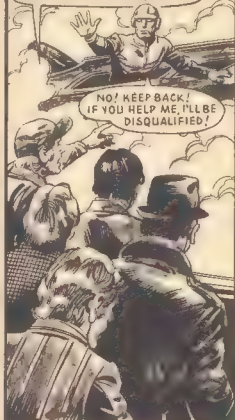








PEOPLE RUSHED FORWARD TO HELP...  
WE'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, BLAKE...



NO! KEEP BACK!  
IF YOU HELP ME, I'LL BE  
DISQUALIFIED!

BUT THEY WERE DETERMINED TO  
HELP...



COME ON...  
WE'LL SOON  
RIGHT IT!

THEY'RE NOT  
STOPPING. THERE'S  
ONLY ONE THING  
TO DO...

ONE BIG  
HEAVE  
SHOULD  
DO IT!

BLAKE TOOK HIS MASK OFF!



AAAARGH!  
TH-THAT FACE...  
IT'S HORRIBLE!

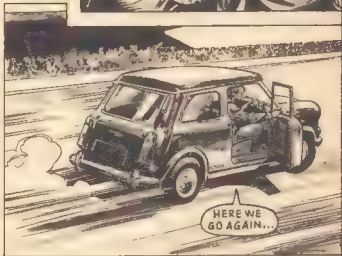
THIS  
WILL STOP  
YOU!

L-LET'S  
GET OUT OF  
HERE!

BLAKE WAS LEFT TO DO THE JOB HIMSELF!

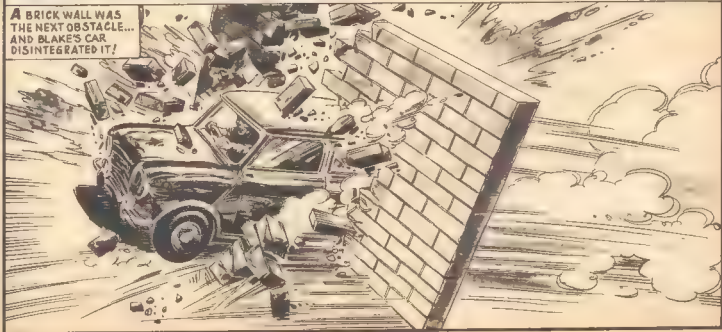


UUURGH! I... CAN  
JUST ABOUT DO IT...



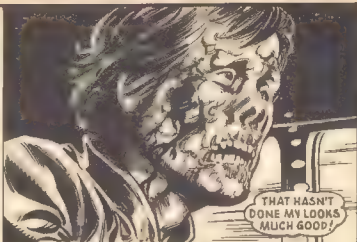
HERE WE  
GO AGAIN...

A BRICK WALL WAS  
THE NEXT OBSTACLE...  
AND BLAKE'S CAR  
DISINTEGRATED IT!

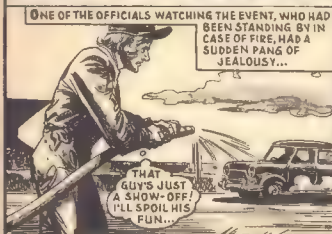




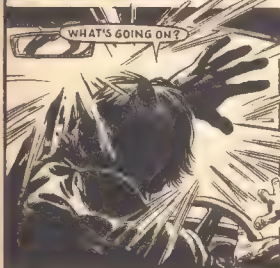
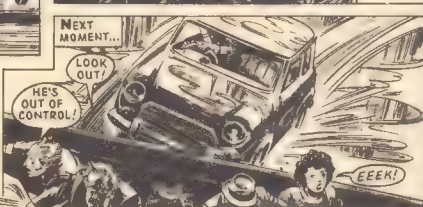
BUT ONE BRICK HIT BLAKE ON THE FACE!



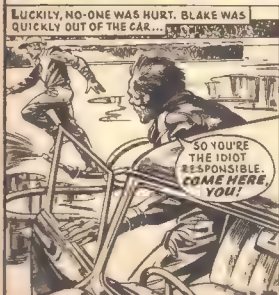
ONE OF THE OFFICIALS WATCHING THE EVENT, WHO HAD BEEN STANDING BY IN CASE OF FIRE, HAD A SUDDEN PANG OF JEALOUSY...



NEXT MOMENT...

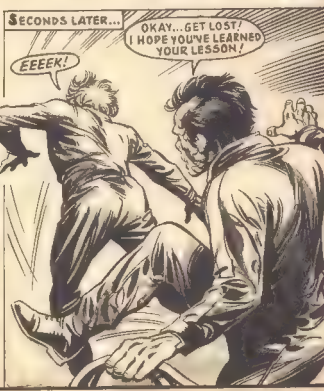


LUCKILY, NO-ONE WAS HURT. BLAKE WAS QUICKLY OUT OF THE CAR...





FIVE MINUTES LATER...

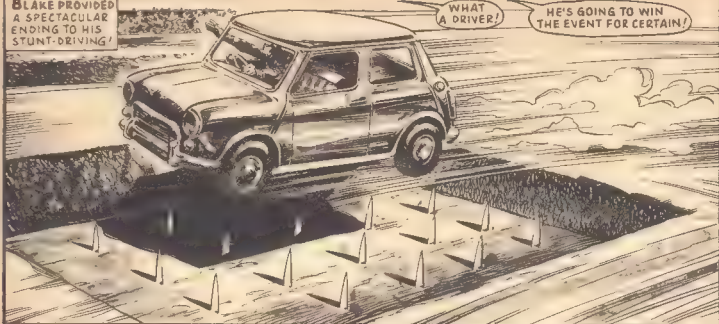




BLAKE PROVIDED  
A SPECTACULAR  
ENDING TO HIS  
STUNT-DRIVING!

WHAT  
A DRIVER!

HE'S GOING TO WIN  
THE EVENT FOR CERTAIN!



SURE ENOUGH, BLAKE WAS LATER  
DECLARED THE WINNER!



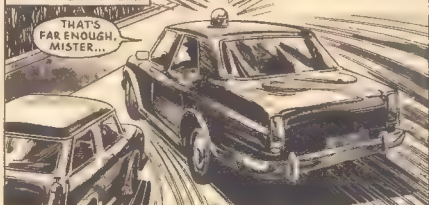
BUT ON THE WAY HOME...



HEY... DID  
YOU SEE THAT  
GUY?

HE WAS  
REALLY  
MOVING!

A MILE FURTHER ON...



THAT'S  
FARE ENOUGH,  
MISTER...

YOU'RE  
BOOKED, FOR  
SPEEDING!

YOU'RE  
A MENACE ON  
THE ROADS!



BENEATH HIS  
MASK, BLAKE  
GRINNED...

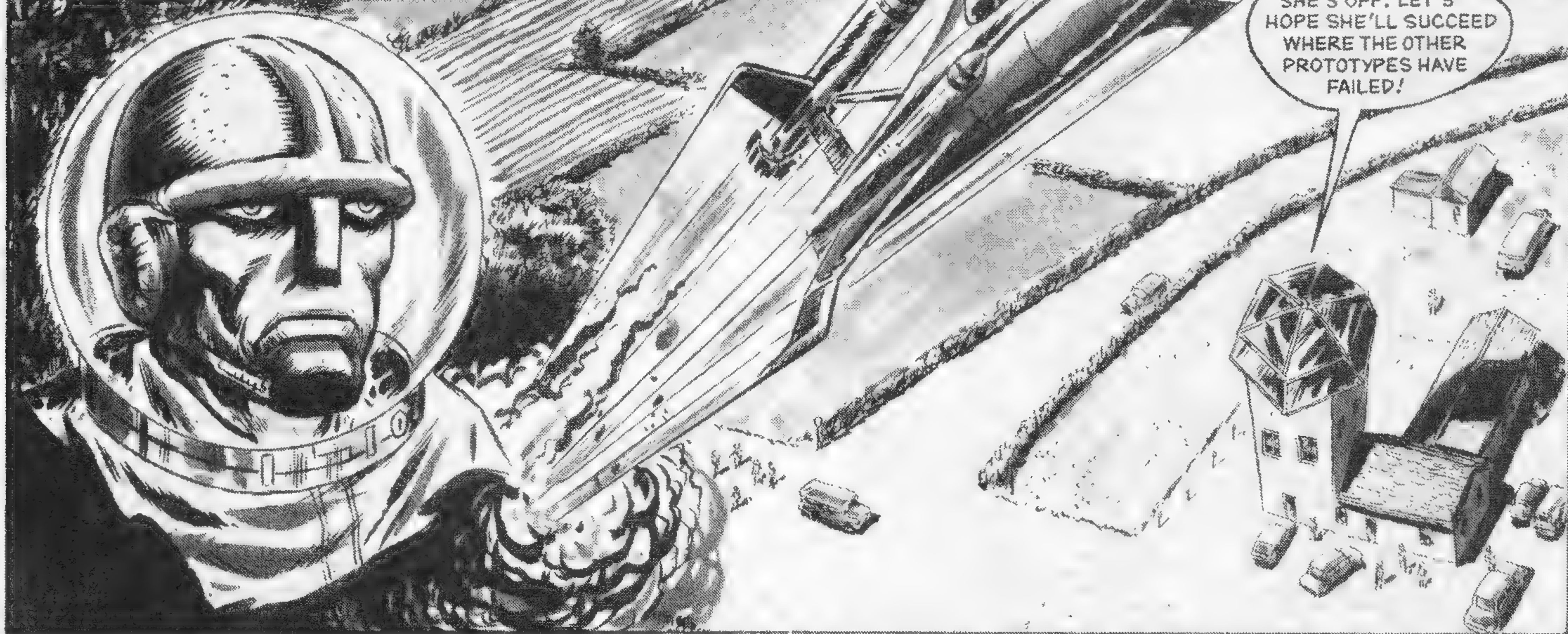
I THOUGHT THAT  
TODAY I WAS GOING  
TO BE A WINNER...  
BUT I GUESS I ENDED  
UP A LOSER!



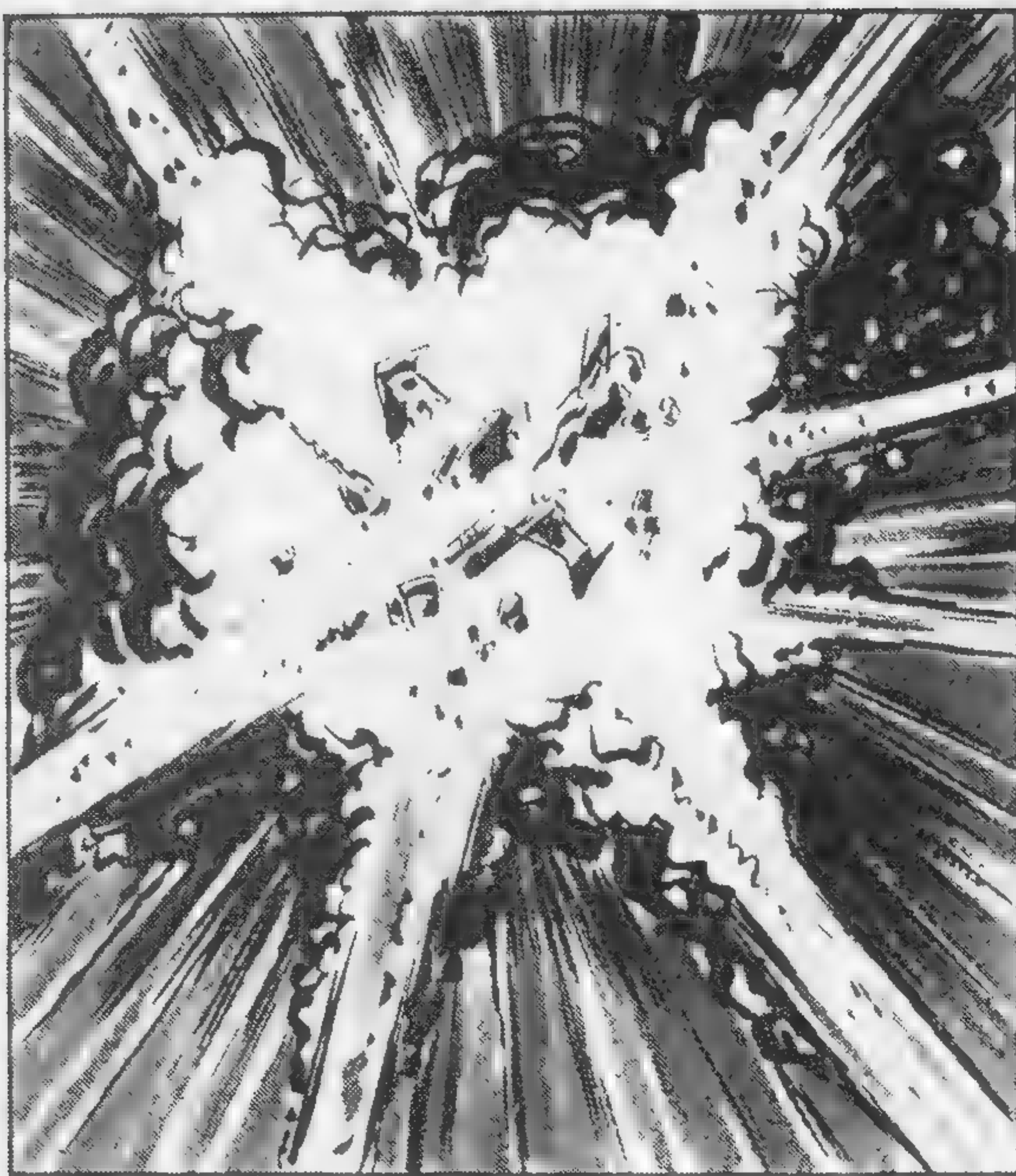
THE  
END.



ONCE HE HAD BEEN ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS AND HANDSOME OF BRITISH SPORTS STARS UNTIL A PLANE CRASH ENDED HIS CAREER. NOW BLAKE EDMONDS WORE A MASK TO HIDE THE TERRIBLE DAMAGE THAT HAD BEEN DONE TO HIS FACE. HE HAD ALSO VOWED TO TRY AS MANY STUNTS AS POSSIBLE, NOT CARING IF HE LIVED OR DIED. ONE OF THOSE "STUNTS" WAS THE TESTING OF A NEW ONE-MAN TYPE OF SPACE ROCKET...







ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BLAKE?

SURE, BUT MY ADVICE TO YOU IS TO GO BACK TO YOUR DRAWING BOARD!

LATER, OUTSIDE BLAKE'S HOME...



MISTER EDMONDS... I'M FORSYTH FROM THE MINISTRY. I'VE COME ON A MATTER OF THE UTMOST URGENCY.

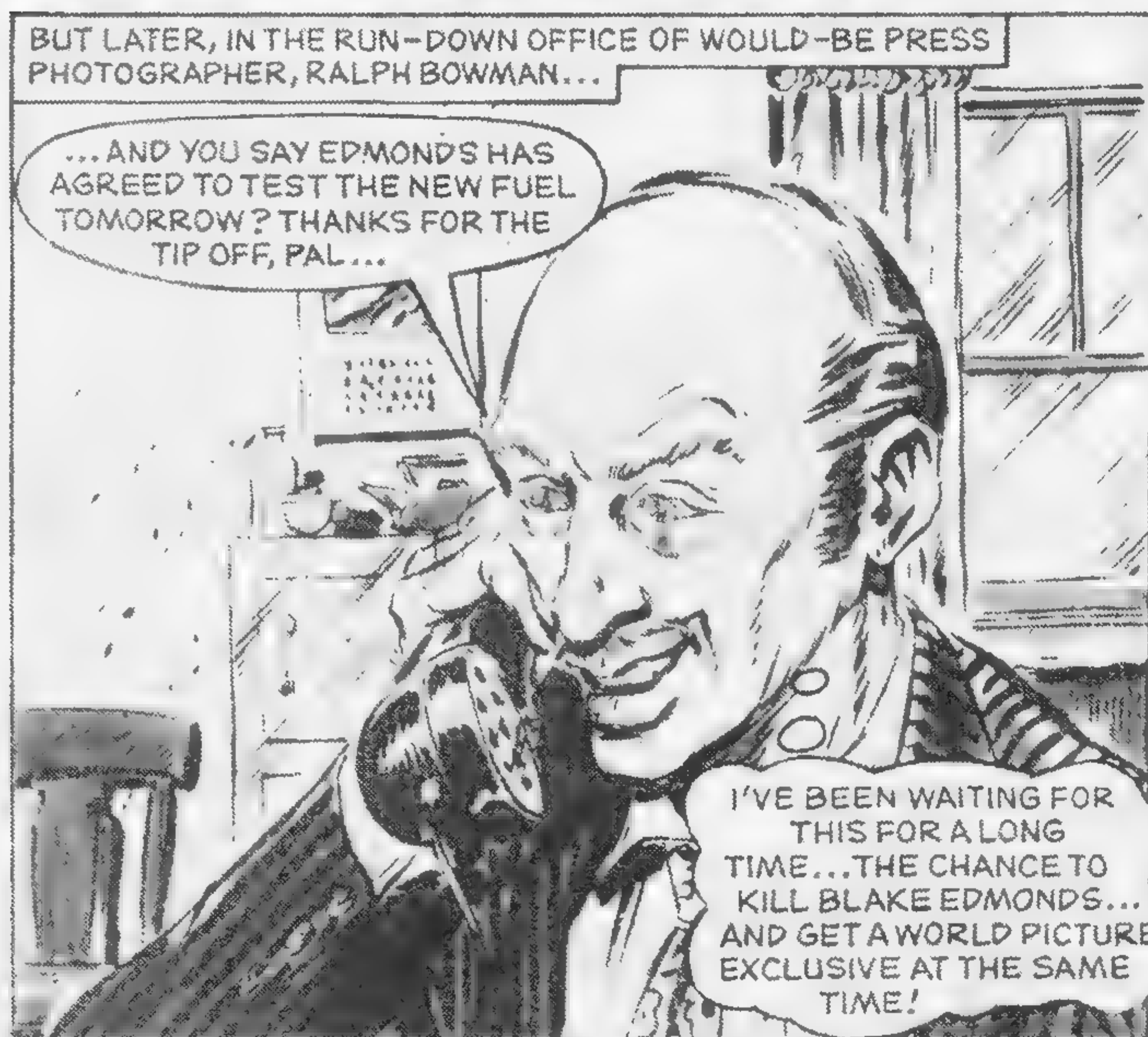
WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, FORSYTH?



WELL, YOU SEE, OUR SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT HAS DEVELOPED A NEW TYPE OF FUEL THAT CAN MAKE A CAR TRAVEL AT INCREDIBLE SPEED. WE WANT TO TEST IT, BUT WE NEED A VOLUNTEER TO DRIVE IT BECAUSE THE FUEL IS... AH... SOMEWAT UNSTABLE... AND... ER... LIABLE TO EXPLODE!

SAY NO MORE, MISTER FORSYTH. I'LL DRIVE THE CAR FOR YOU.

THE FOLLOWING DAY...



BUT LATER, IN THE RUN-DOWN OFFICE OF WOULD-BE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER, RALPH BOWMAN...

...AND YOU SAY EDMONDS HAS AGREED TO TEST THE NEW FUEL TOMORROW? THANKS FOR THE TIP OFF, PAL...

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS FOR A LONG TIME... THE CHANCE TO KILL BLAKE EDMONDS... AND GET A WORLD PICTURE EXCLUSIVE AT THE SAME TIME!



YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS, BLAKE?

THE WORST THAT CAN HAPPEN IS THAT I'LL BE KILLED... AND I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THAT!



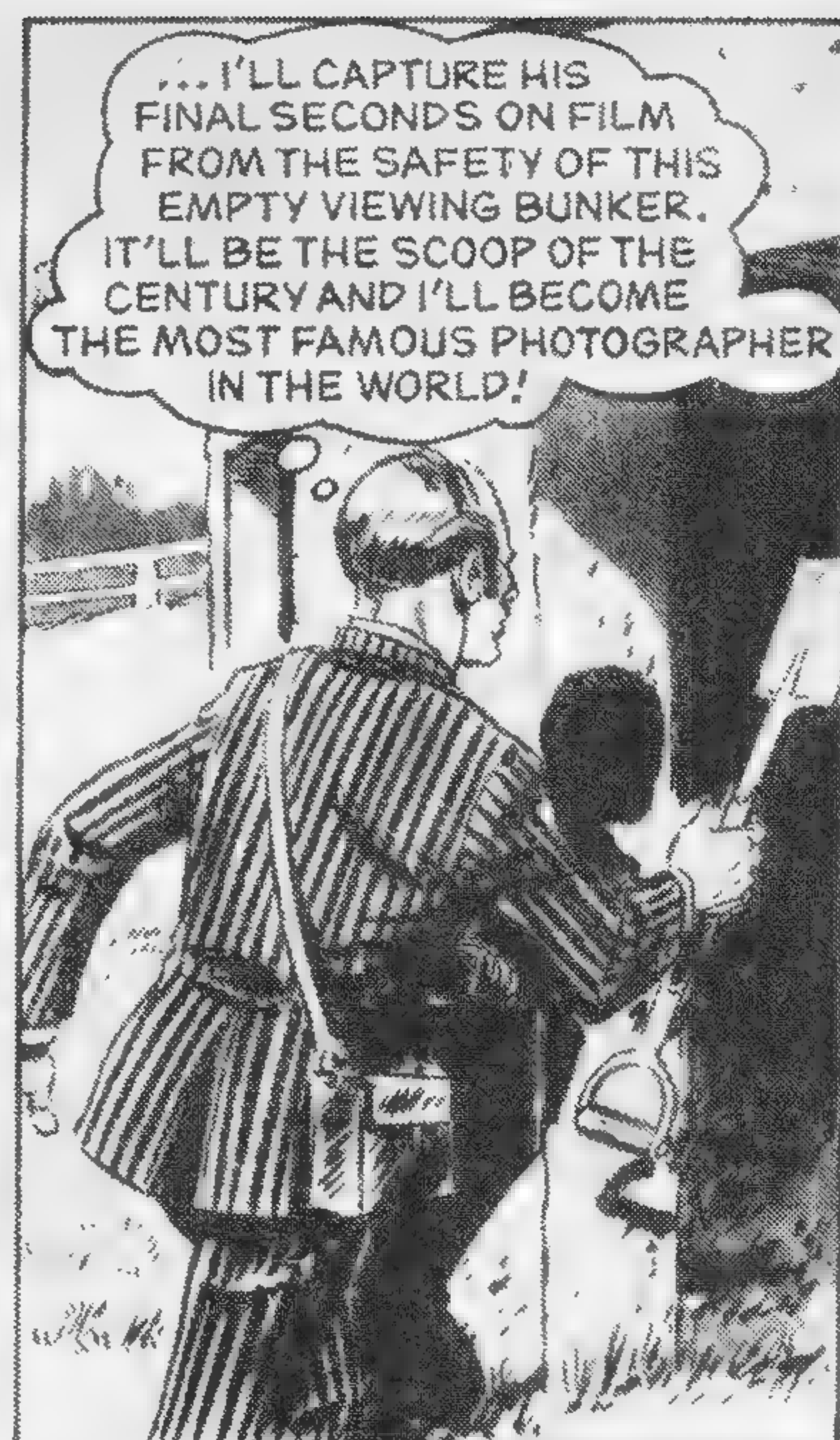


NOW LET'S STOP TALKING... AND GET MOVING!

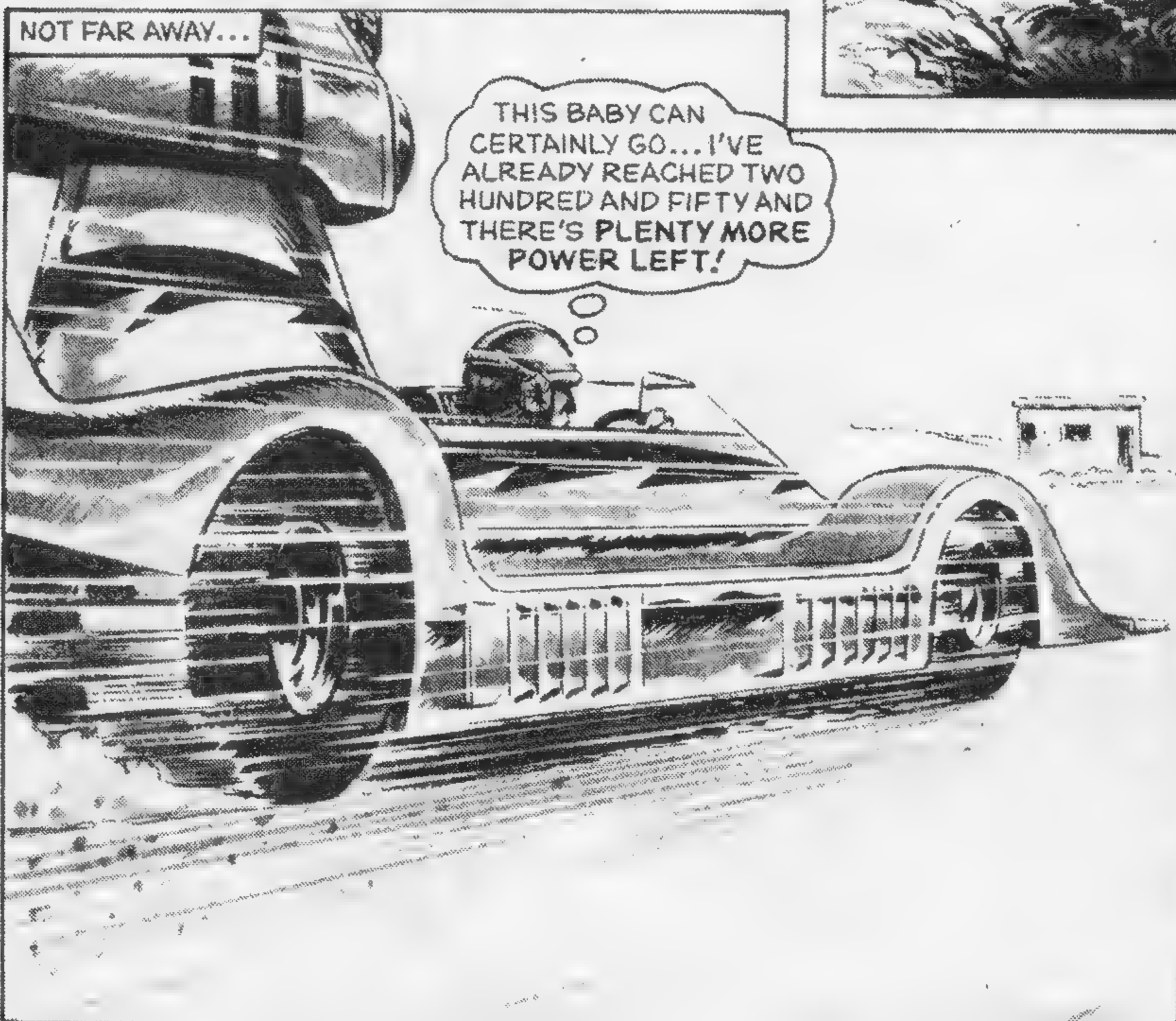


AT THAT MOMENT, FURTHER UP THE TRACK AND OUT OF SIGHT OF THE MAIN BUILDINGS...

THIS EXPLOSIVE I GOT FROM ONE OF MY UNDERWORLD CONTACTS WILL SURE GIVE EDMONDS A SURPRISE! AFTER I'VE SET IT OFF BY REMOTE-CONTROL...



... I'LL CAPTURE HIS FINAL SECONDS ON FILM FROM THE SAFETY OF THIS EMPTY VIEWING BUNKER. IT'LL BE THE SCOOP OF THE CENTURY AND I'LL BECOME THE MOST FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE WORLD!

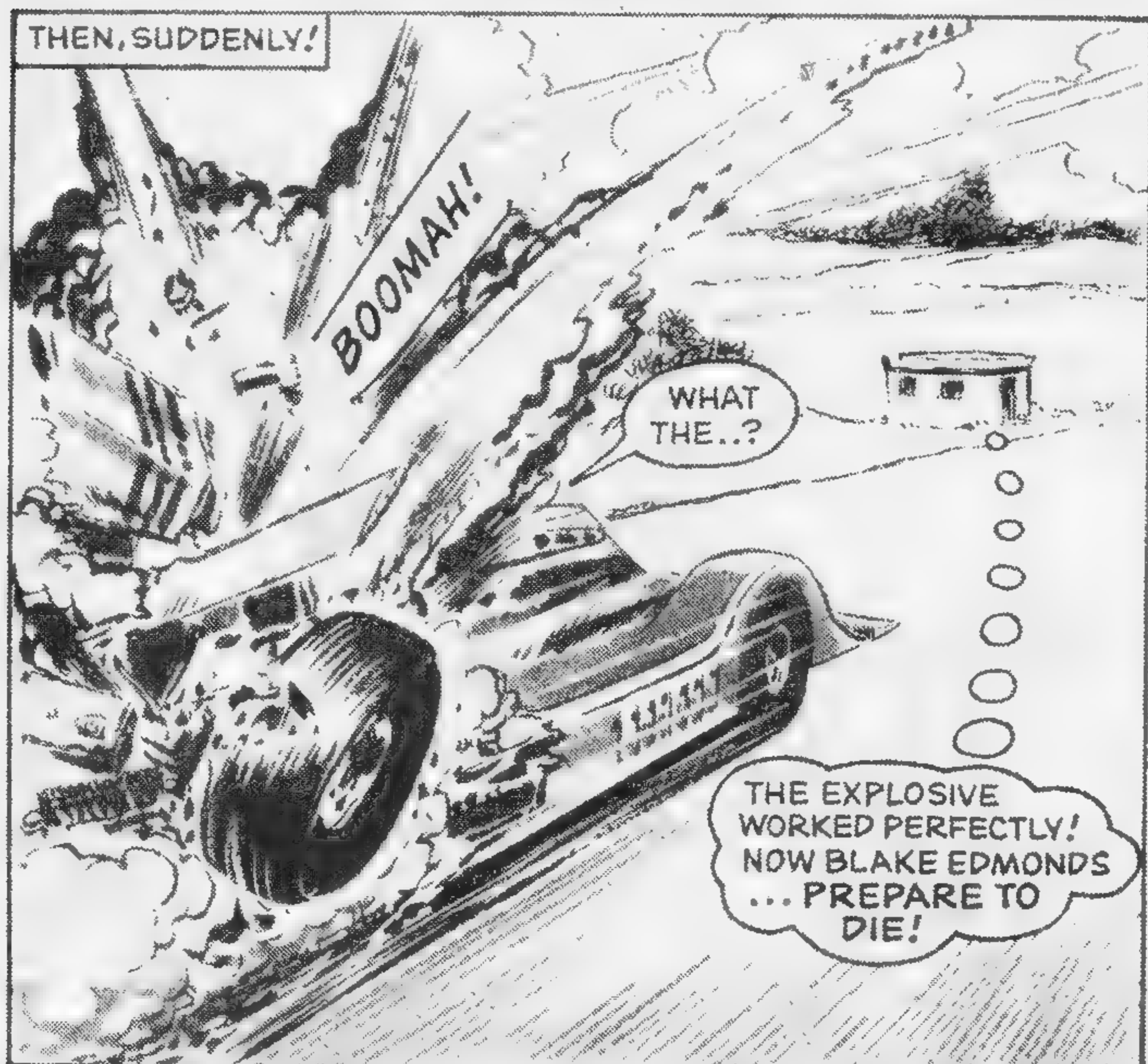


NOT FAR AWAY...

THIS BABY CAN CERTAINLY GO... I'VE ALREADY REACHED TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY AND THERE'S PLENTY MORE POWER LEFT!



CORRECTION ... I MEAN THREE HUNDRED!



THEN, SUDDENLY!

BOOMAH!

WHAT THE..?

THE EXPLOSIVE WORKED PERFECTLY! NOW BLAKE EDMONDS ... PREPARE TO DIE!



THE FUEL'S IGNITED... AND THE CAR'S ON FIRE! FLAMES ONCE CLAIMED MY FACE... NOW IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE MY LIFE!





SOME METRES FROM THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION, THE BODY OF BLAKE EDMONDS LAY MOTIONLESS ON THE GROUND.









FOR YEARS I'D BEEN JUST AN AVERAGE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER WAITING FOR MY BIG BREAK. THE DAY YOU CRASHED I HAD A GREAT PICTURE SCOOP... BUT IT WASN'T USED. YOUR STORY MADE THE HEADLINES INSTEAD...

**THE DAILY POST**

**FAMOUS SPORTSMAN  
BLAKE EDMONDS  
BADLY HURT  
IN PLANE  
CRASH. TOP  
SPORTSMAN'S  
FACE MAY BE  
SCARRED FOR  
LIFE**

FROM THAT DAY ON, I PLANNED MY REVENGE... WAITED FOR THE RIGHT OPPORTUNITY TO KILL YOU! IT WOULD'VE BEEN THE GREATEST PICTURE EXCLUSIVE THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN! BUT THERE WAS ONE THING I COULDN'T FORESEE...

WHAT WAS THAT?

YOU SAVING MY LIFE!

I'M BEGINNING TO WISH I'D JUST LEFT YOU TO BURN IN THAT BUNKER!

SOON...

I... I'M SORRY, BLAKE... I'VE... I'VE MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM ANY MORE, MISTER EDMONDS. HE'LL BE GOING TO PRISON FOR A LONG TIME AFTER HE RECOVERS.

LOOKS LIKE HE'S FORGOTTEN HIS PRIZE POSSESSION...

HA! HA! HA!

ER... WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT, SIR?

HIS CAMERA... IT'S RUINED. EVEN IF I HAD BEEN KILLED, HE STILL WOULDN'T HAVE GOT HIS SCOOP! HE PLANNED THE WHOLE THING FOR NOTHING!

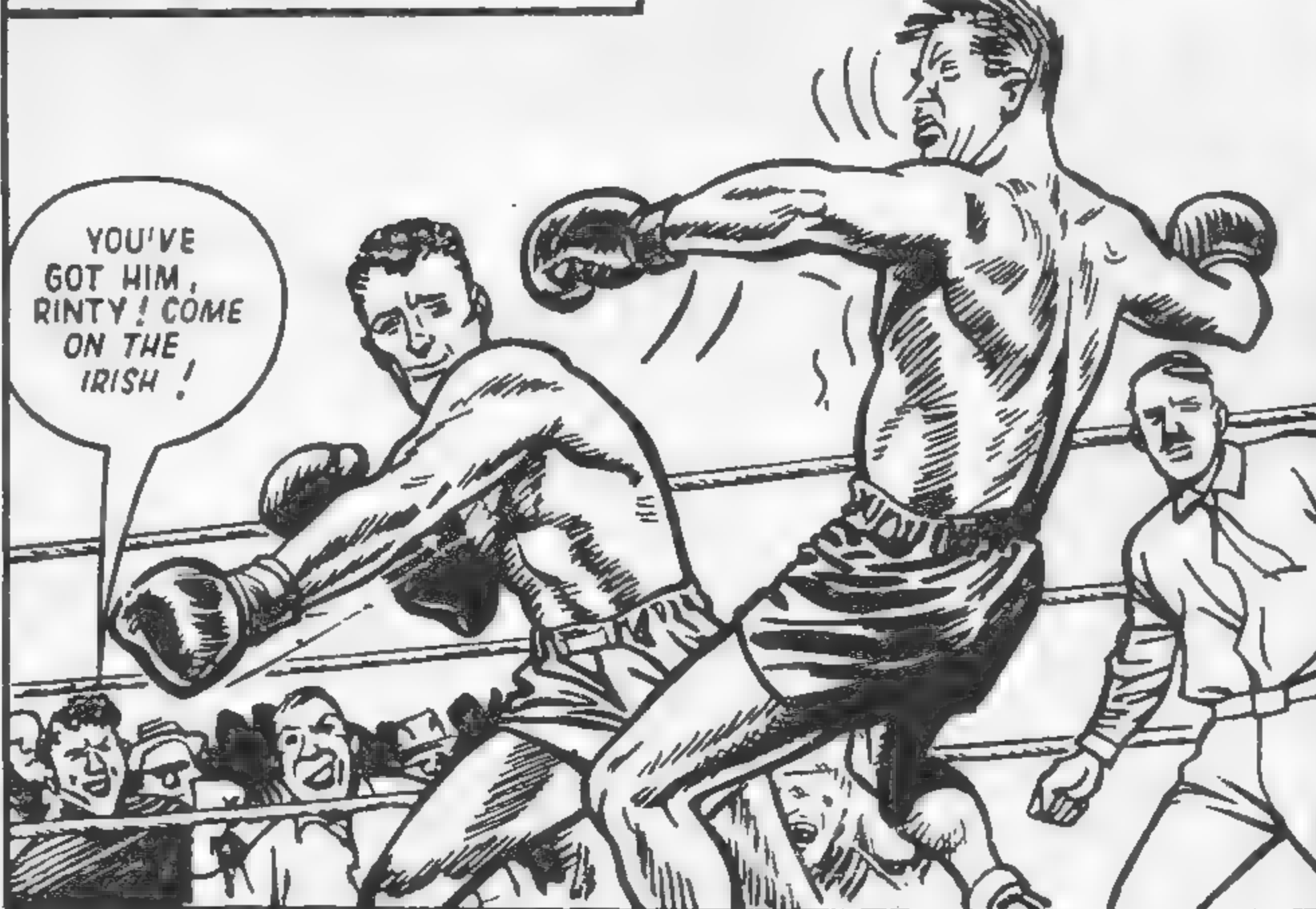
THE END.



# Don't Rile Rinty O'Reilly!



A STORM OF EXCITEMENT SWEEPED THE WEMBLEY ARENA AS, WITH HIS LEFT STABBING LIKE A PISTON, RINTY O'REILLY DROVE HIS TOUGH OPPONENT ACROSS THE RING...



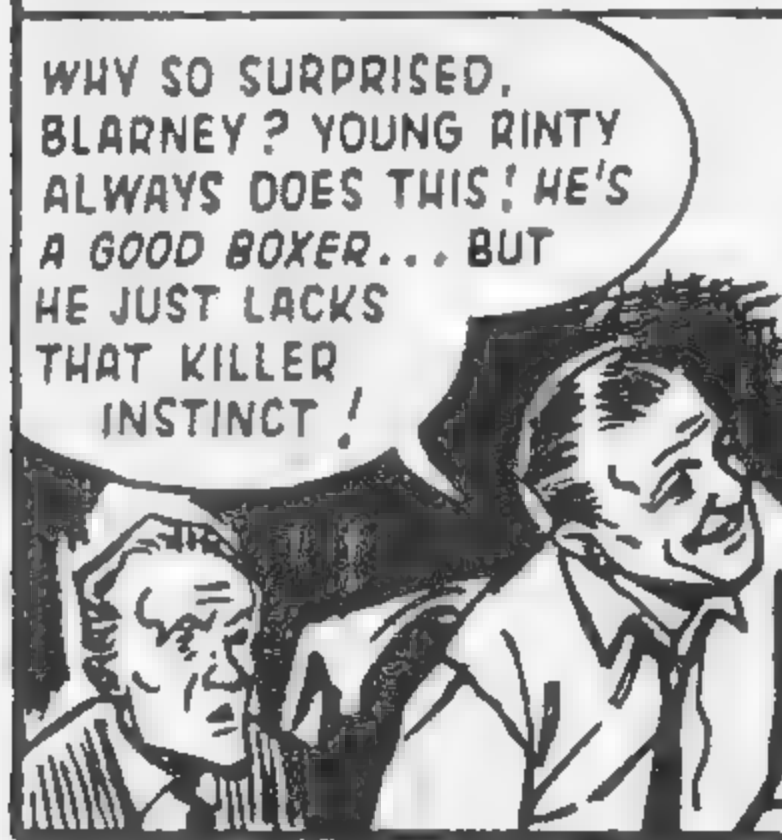
YOU'VE GOT HIM, RINTY! COME ON THE IRISH!

BUT EVEN THE ROAR FROM TEN THOUSAND FIGHT FANS COULD NOT ENTIRELY DROWN THE GLEEFUL YELLING OF RINTY'S DIMINUTIVE MANAGER, "BLARNEY" STONE...



NOW, RINTY! SURE YOU'VE GOT HIM COLD! FINISH HIM OFF!

BUT, INCREDIBLY, WITH THE FIGHT AS GOOD AS WON, THE YOUNG FIGHTING IRISHMAN HELD HIS KNOCKOUT PUNCH... AND STEPPED BACK...



WHY SO SURPRISED, BLARNEY? YOUNG RINTY ALWAYS DOES THIS! HE'S A GOOD BOXER... BUT HE JUST LACKS THAT KILLER INSTINCT!



OH NO! RINTY... WHY THAT HOLD OFF?

IRISH EYES FLASHING FIERCELY, THE TINY TRAINER ROUNDED ON THE SPORTS REPORTER...



SO HE AIN'T NO KILLER... SO HE'S JUST A NICE, EASY GOING IRISHMAN WHO HATES TO HURT A FLY! IS THAT SO BAD?

ALL RIGHT, BLARNEY! DON'T BLOW YOUR TOP. EVERYONE LIKES YOUNG RINTY, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT HE'S SOFT HEARTED!

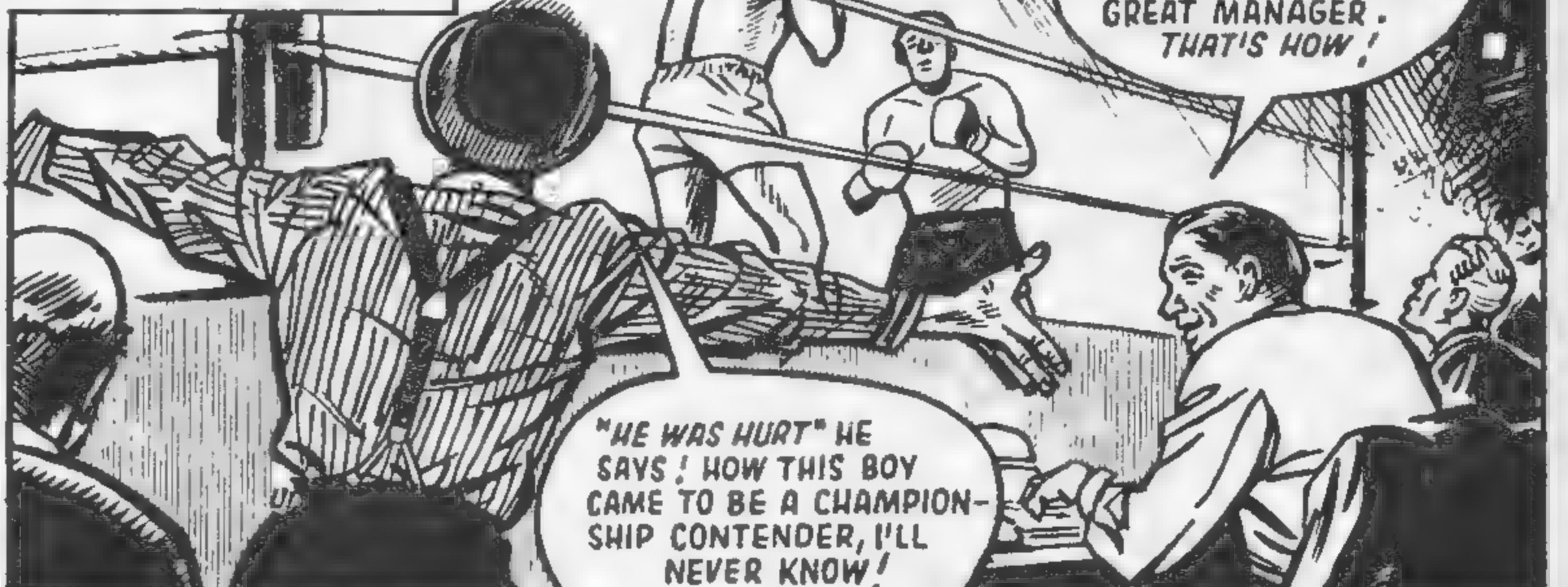
THE BELL RANG FOR THE END OF THE ROUND... BUT RINTY FOUND NO PEACE IN HIS CORNER...



LISTEN, RINTY! I KNOW YOU'RE ONLY IN THE FIGHT GAME TO GET MONEY FOR A FARM BACK IN ERIN'S ISLE. BUT, YE BLATHERING YOUNG SPALPEEN, COULDN'T YOU FOR ONCE GET GOOD AND RILED? LOSE YOUR TEMPER, EVEN...

I'M SORRY, BLARNEY. BUT HE WAS HURT... I WADN'T THE HEART!

AS RINTY O'REILLY STALKED LITHELY INTO THE NEXT ROUND, BLARNEY STONE GAVE A MOAN...



BECAUSE HE'S TOUGH AND A DARNED GOOD BOXER... AND BECAUSE HE'S GOT A GREAT MANAGER. THAT'S HOW!

"HE WAS HURT" HE SAYS! HOW THIS BOY CAME TO BE A CHAMPIONSHIP CONTENDER, I'LL NEVER KNOW!

THIRTY SECONDS OF THE FOURTH ROUND PASSED UNEVENTFULLY... THEN, LIKE A HUMAN TORNADO, YOUNG RINTY BATTERED INTO THE ATTACK AGAIN!



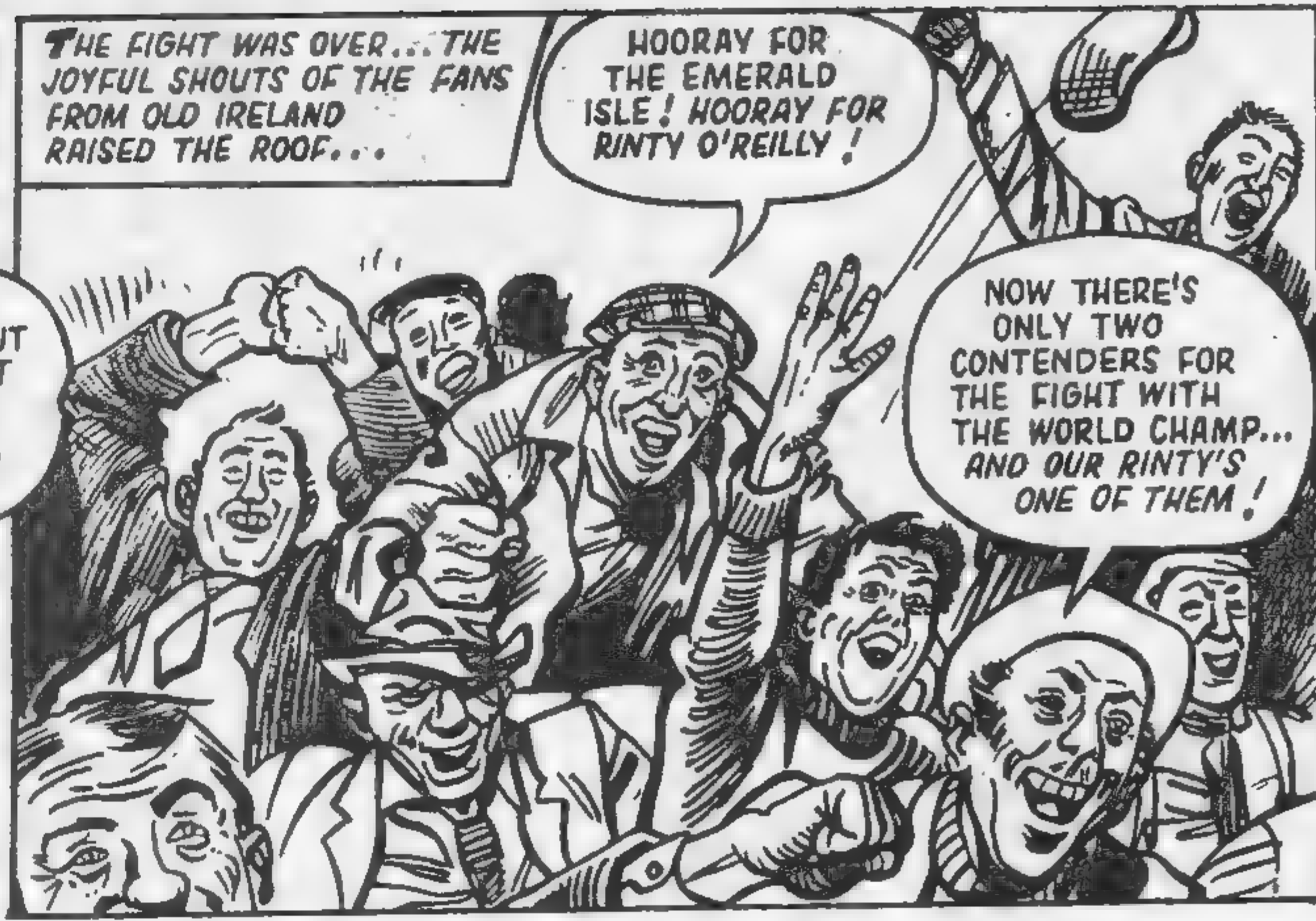
THAT'S IT, RINTY ME BOY! FOLLOW IT THROUGH... PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY!

WITH HIS OPPONENT STAGGERING BEFORE HIM, RINTY HEARD HIS MANAGER'S CRY...



BY GLORY! BLARNEY'S RIGHT! THIS BLOKE'S TAKEN TOO MUCH PUNISHMENT ALREADY... AND I'M PROLONGING THE AGONY!







BUT ALTHOUGH BLARNEY STONE DIDN'T KNOW IT, RINTY'S AMIABILITY WAS NOT THEIR ONLY PROBLEM...

THAT'LL BE THE AIRCRAFT-COMING IN TO LAND NOW. I'M WARNING YOU FOR THE LAST TIME, I DON'T WANT ANY SLIP-UPS. YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS O'REILLY FROM GETTING IN THE RING WITH LOBO!



I TOLD YOU, BOSS. STOP WORRYING... EVERYTHING'S PLANNED!

A FEW HOURS LATER, RINTY AND BLARNEY TOOK THEIR FIRST CLOSE LOOK AT A MEXICAN TOWN...



LOOK AT THAT SNAZZY SHIRT, RINTY. I'VE MADE ME MIND UP... I JUST GOT TO GET ME A SHIRT LIKE THAT ONE!

O.K., BLARNEY, BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND I'LL GO ON UP TO THE CAMP FOR A WORK-OUT!

SOME TIME LATER, RINTY WAS POUNDING A PUNCH BAG WHEN A SLIM MEXICAN CALLED TO HIM...



SEÑOR O'REILLY, I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU, IT IS MOST URGENT!

THE MEXICAN'S BLACK EYES WERE GLITTERING EXCITEDLY...



THE LITTLE SENOR... YOUR AMIGO... HE SENT ME TO FETCH YOU. HE IS IN MUCH TROUBLE!

BLARNEY-IN TROUBLE? WHERE IS HE?

HASTILY, RINTY GRABBED A SHIRT AND FOLLOWED THE STRANGER...



WHAT KIND OF MESS CAN BLARNEY BE IN? HE'S A PEPPERY LITTLE GUY AND WILL START A FIGHT AT THE DROP OF A HAT!

WE MUST HURRY! FOLLOW ME, SENOR... I TAKE YOU TO HIM!

JUST OUTSIDE TOWN, THE MEXICAN PULLED OPEN A DOOR OF A VAST, CIRCULAR BUILDING...



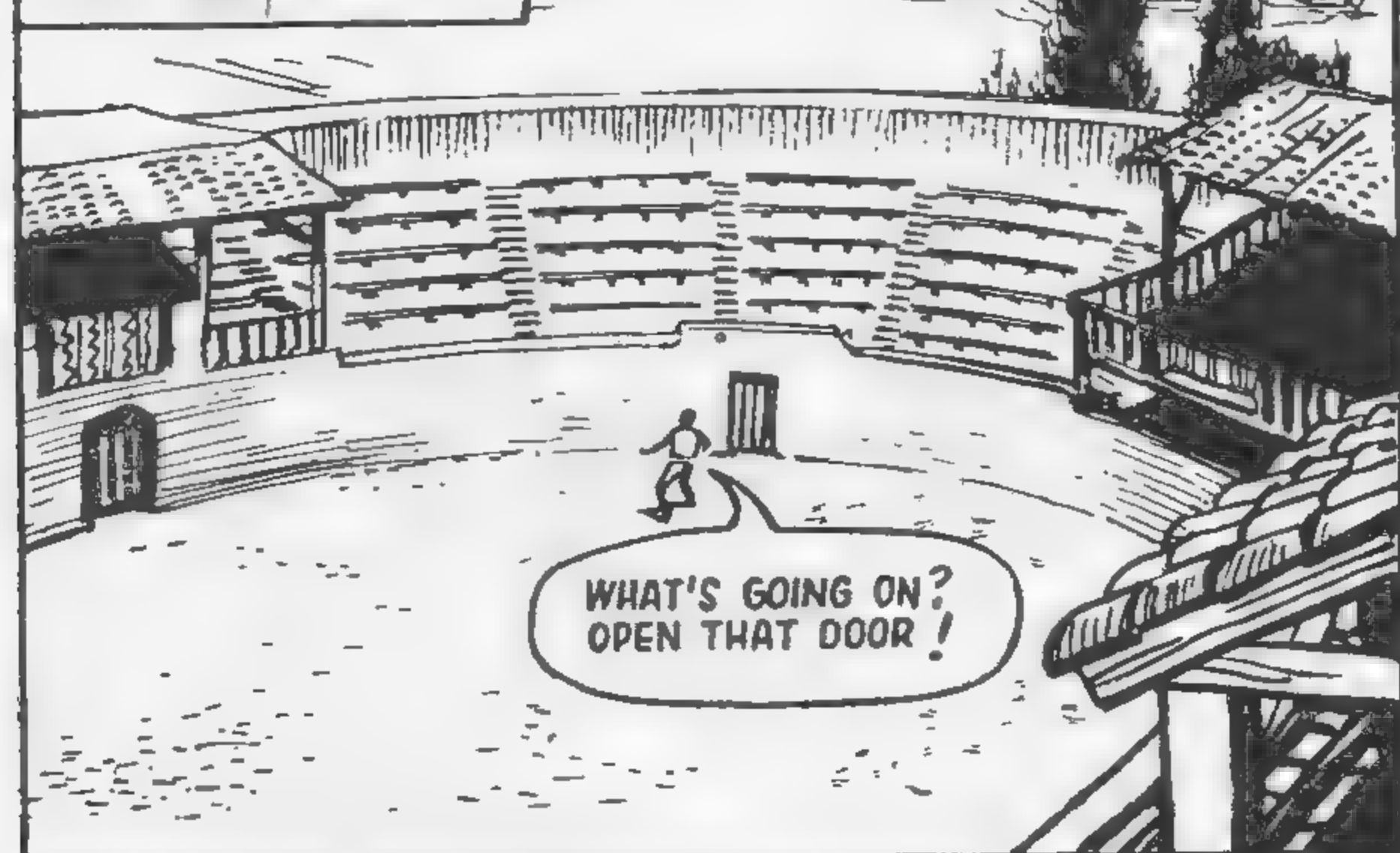
THIS WAY, AMIGO! THROUGH THAT DOOR AT THE END!

BEFORE RINTY'S SUSPICIONS COULD BE FULLY AROUSED, A PUSH SENT HIM STUMBLING THROUGH THE FAR DOOR INTO BRIGHT SUNLIGHT...



HUH? WHAT THE BLAZES!

HE WHIRLED ROUND... BUT TOO LATE TO PREVENT THE HEAVY DOOR FROM SLAMMING SHUT BEHIND HIM...



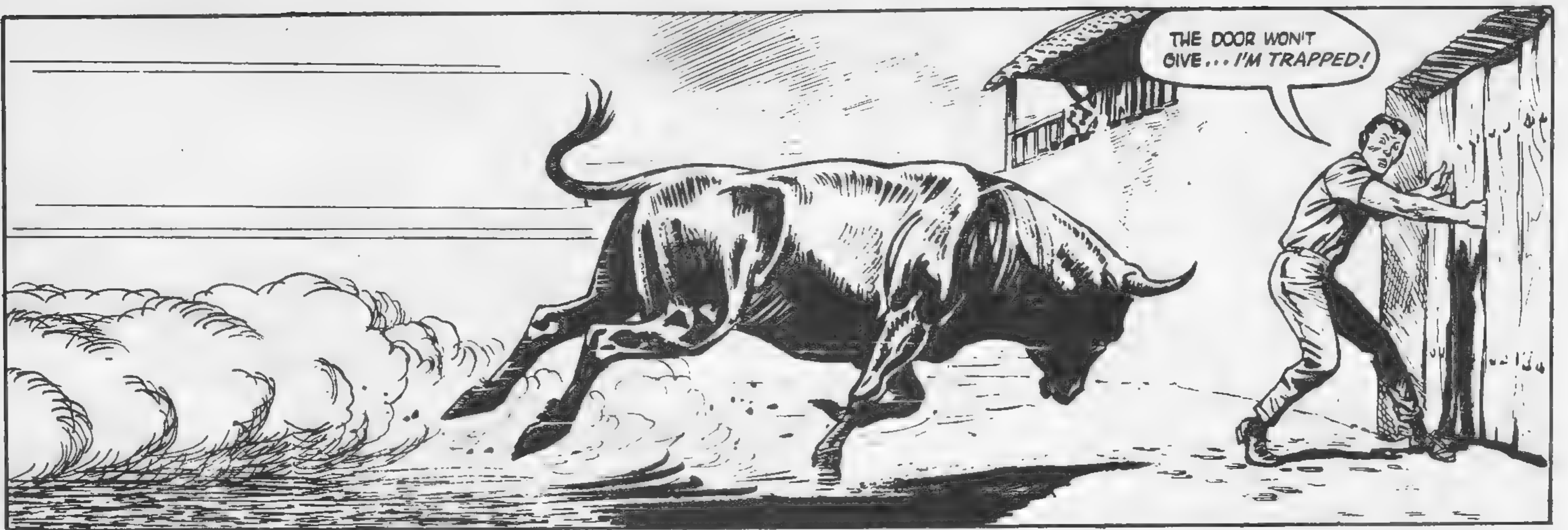
WHAT'S GOING ON? OPEN THAT DOOR!

THE YOUNG IRISH FIGHTER WAS PULLING INEFFECTUALLY AT THE LOCKED DOOR... WHEN A TERRIFYING ROAR MADE HIM WHIRL...



BY GREAT PATRICK'S BEARD, I'M LOCKED IN A BULLFIGHT RING! COMPLETE WITH BULL!





IN THE NICK OF TIME, RINTY LEAPED CLEAR AS THE BULL CRASHED PAST... SMASHING A WOODEN PANEL...



SCRAMBLING TO HIS FEET, RINTY FELT THE SANDED ARENA TREMBLE BENEATH HIM AS THE BULL CHARGED AGAIN...

THIS IS ONE SCRAP I'M RUNNING AWAY FROM! I'M NO BULLFIGHTER!



AGAIN THE SHARP HORNS RAKED TOWARDS THE YOUNG BOXER... BUT THIS TIME RINTY DODGED A SPLIT-SECOND TOO LATE...

AAAGH!



SNORTING WITH HATE AND FURY, THE FIGHTING BULL SWUNG ROUND. ITS GLITTERING EYES FASTENED ON THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE OF RINTY O'REILLY...



THERE, SENOR! I TOLD YOU I SAW HIM ENTER THE RING!

TINY THOUGH BLARNEY STONE WAS, HIS HEART AND COURAGE WERE AS GREAT AS A LION'S...



AS HE SCAMPERED ACROSS THE ARENA, BLARNEY TORE LOOSE THE BRIGHT SHIRT HE HAD SO RECENTLY BOUGHT...

QUICKLY! THE TWO SENORS ARE IN DANGER!



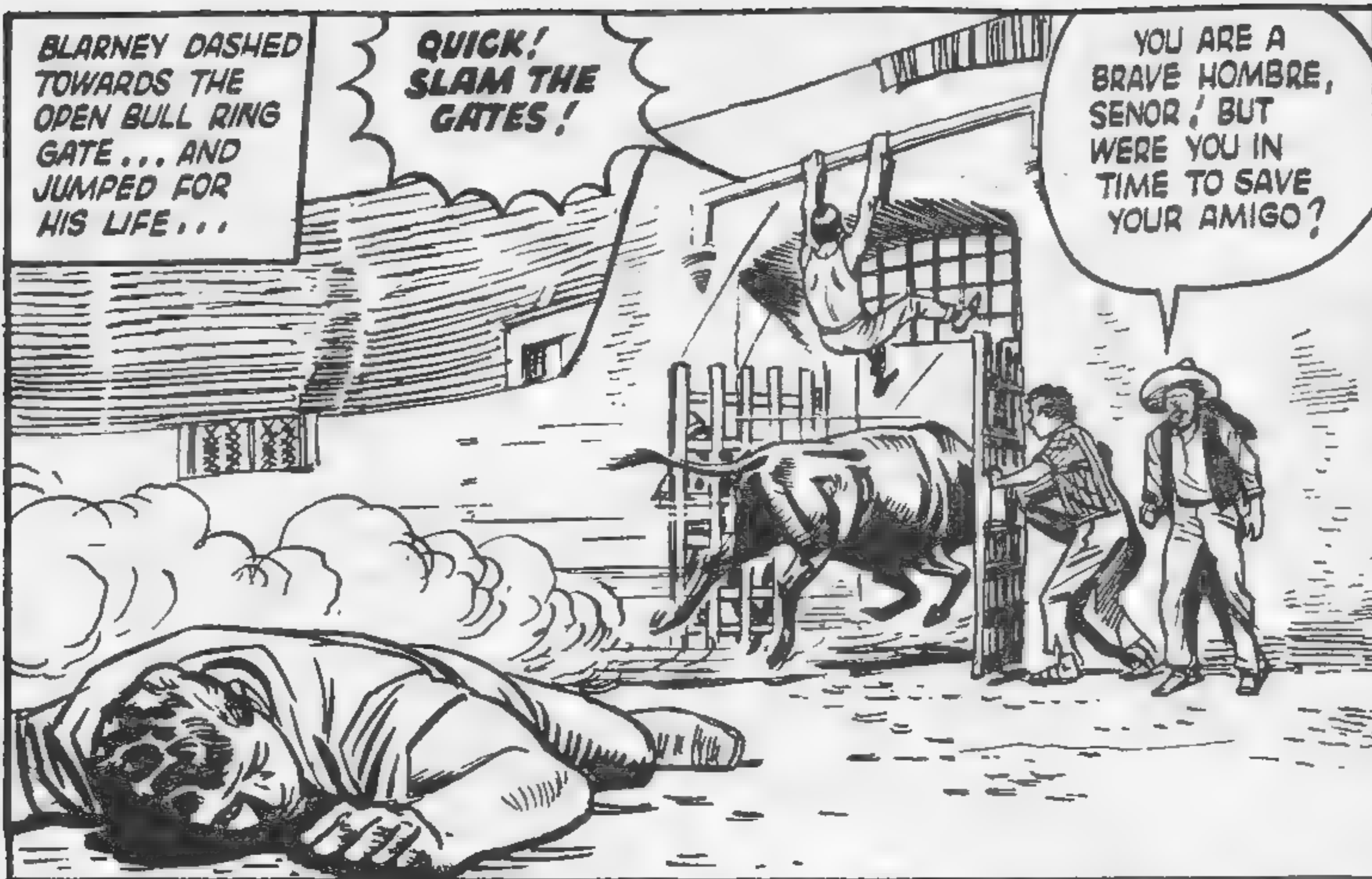
LITTLE BLARNEY'S RUSE WORKED. THE BULL BELLOWED AT THE RED SHIRT AND CHARGED PAST THE STILL FORM OF HIS FIRST VICTIM...

THIS WAY, YE BLOODTHIRSTY SPALPEEN!

UNLOCK THE DOOR TO THE BULL PEN... YOU HAVE THE KEY!







BLARNEY DASHED TOWARDS THE OPEN BULL RING GATE... AND JUMPED FOR HIS LIFE...

QUICK! SLAM THE GATES!

YOU ARE A BRAVE HOMBRE, SENOR! BUT WERE YOU IN TIME TO SAVE YOUR AMIGO?

WITH THE BULL SAFELY RETURNED TO ITS PEN, THEY DASHED TO RINTY'S AID...

HIS HEAD HAS BEEN INJURED! WHERE SHALL WE TAKE HIM, SENOR?

TO OUR HOTEL, IT'S NOT FAR FROM HERE. I'LL CALL A DOCTOR!



WHEN RINTY REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, BLARNEY STONE HAD THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND...

OH, MY POOR HEAD. IT FEELS AS THOUGH THERE'S A STEAM HAMMER INSIDE IT!

NOW YOU LAY DOWN, RINTY O'REILLY! I'M AFTER GETTING A DOCTOR HERE!



BUT IT TOOK SEVERAL MINUTES BEFORE BLARNEY COULD CONTACT A DOCTOR...

CAN YOU COME TO THE HOTEL VIVA RIGHT AWAY... OF COURSE IT'S URGENT!

BLARNEY, FOR PETE'S SAKE! 'TIS ONLY A RAP ON THE HEAD!



AS BLARNEY REPLACED THE RECEIVER, THE CLERK OF THE HOTEL VIVA SMILED AND NODDED TO THE MAN LEANING AGAINST HIS DESK...

I HEARD EVERYTHING! WE WILL NOT FAIL THIS TIME!

THE VISITOR WAS THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN HIRED TO MAKE SURE RINTY O'REILLY NEVER GOT INTO THE RING WITH LOBO LOPEZ!



THE DOCTOR HAS ARRIVED!

BLARNEY WAS WAITING AT THE HOTEL ROOM, HIS BONY FEATURES TENSE WITH ANXIETY...

I GOT HERE AS QUICKLY AS I COULD, WHERE IS THE PATIENT?

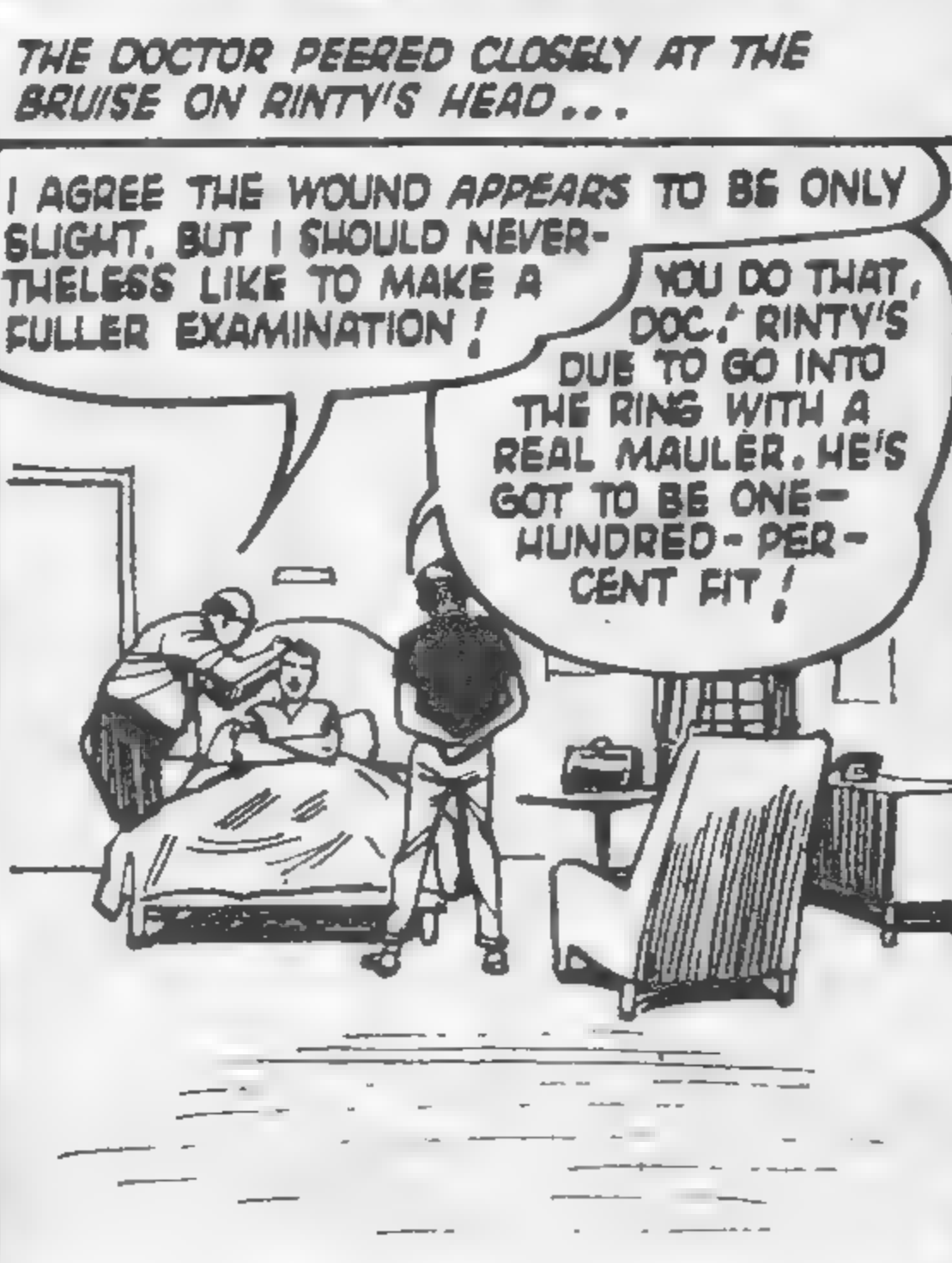
WE'VE BEEN WAITING HOURS! BUT BETTER LATE THAN NEVER! RINTY'S IN HERE...



AS THE DOCTOR ENTERED THE ROOM, RINTY SHOOK HIS HEAD DEFEATEDLY...

BLARNEY, THIS IS CRAZY! I TOLD YOU 'TIS ONLY A BUMP ON THE HEAD. I DON'T FEEL A THING NOW!

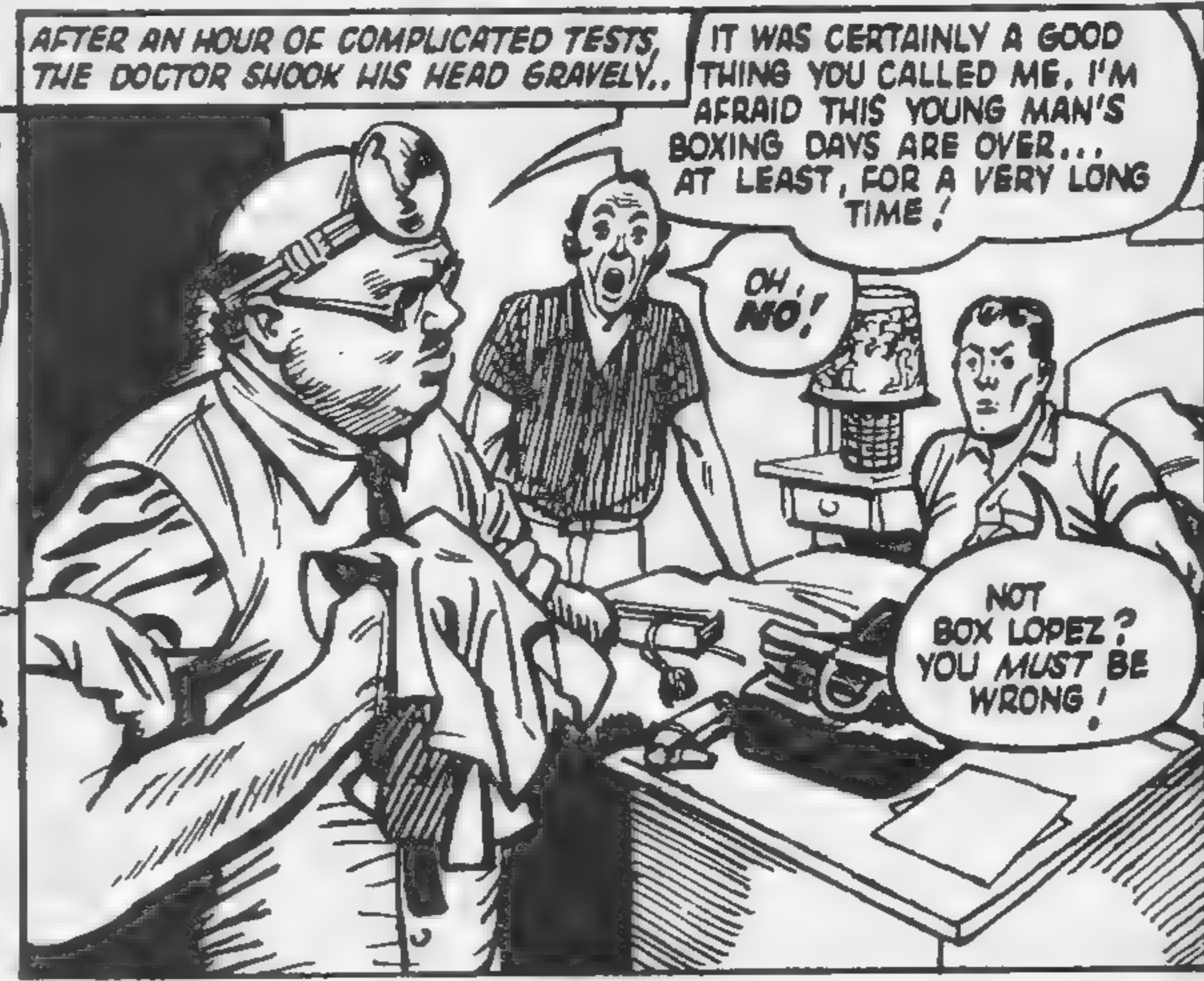
WILL YE STOP YOUR BLATHERING, RINTY O'REILLY! THE DOC'S GOING TO GIVE YOU A THOROUGH EXAMINATION... SO JUST YOU LAY STILL!



THE DOCTOR PEERED CLOSELY AT THE BRUISE ON RINTY'S HEAD...

I AGREE THE WOUND APPEARS TO BE ONLY SLIGHT. BUT I SHOULD NEVERTHELESS LIKE TO MAKE A FULLER EXAMINATION!

YOU DO THAT, DOC! RINTY'S DUE TO GO INTO THE RING WITH A REAL MAULER. HE'S GOT TO BE ONE-HUNDRED-PERCENT FIT!



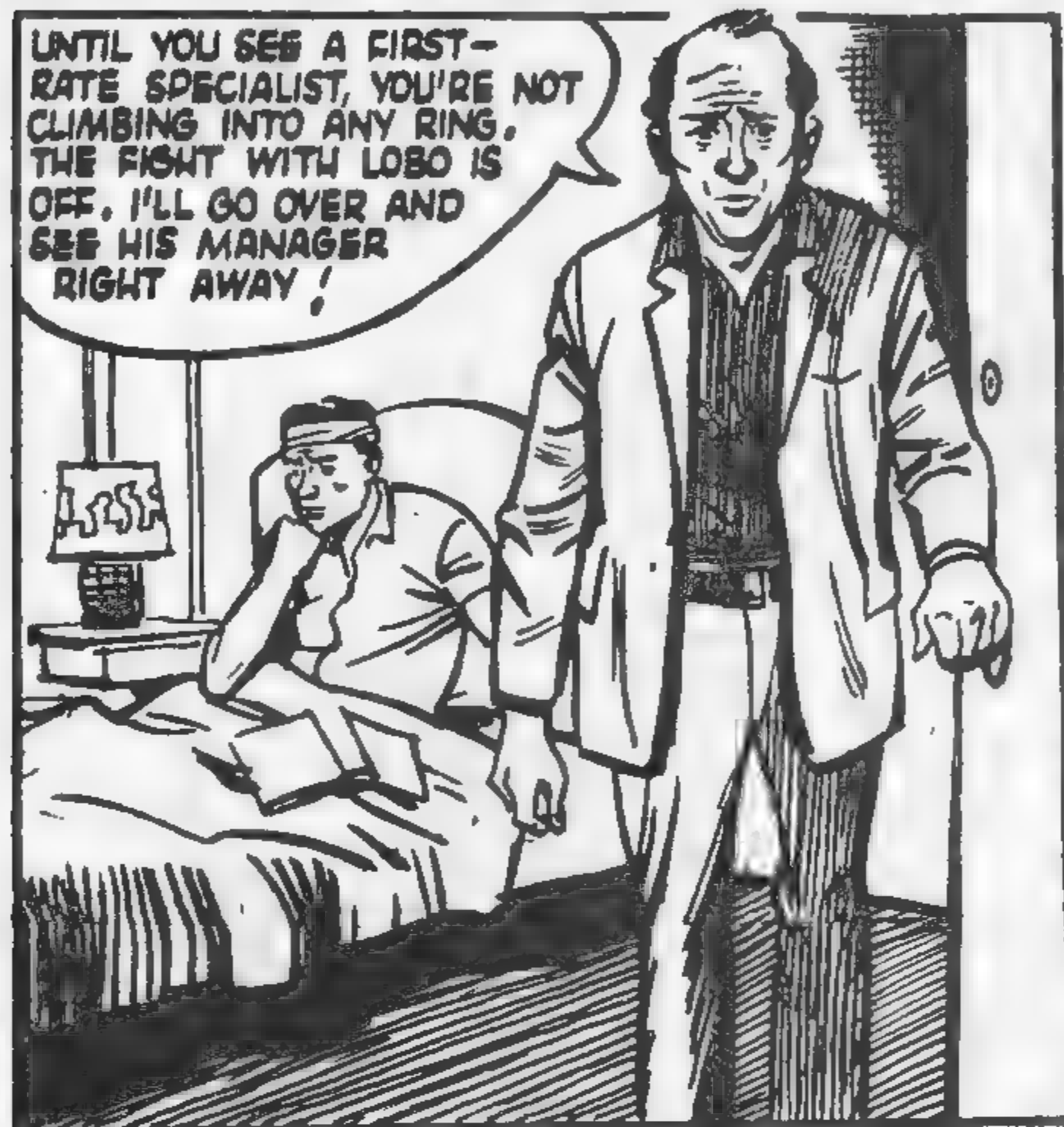
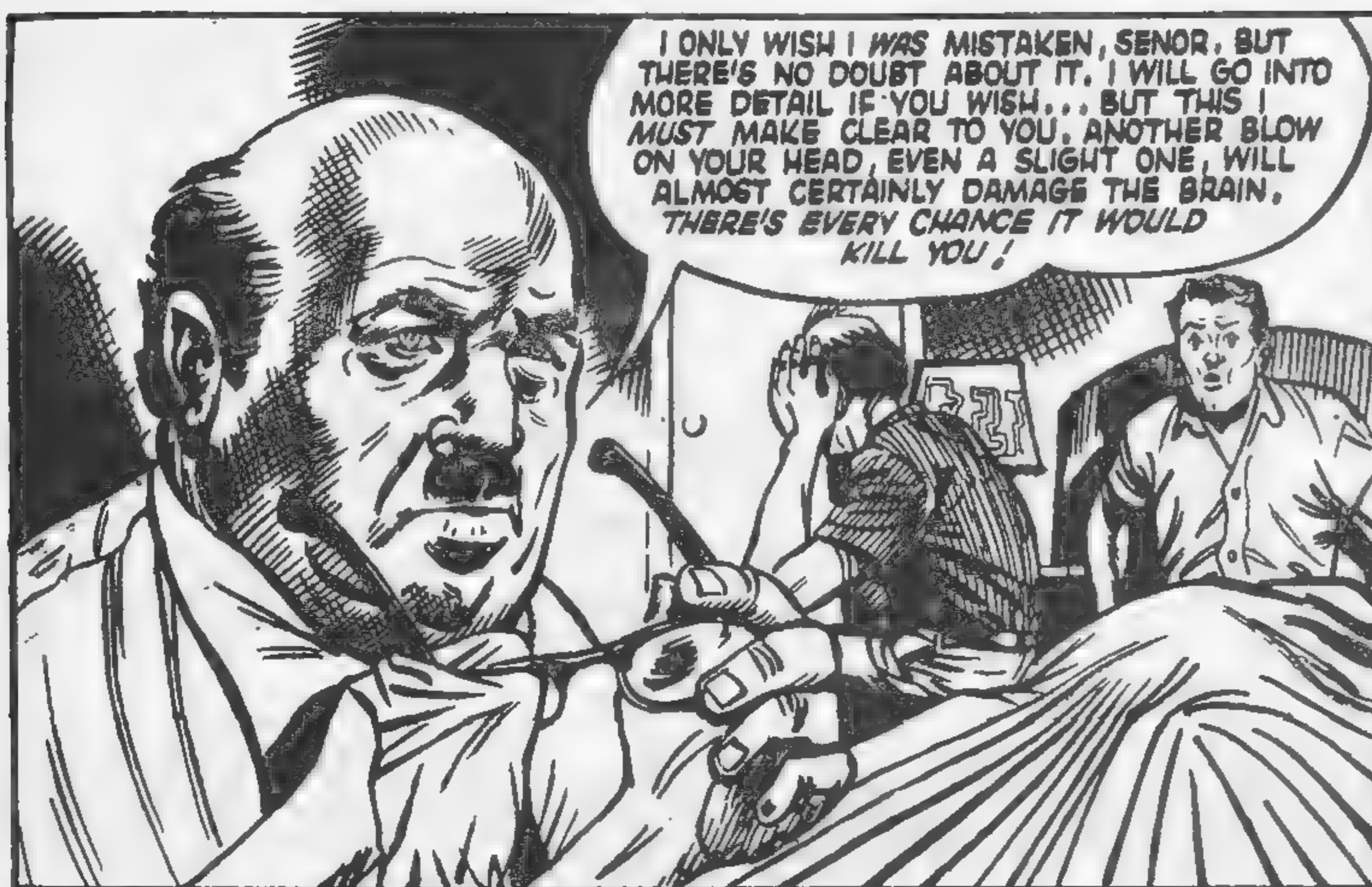
AFTER AN HOUR OF COMPLICATED TESTS, THE DOCTOR SHOOK HIS HEAD GRAVELY...

IT WAS CERTAINLY A GOOD THING YOU CALLED ME, I'M AFRAID THIS YOUNG MAN'S BOXING DAYS ARE OVER... AT LEAST, FOR A VERY LONG TIME!

OH NO!

NOT BOX LOPEZ? YOU MUST BE WRONG!





HALF-WAY UP THE SIDE STREET, RINTY HEARD THE VOICE OF HIS PAL, BLARNEY, COMING FROM A CAFE...







YOU ARE BIGGER, STRONGER THAN YOUR FRIEND, SENOR. BUT AGAINST **SIX** OF US YOU HAVE NO CHANCE...

QUIT BLATHERING... AND START FIGHTING!

A BUNCHED FIST FLASHED TOWARDS RINTY'S JAW... AND BLARNEY STONE GAVE A CRY OF HORROR.



RINTY, DON'T RISK IT! LEAVE ME... GET OUT OF HERE!

DITCH A PAL IN TROUBLE? NOT RINTY O'REILLY!

WITH EASE, THE YOUNG IRISHMAN DUCKED THE ROCKETING FIST... AND THE FIGHT GOT UNDER WAY...



UUUUGH!

AS THE FIRST THUG REELED AWAY, RINTY SENT HIS RIGHT SNAPPING INTO ANOTHER SWARTHY, MENACING FACE...



TWO DOWN- FOUR TO GO!

RINTY, LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU!

BLARNEY STONE'S WIRY LITTLE BODY HURTTLED THROUGH THE AIR... TO CRASH AGAINST THE BOTTLE-THROWER'S LEGS...



NO, YE DON'T!

THANKS, BLARNEY! NOW LET'S REALLY SHOW THESE BIRDS WHAT IT MEANS TO CROSS A COUPLE OF FIGHTING MICKS!

FOR ALL HIS SMALLNESS, THE BOXING MANAGER KNEW HOW TO PUNCH...



IRISH EYES GUNTING WITH THE LOVE OF BATTLE, RINTY AND BLARNEY EACH PICKED ANOTHER VICTIM... NEITHER OF THEM NOTICING THE MEXICAN WHO HAD PICKED HIMSELF UP PAINFULLY FROM THE FLOOR...



I'M BEGINNING TO ENJOY MYSELF!



BUT EVEN AS THE PALS' UPPERCUTS THUDD HOME, AN UPRaised CHAIR CRASHED DOWN ON RINTY O'REILLY'S HEAD...

THAT'S THE LAST...  
**UUUCH!**

RINTY, YOUR HEAD!



AS RINTY CRUMPLED, HIS FIGHT MANAGER TURNED LIKE A POCKET-SIZED FURY ON THE REMAINING MEXICAN...

YOU'VE KILLED RINTY!

**AAACH!**



BLARNEY KNELT BESIDE RINTY... JUST AS THE YOUNG BOXER GROANED AND BLINKED OPEN HIS EYES...

RINTY, ME BOY! SURE, IT WAS ME WHO DID THIS TO YE. I SHOULD'VE STOPPED YE! NOW 'TIS TOO LATE!

OUCH! WHAT DO YOU MEAN... TOO LATE?



YE'VE COME BACK TO LIFE! RINTY, YE'RE NOT DEAD AT ALL!

OF COURSE I'M NOT, BLARNEY! JUST ANOTHER BUMP ON THE NOGGIN, THAT'S ALL!



THEN, WITH A YELP OF SURPRISE, RINTY REALISED WHAT BLARNEY WAS GETTING AT...

I FORGOT! THE DOCTOR SAID ANOTHER CRACK ON THE HEAD WOULD KILL ME! AND IT DIDN'T! I FEEL RIGHT AS RAIN!

SURE, AND IT'S A MIRACLE! UNLESS... YOU WERE RIGHT AFTER ALL, RINTY! AND THE DOC. WAS MISTAKEN!



WILD WITH EXCITEMENT, THE PALS RUSHED FROM THE WRECKED CAFE...

I CLEAN FORGOT WHAT THE DOC. SAID WHEN I PITCHED INTO THEM BOYOS! BUT I'M OKAY! WHAT A LOAD OFF MY MIND!

AND MINE! COME ON, RINTY-MAYBE YOU CAN CLIMB INTO THE RING WITH LOPEZ, AFTER ALL!

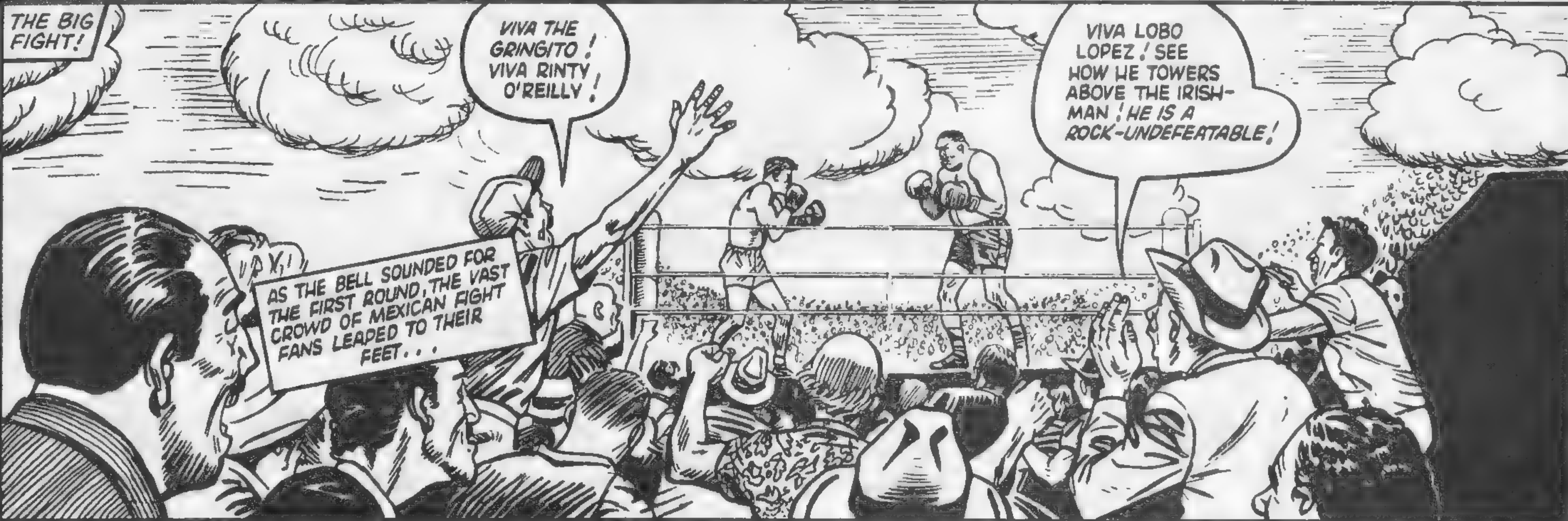


THE BIG FIGHT!

VIVA THE GRINGITO!  
VIVA RINTY O'REILLY!

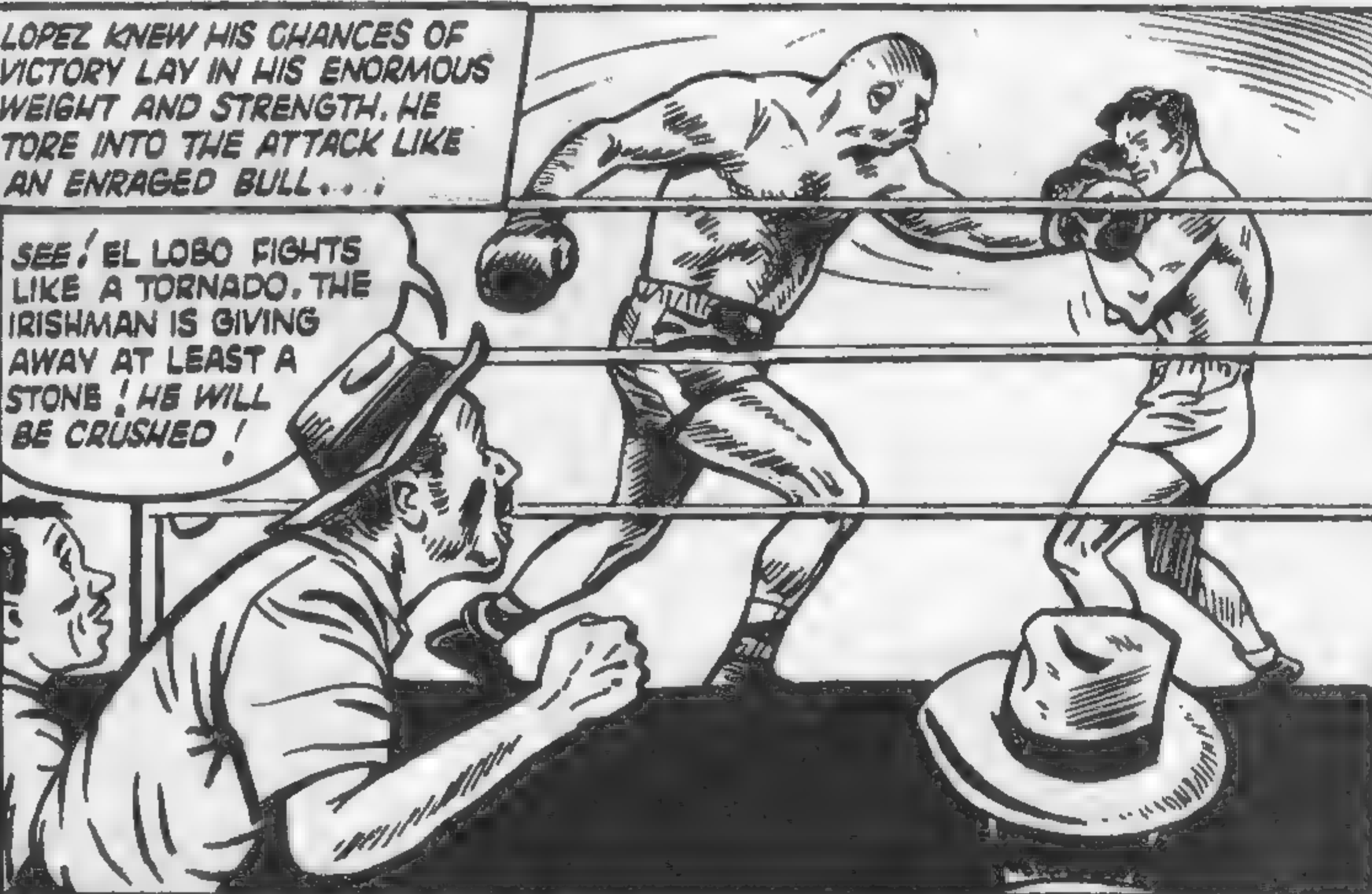
VIVA LOBO LOPEZ! SEE HOW HE TOWERS ABOVE THE IRISHMAN! HE IS A ROCK-UNDEFEATABLE!

AS THE BELL SOUNDED FOR THE FIRST ROUND, THE VAST CROWD OF MEXICAN FANS LEAPED TO THEIR FEET...



LOPEZ KNEW HIS CHANCES OF VICTORY LAY IN HIS ENORMOUS WEIGHT AND STRENGTH. HE TORE INTO THE ATTACK LIKE AN ENRAGED BULL...

SEE! EL LOBO FIGHTS LIKE A TORNADO. THE IRISHMAN IS GIVING AWAY AT LEAST A STONE! HE WILL BE CRUSHED!



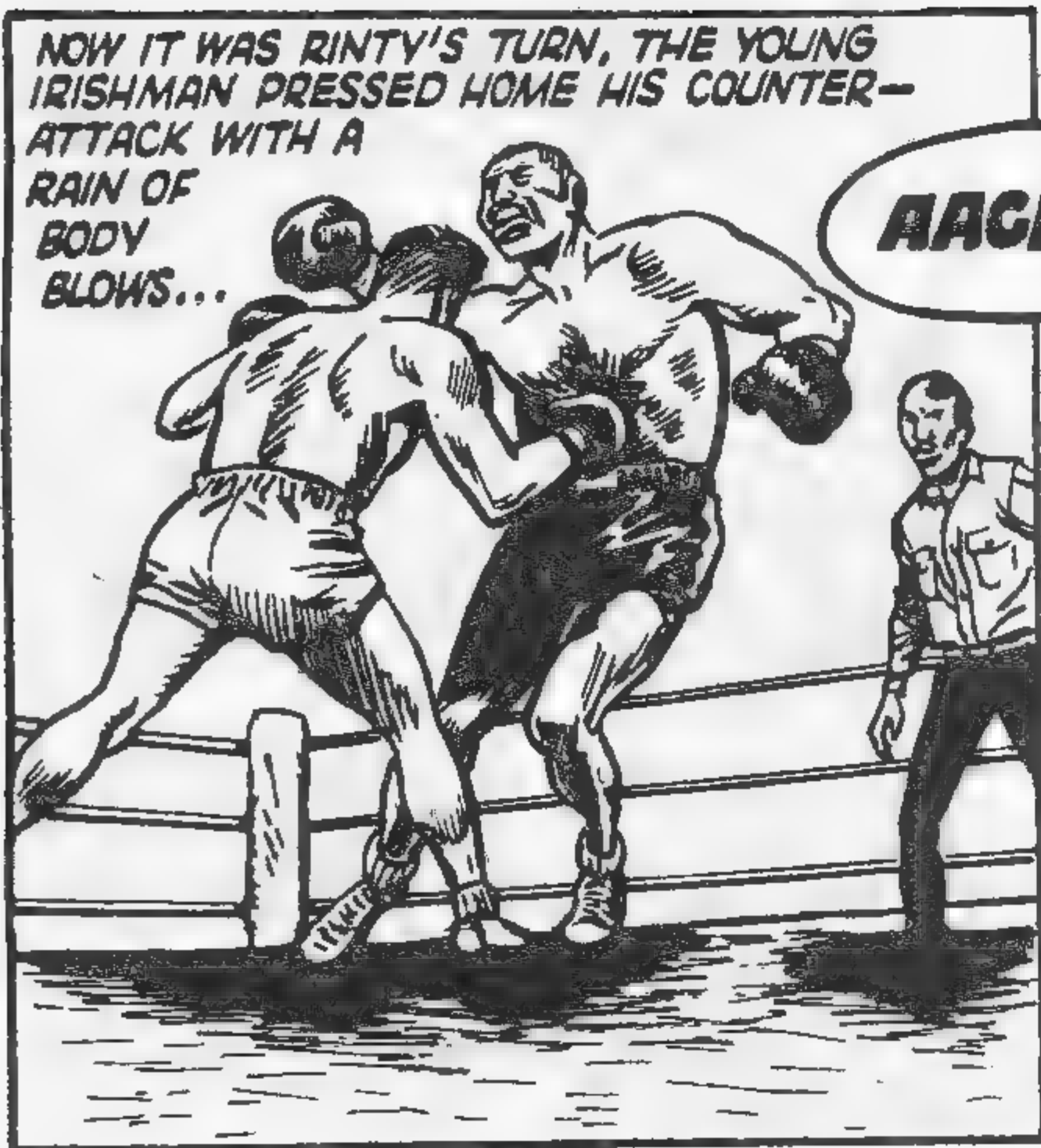
BUT RINTY HAD TAKEN THE RAIN OF PUNCHES ON HIS GLOVES, AND AS HE DANCED AWAY...

**UUUCH!**

COME ON, SENOR O'REILLY!

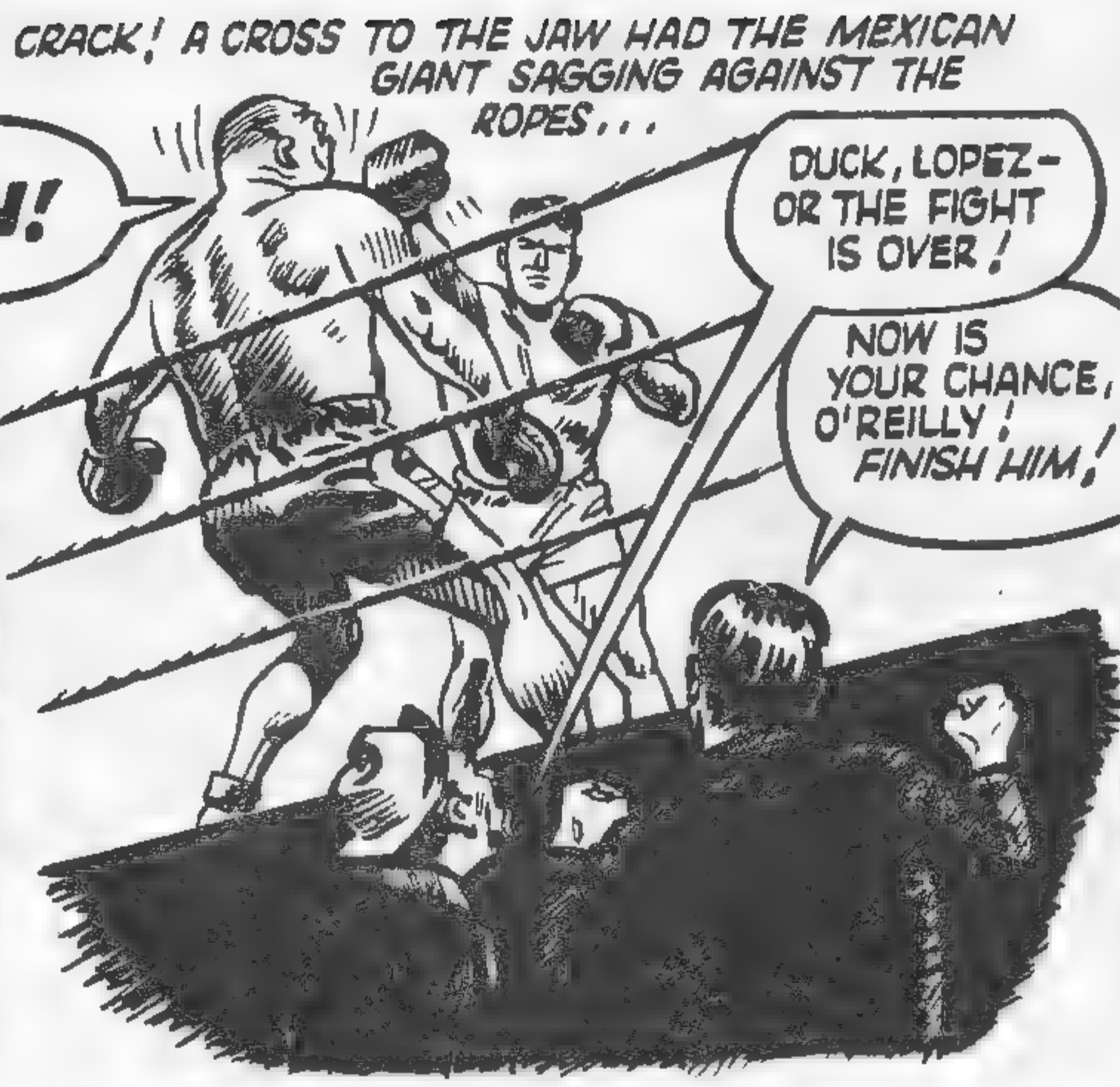






NOW IT WAS RINTY'S TURN, THE YOUNG IRISHMAN PRESSED HOME HIS COUNTER-ATTACK WITH A RAIN OF BODY BLOWS...

AACH!



CRACK! A CROSS TO THE JAW HAD THE MEXICAN GIANT SAGGING AGAINST THE ROPES...

DUCK, LOPEZ-OR THE FIGHT IS OVER!

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE, O'REILLY! FINISH HIM!



BUT WITH HIS RIGHT COCKED FOR THE KNOCKOUT PUNCH, RINTY'S ONE FAILING ASSERTED ITSELF...

HE'S REALLY GROGGY! I CAN'T END THE FIGHT NOW, WITHOUT GIVING HIM A FAIR CHANCE!

NOW, O'REILLY! NOW!



BUT WITH A MAN LIKE LOPEZ IT WAS DANGEROUS TO SHOW SYMPATHY. SUDDENLY, HE LUNGED FORWARD, AND...

GRINGO FOOL!

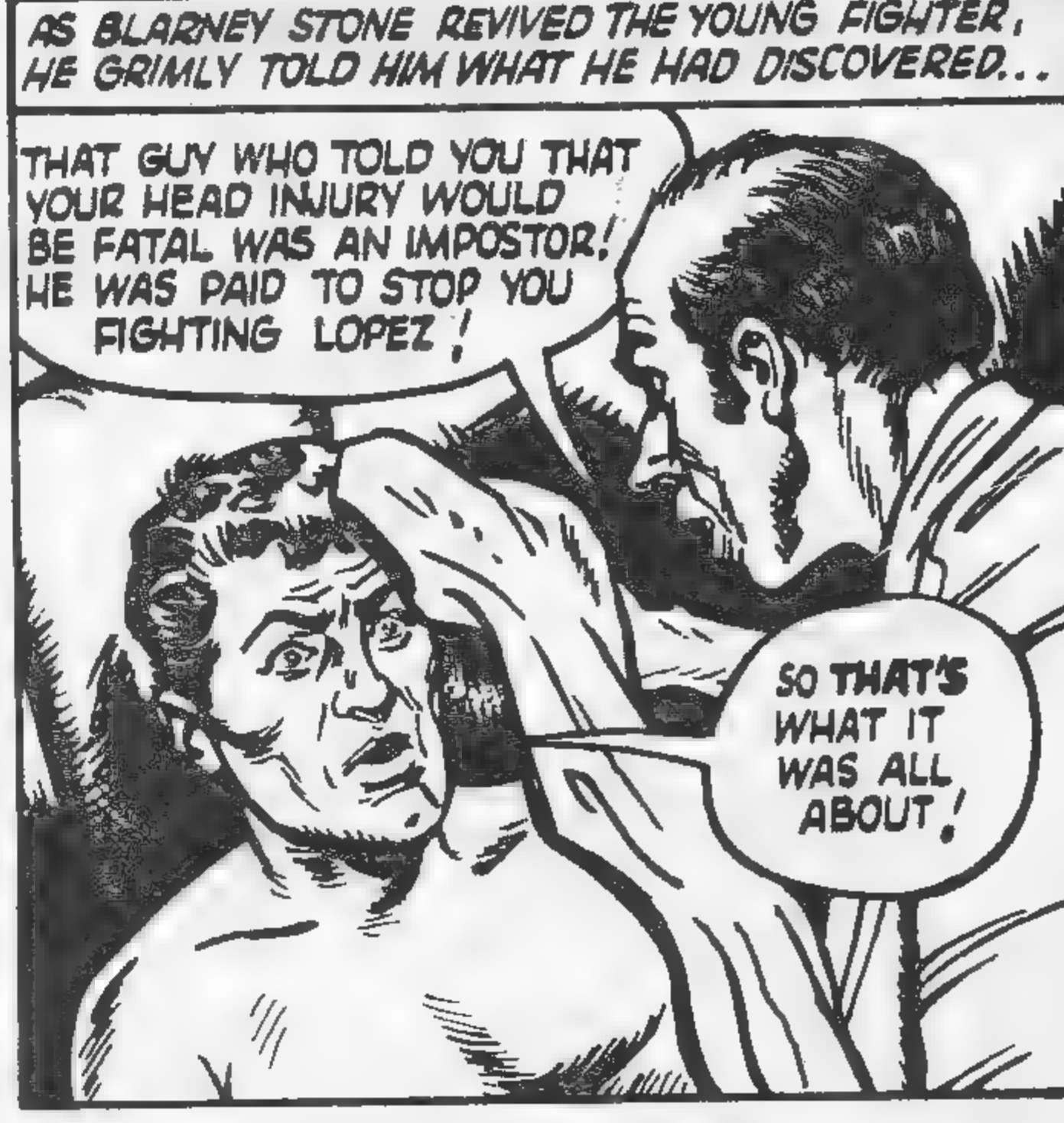
UCH!



ONLY THE BELL SAVED RINTY, HE STAGGERED TO HIS CORNER, STILL DAZED FROM THAT TREACHEROUS FOUL BLOW...

RINTY! HANG ON, BOY! I'LL GET YOU RIGHT!

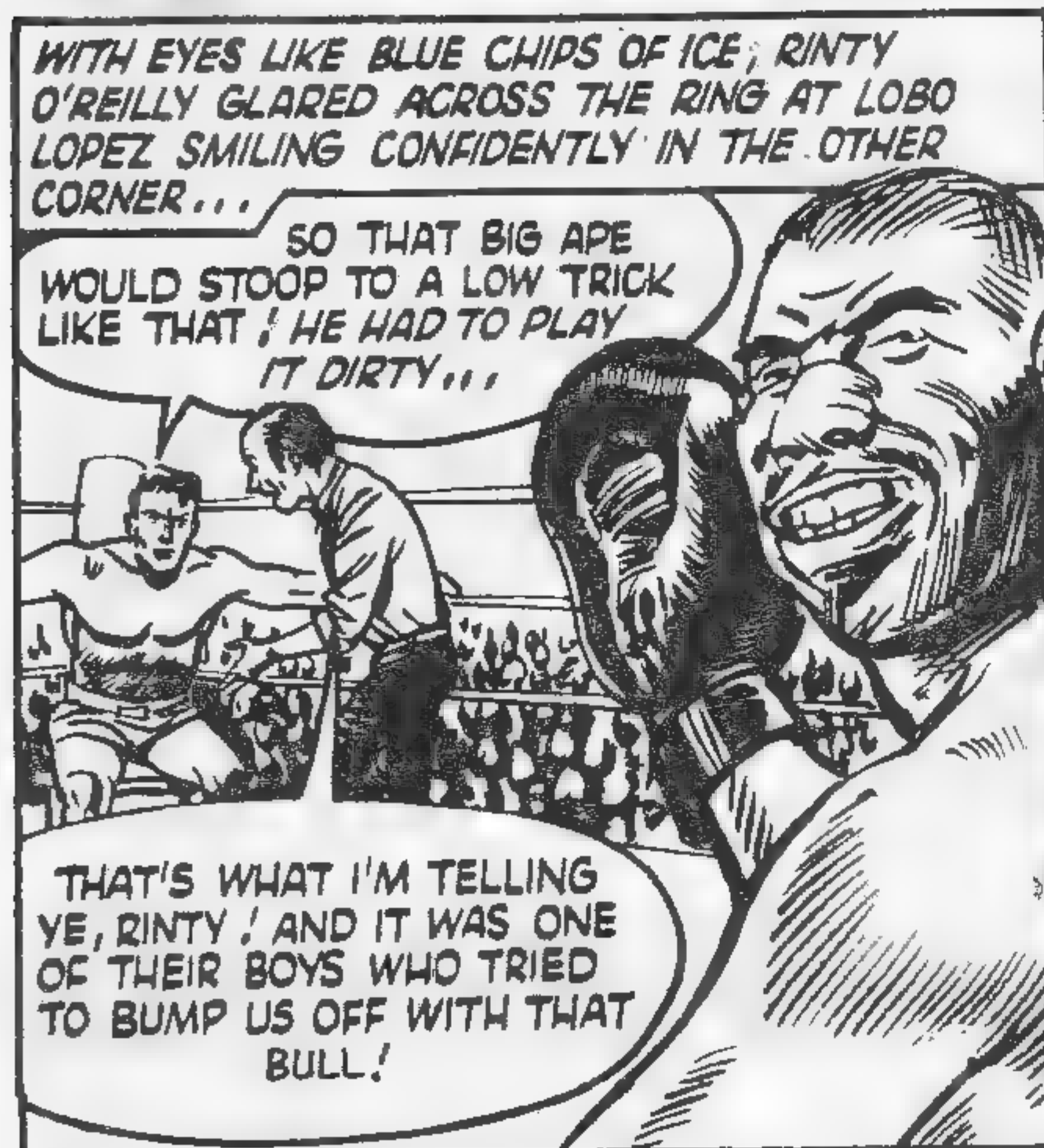
BLARNEY, I DID IT AGAIN! LET HIM OFF THE HOOK! I JUST DON'T LEARN!



AS BLARNEY STONE REVIVED THE YOUNG FIGHTER, HE GRIMLY TOLD HIM WHAT HE HAD DISCOVERED...

THAT GUY WHO TOLD YOU THAT YOUR HEAD INJURY WOULD BE FATAL WAS AN IMPOSTOR! HE WAS PAID TO STOP YOU FIGHTING LOPEZ!

SO THAT'S WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT!



WITH EYES LIKE BLUE CHIPS OF ICE, RINTY O'REILLY GLARED ACROSS THE RING AT LOBO LOPEZ SMILING CONFIDENTLY IN THE OTHER CORNER...

SO THAT BIG APE WOULD STOOP TO A LOW TRICK LIKE THAT! HE HAD TO PLAY IT DIRTY...

THAT'S WHAT I'M TELLING YE, RINTY! AND IT WAS ONE OF THEIR BOYS WHO TRIED TO BUMP US OFF WITH THAT BULL!



THE BELL SOUNDED FOR THE SECOND ROUND. NEVER HAD THE YOUNG IRISH BOXER LEFT HIS CORNER SO GRIMLY

YOU MURDERING OX! YOU'D SET A WILD BULL LOOSE ON ME, WOULD YOU! YOU'D TRY TO MAKE ME THINK I WAS ALL WASHED UP AS A BOXER, WOULD YOU!

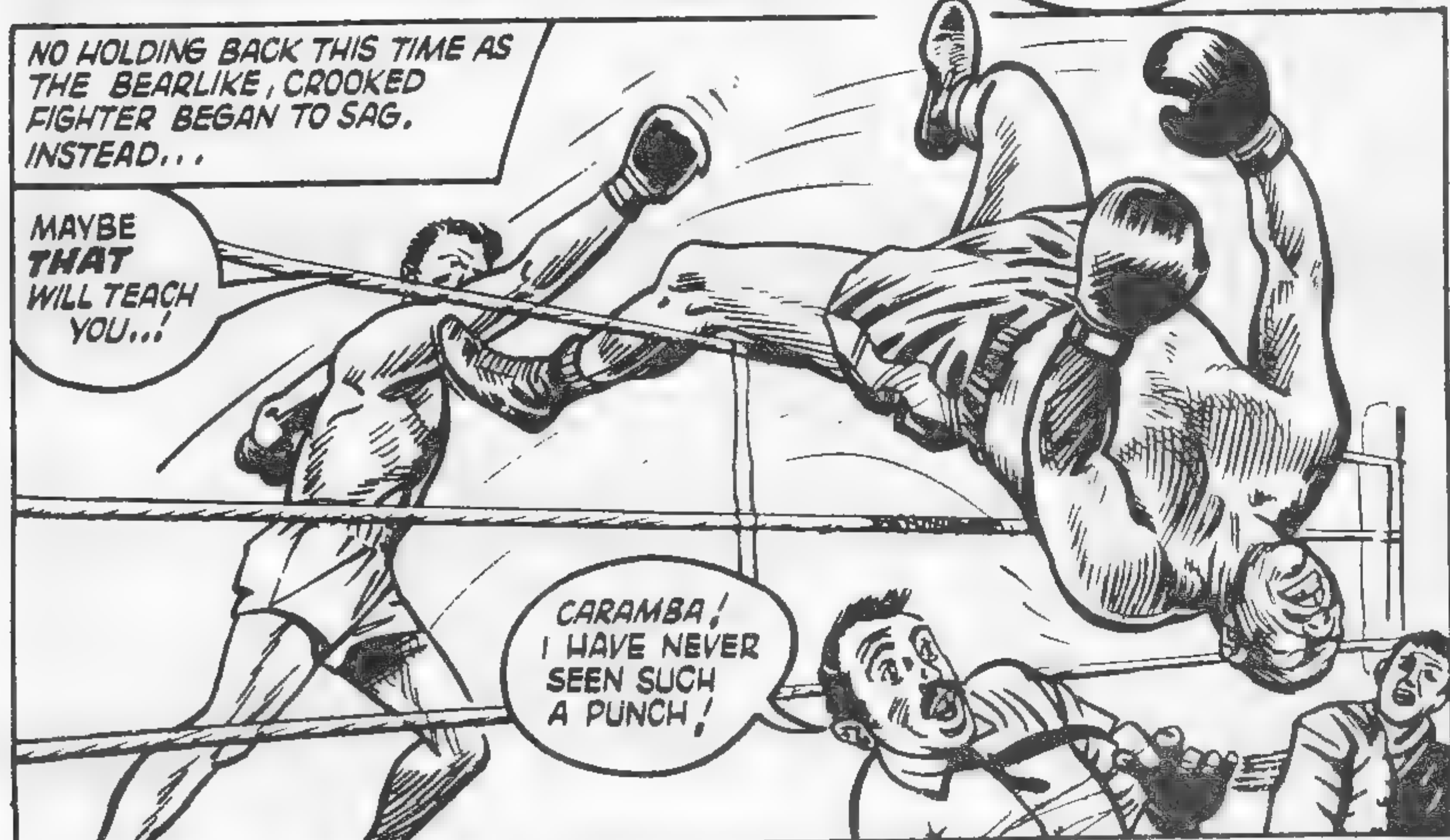
BY THE BEARD OF PATRICK... I DO BELIEVE IT'S HAPPENED. RINTY'S GOT RILED!



AND BLARNEY WAS RIGHT...

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A LESSON IN FAIR PLAY, LOPEZ! A HARD ONE!

OOOOFFF!



NO HOLDING BACK THIS TIME AS THE BEARLIKE, CROOKED FIGHTER BEGAN TO SAG. INSTEAD...

MAYBE THAT WILL TEACH YOU...

CARAMBA! I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A PUNCH!



RINTY'S SHORTEST, MOST SAVAGE FIGHT WAS OVER. AND THE FIRST MAN TO RAISE THE YOUNG IRISHMAN'S HAND WAS AN INCREDULOUS, DELIGHTED BLARNEY STONE!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW I WAS MANAGING THE FUTURE WORLD CHAMP! ALL IT NEEDED WAS SOMEONE TO GET RINTY O'REILLY RILED!

THE END



Mickey Jordan moved fast . . . and soon the Mudport fans were cheering !



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

TO GO BACK IN TIME... MUDPORT UNITED, BOTTOM OF THE FOURTH DIVISION FOR THE PAST THREE SEASONS, HAD JUST LOST THEIR SECOND HOME MATCH AND SMILER BATES, MUDPORT'S MANAGER, SUFFERED HIS WEEKLY STINT OF STICK...



LATER, IN THE CAR PARK...



(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)





HJR? I'M AT FULL THROTTLE — AND HE'S PASSED ME AS IF I'M STANDING STILL!



SMILER JUST STOPPED IN TIME... ALL RIGHT, SO WE HAD A BAD GAME! BUT IS THAT ANY REASON WHY YOU SHOULD TRY TO BREAK MY NECK?

SORRY, SIR! SKIPPER'S ORDERS!



I'M CAP'N JONAH JORDAN! WHEN I FIRST PUT TO SEA, FORTY YEARS AGO, I WAS A MUDDPORT SUPPORTER... AND NOW THAT I'VE RETURNED TO MY HOME HARBOUR FOR GOOD, I'M STILL A MUDDPORT SUPPORTER!

MAYBE I CAN SELL HIM OUR FIRST-EVER SEASON TICKET!

MY ADOPTED SON, MICKEY — THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER IN THE WORLD — WILL SIGN ON FOR UNITED, AND TAKE MUDDPORT INTO THE FIRST DIVISION!



THE FIRST — YOU MUST BE JOKING! BUT I'LL GRANT YOU THAT HE MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING! I'LL GIVE HIM A TRIAL!

ON A DULL, DARK, DISMAL DAY TWO WEEKS LATER, MICKEY MADE HIS DEBUT FOR MUDDPORT...



WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? HE'S BEEN MOVING LIKE A GREYHOUND IN PRACTICE — BUT NOW HE'S GOT AS MUCH ZIP AS A TIRED TORTOISE!

AT HALF-TIME, MUDDPORT WERE 2-0 DOWN...



YOU'VE SIGNED ANOTHER DUD, BATES!

YOU SAID HE WAS FAST — BUT HE'S ABOUT AS NIPPY AS MY OLD GRANNIE!



THE SKY'S GETTING EVEN DARKER! WE'LL NEED THE FLOODLIGHTS ON FOR THE SECOND HALF!

THE GATE-MONEY WON'T PAY THE FUEL-BILL! AFTER TWO WEEKS OF BLAZING SUNSHINE, WE HAVE TO GET A MATCH-DAY LIKE THIS!

TEN MINUTES AFTER THE RE-START...



GOAL!

JORDAN'S COME TO LIFE AT LAST! HE'S SCORED OUR FIRST GOAL OF THE SEASON!



AND, A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER...



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THIS GUY — A PROFESSIONAL FOUL!

MUDDPORT LTD. PUNISHMENT TOWNSHIP.

MUDDPORT





**Next week: "The kid's like a human cannonball!"**



Super-fast Mickey played a game of head tennis . . . against himself!



IN HIS FIRST GAME FOR STRUGGLING MUDPORT UNITED, MICKEY JORDAN, THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER IN THE WORLD, HAD SCORED THREE SCORCHING SECOND-HALF GOALS AND EARNED HIMSELF THE NICKNAME OF . . . **FLASH JORDAN!**



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

EARLY NEXT MORNING MUDPORT'S MANAGER, SMILER BATES, CALLED AT CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN'S COUNTRY COTTAGE WHERE MICKEY HAD SPENT THE NIGHT SLEEPING UP A TREE . . .



HELLO, MICKEY! IT'S A BIT EARLY FOR BIRDS - NESTING, ISN'T IT?





THAT WEEK IN TRAINING...

HE'S LEFT THEM ALL STANDING!  
HE COULD BREAK THE WORLD'S  
HUNDRED METRE RECORD!

HE DOESN'T WANT TO DO  
THAT! ALL HE WANTS IS TO  
HELP MUDDPORT INTO  
THE FIRST DIVISION!

IN BRIGHT SUNSHINE THAT  
SATURDAY AFTERNOON,  
MICKEY STARTED THE GAME  
IN GREAT STYLE...

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!  
HE'S SO LIGHTNING  
FAST HE CAN PLAY A  
GAME OF HEAD- TENNIS  
AGAINST HIMSELF!

AND HE  
ALWAYS  
WINS  
TOO!

GOAL!

JORDAN'S AT IT  
ALREADY! ONE UP  
IN TEN MINUTES!

MIDWAY THROUGH THE FIRST HALF...

HE COULD  
HAVE SCORED  
THAT ONE  
HIMSELF!

TWO-NIL! TWO-NIL!

HE'S A VERY  
UNSELFISH LAD!

THE THIRD GOAL WAS ALL MICKEY'S...

FLASH  
JORDAN!  
FLASH  
JORDAN!

STRENGTH!  
THIS KID'S LIKE  
A HUMAN  
CANNONBALL!

AND AS  
THE SUN  
DULLED...

GOAL!

THAT'S GOAL  
NUMBER TWO  
FOR SNOWY  
MULLINS!

DURING THE INTERVAL...

DON'T BE TOO UNSELFISH, MICKEY!  
DON'T GO IN FOR FANCY PASSES IF  
YOU'RE SURE OF SCORING!

GIVE OVER,  
BOSS...

... FOUR NIL UP  
AT HALF-TIME...  
AND YOU'RE STILL  
HAVING A HIGGLE!

BUT, IN THE SECOND HALF,  
UNDER A GREY  
SKY...

LOOK ALIVE, MICKEY!  
YOU SHOULD HAVE  
CUT OUT THAT PASS!

BLISTERING BARNACLES, SHIPMATE!  
THE LAD'S ENTITLED TO ONE MISTAKE!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





Don't miss next week's thrilled-packed instalment!



## How to save a hard-hit penalty — with your head!

LEADING UNSCATED BLACKTOWN BANGERS BY FOUR GOALS TO THREE, MUDPORT UNITED HAD CONCEDED A PENALTY IN THE LAST MINUTE OF THE GAME. 'MICKY JORDAN', WHOSE SUPERHUMAN SPEED HAD EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME OF 'FLASH JORDAN', HAD BEEN PUT INTO GOAL TO STOP THE SHOT. AS THE WHISTLE SQUEALLED, A MOMENT OF SILENCE, NERVOUS, HAD ACKING TENSION SETLED THE HUSHED CROWD IN ITS SPELL...



IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK!

# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!



'SAVED!'

THE SHOT WAS DRIVEN HARD, LOW AND TRUE. BUT, LIKE AN UNCOILED STEEL SPRING, 'MICKY' FLASHED ACROSS THE GOAL AND HEADED THE BALL ROUND THE POST.

'I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! HE STOPPED IT WITH HIS HEAD!'



THE FINAL WHISTLE SOUNDED BEFORE BLACKTOWN HAD TIME TO TAKE THE CORNER.

'YOU'D HAVE SAVED IF YOURSELF, TUBBY!'

'I NEVER WOULD, SON! AFTER LETTING IN THOSE THREE SOFT GOALS, I WAS A BUNDLE OF NERVES!'



MANAGER 'SMOKER' BATES WAS DELIGHTED.

'GREAT STUFF, 'MICKY! BUT WHY DID YOU SAVE IT WITH YOUR HEAD?'

'I'VE NEVER PLAYED IN GOAL BEFORE, BOSS! IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT, I FORGOT THAT I WAS ALLOWED TO USE MY HANDS!'



LATER, IN THE CAR PARK:

'I'VE A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU, CAPTAIN! WHY IS IT THAT 'MICKY' ONLY SHOWS HIS SPEED IN BRIGHT SUNSHINE OR UNDER FLOODLIGHTS?'

'SO YOU'VE NOTICED THAT ALREADY, HAVE YOU? I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT!'



IT'S A LONG STORY, SHIRWATE. FAR TOO LONG TO TELL YOU JUST NOW! BUT LEAD ME THAT MOTOR, BURE OF YOURS FOR A WEEK OR TWO, AND I'LL PROMISE TO HAVE MY ADOPTED SON MOVING LIKE LIGHTNING IN ANY KIND OF WEATHER!



OKAY! YOU'VE NEVER LET ME DOWN SO FAR! BUT YOU'D BETTER MAKE YOUR PROMISE GOOD!

HOLD ON TIGHT, MATEY! THIS THING GOES WORSE THAN A TRAMP STEAMER IN A THUNDER!

THAT SAME NIGHT

NIGHT-TRAINING IS THE ANSWER! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT SOONER?

BUT WHY DON'T YOU TELL MASTER BATES EVERYTHING ABOUT ME, CAP'N?

BECAUSE THE SWAG MIGHT DROP YOU FROM THE TEAM! I'LL TELL HIM ONE DAY!

FIVE NIGHTS LATER

IT'S WORKING, SON! I'M MAKING ALMOST FIFTEEN KNOTS AND YOU'RE KEEPING UP WITH ME!

RIGHT, SKIPPER! I'VE BEEN IMPROVING ALL WEEK!

OUTSIDE CAPTAIN JONAH'S COTTAGE EARLY NEXT MORNING, MICK-EY LEAPT DOWN FROM THE TREE IN WHICH HE ALWAYS SLEPT...

I WENT TO BED IN MY TRACK-SUIT SO I COULD GET IN AN EXTRA TRAINING RUN DURING THE DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN!

AND, SOON AFTER SUNRISE

THEY'RE HUNTING YOU AND YOU'RE ONLY A CUB! I'LL SAVE YOU, MY FURRY FRIEND!

MICK-EY INSPIRED INSTANT TRUST IN ALL ANIMALS

THE RAIL BRIDGE! IT'S OUR BEST CHANCE!

HEY! DROP THAT FOX!

BRIGADIER BULSTRODE, THE MASTER OF THE HUNT, TURNED PURPLE WITH FURY!

WHAT THE BLITHERING BLUE BLAZES DOES THAT DEMENTED OAF THINK HE'S DOING? HE'S RUNNING AWAY WITH OUR FOX!

DRA! THE CONFOUNDED FELLER! LOOK AT HIM SHINNING UP THERE! HE'S LIKE A BLASTED MONKEY!

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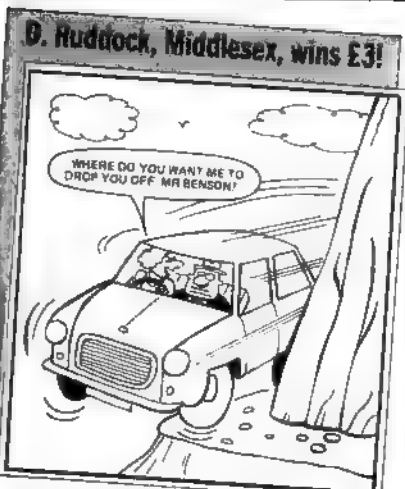


Don't miss the continuation of this great football story next week!

# WRITE YOUR LETTER TO SPEED—YOU COULD WIN SOME POCKET MONEY! SPEEDPOST

SPEEDPOST is YOUR page! On this page we will be printing your letters about SPEED . . . or the world of Speed. A Speed joke published will win you £3, and letters £3 if they're selected or £5 if it's chosen as the Letter of the Week! Send your entries to: SPEED-POST, IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.

S. Tomsett, London, wins £3!  
Three cheers for SPEED. It looks like being the comic event of the eighties. I bet other comic companies will try to produce a similar weekly . . . but there's only one SPEED! I think the "£1,000,000 Challenge" is a great idea and I'm looking forward to sending my entry in. So here's to SPEED — the fastest-moving comic in the land.  
(My sentiments exactly — Editor).



I've just heard about the new comic called SPEED, and after reading it I'm sure it's going to be a roaring success. I think the story about "The Fastest Footballer on Earth" will be very popular. I also like the colourful exploits of the Redford family in "Journey to the Stars" and Blake Edmonds' adventures in "Death Wish". I hope SPEED will be published for many years to come!  
(That's the sort of praise I like to hear — Editor).



B. Stanley, Debden, wins £3!



**Mickey picked something off the pitch . . . in the middle of a vital game!**

MICKEY JORDAN... NICKNAMED "FLASH" JORDAN BECAUSE OF HIS DEVASTATING SPEED AND FANTASTIC SWIFTNESS OF REACTION HAD FALLEN FOUL OF BRIGADIER BULSTRODE, THE PEPPERY CHAIRMAN OF YCH DIVISION SIDE MUDPORT UNITED BUT AN AWAY GAME AGAINST ROCKVILLE ALBION GAVE MICKEY THE CHANCE TO REDEEM HIMSELF AND HE MADE A BRILLIANT START



FLASH PASSED TO MULLINS AND HE'S RACING THROUGH TO TAKE THE RETURN!

JUST LOOK AT THE SPEED OF HIM!



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!



MICKEY'S CLEAN THROUGH WITH ONLY THE 'KEEPER TO BEAT!

IT'S A CERTAIN GOAL!



BUT TO EVERYONE'S UTTER ASTONISHMENT

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? HE JUST SUDDENLY STOPPED!

HE'S BENDING DOWN TO PICK SOMETHING OFF THE PITCH!



AS MICKEY TROTTED TOWARDS THE BENCH, THE GRATEFUL GOALIE THUMPED A MIGHTY BALL ALMOST THE FULL LENGTH OF THE PARK

WHAT A START TO A GAME! IT'S REAL END-TO-END STUFF!



AND THE ROCKVILLE CENTRE-FORWARD SCORED WITH A FLYING HEADER!





IT WAS LUCKY I SPOTTED THIS POOR FROG! SOMEBODY MIGHT HAVE TRODDEN ON IT!

OH, NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

THE BRIGADIER WAS FURIOUS



THAT BOY'S A FOOL, BATES! HE'S PUT US ONE-DOWN INSTEAD OF ONE-UP JUST TO SAVE A FROG FROM BEING FLATTENED!

YOU CAN'T BLAME THE LAD! HE'S VERY FOND OF ANIMALS!

BUT, TWENTY MINUTES LATER

GOAL!

IT'S THE EQUALISER! AND FLASH STREACED PAST THREE MEN TO SCORE IT!



AND, CLOSE ON HALF-TIME



GOAL! FROM TWENTY FIVE METRES WITH HIS LEFT FOOT!

HE'S MADE AMENDS! HE'S SCORED TWO GOALS TO MAKE UP FOR THE ONE HE GAVE AWAY!

AFTER THE INTERVAL, EVEN THE BRIGADIER BECAME EXCITED...

YOU WERE RIGHT, BATES! LOOK AT HIM! HE COULD OUT-RUN A RIFLE BULLET!



DES LOMAN, MUDPORT'S STOCKY RIGHT-WINGER, VOLLEYED MICKEY'S PASS INTO THE NET!



IT'S THERE! THREE-ONE!

JUST BEFORE TIME, FLASH ACCIDENTALLY BRUSHED THE BALL INTO THE NET WITH HIS FORE-ARM.



AND THE REFEREE, UNSIGHTED, BLEW UP FOR A GOAL!

IT WAS NO GOAL, REF! THE BALL HIT MY ARM!



STONE THE CROWS! IF EVERY PLAYER WAS LIKE YOU A REF'S JOB WOULD BE EASY! FREE-KICK THEN!

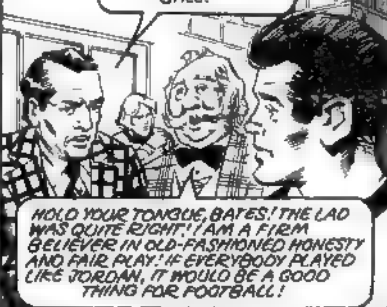
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AFTER THE GAME...

YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN! YOU NEVER TELL A REFEREE THAT YOU'VE HANDLED A BALL!



LATE THAT SAME NIGHT, CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN TOOK HIS ADOPTED SON ON A TRAINING RUN...

THIS NIGHT-TRAINING IS PAYING OFF! IF YOU GET ANY FASTER, I'LL NEED A MORE POWERFUL BEE!



AND, AT MONDAY'S TRAINING-SESSION...



YOU'RE OVER-LOOKING SOMETHING, SHIPMATE! SINCE THEY'VE BEEN TRAINING WITH MICKEY THE WHOLE TEAM HAS BECOME THREE METRES FASTER!



More football action with "Flash" Jordan in next week's issue of **SPEED!**

## ED'S CHAT...

**W**HAT with the World of Speed Booklet which starts in this issue, the two interesting articles on HMS Speedy and the man who flew around the globe in less than two days, plus all the work that goes into the 8 super stories which appear in this comic each week... all I can say, when I catch my breath, is that my staff and I have been working at top speed to ensure that the material for this issue was presented to the Printer on time. We managed it... but only just!

And talking about this week's issue leads me nicely on to some of the exciting things to look out for in the next **SPEED**. For those of you interested in wildlife, next week's 'Speed Article' and 'Speed Collection' feature the fastest animal in the world... the deadly Cheetah. 'Speedpost' will also be returning soon with more of your letters and jokes and, while on the subject, please include the names of the two stories you like best in **SPEED** when sending your entries in to this page. Remember that **SPEED** is YOUR paper and YOUR response to the stories helps me to plan future, exciting issues.

*David Hunt.*

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**EYES RIGHT FOR PART ONE OF YOUR WORLD OF SPEED BOOKLET!**

Simply cut out the pages, fold as indicated, and then keep in a safe place until more Booklet material is inserted into this section from next week's issue!



**Nosey reporter Sammy Snyder set out to discover Mickey's secret!**



**MICKEY JORDAN...NICKNAMED 'FLASH' JORDAN BECAUSE OF HIS DEVASTATING SPEED...HAD BECOME AN INSTANT SUCCESS WITH THE STRUGGLING FOURTH DIVISION SIDE, MUDPORT UNITED. BUT HIS SUCCESS HAD ATTRACTED THE CURIOSITY OF OTHERS...**

THAT BOY'S PHENOMENAL! HE MOVES FASTER THAN A HUNGRY LEOPARD!

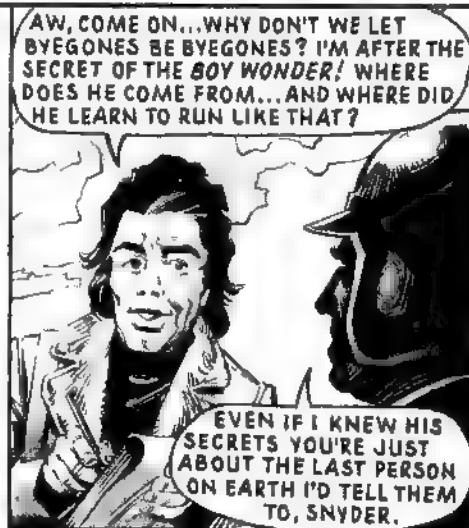


# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!



SAMMY SNYDER - THE LOCAL NEWS-PAPER'S NOISIEST REPORTER! STILL STIRRING UP THE MUD IN MUDPORT?

JUST THIRSTING AFTER THE TRUTH, MISTER BATES!



AW, COME ON...WHY DON'T WE LET BYEGONES BE BYEGONES? I'M AFTER THE SECRET OF THE BOY WONDER! WHERE DOES HE COME FROM...AND WHERE DID HE LEARN TO RUN LIKE THAT?

EVEN IF I KNEW HIS SECRETS YOU'RE JUST ABOUT THE LAST PERSON ON EARTH I'D TELL THEM TO, SNYDER.



SO TO USE THAT WELL-KNOWN PHRASE THAT REPORTERS LOVE TO HEAR... NO COMMENT!



IF I SEE YOU BOTHERING ANY OF MY LADS, I'LL THROW YOU OUT OF MUDPORT MYSELF!

YOU SHOULD KNOW I DON'T GIVE UP THAT EASILY! THAT BOY'S GOT A STORY TO TELL... AND SAMMY SNYDER'S THE MAN TO GET IT!

AND, AFTER A HARD TRAINING SESSION...

PHEW! I'M BUSHED!



BUT LOOK AT THE KID! HE'S STILL AS FRESH AS WHEN HE STARTED!

OKAY! OKAY! LET'S CALL IT A DAY, MICKEY!



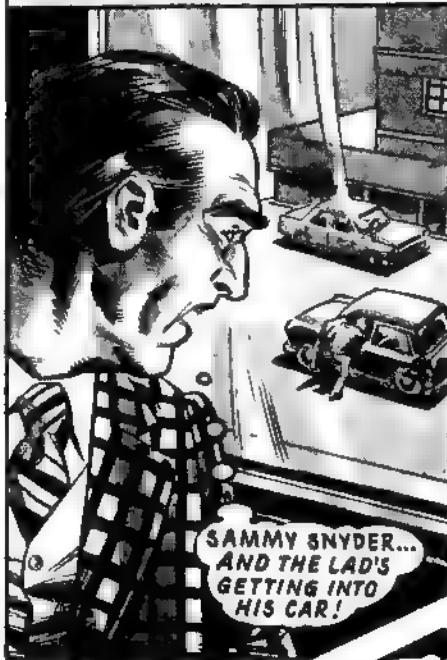
LATER...

THANKS! NORMALLY I GIVE THE MONEY STRAIGHT TO THE SKIPPER, BUT IT'S HIS BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK AND I WANT TO BUY HIM A PRESENT.

HERE'S YOUR WAGES, SON. DON'T SPEND IT ALL AT ONCE!



BUT AS SMILER BATES WATCHED MICKEY LEAVE THE GROUND...



SAMMY SNYDER... AND THE LAD'S GETTING INTO HIS CAR!

THE MANAGER MADE A QUICK CALL TO JONAH JORDAN...

I DON'T LIKE THE COMPANY YOUR ADOPTED SON'S MIXING WITH, CAP'N! EVEN I DON'T KNOW THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT YOUR BOY, BUT IF THAT TROUBLE-MAKER SNYDER FINDS OUT, HE'LL...



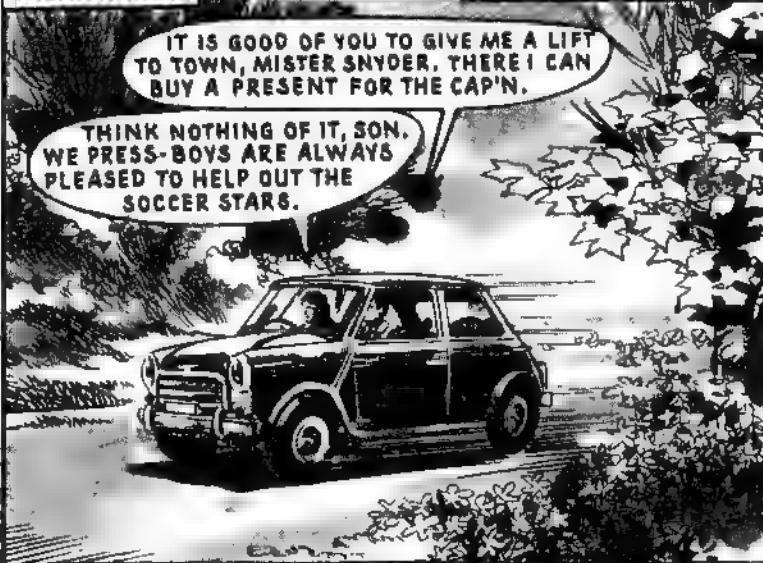
OKAY, SHIPMATE... I TAKE YOUR POINT! I'LL GET THE YOUNG SCOUNDREL BACK!



MEANWHILE...

IT IS GOOD OF YOU TO GIVE ME A LIFT TO TOWN, MISTER SNYDER. THERE I CAN BUY A PRESENT FOR THE CAP'N.

THINK NOTHING OF IT, SON. WE PRESS-BOYS ARE ALWAYS PLEASED TO HELP OUT THE SOCCER STARS.



AND WHEN WE'RE MATES YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME THE TRUE STORY ABOUT YOURSELF...

...AND I'VE A FEELING THAT SAMMY SNYDER IS GOING TO GET A REAL SCOOP!



IN TOWN...

SO MANY PEOPLE, MISTER BATES WOULD LOVE TO HAVE THEM ALL WATCHING MUDDPORT ON MATCH-DAYS.



WITH YOU IN THE TEAM, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY ARE.

BUT TOO MANY OF THEM ARE CRAMMED INTO TOO SMALL AN AREA. THE NOISE AND BUSTLE FRIGHTENS THEM. THEY SWEAT WITH FEAR!

AFTER PARKING THE CAR...

WHY ARE THE ANIMALS KEPT IN THE PENS?



IT'S MARKET DAY. THEY'RE BEING SOLD AND BOUGHT FOR SUNDAY DINNER.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





**What will Mickey do now? Read on next week!**

**CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...**

**O**NE of the nicest things about being the Editor of Speed is browsing through the many, many letters I receive from readers at the King's Reach office each week. Apart from telling me your likes and dislikes, a lot of you are taking the time to come up with constructive suggestions on how to improve the paper.

Great! But please don't be disappointed if I can't answer all your letters personally, because then I wouldn't have enough time to produce SPEED every week. But feel assured that I do take all your comments about the paper seriously and, who knows, a SPEED reader could be responsible for kicking-off a brand, new series for other readers to enjoy. So keep your letters coming.

I bet you're looking forward to your Easter holidays and a break from School. One way to enjoy the break even more is to keep reading SPEED. That's why I've included another Newsagent's coupon this week. It's the easy way to ensure that you get every copy of SPEED, but do make sure you get a parent's or guardian's permission first, though.

Next week the 'Speed Collection' features the men of the Fire Brigade and there's also an exciting interview with a Fireman / Driver. Don't miss it because it really is too hot to handle! (Sorry about that!)

*David Hunt.*

#### ADVERTISEMENT

## STAMP QUIZ

### DO YOU KNOW:

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- 2 Does Iceland issue stamps?
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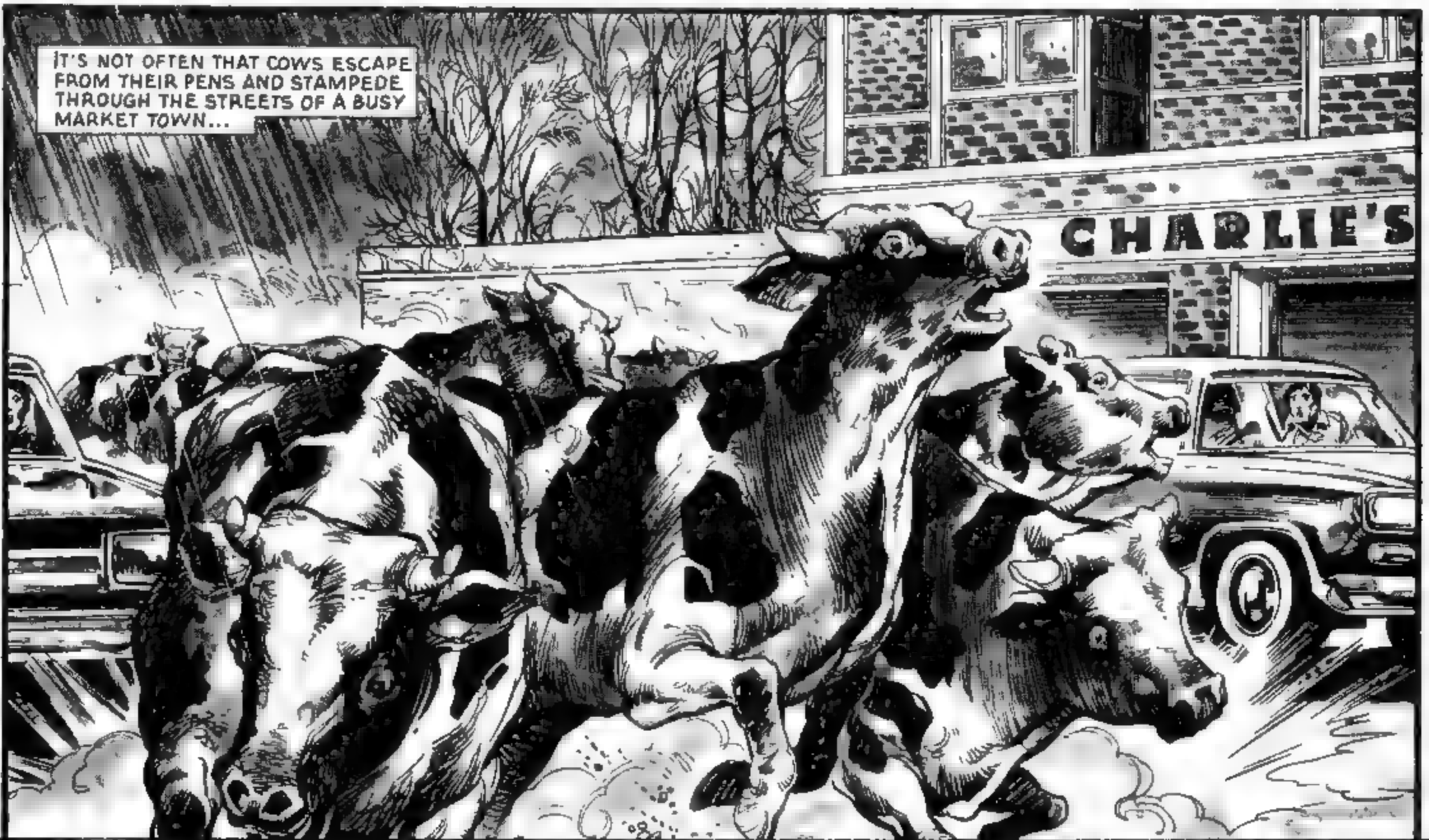
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Eyes right for Part Two of the exciting **WORLD OF SPEED** Booklet. Cut it out carefully and insert into the section we gave you last week. There will be more Booklet pages in the next issue... so be sure not to miss them!



as an unbelievable sight . . . a herd of stampeding cows!

IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT COWS ESCAPE FROM THEIR PENS AND STAMPEDE THROUGH THE STREETS OF A BUSY MARKET TOWN...



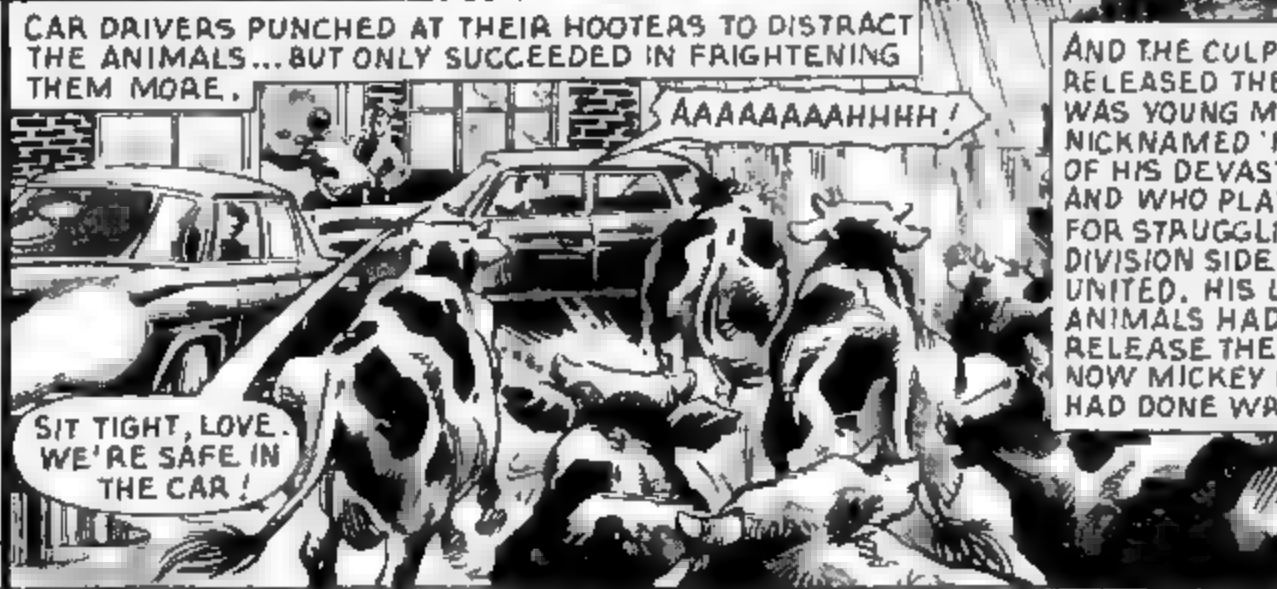
# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

CAR DRIVERS PUNCHED AT THEIR HOOTERS TO DISTRACT THE ANIMALS... BUT ONLY SUCCEEDED IN FRIGHTENING THEM MORE.

AAAAAAHHHH!

AND THE CULPIT WHO HAD RELEASED THE ANIMALS WAS YOUNG MICKEY JORDAN, NICKNAMED 'FLASH' BECAUSE OF HIS DEVASTATING SPEED AND WHO PLAYED FOOTBALL FOR STRUGGLING 4th DIVISION SIDE, MUDPORT UNITED. HIS LOVE OF ANIMALS HAD MADE HIM RELEASE THE COWS... BUT NOW MICKEY REALISED HE HAD DONE WRONG!

SIT TIGHT, LOVE. WE'RE SAFE IN THE CAR!



I HAVEN'T GOT THE SPEED TO CATCH THEM! I NEED SUNSHINE TO MAKE ME RUN FASTER.



THEN, THE ROAD'S WET SURFACE CAUSED MICKEY TO SLIP...

AAAAAAHHHH!



THE CARS' HEADLIGHTS... THEIR GLARE GIVES ME NEW STRENGTH! I CAN FEEL GREAT POWER PULSING THROUGH MY BODY!



AND, INCREDIBLY...

THAT BOY — HE'S CATCHING THE ANIMALS!

HE'S MOVING FASTER THAN CONCORDE!



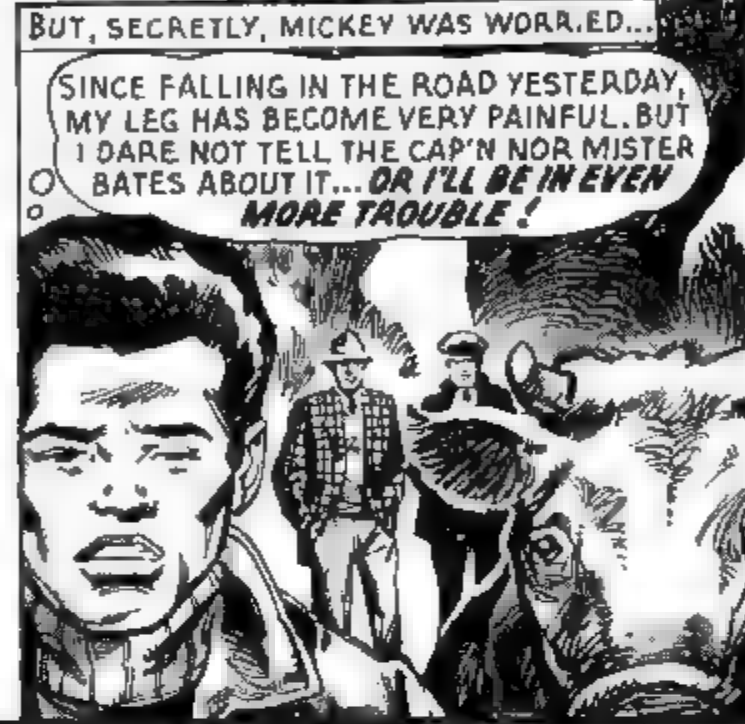
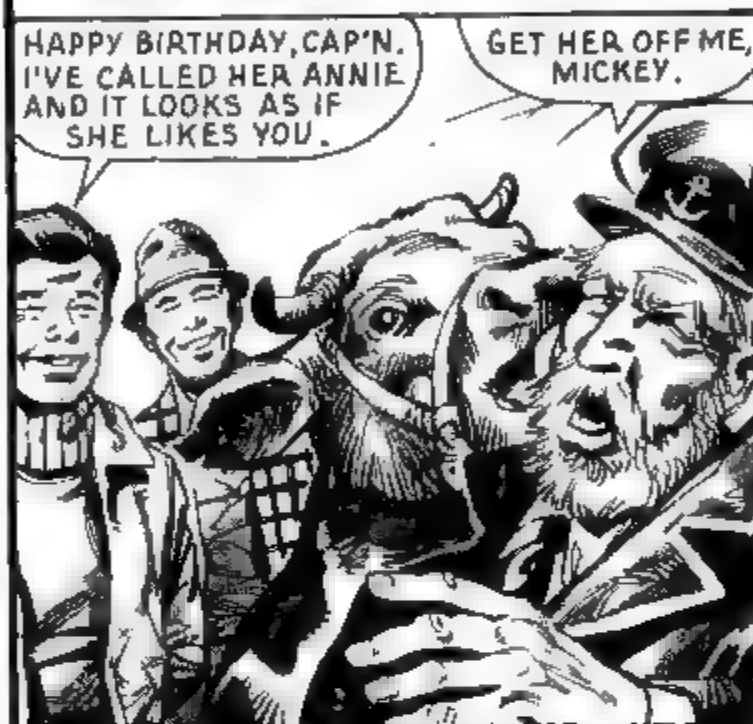
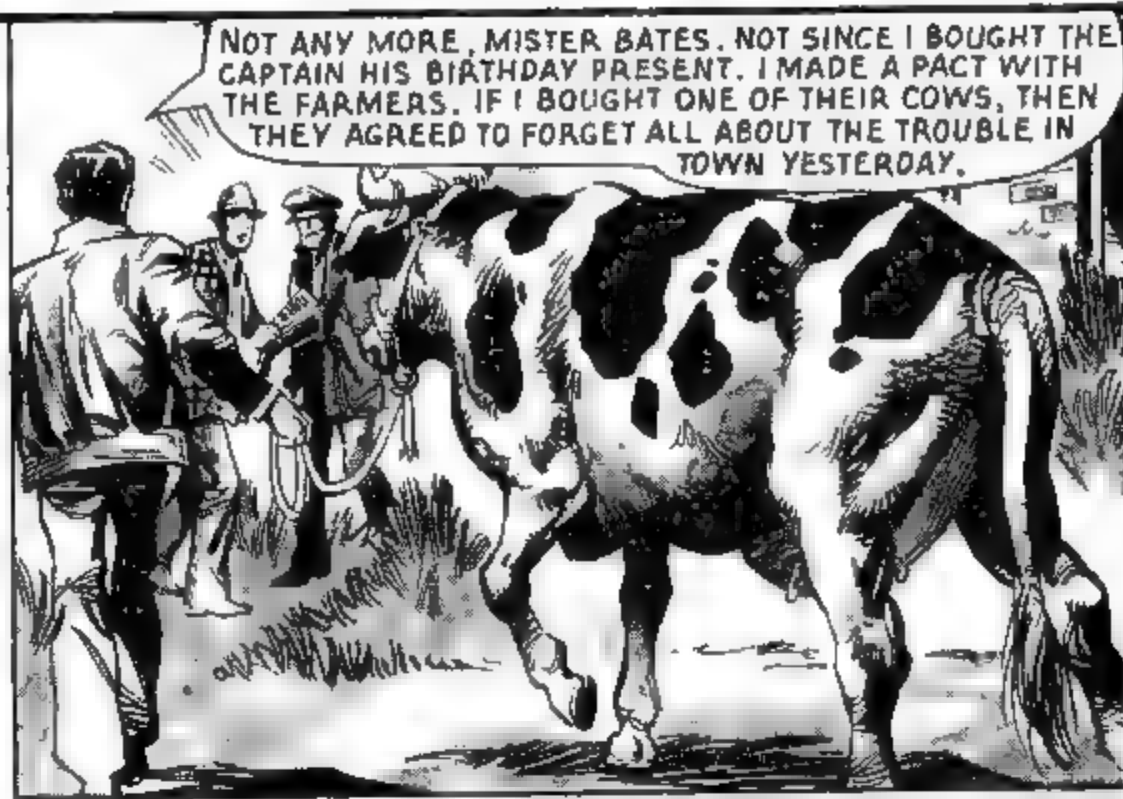




THE DANGER OVER, ONE OF THE FIRST ON THE SCENE WAS SAMMY SNYDER, A CUNNING LOCAL NEWSPAPER REPORTER WHO HAD BEEN TRYING TO BEFRIEND MICKEY AND SO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THE MYSTERY BOY.







**Next week: The injured Mickey in match-action!**

## ED'S CHAT...

In my office at King's Reach Tower, I have a large chart which enables me to record the votes for your favourite stories as they arrive with your 'Speedpost' entries. I've decided not to release details on how the eight stories have fared on the popularity chart just yet, because with **SPEED** still being a very new paper, I want to be sure that when I do publish the results it is a true indication of your likes and dislikes. But please let me know the names of the two stories you like best when writing to 'Speedpost' and then you'll have played a very important part in the final published chart.

So far I have presented six souvenir £1,000,000 Cheques and, of course, real prize-money, to the winning readers of **Bullet Slick's** £1,000,000 Challenge. My feed-back from the readers who have won is that the Souvenir Cheque is a really marvellous memento to keep. So keep your **SPEED** Challenges coming.

Now, with just enough space left to tell you a little about next week's exciting issue, we have managed to capture another of our exclusive interviews for the 'Speed Article'... this time with the England and West Brom's speedy forward... Peter Barnes. Don't dare miss it!

*David Hunt.*

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**HERE ARE YOUR  
NEXT SET OF  
BOOKLET PAGES!**

The halfway mark has been reached with this issue's set of **WORLD of SPEED** Booklet pages. Cut them out and insert into the Booklet pages you already have. **MORE NEXT WEEK!**



**Mickey was in trouble . . . for keeping his injury a secret!**

YOUNG MICKEY JORDAN, NICKNAMED FLASH BECAUSE OF HIS DEVASTATING SPEED, HAD BECOME AN INSTANT SUCCESS WITH STRUGGLING MUDPORT ON TIED OF THE FOURTH DIVISION. THE SIDE WERE HAVING A LIGHT HEARTED TRAINING SESSION ON THE MURRATS THE DAY BEFORE THEIR GAME AGAINST HIGH-RIDING CLAYTON CITY.

YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE FASTER THAN THAT TOMORROW, LADS!

THOUGHT I HAD YOU COVERED THAT TIME MICKEY



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

MANAGER 'SMILER' BATES CALLED THE TEAM TOGETHER...



RIGHT LADS, JUST A FINAL WORD ABOUT CLAYTON CITY, AND A REMINDER TO YOU IN PARTICULAR, MICKEY.

THE MANAGER OPENED A NEWSPAPER



## TRANSFER RACE IS ON FOR SWIFT

Young Jimmy Swift, the Clayton City defender, has become a top target for several clubs. The boy has good speed and a burst of speed that is breathtaking to watch.

MOST PEOPLE RECKON THAT TOM SWIFT IS THE FASTEST MOVING DEFENDER IN THE FOURTH DIVISION. HE'LL BE MARKING YOU, MICKEY... AND HE MARKS TIGHTLY!



THE LAD MAY BE QUICK BUT FLASH JORDAN WILL SHOW HIM WHAT SPEED IS ALL ABOUT.

AS WELL AS MARKING YOU TIGHTLY, SWIFT WILL BE LOOKING FOR THE CHANCE TO GO FORWARD INTO ATTACK. YOU MUST STAY WITH HIM THEN, MICKEY. I KNOW YOU WON'T LET US DOWN!



THEY'RE ALL RELYING ON ME TO PLAY WELL...





BUT THAT LEG INJURY I GOT WHEN I WAS IN TOWN HASN'T CLEARED UP PROPERLY. I SHOULD HAVE TOLD MISTER BATES BEFORE NOW, BUT I WAS IN ENOUGH TROUBLE AT THE TIME. IT'S TOO LATE TO BACK DOWN, BUT HOW CAN I TAKE ON TOM SWIFT WHEN I'M NOT FULLY FIT?

A LARGE CROWD WAS GATHERED FOR THE START OF THE MUDPORT V CLAYTON CITY GAME. TOM SWIFT AGAINST FLASH JORDAN. IT'LL BE THE SPEED BATTLE OF THE YEAR!



THEY'VE COME OUT ON TO THE PITCH TOGETHER. IT LOOKS LIKE SWIFT HAS ALREADY STARTED MARKING HIS MAN!



THE GAME DID NOT START VERY WELL FOR MICKEY...

NICE ONE, SWIFT!

JORDAN WAS LEFT FOR DEAD THEN! HE'S NOT IN THE SAME CLASS AS TOM SWIFT!



IT'S NO GOOD, TOM SWIFT CAN BEAT ME EVERY TIME! THE LEG INJURY IS SLOWING ME DOWN, THERE'S NO WAY THAT I CAN GET INTO THE ACTION!



THE REASON FOR HIS SPEED WAS A SECRET WHICH MICKEY SHARED ONLY WITH HIS STEP-FATHER, CAP N JONAH JORDAN.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S GONE WRONG CAP'N? I KNOW THAT MICKEY PLAYS BETTER IN SUNLIGHT BUT HE'S GOT PLENTY OF THAT TODAY.

THE BARNACLE-BRAINED BOY! HE'S CARRYING AN INJURY AND NEVER TOLD ANYONE, THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM!



JORDAN'S HAD ENOUGH, HE'S RUNNING AWAY.

YES, BUT HE'S PULLED THE CLAYTON DEFENCE WITH HIM AND BALDY IS GOING THROUGH



BUT PERHAPS I CAN GET SWIFT AWAY FROM IT.

MICKEY JORDAN, THROUGH BALL!

STICK WITH YOUR MAN, SWIFT!



GET IN THERE!

GOOOOAAALLL!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





**Don't miss the developments in the next exciting instalment!**

**ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...**

**H**URRAHH! The Easter holidays will soon be with us and, hopefully, you can have an enjoyable and well-deserved break from school. But a rest is the last thing my staff and I and, of course, all the many scriptwriters and artists who work for SPEED are thinking about at the moment. The next two weeks include Good Friday and Easter Monday which means only 4 working days to produce SPEED. It's going to take a lot of effort (and a lot of speed) on our part, but it's all worthwhile if you continue to read and enjoy the paper.

One of the best things in SPEED is, to my mind, the 'Speed Collection' Poster and the 'Speed Article' which accompanies it every week. I'm sure you'll agree with me when I say the subjects covered so far have been very varied... ranging from the pilot of a Concorde plane to this week's subject, Peter Barnes of England football fame.

But if you have any ideas on who you would like to see featured, be it a machine or a personality, please write in and let me know. I have to put my thinking cap on every week and so I'd appreciate any help you may give me with the feature. In fact, as I've said before, any comments you have about the paper are always welcome at my office.

I have been very limited for space in recent issues and because of this one of the features to suffer has been your letters and jokes participation page, 'Speedpost'. But you can look forward to some great Speedpost pages coming soon... so do keep sending in your entries.

*David Hunt.*

**CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...**

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**HERE ARE YOUR NEXT SET OF BOOKLET PAGES!**

Part 4 of your World of Speed Booklet is presented on the next two pages. Cut them out carefully and insert into the pages you already have. Just two more weeks and it's complete.



**Sammy Snyder hatched a plan to discover Mickey's speed secret!**

MICKEY JORDAN— KNOWN AS 'FLASH' BECAUSE OF HIS INCREDIBLE SPEED— HAD JOINED MUDPORT UNITED WHO WERE BOTTOM OF THE FOURTH DIVIS. ON. MICKEY HAD KEPT SECRET THE FACT THAT HE HAD AN INJURED LEG AND WAS NOW FINDING HIMSELF IN SOME DIFFICULTY...

JORDAN'S PUT THE BALL PAST HIS OWN KEEPER! IT'S AN OWN GOAL!

THAT MAKES IT ONE-ONE... AND JORDAN LOOKS BADLY INJURED!



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

GOOD WORK, SWIFTY. NOW LET'S BEAT THIS MUDPORT RABBLE!

HEY, WHAT'S THE REF DOING?

AND, INCREDIBLY...

NO GOAL, LADS! THE BALL BURST WHEN JORDAN KICKED IT, AND SO IT WAS UNDER THE REGULATION WEIGHT WHEN IT CROSSED THE LINE. WE'LL HAVE TO GET A NEW BALL AND RESTART PLAY WITH A BOUNCE-UP!

WATCHING ON THE BENCH WERE MUDPORT MANAGER 'SMILER' BATES AND MICKEY'S STEP-FATHER, CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN...

MICKEY NEVER LOOKED IN TOP FORM. I'LL GET DEAN WALL'S ON AS SUBSTITUTE.

DROP YOUR ANCHOR A MINUTE! MICKEY SAID THAT HE WAS FIT TO PLAY AND, BY NEPTUNE'S BEARD, THE LAD IS GOING TO PLAY!

PUT THAT BOY DOWN!

BUT, SKIPPER, HE'S INJURED!





RUBBISH, LADDIE! ON MY SEA TRAVELS I LEARN'T A LITTLE TRICK FROM THE BONGONESE TRIBE. THEY TOLD ME THAT A SUDDEN, SHARP SHOCK COULD SORT OUT SUCH INJURIES, WITHOUT GIVING THE PATIENT ANY PAIN!



ANGHHH!

HEE, HEE. TERRIBLE LIARS THE BONGONESE!

MICKEY RETURNED TO THE FIELD OF PLAY AS THE GAME BEGAN WITH A DROPPED BALL...

COME ON, CLAYTON! MAKE IT COUNT!

BUT IT SEEMS TO HAVE EASED STRAIGHT AWAY. YOU MUST LET ME PLAY ON, MISTER BATES!

WE'VE GOT TO HANG ON TO OUR LEAD!

THE BALL BROKE TO A CLAYTON PLAYER. AND...



MY GRIEF! JORDAN'S GOT ACROSS TO CLEAR IT!

I DON'T THINK I'VE SEEN ANYONE REACT SO QUICKLY!

THE CLAYTON SIDE FORCED THEIR WAY FORWARD TIME AND TIME AGAIN IN SEARCH OF AN EQUALISER, AND MICKEY HAD TO USE ALL HIS SPEED TO HELP OUT HIS OVERWORKED DEFENCE.



THE FINAL WHISTLE!

WE'VE DONE IT! WE'VE WON!

WELL PLAYED, FLASH, I RECKON YOU DESERVED THE POINTS!

THANKS, SWIFTY. IT WAS A GREAT MATCH!



BUT ONE MAN WAS NOT SHARING THE CROWD'S JOY AT MUDPORT'S SUCCESS... SAMMY SNYDER, A LOCAL REPORTER, WAS MORE INTENT AT GETTING HIMSELF A BIG STORY BY FINDING OUT THE SECRET OF MICKEY'S SPEED AND WHERE THE AMAZING YOUNGSTER HAD COME FROM.

HEY, NO NEED TO PUSH!

THEN CLEAR OUT OF MY WAY, MISTER!

THERE'S DEAN WALLIS WHO LOST HIS PLACE TO JORDAN, AND HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO PLEASED WITH LIFE.



HIYA, DEAN. I SEE THAT YOU'RE NOT JOINING IN THE CELEBRATIONS.

I DON'T LIKE BEING PUSHED OUT OF THE TEAM BY SOME SPEED FREAK, SNYDER!



THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT JORDAN. HOW CAN A LAD BE SO FAST, AND WHY ARE BATES AND THAT FATHER OF HIS AFRAID TO GIVE ANY INFORMATION ABOUT HIM? JORDAN'S GOT SOME SECRET AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

BUT I NEED HELP... SOMEONE INSIDE THE CLUB, SOMEONE WHO COULD BEFRIEND MICKEY, WIN HIS CONFIDENCE.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





	PLAYED	POINTS
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MUDPORT	42	23
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IN FACT, IF WE WIN OUR REMAINING FOUR GAMES WE COULD REACH THIRTY-ONE POINTS, AND WE MAY JUST GET OUT OF THE BOTTOM FOUR!



**More action with Mickey Jordan in next week's exciting instalment!**

**H**AVE a really great Easter and I hope some of you manage to get away for a few days during your school break for the holidays. But whether you do or not, **SPEED Weekly** is the one sure way of helping you to enjoy the holiday . . . so use the coupon published on the page below if you still haven't placed a regular order for the paper with your newsagent.

I am at this moment in time working on a scheme to appear in future issues of **SPEED** which is so revolutionary, and original, that I know for certain it has never before appeared in a British comic . . . or, for that matter, any comic in the World. It is so different that my Group-Editor, Barrie Tomlinson, and myself have labelled the project **TOP SECRET** for the time being. And that's the way it must stay until all our plans are finalised and we can let you in on the secret in the very near future. So, as they say, watch this space for further, exciting news.

Now on to more immediate things. The 'Bullet Slick' story is proving very popular with readers and I've been very impressed with some of the entries. The imaginative machinery dreamed up by readers for Bullet to try out really has to be seen to be believed. What a clever lot you are and I'll close this week by wishing you luck should you decide to take up the challenge and enter.

*David Hunt.*

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On the two pages is part 5 of the super **WORLD of SPEED** Booklet. As before, cut them out and insert into the pages you already have. Don't miss the final section of the Booklet which appears in the next exciting issue of **SPEED**!



Thanks to Mickey-Mudport had a chance of League survival!

CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN AND HIS ADOPTED SON MICKEY WERE THE ONLY ONES TO KNOW THE SECRET OF THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD'S AMAZING SPEED. PLAYING SOCCER FOR MUDPORT UNITED, MICKEY HAD EARNED HIMSELF THE NICKNAME 'FLASH' BECAUSE HE MOVED SO QUICKLY, AND HIS SKILLS HAD HELPED LIFT MUDPORT OFF THE BOTTOM OF THE FOURTH DIVISION FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE SEASON...

IF WE WIN OUR REMAINING FOUR GAMES, THEN WE'VE A CHANCE OF FINISHING UP THE TABLE AND NOT HAVING TO APPLY FOR RE-ELECTION.

THAT'S AS WELL, SHIPMATE, BECAUSE NO SANE-MINDED MAN WOULD VOTE MUDPORT TO STAY IN THE LEAGUE WITH THEIR TERRIBLE RECORD OVER THE YEARS!



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

YOU DID MUDPORT PROUD TODAY, LADS. BECAUSE OF OUR GREAT VICTORY I'M GOING TO ALTER OUR TRAINING SCHEDULE.

GOOD IDEA, BOSS. YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE US A COUPLE OF DAYS OFF?

NO! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU EXTRA TRAINING!

WHAAATTTT?

WE'VE ALL WORKED HARD, AND WE'RE CLOSE TO ACHIEVING SOMETHING... BUT WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO WORK HARDER AND MAKE SURE WE DON'T FAIL NOW!

I'LL SEE YOU ALL AT THREE O'CLOCK SHARP!

HEH-HEH! THAT'S THE STUFF, MISTER BATES. I'D HAVE ALL THESE SWABS SCRUBBING THE DECK IF THEY WERE PART OF MY CREW!

NEXT AFTERNOON...

THANKS FOR COMING, LADS. GOOD TO SEE YOU HERE ON TIME FOR ONCE, DEAN. THERE'S ONLY MICKEY THAT'S MISSING.

COURSE I'M ON TIME, MISTER CLEVER-CLOGGS — BUT NOT 'CAUSE IT'S ANOTHER CRUMMY TRAINING SESSION!



HAVING LOST HIS PLACE IN THE TEAM TO MICKEY, DEAN WALLIS WAS HELPING LOCAL REPORTER SAMMY SNYDER IN HIS EFFORTS TO DISCOVER MORE ABOUT MICKEY'S PAST LIFE AND THE SECRET OF HIS SPEED.

BATES AND JORDAN'S OLD MAN ARE ALWAYS KEEPING AN EYE ON THAT SPEED-FREAK SO THE PRESS CAN NEVER GET NEAR HIM. BUT THERE'S NO WAY THEY CAN STOP THE KID TELLING HIS STORY TO A FRIENDLY TEAM-MATE... AND THAT FRIEND IS GOING TO BE ME!



MICKEY SOON ARRIVED WITH AN UNEXPECTED GUEST...

GOOD GRIEF! HE'S BROUGHT THE CAPTAIN'S COW WITH HIM!

I CAN EXPLAIN, MISTER BATES...



THE CAPTAIN HAS GONE TO SEE AN OLD SHIPMATE TODAY, AND AS I COULDN'T BEAR TO LEAVE POOR OLD ANNIE ON HER OWN...

...YOU BROUGHT HER ALONG TO EAT UP THE MUDPORT PITCH! OKAY, MICKEY, TIE HER UP SOMEWHERE THAT'S SAFE, BEFORE SHE FINISHES OFF THE REMAINING FEW BLADES OF GRASS.

WHAT A TWERP! BUT AT LEAST HIS OLD MAN'S OUT OF THE WAY FOR ONCE!



WHEN THE TRAINING BEGAN IT WAS TOUGH, BUT MICKEY SAILED THROUGH IT WITH LITTLE DIFFICULTY.



PHEW! HE'S FINISHED BEFORE I'VE STARTED!

JORDAN'S LAPPED ME... THE KID CAN'T BE HUMAN!



A ONE-TOUCH SIX-A-SIDE GAME WAS TREATED TO SOME OF THE FLASH JORDAN DEADLY FINISHING...

SUPER SHOT THAT, FLASH. REAL MAGIC THE WAY YOU TOOK IT!

ER-D-DEAN, HAVE YOU NOTICED..?



THAT COW OF YOURS IS EATING MY BLOOMIN' JACKET!

I'M SORRY, ANNIE DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A NEW JACKET!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





**Mickey tries dancing for the first time in next week's instalment!**

ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...

**ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...**

I feel certain this week's 'Speed Collection' and 'Speed Article', featuring the men who fly the Lightning Interceptor fighter planes, is a sure-fire winner with all SPEED readers. I can't ever remember reading an article by a pilot who takes the reader through the experience of what it is actually like to fly a real-life exercise.

But before I go on blowing my own trumpet at landing this real scoop for SPEED readers, I feel I must make mention of other people who helped with the feature. So, without further ado, I'd like to express my sincere thanks to the Ministry of Defence for allowing us to conduct the interview and the men of number 11 Squadron, RAF Binbrook, for going to so much trouble on our behalf. And my special thanks to Flying-Officer Ray Knowles and his boss, Wing-Commander Doug Aylward. As I'm sure you'll realise, the feature takes a lot of careful planning each week; but without such help from super people it wouldn't be possible at all.

In the next issue of SPEED you're ALL invited to a special party. What am I talking about? Sorry, I've run out of space and can't tell you anymore. So be sure you get next week's great issue of SPEED Weekly!

*David Hunt.*

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## HERE ARE YOUR LAST SET OF PAGES TO COMPLETE YOUR BOOKLET

Mission completed with this week's set of Speed Booklet pages. Hope you like it!



## Would the plan to discover Mickey's secret succeed?

ALL MUDPORT KNEW THAT MICKEY JORDAN'S SPEED — WHICH EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME 'FLASH' — HAD TRANSFORMED THE 4th DIVISION STRUGGLERS INTO A WINNING SIDE, BUT THE REASON FOR THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD'S AMAZING ATHLETICISM REMAINED A MYSTERY. DEAN WALLIS, THE PLAYER WHOM MICKEY DISPLACED FROM THE TEAM, WAS TRYING TO DISCOVER THAT SECRET...



IT'LL BE AN HOUR OR SO BEFORE THE CAPTAIN ARRIVES TO MEET YOU, MICKEY... SO WHY DON'T WE GO ALONG TO THE YOUTH CLUB DISCO?

OKAY!



YOU STAY HERE, ANNIE OLD GIRL.

HA! I'M WINNING JORDAN'S TRUST NOW. WHEN I GET THE TWEAP IN THE DISCO I'LL CALL IN THE LOCAL PAPER AND GET SAMMY SNYDER ACROSS TO WORM OUT THE FULL STORY ABOUT FLASH JORDON!



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

IT WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT MICKEY HAD BEEN TO A DISCO...

OH! LOOK, IT'S MICKEY JORDAN!

YOU'RE A CELEBRITY, MATE!

I AM?



COME ON, MICKEY, YOU MUST DANCE WITH US. PLEEEASE!

Y-YES, OF COURSE.

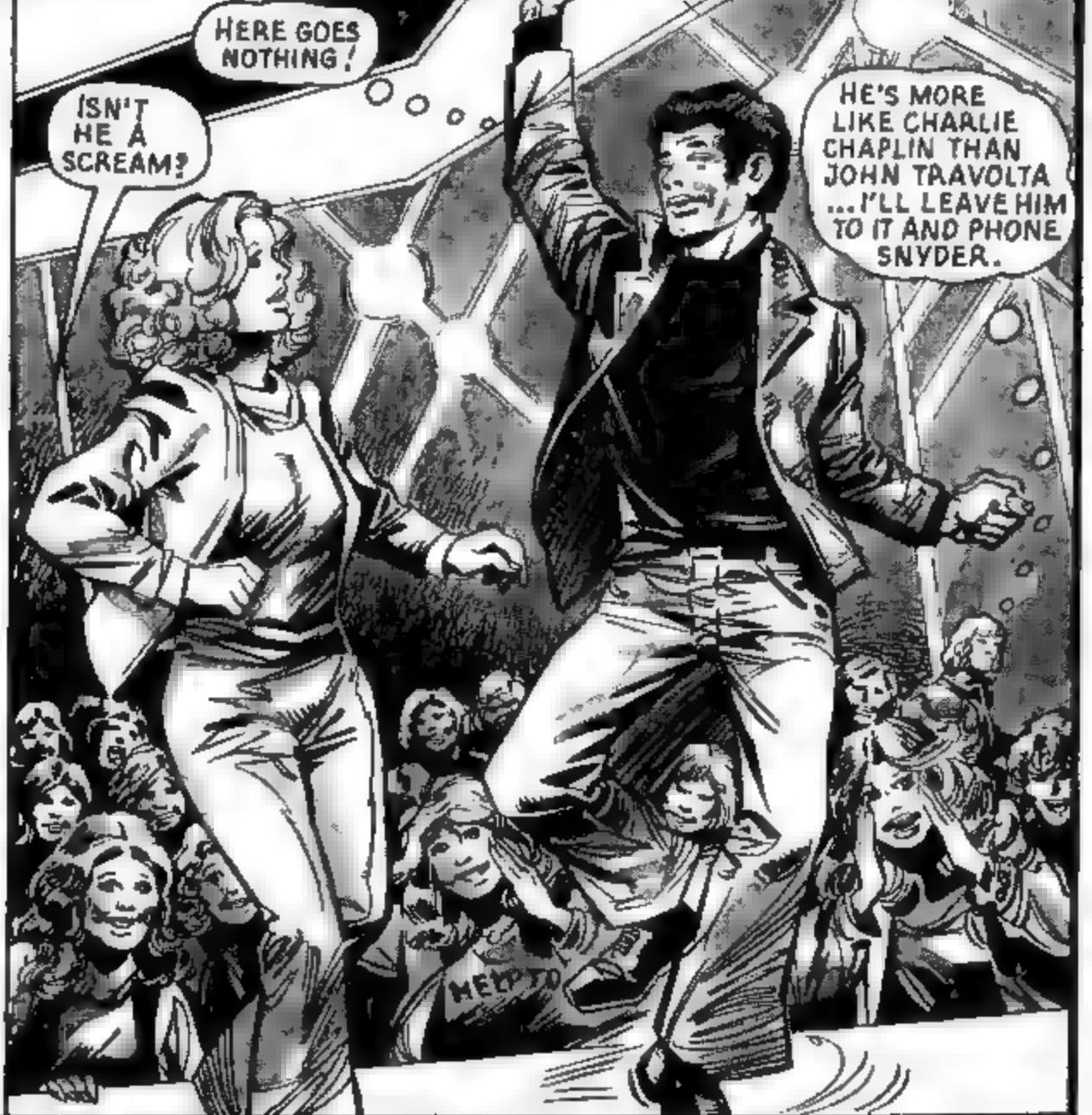


GOOD GRIEF, WHAT ON EARTH DO I DO?

HERE GOES NOTHING!

ISN'T HE A SCREAM?

HE'S MORE LIKE CHARLIE CHAPLIN THAN JOHN TRAVOLTA... I'LL LEAVE HIM TO IT AND PHONE SNYDER.

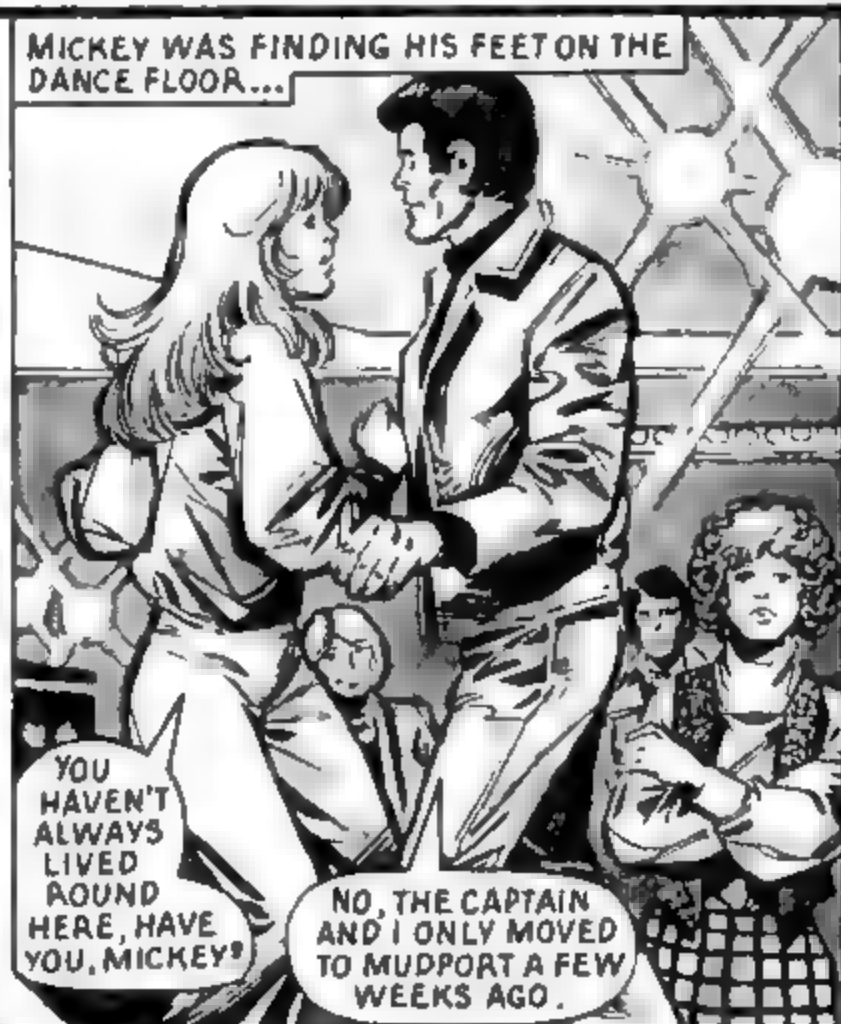






COME ACROSS AND GET YOUR STORY FROM JORDAN. BUT MAKE SURE YOU BRING SOME CASH TO MAKE ALL MY WORK WORTH WHILE!

I'M ON MY WAY!



MICKEY WAS FINDING HIS FEET ON THE DANCE FLOOR...

YOU HAVEN'T ALWAYS LIVED AROUND HERE, HAVE YOU, MICKEY?

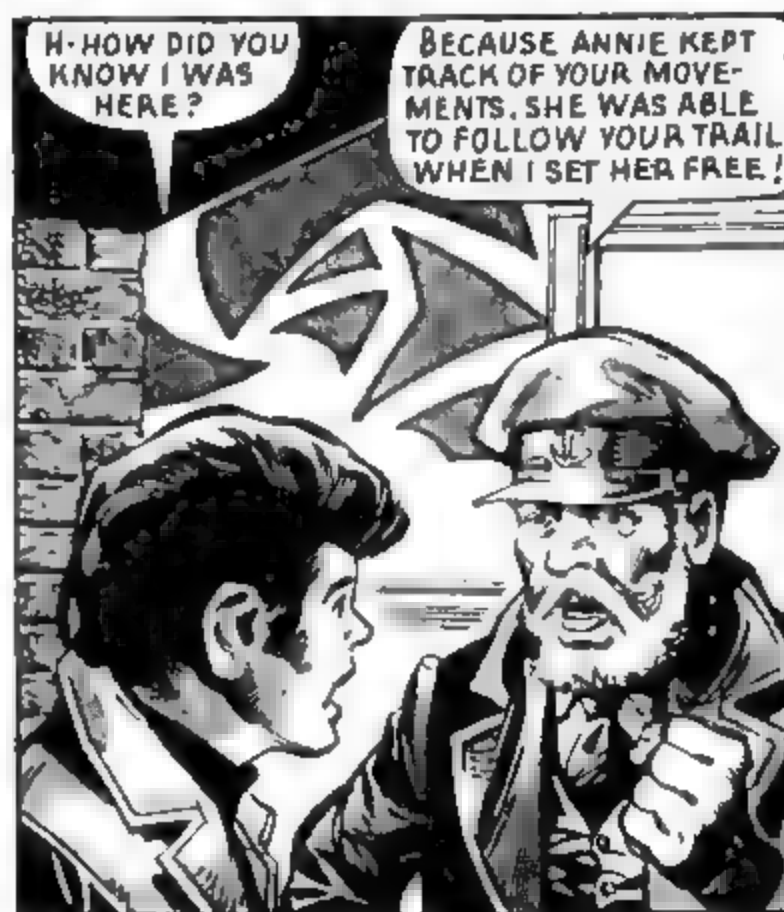
NO, THE CAPTAIN AND I ONLY MOVED TO MUDPORT A FEW WEEKS AGO.



THEN...

COME HERE, YOU MUTINOUS DECK-HAND!

THE CAPTAIN AND ANNIE!



H-HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?

BECAUSE ANNIE KEPT TRACK OF YOUR MOVEMENTS. SHE WAS ABLE TO FOLLOW YOUR TRAIL WHEN I SET HER FREE!



SO LET'S GET YOU HOME, LAD, BEFORE YOU BLAB ANYTHING THAT YOU SHOULDN'T.

GOODNIGHT, ONE AND ALL!



MOMENTS LATER, SAMMY SNYDER ARRIVED...

GET AFTER THEM... FOLLOW THEM AND FIND OUT WHERE THEY LIVE!

I'M ON MY WAY!



BUT PURSUIT WAS NOT TO BE THAT EASY!

YARAGGGHHH! THAT BLOOMING COW AGAIN!



AND I THOUGHT THAT DEAN WAS BEING FRIENDLY.

WE'LL LET YOUR SECRET OUT SOME TIME, MICKEY, BUT ONLY WHEN WE THINK THE TIME'S RIGHT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



WEDNESDAY EVENING SAW THE MUDPORT  
GRAVETOWN FIXTURE...

C'MON, MUDPORT,  
WE NEED TWO  
TONIGHT.

AYE, WE NEED TWO  
POINTS IN ALL OUR  
REMAINING GAMES  
IF WE'RE TO STEER  
CLEAR FROM THE  
BOTTOM FOUR.

GRAVETOWN WERE CONTENT TO  
PLAY FOR A POINT...

BACK TO THE  
'KEEPER AND  
THE GAME'S  
JUST STARTED!

BOOO!  
BORING!

BUT THE NEXT TIME  
THE BALL WAS  
PLAYED BACK...

MICKEY'S  
RUNNING HARD,  
BUT IT'S THE KEEPER'S  
BALL!



INSPIRED BY FLASH  
JORDAN, MUDPORT  
WERE WINNING 4-0 AT  
HALF-TIME.

THAT'S THE BEST  
PERFORMANCE BY A  
MUDPORT SIDE I'VE  
EVER SEEN!

WELL  
PLAYED,  
LADS!

BUT...

INTO THE  
CHANGING-ROOMS,  
QUICKLY! I'VE GOT  
SOME VERY BAD  
NEWS FOR YOU!

WHAT'S WRONG,  
BOSS? WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?

**You can find out in next week's exciting instalment!**



**Mickey was determined that Mudport would fight to the final whistle!**

YOUNG MICKEY JORDAN'S AMAZING SPEED — WHICH HAD EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME 'FLASH' — WAS HELPING MUDPORT IN A DESPERATE STRUGGLE TO AVOID HAVING TO APPLY FOR RE-ELECTION TO THE 4TH. DIVISION. BUT DESPITE BEING 4-0 UP AT HALF-TIME, MANAGER 'SMILER' BATES HAD SOME BAD NEWS...

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, BOSS? THIS IS OUR BEST DISPLAY OF THE SEASON!

THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE NEWS SO HARD TO TAKE, MICKEY...

# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

TWO OF OUR RIVALS HAD EARLY EVENING GAMES. THEY BOTH WON, WHICH MEANS WE CAN'T GET MORE POINTS THAN EITHER OF THEM. AND WITH OUR LOUSY GOAL DIFFERENCE THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN GET CLEAR OF THE BOTTOM FOUR!

THE NEWS WAS SHATTERING...

WE MAY AS WELL ALL GO HOME NOW!

WELL, THAT'S IT THEN!

NOW JUST A MINUTE...

...THE SEASON ISN'T OVER YET! NO MATTER WHERE WE FINISH IN THE LEAGUE WE ARE GOING TO KEEP ON PLAYING RIGHT UP TO THE FINAL WHISTLE!

OUR FANS HAVE TURNED UP TO SEE US DO OUR BEST FOR MUDPORT, AND THEY'LL GET NOTHING LESS THAN THE BEST!

I'VE NEVER HEARD MICKEY SOUND SO ANGRY BEFORE!

HE LOOKS REALLY DETERMINED!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



AS SOON AS THE GAME RESTARTED, MICKEY JORDAN WAS IN THE THICK OF THE ACTION!



CORNER!

COME ON... SOMEONE TAKE THE CORNER AND FLOAT IT IN FOR ME!



LISTEN TO HIM... HE'S THE BEST THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED TO MUDPORT!

AND...

NUMBER FIVE! HIS SPEED WON THE CORNER AND NOW HE'S SCORED!



FANTASTIC PLAY!

WE GET THE POINT ABOUT KEEPING ON PLAYING, MICKEY! DON'T WORRY, SON, WE'RE AS DETERMINED TO DO WELL AS YOU ARE!



GREAT GOAL!

MUDPORT TOWN! MUDPORT TOWN!

YOU'D THINK THAT WE HAD WON THE CUP!



WE'LL DO THAT NEXT SEASON, SNOWY!

THE SECOND-HALF BECAME ONE OF CONSISTENT MUDPORT PRESSURE...

FLASH HAS SCORED IN THE LAST SECOND OF THE GAME!



SEVEN-NIL TO THE PORT!

MUDPORT'S NEXT TWO FIXTURES WERE AWAY GAMES AND PLAYING WITH A RELAXED CONFIDENCE THEY WON EASILY.



Final Score:  
CARBY...0 v MUDPORT...3

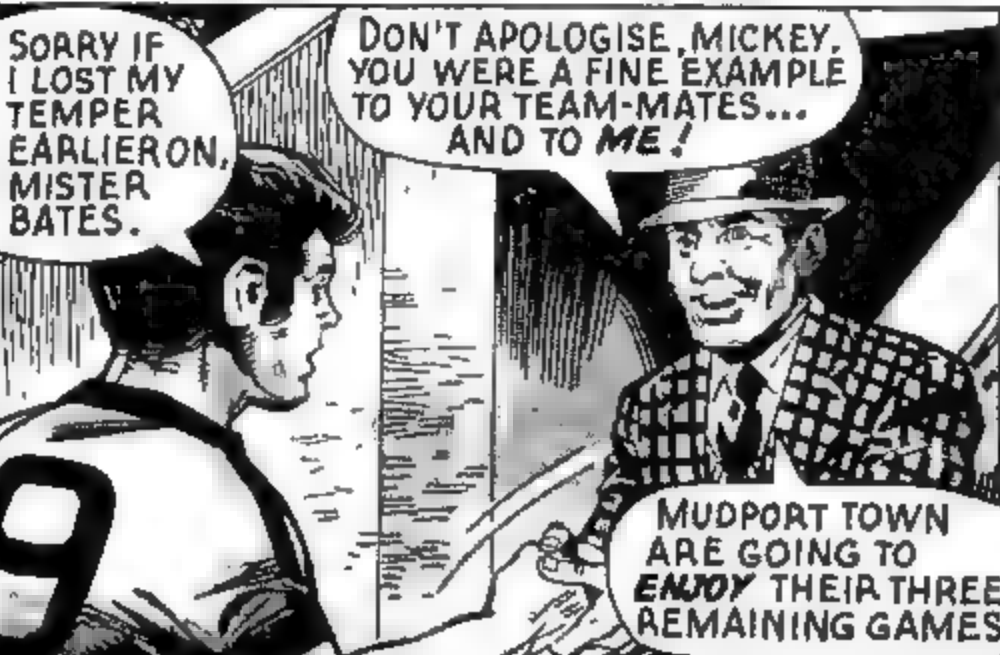


Final Score:  
GRANWOOD...1 v MUDPORT...5

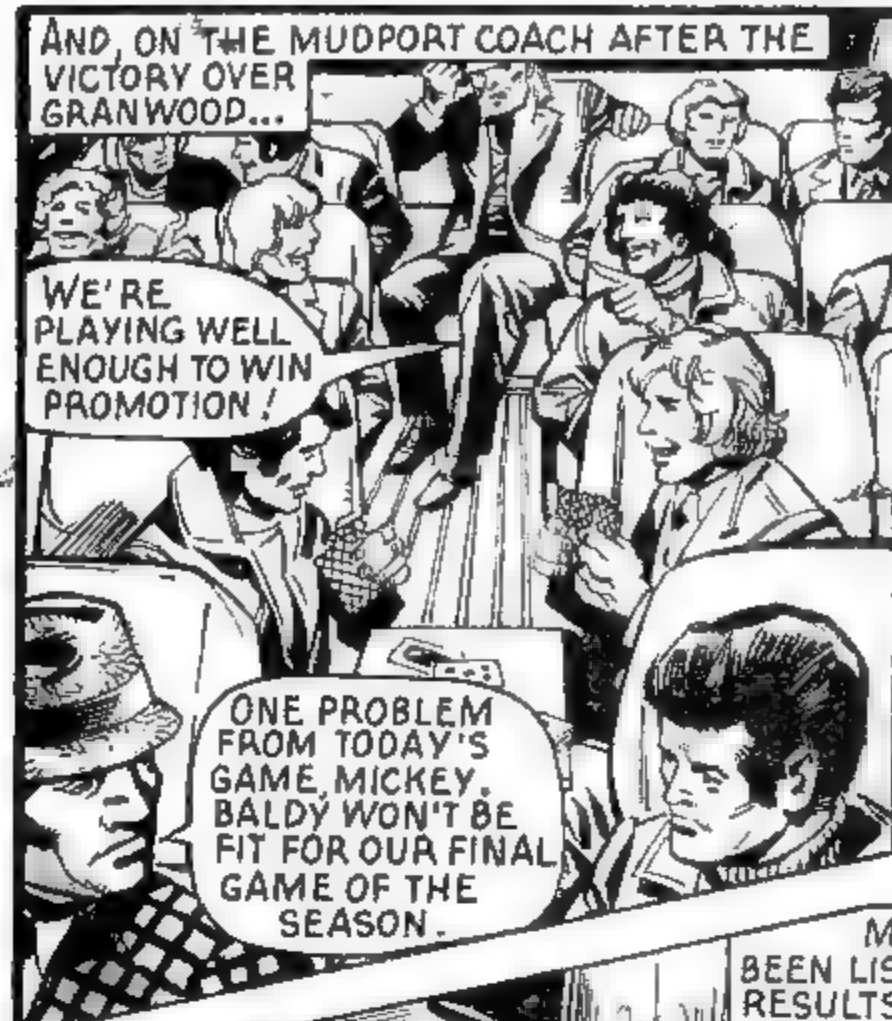
SORRY IF I LOST MY TEMPER EARLIER ON, MISTER BATES.

DON'T APOLOGISE, MICKEY. YOU WERE A FINE EXAMPLE TO YOUR TEAM-MATES... AND TO ME!

MUDPORT TOWN ARE GOING TO ENJOY THEIR THREE REMAINING GAMES!







*You can find out in next week's exciting instalment!*

## IN SHOOT! THIS WEEK!

His ups-and-downs at Everton—why he rejected Manchester City and moved to Arsenal.

### EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP CAPTAINS-No.3

West Germany's skipper Dietz gives his views on his country's chances in Italy.

### THE EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP STORY

How the Championships began, some great moments from the past and results.

### PLUS!

RON GREENWOOD'S ENGLAND SQUAD FOR ITALY—we name his 22.

### AND:

EXCLUSIVE COLOUR PHOTO OF JOHN TOSHACK... in the new Welsh strip.

Britain's best and biggest selling soccer magazine.

# SHOOT!

OUT NOW 20p

# THE ALAN BALL STORY!

**PART 2**





## Captain of the side for the first time — how would Flash play?

SIXTEEN YEAR-OLD MICKY JORDAN—WHOSE AMAZING SPEED EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME OF "FLASH" JORDAN—HAD BEEN APPOINTED SKIPPER OF MUDPORT UNITED FOR THE MOST VITAL GAME IN THE CLUB'S HISTORY. UNLESS MUDPORT WON BY A MARGIN OF FOUR GOALS THEY WOULD BE VOTED OUT OF THE FOURTH DIVISION.

SOCCER TENNIS IS A GOOD WAY TO SHARPEN THE REFLEXES, MICKY... BUT DO YOU HAVE TO PLAY THREE GAMES AT ONCE?

UGGH! I'VE GOT TO BE EXTRA SHARP ON SATURDAY, MISTER BATES!



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!



A FOUR GOAL VICTORY IS A TALL ORDER. WE'LL NEED ALL YOUR SPEED AND SHARPNESS IF WE'RE TO BE IN WITH A CHANCE...



..SO PLAY YOUR **NORMAL** GAME! I DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING DIFFERENT FROM YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE SKIPPER OF THE SIDE.

RIGHT, BOSS. NO-ONE WANTS TO WIN MORE THAN ME!



WHO'S FOR A FINAL CIRCUIT RUN?

PHEEWW NOT SO FAST, FLASH, IT'S NOT A SPRINT RACE!

THE LAD'S KEEN ENOUGH... MAYBE OVER-KEEN! I HOPE THAT BEING CAPTAIN WON'T SPOIL HIS GAME!



ON MATCH DAY AS SPECTATORS MADE THEIR WAY TO MUDPORT'S TINY STADIUM, ALL THE TALK WAS ABOUT MICKY...

IT'S A MISTAKE GIVING THE JOB TO THE YOUNGSTER. HE HASN'T PLAYED FOR A FULL SEASON YET. HE KNOWS NOWT ABOUT GAME.

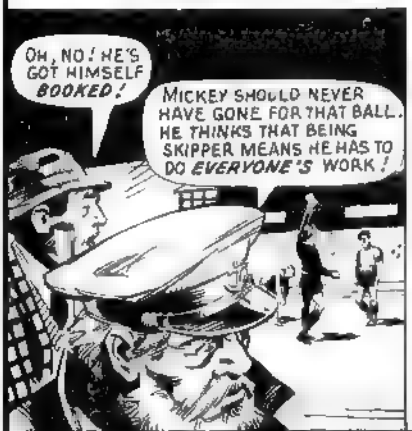
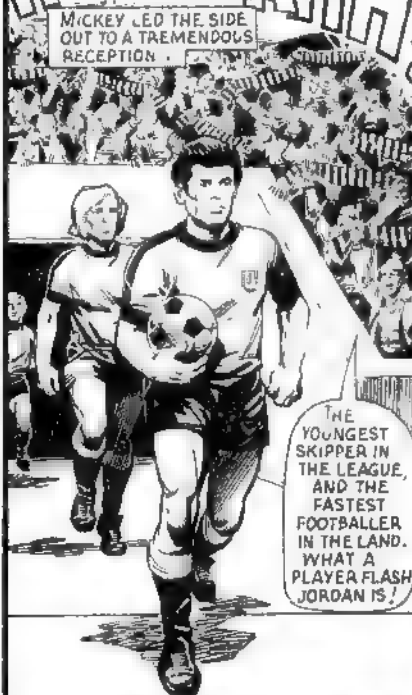
GIVE FLASH A CHANCE. HE'S DONE WONDERS FOR THE SIDE!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





HURRRRAHHH!







For high-speed action every week... read **SPEED!**

**TIGER • ROY OF THE ROVERS • SPEED • BATTLE • 2000 A.D. •**

# YOUR COMIC NEWS!

**ROY OF THE ROVERS • SPEED • BATTLE •**

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## TIGER

**TIGER** is where the stars are! Middlesex Vice-captain and England star Phil Edmonds writes a special article to open the cricket season, while Trevor Francis talks about his fabulous new home. **TIGER** is where the excitement is! Dramatic happenings in this issue's "Skid Solo" story and the first part of a terrific pull-out motor racing poster, in colour. All this and more in **TIGER** dated 17th May, on sale Monday, May 12th.

## ROY OF THE ROVERS

Free in next week's issue, two more packets of stickers for your European Championship album. We regret that these are not available to overseas readers. Something that every soccer fan will be able to collect is a **STARS OF BRITISH SOCCER** Booklet, the first part of which is in next week's edition. Order May 17th **ROY OF THE ROVERS** now! It's on sale next Saturday!

## BATTLE

It's a vital issue next week, when readers can complete the fantastic booklet "Tank Today" by collecting the final four pages. And there are super prizes to be won in an "Airfix" competition... 48 model kits of the "Ark Royal" aircraft carrier! Watch out for our exciting all-colour front cover, with **THE SARGE** fighting off a Stuka attack. If you're tough enough, get the next **BATTLE-ACTION**... on Sale Thursday, 15th May!

## 2000 A.D.

You like **ROBOTS**? You like **DINOSAURS**? If the answer to both questions is 'Yes', don't dare miss next week's episode of **ROBOHUNTER**! See Sam Slade battle against the **MEKOSAURS** — the mightiest metal monsters ever made by man! ++PLUS++ **JUDGE DREDD**, hyper-cop... **WOLFIE SMITH**, the boy with Mind-Power... **THE VCs**, space-warriors... **MACH ZERO**, human freak... and a feature on **THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK**!

**BATTLE • 2000 A.D. • TIGER • ROY OF THE ROVERS • SPEED •**



# Captain Jonah created a clever diversion to save Mickey!

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD MICKEY JORDAN—NICKNAMED "FLASH" JORDAN BECAUSE OF HIS AMAZING SPEED—HAD BEEN APPOINTED SKIPPER OF MUDPORT UNITED IN A GAME WHICH THEY HAD TO WIN BY FOUR GOALS TO STAY IN THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE. AFTER HAVING BEEN BOOKED FOR A RASH TACKLE, MICKEY GOT INVOLVED IN AN ARGUMENT WITH THE REFEREE.

THAT SHOT FROM FLASH WAS TRAVELLING SO FAST THAT IT WENT INTO THE NET AND BOUNCED OUT AGAIN! BUT THE REF NEVER SAW IT!

AND HE WON'T CHANGE THE REF'S MIND BY ARGUING

## THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN, MICKEY'S ADOPTIVE FATHER, AND "SMILER" BATES, MUDPORT'S MANAGER, WATCHED FROM THE BENCH.

HE'S GOING TO GET HIMSELF SHOWN THE RED CARD!

THEN GET HIM OFF BEFORE HE'S SENT OFF... TRY THE OLD INJURY TRICK!

AND...

MICKEY. HANG ON A MINUTE, SON!

WHAT'S ALL THIS?

I THOUGHT I SAW YOU SIGNAL ME TO COME AND ATTEND THE LAD'S INJURY, REF! I'LL GET HIM OFF THE PITCH!

VERY WELL!

BUT I'M NOT INJUR... MAMMMFFFF!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

YOUR SKILLS WERE NEEDED IN THE TREATMENT ROOM, MICKEY!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



ANNIE'S GOT A STONE IN HER HOOF  
AND WON'T LET ME GET IT OUT!

POOR THING!

MICKEY INSPIRED TRUST IN ALL  
ANIMALS, AND WAS ESPECIALLY  
FOND OF HIS 'PET' COW, ANNIE.

SOON

THAT'S  
GOT IT!

ER - GREAT,  
MICKEY! NOW  
WHAT ABOUT  
THOSE FOUR  
GOALS WE  
NEED?

THAT LITTLE DIVERSION WILL  
HAVE TAKEN THE LAD'S MIND OFF  
THE PRESSURES OF THE MATCH.  
HE CAN GET ON WITH HIS  
USUAL GAME NOW.

RIGHT. IT'S A  
LUCKY THING HIS  
COW PICKED UP  
THE STONE.

LUCK BE  
BLOWED! I  
PUT IT THERE  
MYSELF!

BACK ON THE PITCH...

THE DEFENDERS ARE  
HOLDING OFF. THEY'RE  
INVITING FLASH TO  
RUN AT THEM.

MY GRIEF, HE HAS  
DONE! LOOK  
AT HIM MOVE!

MICKEY'S DEVASTATING  
RUNNING ENABLED HIM  
TO SCORE TWICE MORE  
BEFORE THE MARKING  
BECAME MUCH TIGHTER..

THERE'S NO WAY  
FLASH CAN GET THE  
VITAL FOURTH GOAL!

WELL W,  
TERRY!

GREAT  
GOAL!

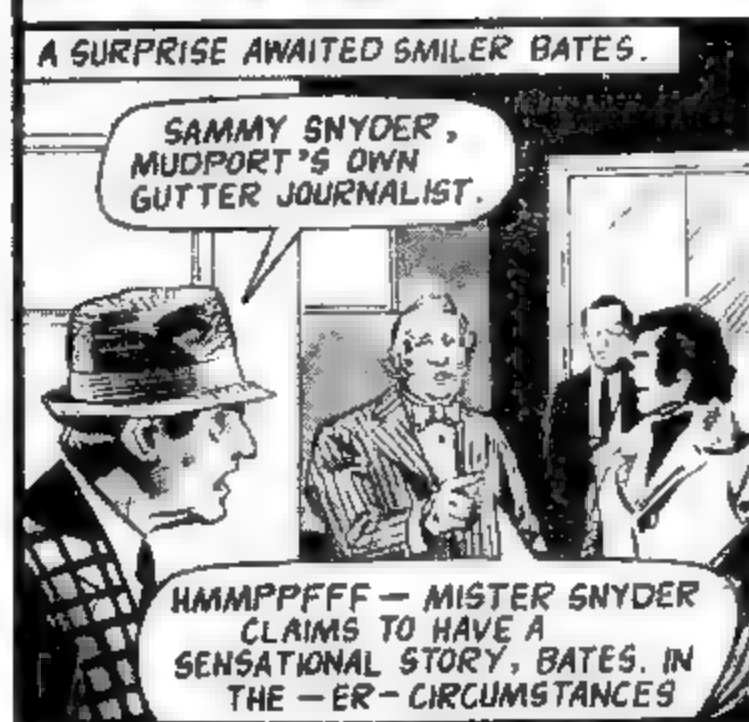
AND, WITH ONLY SECONDS  
LEFT TO PLAY...

CALL THAT A CENTRE?  
IT'S GOING NOWHERE!

BUT, WITH THE  
AGILITY AND  
SPEED OF A  
LEAPING  
SALMON ..

HE'S KEPT  
IT IN PLAY!





**What is the boy-wonder's secret? Read on next week!**



# F.A. CUP AND SCOTTISH FINALS ISSUE



Facts ... photos ... and comment on this week's big games at Wembley and Hampden Park. How the Finalists got there, focus on key players, action from previous rounds plus predictions.

**PLUS!!**

EXCLUSIVE... EXCLUSIVE... EXCLUSIVE!!  
**ENGLAND v ARGENTINA**

Big-match preview.

Tuesday sees the arrival of World Champions, Argentina, at Wembley. We look at the key players and discuss the chances of England maintaining their successful run.

**PLUS!!**

\* EUROPEAN CUP WINNERS' CUP FINAL PREVIEW! \* EUROPEAN CAPTAINS—Part 5. \* And SHOOT's star writers. **DON'T MISS...**

# SHOOT!

ON SALE NOW 22p

Britain's biggest selling soccer magazine!



# Sammy Snyder was about to reveal the amazing secret of Mickey's past!

MUDPORT UNITED SEEMED DOOMED TO BE THROWN OUT OF THE FOOTBALL LEAGUE UNTIL CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN BROUGHT HIS ADOPTED SON MICKEY TO PLAY FOR THE CLUB. THE YOUNGSTER — NICKNAMED 'FLASH' JORDAN BECAUSE OF HIS AMAZING SPEED — INSPIRED THE TEAM TO A VICTORY IN THE FINAL GAME OF THE SEASON AND ENSURED FOURTH DIVISION SURVIVAL.

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING TOWN FOR YEARS, AND IT'S THE **FIRST** THING I'VE HAD TO CHEER ABOUT!

YOU WON THAT GAME ON YOUR OWN, FLASH!

IT WAS A WIN FOR THE **TEAM**, AND THE **WHOLE** OF MUDPORT!

BUT THERE WAS TROUBLE IN STORE FOR THE JORDAN FAMILY.



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

IN THE DIRECTORS' BOX LOCAL REPORTER SAMMY SNYDER WAS CONFRONTING THE MUDPORT BOARD...

I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT JORDAN, AND DECIDED THAT SOMEONE SHOULD FIND OUT ABOUT HIS PAST.

HMMPPPPHHH! YOU WERE AFTER A CHEAP STORY, YOU MEAN!

THAT WILL DO, BATES. BRING CAPTAIN JORDAN UP HERE. WE BEST SORT THIS OUT...

THE CHAIRMAN'S FRIGHTENED OF BAD PUBLICITY FROM THE PRESS!

WHEN THE CAPTAIN APPEARED...

WHERE DID YOU ADOPT MICKEY FROM, CAPTAIN?

THAT'S MY AFFAIR, MISTER. I DON'T PUSH MY NOSE WHERE IT'S NOT WELCOME.

REMEMBER 'STEWOPOT' SHERWOOD, THE COOK ON YOUR SHIP, 'SAUCY SALLY'?

SHAKE MY SEALEGS! IF YOU'VE SPOKEN TO SHERWOOD THEN YOU **DO** KNOW THE TRUTH!





I WAS ACTING FOR THE GOOD OF THE CLUB AND FOR MICKEY IN NOT TELLING YOU THE FULL TALE STRAIGHT AWAY. NOW IT SEEMS IT'S THE TIME TO HEAR THE LAD'S STORY... BUT MARK ME, SHIPMATES, IT'S A RUM OLD YARN!



ON THE PITCH MICKEY CHANCED TO LOOK UP TO THE DIRECTORS' BOX...

GRIEF, SNYDER! ONLY ONE THING COULD HAVE BROUGHT HIM HERE... HE'S FOUND OUT ABOUT ME!



MY SECRET WILL BE SPREAD ROUND... HOW WILL THE PLAYERS AND THE FANS ACT WHEN THEY KNOW?

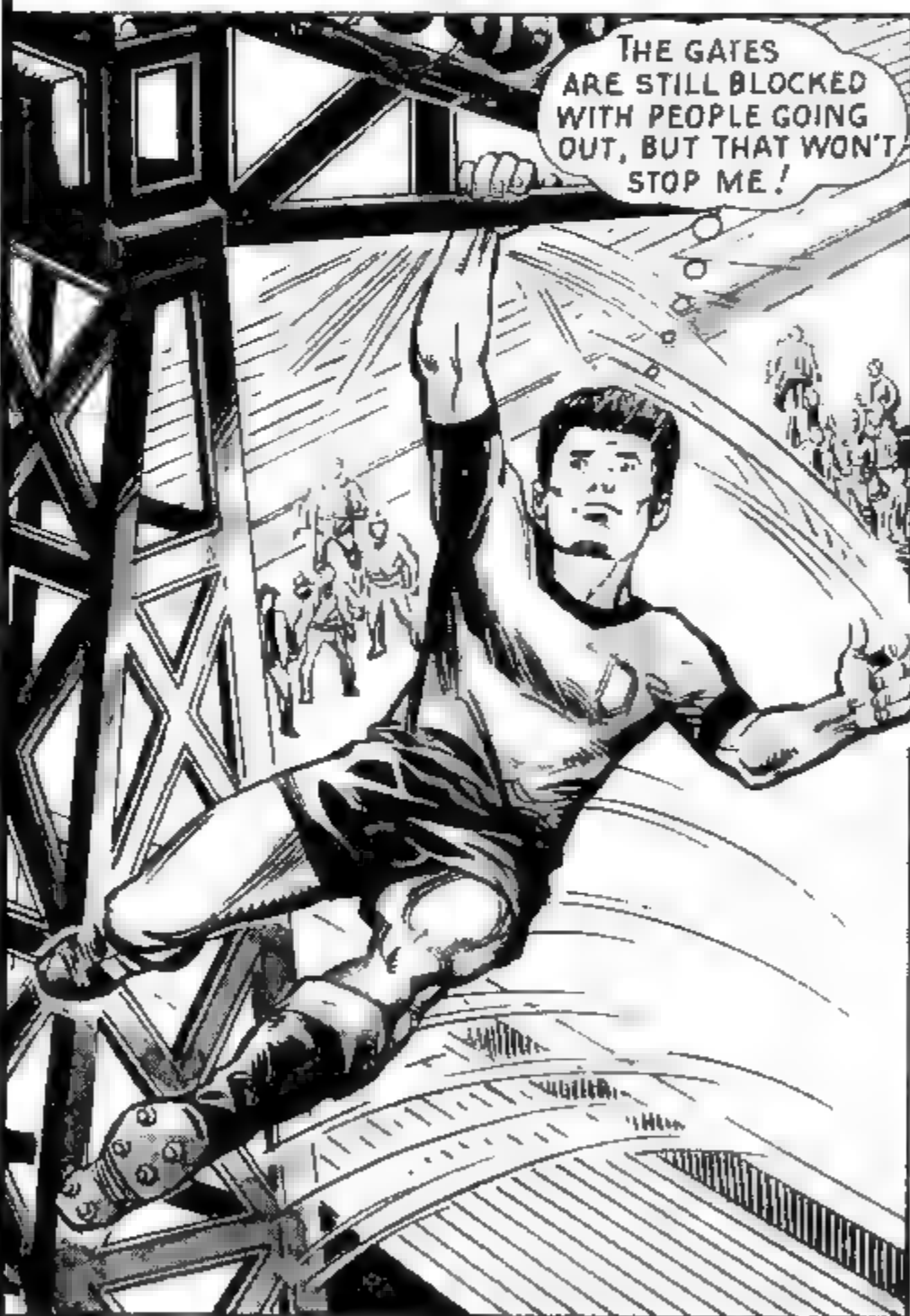
WE'LL PLAYED, FLASH!



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY. I CAN'T FACE EVERYONE!

HEY, STEADY ON, SON!

MUDPO



THE GATES ARE STILL BLOCKED WITH PEOPLE GOING OUT, BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME!



HE'S SCALED THE FLOODLIGHTS AND LEAPT ON THE WALL!

HE'S GONE CRACKERS!



MICKEY'S FLED THE GROUND!

HE MUST HAVE GOT WIND OF WHAT WAS HAPPENING. I'LL TALK TO THE CROWD OVER THE TANNON SYSTEM AND EXPLAIN THE SITUATION!



ER—NO NEED TO BE HASTY...

MUDPORT SUPPORTERS, THIS IS CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN SPEAKING. IF YOU'LL BE PATIENT, SHIPMATES, I'D LIKE YOU TO LISTEN TO A TALE CONCERNING YOUR STAR PLAYER... MY LAD, MICKEY.

GOOD OLD FLASH! COME ON THEN, CAPTAIN.



...FOR SOME FINANCIAL CONSIDERATION I COULD KEEP THE STORY TO MYSELF.

GAH! YOU'RE GARBAGE, SNYDER!

HAND ME A MICROPHONE, MISTER BATES!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**What did the Captain see? Find out in the next episode!**

# ADVERTISEMENT

## free! STAMP COMPETITION CAN YOU TELL US?

1. What country issued 'The Penny Black' in 1840?
2. What country NEVER puts its name on its stamps?
3. Have Writers or Poets ever appeared on British stamps?
4. Has TUTANKHAMUN ever appeared on British stamps?

PRIZES: 12 diff. Great Britain stamps sent free for each correct answer. All 4 answers correct we will send you 50 diff. GB stamps plus a fine facsimile block of 6 unused PENNY BLACKS (genuine originals would cost £1 000 or more). Our New Approvals will also be sent to all entrants. Please enclose a 10p stamp in prior postage. Please tell your parents you are writing!

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## ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...

**S**PEED is back — and first let me apologise for the delay in the production of your No. 1 comic which, unfortunately, was due to industrial troubles. But please be assured that all the stories start off where they finished in your last copy of SPEED Weekly (dated 17th May). And now we're back... we're back with a bang!

I refer, of course, to the SPEED Treasure Hunt, the first details of which are on the opposite page. As you'll see, it begins in next week's issue and I hope you'll agree that the prizes to be won make it a project for every SPEED reader to be interested in. I've only been allowed to hint about the scheme in past issues, but now I'm happy to say that the top secret news can be revealed to all.

But where is the treasure hidden? That will be for you to discover as the vital clues build up over the coming issues. I am only one of a handful of people to know the exact sightings of the treasure... and all of us are sworn to complete secrecy.

But our reward will be your success. Because if you take the time and the initiative to search for the treasure and are one of the six fortunate prize-winners, then all the hard work that has gone into the Treasure Hunt will be worthwhile.

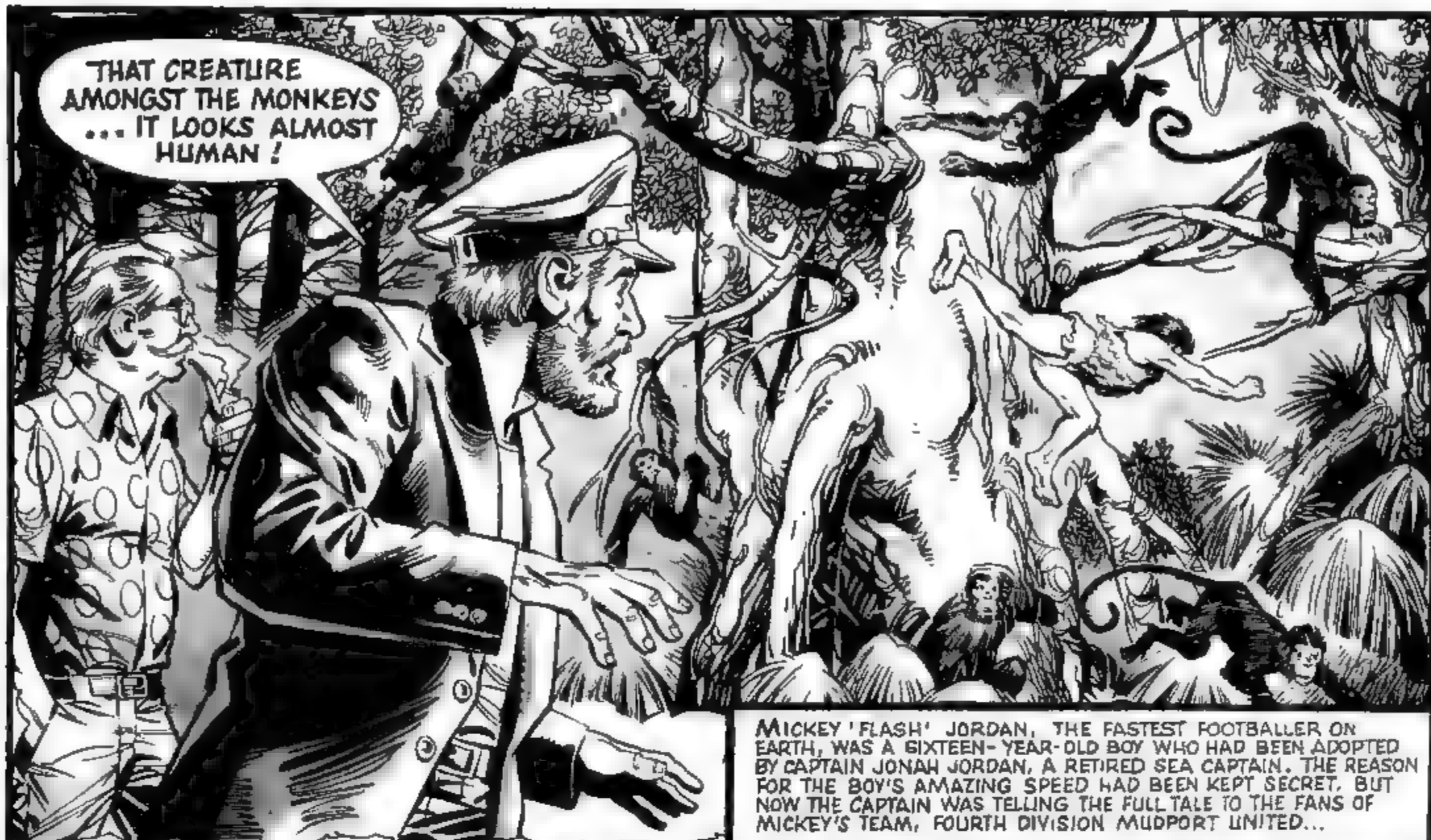
Now, I know I've said it before... but because next week's copy could lead you to a fortune if you successfully follow the SPEED Treasure Hunt trail... I'll say it again! **DON'T DARE, ANY OF YOU, MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF SPEED WEEKLY!**

*David Hunt.*

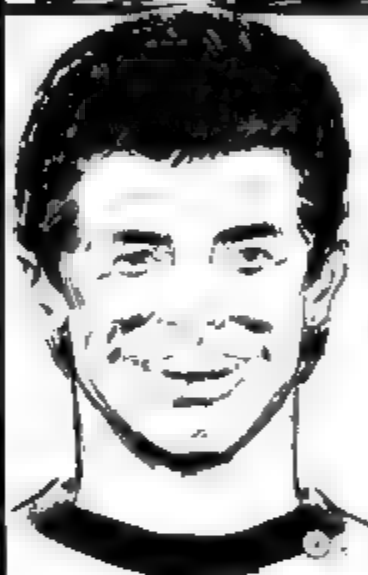
ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...



Captain Jonah Jordan came face-to-face with the "ape boy"!



MICKEY 'FLASH' JORDAN, THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH, WAS A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO HAD BEEN ADOPTED BY CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN, A RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN. THE REASON FOR THE BOY'S AMAZING SPEED HAD BEEN KEPT SECRET, BUT NOW THE CAPTAIN WAS TELLING THE FULL TALE TO THE FANS OF MICKEY'S TEAM, FOURTH DIVISION MUDPORT UNITED...



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!







DON'T BE AFRAID. I WON'T HURT YOU



HU-HUUURRT!

"THE STRANGE SOUND THE CREATURE MADE HAD AN UNMISTAKABLE RING TO IT ... IT WAS A HUMAN VOICE!"



YES, IT WAS A BOY LIVING ALONGSIDE THE ANIMALS IN THE JUNGLE!

"AT FIRST IT WAS DIFFICULT TO COMMUNICATE, BUT SOON WE WERE ABLE TO MAKE OURSELVES UNDERSTOOD."



MOTHER... FATHER, FROM ENG-LAND... K-KILLED IN BOAT. I LIVE...

SINCE THEN YOU'VE LIVED ON THIS ISLAND WITH THE MONKEYS—INCREDIBLE!



"IT WASN'T EASY GETTING THE LAD BACK TO HUMAN WAYS..."

WELL! HE DOESN'T LIKE MY STEW!

HA, HA! WHO DOES?



GRUUUGGGHHH!



"BUT AFTER HIS AMAZING EXPERIENCE THE LAD WAS A NATURAL ATHLETE, WITH SUPERB REFLEXES AND BALANCE."

COME ON, GET THE BALL OFF HIM!



THAT'S A FAIR TURN OF SPEED. HE'S A REAL TRICKY MICKEY, AND NO MISTAKE!



MIC-KEY?

HMMM! AS YOU HAVEN'T GOT A NAME, IT'S AS GOOD AS ANY. WE'LL CALL YOU MICKEY FROM NOW ON!

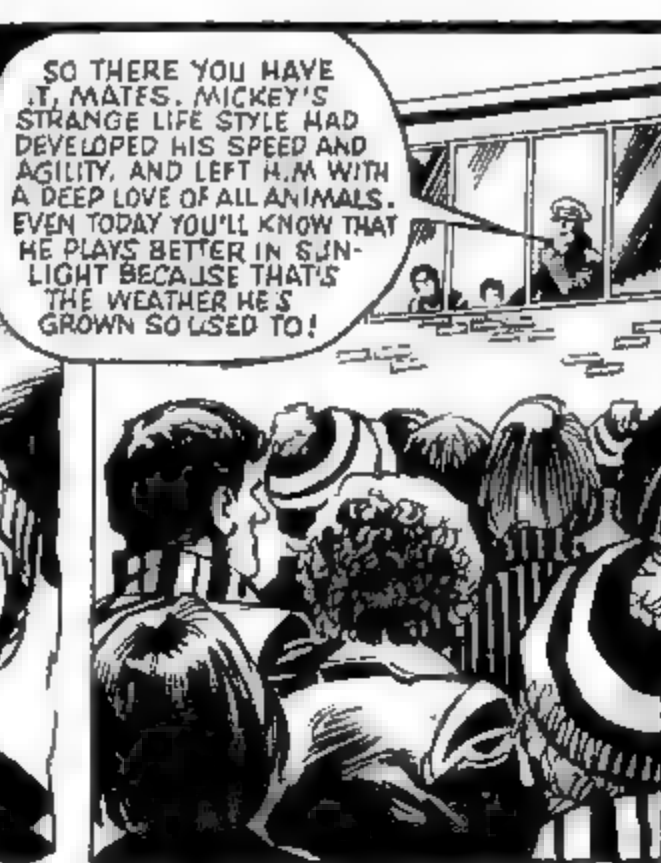


"SOON IT WAS TIME TO MOVE ON, AND MICKEY CAME WITH ME."

GOODBYE, MY FRIENDS!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





**The drama continues in the next, fast-moving episode!**

# ADVERTISEMENT

## STAMP QUIZ

### DO YOU KNOW?

- What country has SLON on its stamps?
- What country has EIRE on its stamps?
- What country has MACYAN on its stamps?
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Prizes: 25 diff. choice stamps, sent free to each correct answer. If all answers correct we will send you a special imported collection of 100 diff. world wide stamps (catalogued value £4.00), plus the famous 90 years old British PENNY ILAC stamp as illustrated. Please enclose a 1p stamp for postage. Our Special Approvals will also be sent to all entrants. Please tell your parents you are well.

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# ADVERTISEMENT

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## ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...

The first clues for the exciting **SPEED Treasure Hunt** are in this issue . . . and I'd like to wish everyone who takes part the best of luck in their search for the 'treasure' that is hidden in six different parts of the country.

I'd also like to ask all readers to pay special heed to the **Treasure Hunt rules** to be found on this week's **SPEEDPOST** and also to the warning notice published on the **Treasure Hunt colour pages**. As stated, each of the six treasure sights have been very carefully selected . . . away from private property and land and, even more important, away from dangerous spots like cliffs, fast-running streams and traffic. So if you find your treasure trail taking you near to anything like the things I have mentioned, then you are on the wrong track and will have to rethink your route to the treasure. I don't mean to sound like an old spoilsport, but please act responsibly on your travels for the treasure, always making sure that you leave everything exactly as you found it. And, one final word of warning, there is no way you will be able to pinpoint the treasure in your zone until all four weeks' sets of clues have been published . . . so it really would be crazy to start searching for the treasure at this stage of the project.

Earlier in this issue you would have read the announcement about the heats for the super **SPEED Go-Kart Grand Prix** at Tucktonia. **ALL SPEED** readers can take part in these heats absolutely free. Without doubt this is a fabulous comic first and an opportunity not to be missed. So if you go along to Tucktonia take your whole family because the fantastic **Leisure Park** has attractions for everyone. Well, that's all for this week. See you all again soon!

*David Hunt.*

ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...



On the run . . . Mickey made a flying escape from a train!

MICKEY 'FLASH' JORDAN - THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH - OWED HIS SPEED AND ATHLETICISM TO THE FACT THAT HE HAD SPENT PART OF HIS LIFE AMONGST THE ANIMALS IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE. HIS AMAZING STORY HAD BEEN KEPT A SECRET, BUT A LOCAL REPORTER HAD DISCOVERED IT AND THE TRUTH WAS ABOUT TO BE TOLD TO SUPPORTERS OF MICKEY'S TEAM, MUDDPORT UNITED, WHEN THE YOUNGSTER DECIDED HE COULD NOT BEAR TO LISTEN...

THE GATES ARE BLOCKED BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME. I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

EEKKK!

IT'S FLASH JORDAN!

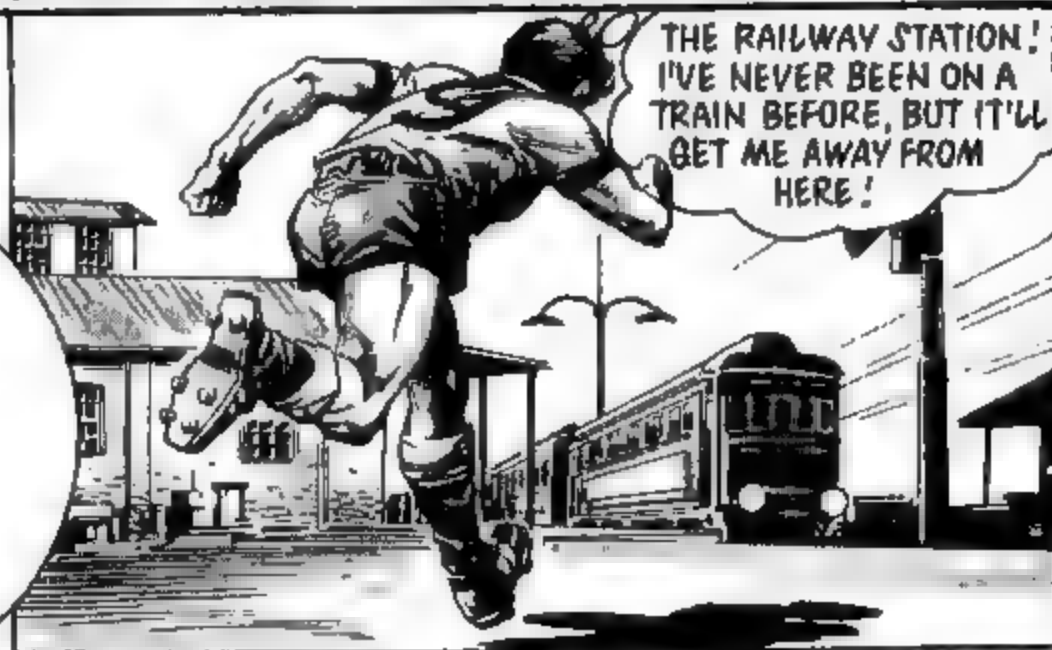


# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

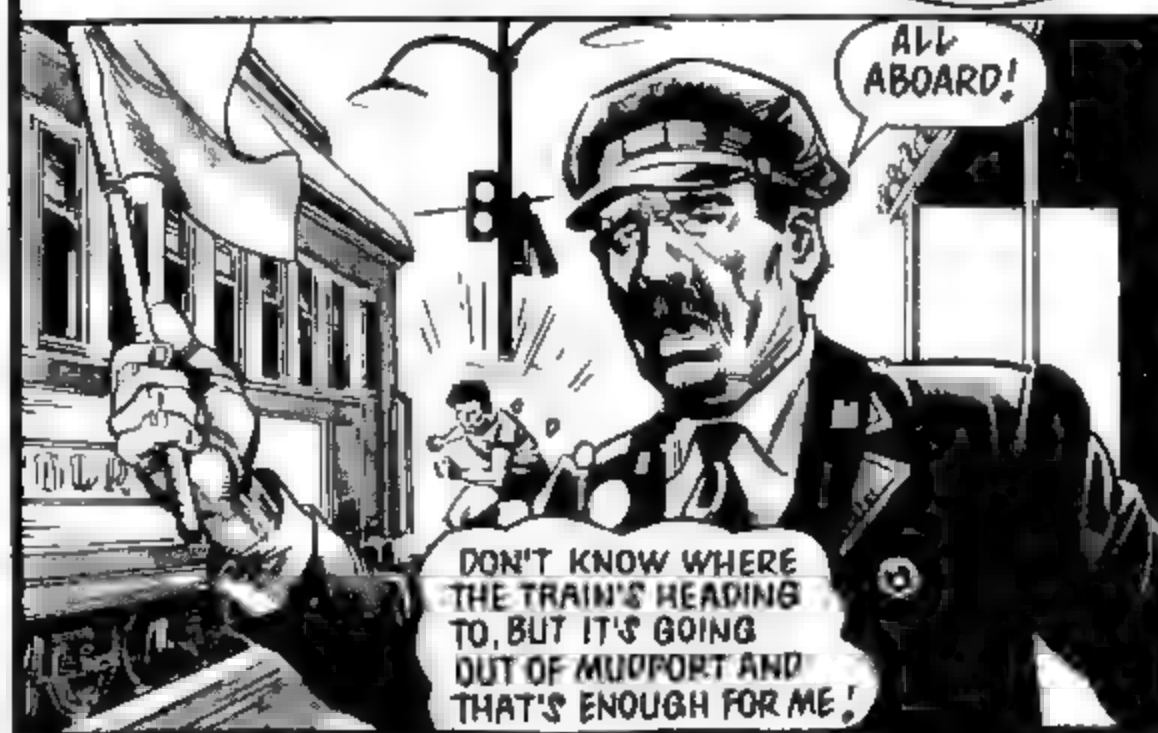


THE CAPTAIN WAS DETERMINED THAT MY PAST REMAIN A SECRET SO AS NOT TO AFFECT MY FUTURE WITH MUDDPORT. HE'LL BE SO DISAPPOINTED... I JUST CAN'T FACE HIM!

I'LL RUN AWAY!



THE RAILWAY STATION! I'VE NEVER BEEN ON A TRAIN BEFORE, BUT IT'LL GET ME AWAY FROM HERE!



ALL ABOARD!

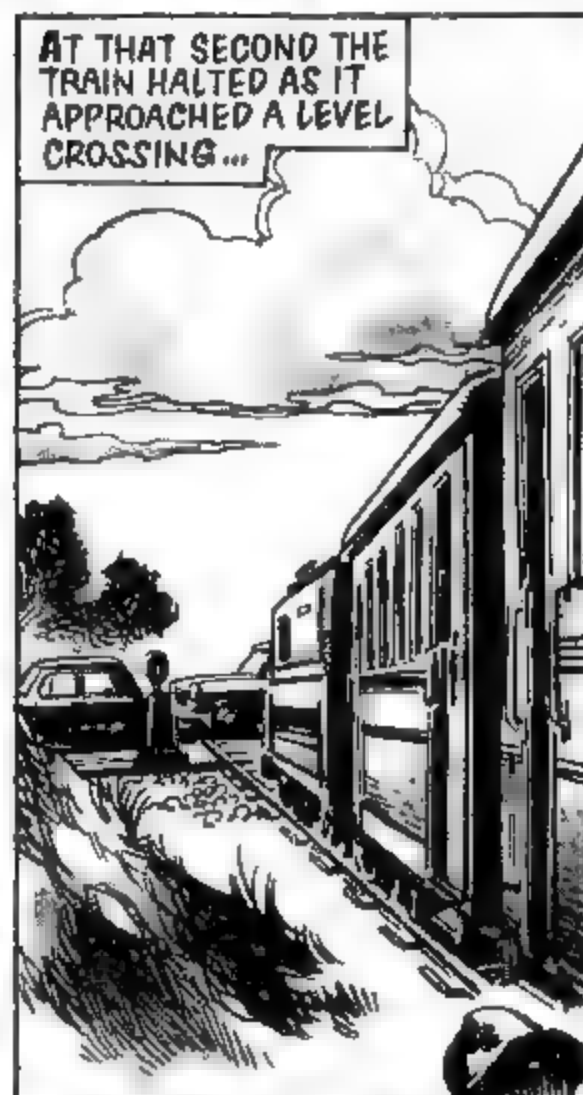
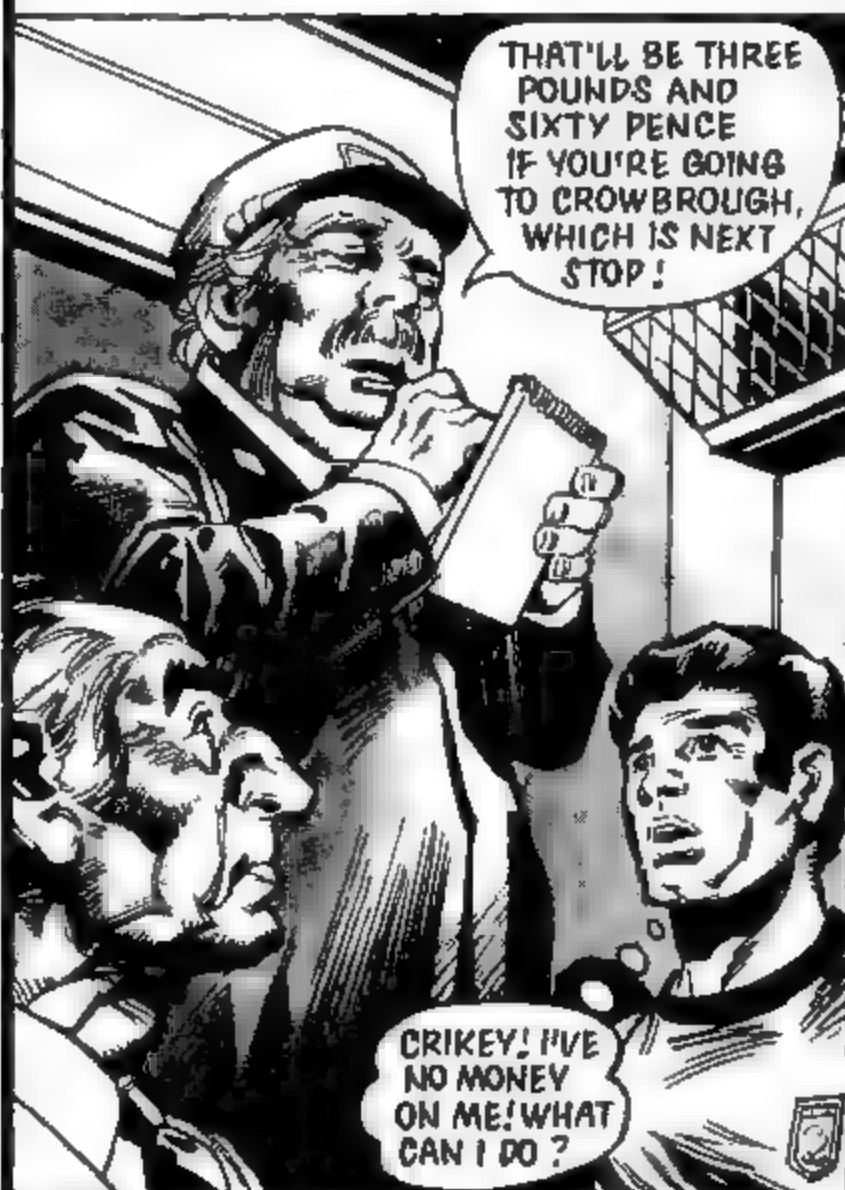
DON'T KNOW WHERE THE TRAIN'S HEADING TO, BUT IT'S GOING OUT OF MUDDPORT AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME!



PHEW. MADE IT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.









**Can Mickey save the girl? Find out next week!**

**ON SALE NOW**

# THE NEW LOOK BATTLE

**...IT'S LOOKING GOOD!!**

**ACTION**

## Charley's War & Johnny Red

Action and drama from Charley Bourne and his comrades on the German front line plus air ace Johnny Red on another secret mission.

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We bring you an enthralling game that was actually played by British troops in the trenches of the Great War ... now YOU can play it, by collecting the game over four weeks.

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The year was 1967, the war was Vietnam ... tough veteran Colonel Walter Mann has been banned from the battle zones. But he had a missing son to find

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# Mickey's superb football skill saved the life of a little girl!

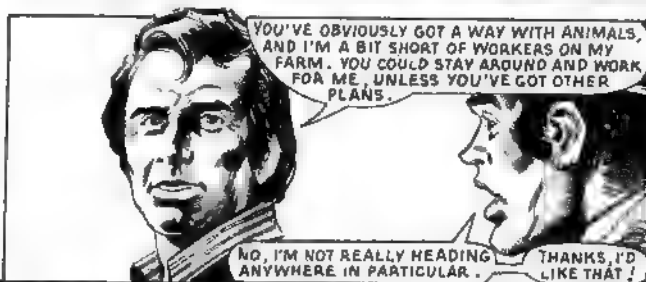


MUDPORT UNITED'S STAR PLAYER, MICKEY 'FLASH' JORDAN — THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH — HAD DEVELOPED AMAZING POWERS OF SPEED AND ATHLETICISM AFTER SPENDING PART OF HIS LIFE WITH THE ANIMALS IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE. MICKEY'S LIFE STORY HAD REMAINED A CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET, AND WHEN A LOCAL REPORTER DISCOVERED THE TRUTH THE YOUNGSTER DECIDED TO RUN AWAY FROM MUDPORT. HE WAS SOON TO ENCOUNTER DANGER ON HIS TRAVELS...



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

SEEING A CHILD'S FOOTBALL NEARBY, MICKEY REACTED SWIFTLY...







MY NAME'S ARCHER. KATE'S MY DAUGHTER, AND THIS IS MY SON, IAN. WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BY THE WAY?

IT'S MICKEY! I HEARD HIM SAY SO!

PHEW! I WAS ABOUT TO TELL THEM MY FULL NAME. I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL OR ELSE THEY'LL FIND OUT WHO I AM!

A KICK-AROUND HAD STARTED IN ONE OF FARMER ARCHER'S FIELDS.



ONE MINUTE I'M SCORING A HAT-TRICK IN LEAGUE SOCCER AND NOW I'M PLAYING IN A FIELD. BETTER NOT LET THESE LADS KNOW THAT 'FLASH' JORDAN IS PLAYING WITH THEM!



LATER

FANCY A GAME OF SOCCER, MICKEY? YOU CAN SHOW ME SOME MORE OF THOSE PILE-DRIVING SHOTS OF YOURS

I'M JUST FINISHING, AN, THEN I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.

AS A GAME GOT UNDERWAY...



OH, MICKEY...

I THOUGHT YOU SAID HE HAD A GOOD SHOT? HE'S RUBBISH!

I COULD EASILY HAVE SCORED THEN, BUT IT'S BETTER THAT THEY THINK I'M NO GOOD, RATHER THAN WORKING OUT WHO I AM.



THEN,

FERNY'S MOB! LET'S CLEAR OFF!

NO NEED TO STOP THE GAME, LADS.

THEY LOOK A ROUGH LOT!



ME AND MY MATES HAVE JUST COME TO TAKE YOU LOT ON FOR A FRIENDLY GAME. THAT'S OKAY, ISN'T IT?

I SUPPOSE SO.



RIGHT. A NICE FRIENDLY GAME. YOU GOT ME, BENNY?

HA! SURE THING, FERNY!

FERNY'S CROWD DON'T LOOK LIKE THEY COULD LAST MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES ON A SOCCER PITCH.



THE BALL WENT OUT TO MICKEY...

MUSTN'T LET MY SIDE DOWN, BUT I MUSTN'T DO TOO MUCH, EITHER!

GET RID OF IT FIRST TIME, MICKEY. ANYWHERE!



UGGHHHH!

HURR, HURR!

GOOD TACKLE, PLAY ON!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





**There's more action with Mickey Jordan again next week!**

## WRITE YOUR LETTER TO SPEED—YOU COULD WIN SOME POCKET MONEY! SPEEDPOST

**SPEEDPOST** is your page. This is where we print your letters about **SPEED**... or the world of **Speed**. A **Speed** joke published will win you £3, and letters £3 if they're selected or £5 if they appear as the **Letter of the Week**. Send your entries to: **SPEEDPOST, SPEED Weekly, IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS**. Don't forget to name your 2 top stories.

Steven McCormack of Winton wins £3

In 1829, at Rainhill, trials were held to find the best engine that could pull a passenger train along a 112 mile stretch of track. George and Robert Stephenson's "Rocket" won. I feel that if it wasn't for pioneers like the Stephensons we might not have the high-speed trains we take for granted today. (I couldn't agree with you more, Steven — The Editor).

Malcolm Roberts of Grimsby wins £3



## LETTER OF THE WEEK!

There is a boy in my class at school who is exactly like your Eddie Topps. Every time I see him at home he is always doing something to his bike. Once, he completely stripped down his bike in just one day! When he leaves school, my friend wants to own his own bike shop. (I'm sure he will, too, if, like Eddie, he is determined enough to succeed — the Editor).

Steven Nash of Havant wins £3

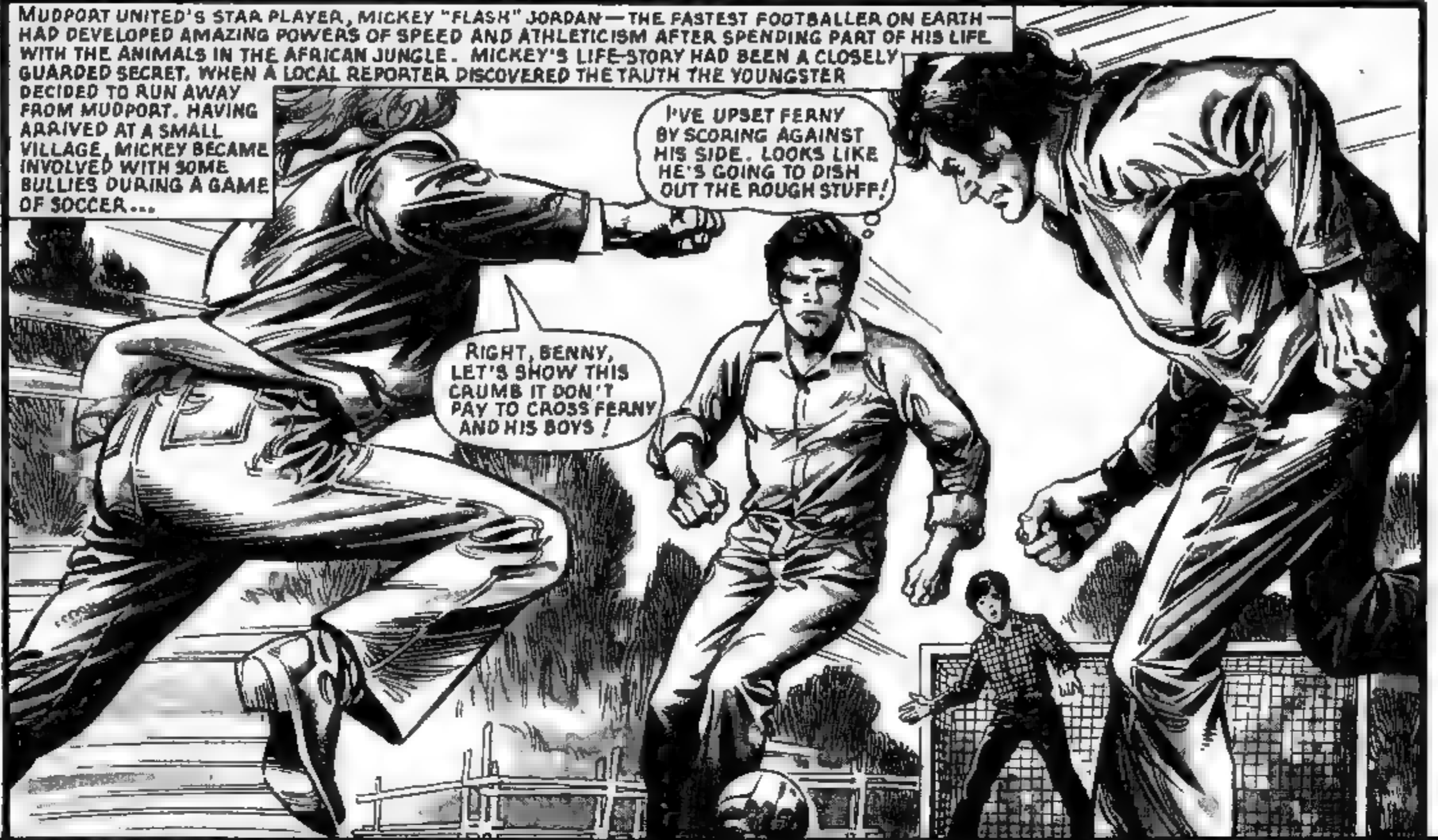
Colin Bell of Redfordshire wins £3





# Mickey gave Ferny and his mob the thrashing they deserved!

MUDPORT UNITED'S STAR PLAYER, MICKEY "FLASH" JORDAN—THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH—HAD DEVELOPED AMAZING POWERS OF SPEED AND ATHLETICISM AFTER SPENDING PART OF HIS LIFE WITH THE ANIMALS IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE. MICKEY'S LIFE-STORY HAD BEEN A CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET. WHEN A LOCAL REPORTER DISCOVERED THE TRUTH THE YOUNGSTER DECIDED TO RUN AWAY FROM MUDPORT. HAVING ARRIVED AT A SMALL VILLAGE, MICKEY BECAME INVOLVED WITH SOME BULLIES DURING A GAME OF SOCCER...



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

A DEVASTATING BURST OF SPEED TOOK MICKEY PAST THE CRUDE LUNGES...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



YOUNG IAN ARCHER MOVED IN FOR THE REBOUND...



FERNY'S GANG DECIDED THAT THEY HAD HAD ENOUGH.

B-BENNY, WE AIN'T FINISHED YET!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, MATE. IT'S NOT SAFE TO PLAY WITH THAT SPEED-MERCHANT AROUND. HE'S DANGEROUS!



IAN'S FATHER, THE FARMER WHO HAD OFFERED MICKEY WORK, HAD WITNESSED THE END OF THE GAME.



WHAT A MAGIC MOVE! MICKEY WAS JUST LIKE A PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALLER.

YES, HE WAS!



THAT NIGHT, IN THE ARCHER'S BARN WHERE MICKEY SLEPT...



BUT WHAT WILL THE PAPERS MAKE OF MY LIFE-STORY? AND HOW WILL PEOPLE REACT WHEN THEY MEET ME?



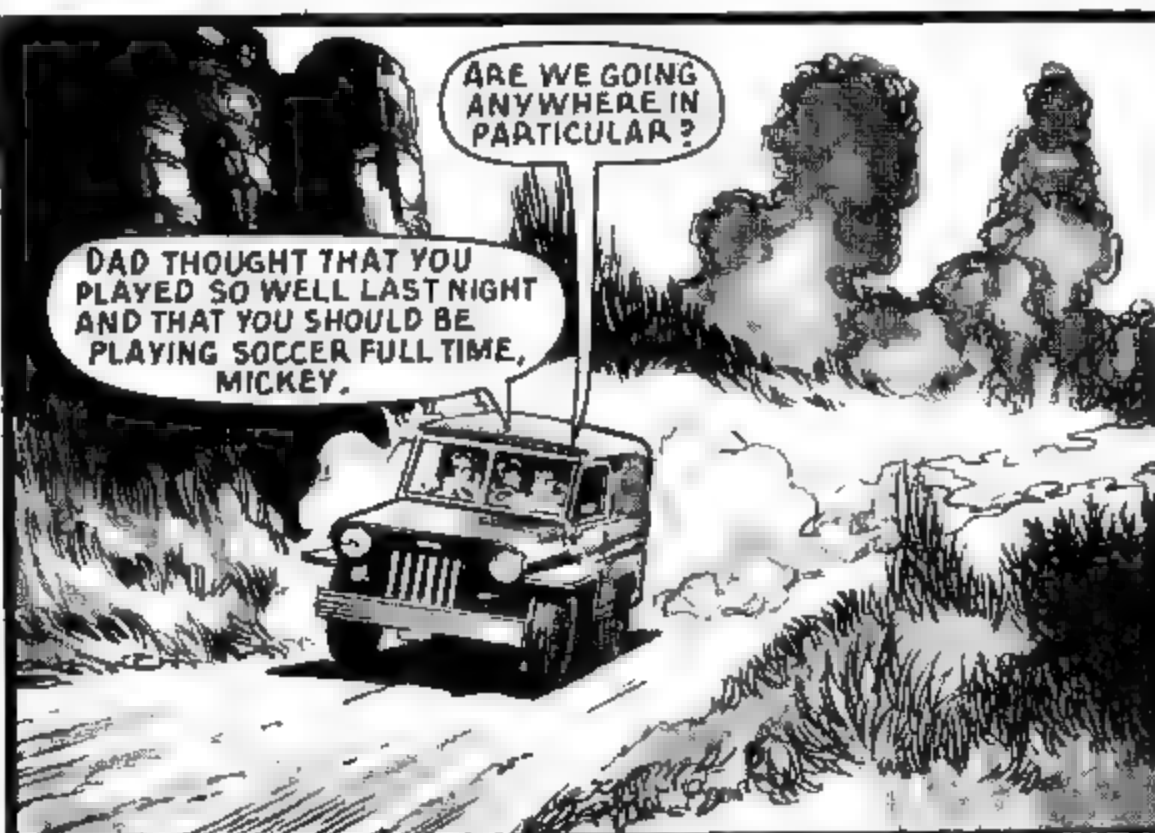
I'LL GIVE THE CAPTAIN A PHONE CALL FIRST THING TOMORROW AND SEE HOW HE IS.



BUT AS SOON AS MICKEY WOKE UP...







**What will happen now? Don't dare miss the next thrilling episode!**

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## ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...

**T**HE big day is here — as overleaf — we present the final clues of the fabulous SPEED Treasure Hunt . . . the final clues which actually pin-point the six treasure chests hidden in each of the zones indicated on our Great Britain map.

The next few days are going to be full of action for readers taking part in the Hunt . . . and full of suspense for me . . . because I'll be waiting for phone calls from readers giving me the secret codeword that will tell me they have successfully found a fortune in treasure!

Good luck to everyone who takes part but, as I've said before, please take notice of the Treasure Hunt rules in your search for the goodies. The treasure sites were all carefully chosen with safety in mind. So if you find yourself in a dangerous area, then you most definitely have interpreted the clues incorrectly and will have to start all over again. The SPEED Treasure Hunt was great fun organising, so let's have a lot of safety-first fun in your search for it.

Now, to continue my policy of making every issue of SPEED even better than the last, next week's SPEED sees the start of another of our great Booklet schemes. It's called 'Champions of the Air' and, as you've no doubt guessed, features record-breaking aircraft of today and yesteryear. The best aircraft artist in the country, Ian Kennedy, has drawn the sketches for the Booklet, many of them in glorious colour, and its pages will build up over 4 weeks into a marvellous Booklet for everyone to keep . . . and treasure! There's that word treasure again — I really have got it on my mind with the final set of clues being published this week.

*David Hunt.*

ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...



Mudport's rebel runaway player returned to a hero's welcome!



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

THE BEMUSED MICKEY WAS MARCHED INTO THE SUPPORTERS CLUB WHERE...





WHEN I SAW YOU PLAYING SOCCER IN THAT VILLAGE GAME I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT YOU WERE JUST TOO GOOD!

A FRIEND OF MINE IS A MUOPORT DIRECTOR, AND WHEN I PHONED HIM TO ARRANGE A TRIAL FOR YOU, HE MENTIONED THAT FLASH JORDAN HAD VANISHED SO I PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND GUESSED WHO YOU WERE

BUT IT WAS THE CAPTAIN'S IDEA TO CONTINUE WITH THE PRETENCE OF A TRIAL WITH THE CLUB

AYE, YOU SEE I WANTED TO HAVE THIS SURPRISE READY FOR YOU I RECKONED THAT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE MUOPORT SUPPORTERS REALLY THINK ABOUT YOU

ONE OF THE SUPPORTERS STEPPED FORWARD.

ON BEHALF OF EVERYONE WHO HAS SEEN YOU PLAY THIS SEASON I'D LIKE TO PRESENT YOU WITH OUR CLUB AWARD.. MUOPORT'S PLAYER OF THE YEAR!

SPEECH! SPEECH!

AND THERE'LL BE NO MORE LEAVING MUOPORT FOR ME!

ER - WELL - I'VE NEVER SPOKEN TO SO MANY PEOPLE BEFORE. AND ALL I CAN THINK OF TO SAY IS THANKS ...

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK, CAPTAIN.

YES, LAD. NOW THAT EVERYONE KNOWS THE TRUTH ABOUT YOU WE CAN CONCENTRATE ON GETTING READY FOR NEXT SEASON...AND WHAT BETTER WAY THAN A CRUISE?

THE REST OF THE TEAM WERE ALREADY AT THE QUAYSIDE.

WHICH OF THESE HAVE YOU HIRED FOR US, CAPTAIN? THEY'RE REALLY CLASSY NUMBERS.

WILL WE HAVE OUR OWN SHOWERS?

GAH! DO YOU THINK MUOPORT'S MADE OF MONEY?

ARE JUST THE TWO OF US GOING ON THE CRUISE?

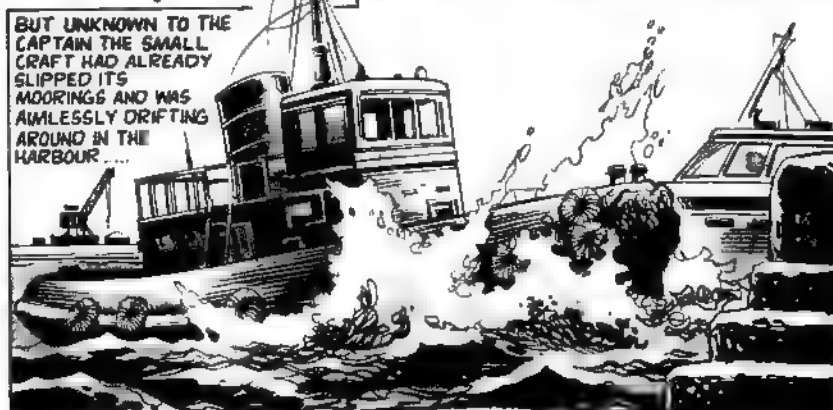
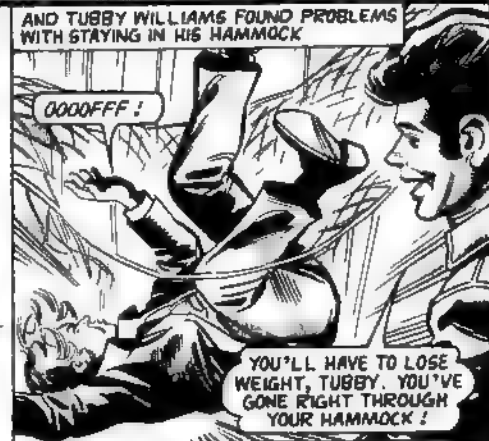
NO, YOU SEAWEEED-BRAINED BOY! THE WHOLE MUOPORT TEAM A SUMMER BREAK WILL DO THEM LANDLUBBERS A WORLD OF GOOD

THAT'S THE CRAFT YOU'RE SAILING IN!

CRUIKEY, WILL THAT THING ACTUALLY FLOAT?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





...AND WAS HEADING FOR DISASTER!

**Next week: The dramatic sinking of the Mudport craft!**

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- What country has EIRE on its stamps?
- What country has MAGYAR on its stamps?
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ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...

**CONTINUING** the policy of always trying to involve our readers as much as possible in the paper, the news in this issue of the great comics get-together to be held at the Penta Hotel in London on August 24th / 25th must surely excite as many of you as much as it does me.

My Group-Editor, Barrie Tomlinson, has worked closely with representatives from the Grand Metropolitan chain of hotels on this once-in-a-lifetime scheme, and between them I think they've come up with a real winner. So study all the details very carefully and be sure that I would like nothing better than to meet and talk to hundreds of SPEED readers in August at the first comics get-together ever held.

On the opposite page you'll see the first part of SPEED's exciting new Booklet... **Champions of the Air.** All you have to do this week is cut out the pages, fold as indicated, and then keep in a safe place until more Booklet material is inserted into this section from next week's issue. It will build up over this and the next three issues into a super 16-page Booklet and I'm sure you will agree with me that the artwork, drawn by Scottish artist, Ian Kennedy, is the best you've ever seen of planes.

Do you remember the exciting science-fiction story Blake's Seven which recently appeared on BBC Television? The reason I ask is because next week's 'SPEED Article' is written by the producer of this highly-acclaimed series, and also the 'SPEED Collection' will be featuring a great pull-out colour shot of the Liberator, the space-craft flown by the crew of Blake's Seven. It's something not to be missed!

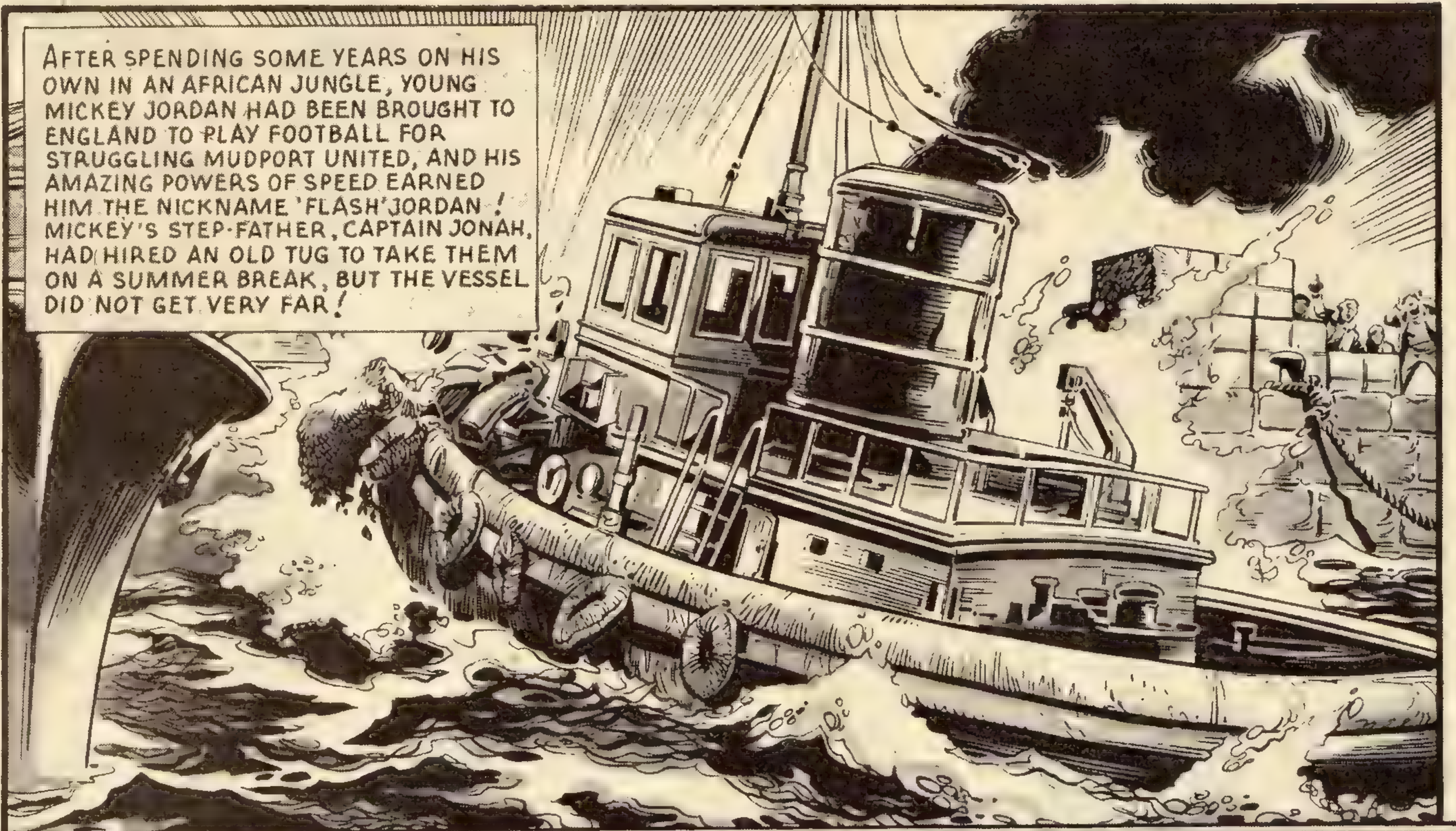
*David Hunt.*

ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...

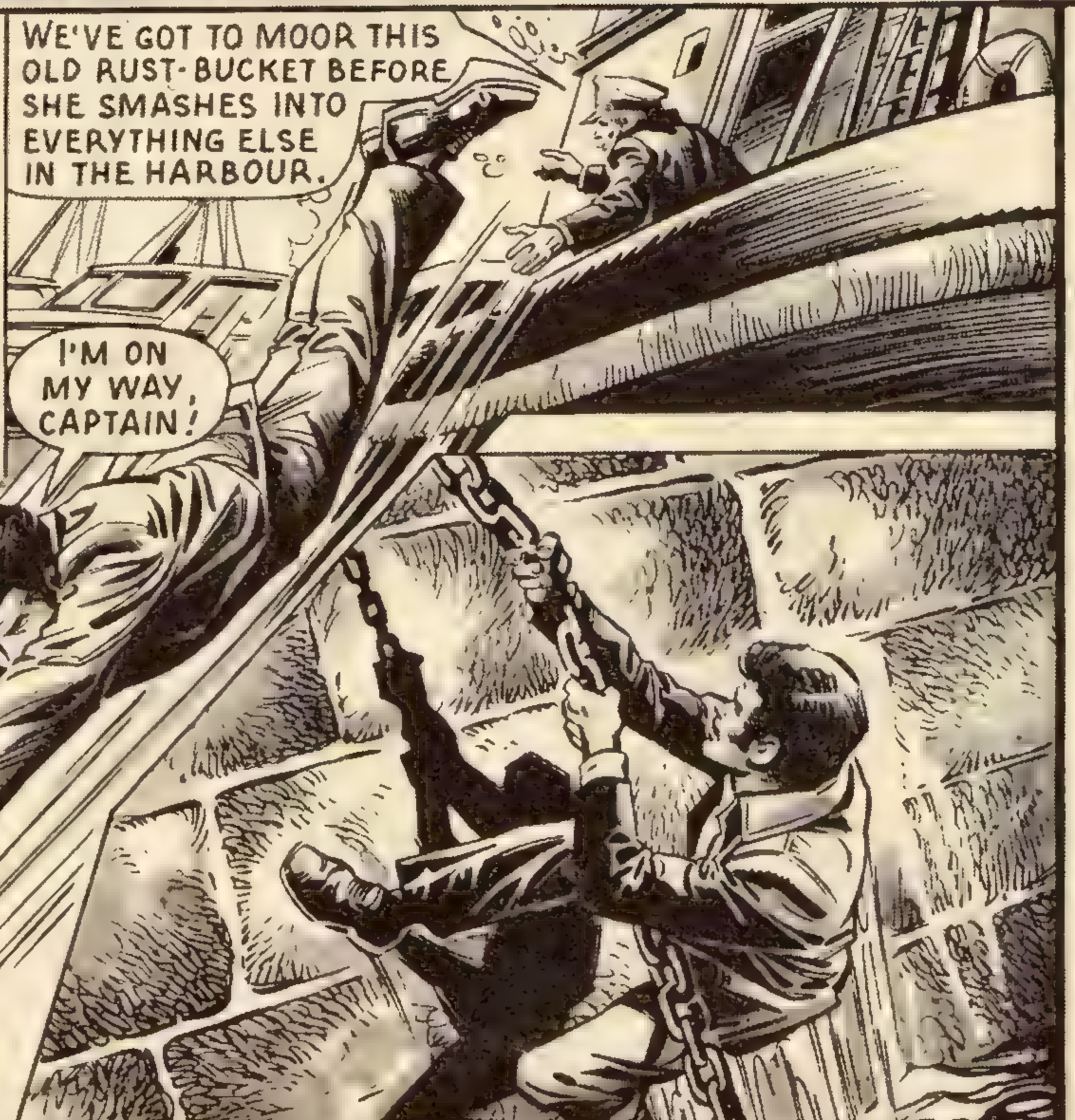


**Mickey tried to save the lives of his pals aboard the sinking tug!**

AFTER SPENDING SOME YEARS ON HIS OWN IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE, YOUNG MICKEY JORDAN HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO ENGLAND TO PLAY FOOTBALL FOR STRUGGLING MUDPORT UNITED, AND HIS AMAZING POWERS OF SPEED EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME 'FLASH' JORDAN! MICKEY'S STEP-FATHER, CAPTAIN JONAH, HAD HIRED AN OLD TUG TO TAKE THEM ON A SUMMER BREAK, BUT THE VESSEL DID NOT GET VERY FAR!



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!



MOVING AT SPEED, MICKEY POWERED HIS WAY THROUGH THE WATER AND CLIMBED THE HARBOUR WALL.





HURRY UP, LAD. WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!

JUST THE THING!



GREAT SHOT, MICKEY! THAT'LL STOP US DRIFTING!

WITH THE TUG SECURELY MOORED, THE MUDPORT PLAYERS ABANDONED SHIP!



PHEW! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE SHORTEST CRUISE ON RECORD.

WE NEVER EVEN GOT OUT OF MUDPORT HARBOUR.

HURRY UP, BEFORE THIS THING GOES UNDER.

THEN COME ON BOARD WITH ME. BRING ALL THE MUDTOWN ATHLETES, THERE'S ROOM FOR EVERYONE!

ER—ACTUALLY IT'S MUDPORT, AND WE'RE FOOTBALLERS.

OH, FOOTBALL... TENNIS. ALL SPORT IS THE SAME TO ME!

WE'RE GETTING OUR BREAK AFTER ALL, AND IN A REALLY SMART CRAFT!

LOOKS LIKE MICKEY HAS TURNED UP TRUMPS AGAIN.



THE OLD CRAFT'S ON THE WAY TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER.

AND SO ARE OUR HOPES OF A SUMMER BREAK!

MICKEY JORDAN!



IT'S MAGNUS FELLAMY, THE SCIENTIST WHO MAKES ALL THE NATURE PROGRAMMES FOR TELEVISION!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU, MICKEY. YOUR STORY IS SO ENORMOUSLY INTERESTING!

I'D DEARLY LOVE TO LISTEN TO EVERY FASCINATING DETAIL ABOUT HOW YOU LIVED IN THE JUNGLE, BUT I'M JUST OFF IN MY BOAT TO VISIT LORD STALYBRIDGE'S SAFARI PARK ON THE SOUTH COAST AND MAKE ANOTHER TELEVISION DOCUMENTARY.



OUR MUDPORT TEAM WERE GOING ON A CRUISE, BUT OUR BOAT SANK!

AFTER THE BOAT SET SAIL...

WE'VE HAD THE MOST EXCITING DISCUSSION FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF HOURS. WE COULD TALK AWAY ALL DAY, COULDN'T WE, MICKEY?

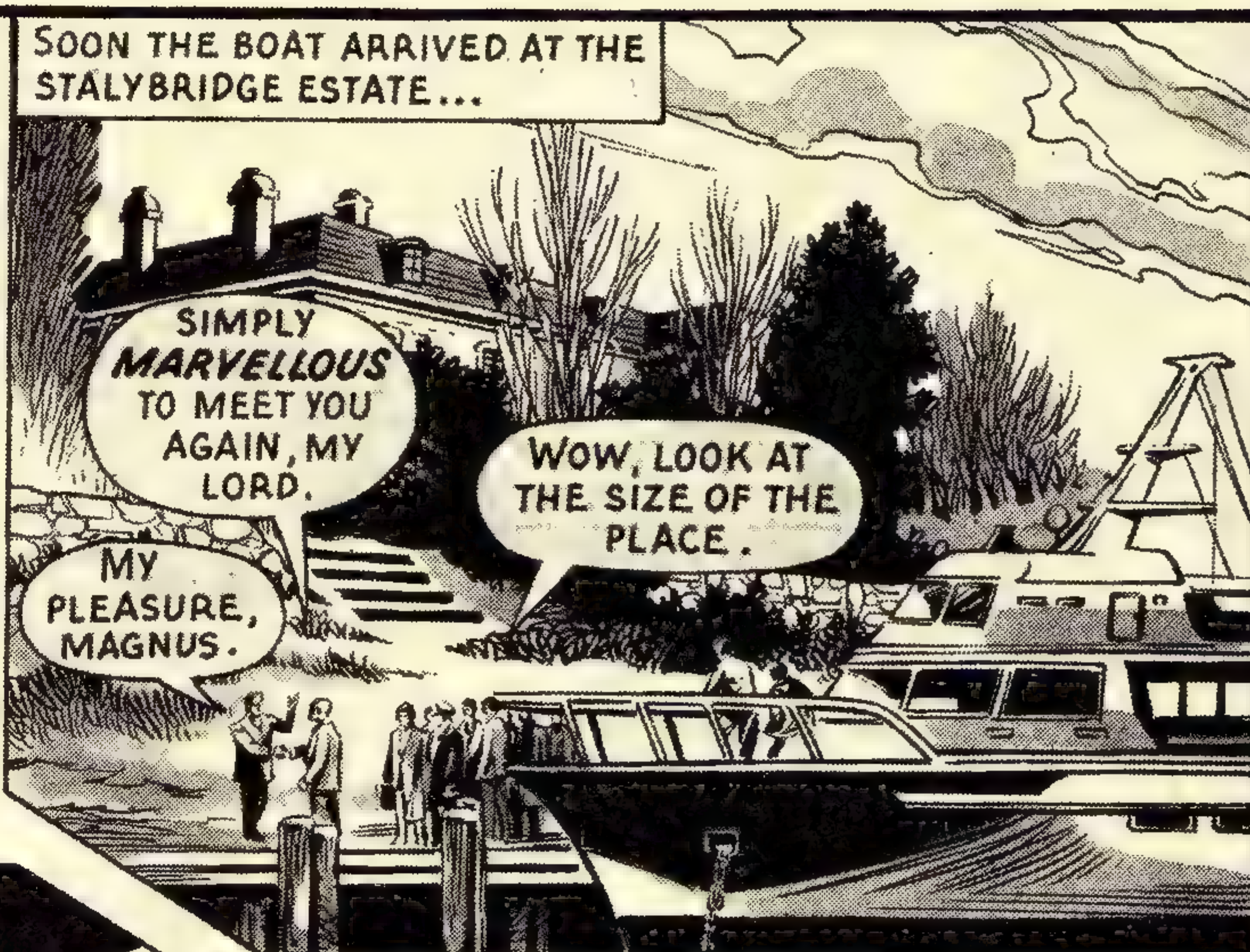
YAWN—ER—YES, MISTER FELLAMY.



WE'RE VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY, SHIPMATE.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





CHANGING ROOMS WERE PROVIDED FOR THE PLAYERS.



**What will happen now? Don't miss the next instalment!**

**ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...**

One of the great things about being the Editor of **SPEED Weekly** is the opportunity I sometimes get of meeting famous personalities... especially from the world of sport.

An example of this is to be found in next week's 'SPEED Article' which is written by England and Derbyshire's fast bowler, the majestic Mike Hendrick. You'll remember in a recent issue of **SPEED** we featured a photographic spread all about **SPEED's** launch party. Well, one of the many star guests who attended the party and helped us to celebrate the start of your favourite comic, was big Mike himself.

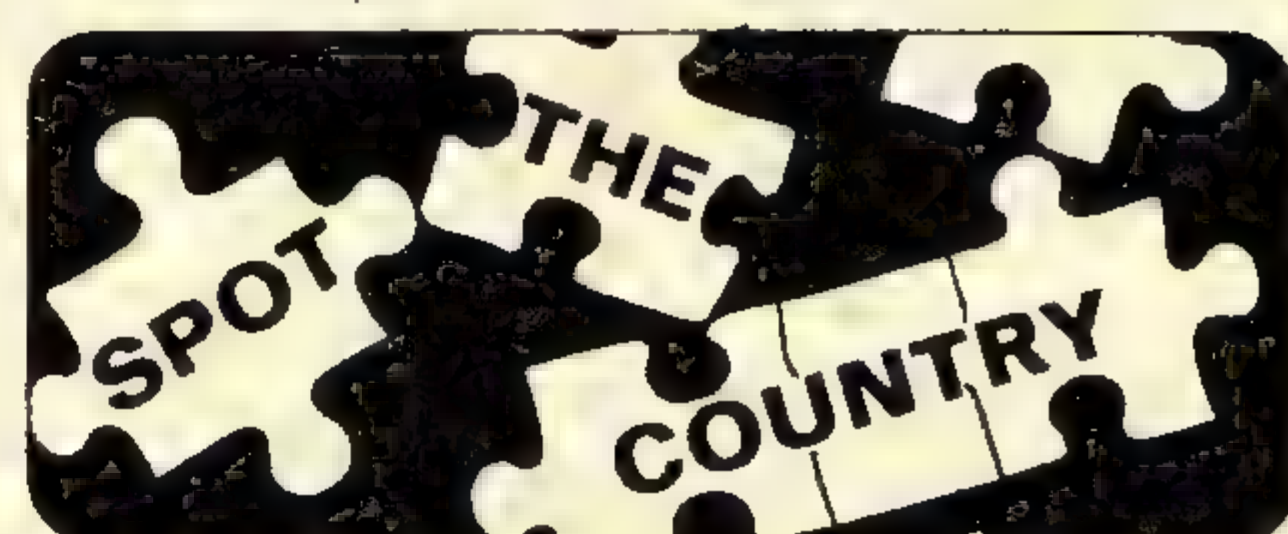
I have to rate cricket as one of my favourite sports and you can bet that I was very soon in deep conversation with him. Mike talks cricket as well as he plays it and out of our conversation came the idea that he should write an article for **SPEED** readers on what it is like to be a demon fast bowler. Mike's comments can be read in next week's issue.

Now as I started this week's Ed's Chat talking about the next issue, I'll carry on and tell you there is also big news coming in the next copy of **SPEED**... news, in fact, of 3 exciting new stories soon to start in the paper. That's why I've included the special order coupon on the page this week. So, if you don't want to miss out on the big news and you still haven't ordered a regular copy of **SPEED**, fill in the coupon, after getting a parent's or guardian's consent, and hand it to your Newsagent right away. Make 'Support **SPEED**' your motto and you'll be rewarded with the **BEST** stories in the **BEST** paper!

Eyes right for part two of your Air Booklet. Cut the pages out and insert into the section you got last week. More next issue.

*David Hunt.*

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## Mickey was a superb footballer . . . but a lousy cricketer!

AFTER SPENDING SOME YEARS LIVING ALONE IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE, MICKEY JORDAN HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO ENGLAND WHERE HE WAS PLAYING FOOTBALL FOR FOURTH DIVISION MUDPORT UNITED AND HIS AMAZING POWERS OF SPEED EARNED HIM THE NICKNAME 'FLASH' JORDAN. ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST MAGNUS FELLAMY TOOK THE MUDPORT SIDE TO STALYBRIDGE SAFARI PARK WHERE HE HAD ARRANGED A PRACTICE MATCH AGAINST A LOCAL SIDE, BUT HE HAD MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE...



GOOD GRIEF! IT'S NOT A SOCCER MATCH AT ALL. WE'RE PLAYING IN A CRICKET MATCH!

BUT, MAGNUS, YOU KNEW THAT WE'RE A FOOTBALLING SIDE!



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!



CRICKET, FOOTBALL... I NEVER KNOW WHICH SPORT IS WHICH. THEY ALL SEEM THE SAME TO ME, SO BOOOORRING!

BUT YOU CAN STILL HAVE YOUR GAME, CAN'T YOU?

I SUPPOSE SO...



WE CAN FIX YOU UP WITH SOME KIT!

THANK YOU, MATEY, MUDFORT F.C. HAVE JUST BECOME MUDPORT C.C!

MICKEY'S STEP-FATHER, CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN, TOOK CHARGE...



SORRY!

JUST DO EXACTLY AS I TELL YOU WHEN WE OPEN THE BATTING! AND YOU'VE GOT YOUR PADS ON THE WRONG WAY ROUND!



RUN, MICKEY!

THE CAPTAIN PLAYED A GOOD SHOT OFF THE FIRST DELIVERY...



MICKEY DID AS HE WAS ASKED... BUT IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.



COME BACK, YOU DUNDERHEAD!

ALTHOUGH HE BACKTRACKED AT BREATH-TAKING SPEED, MICKEY HAD NO CHANCE TO MAKE UP LOST GROUND.



OUT!

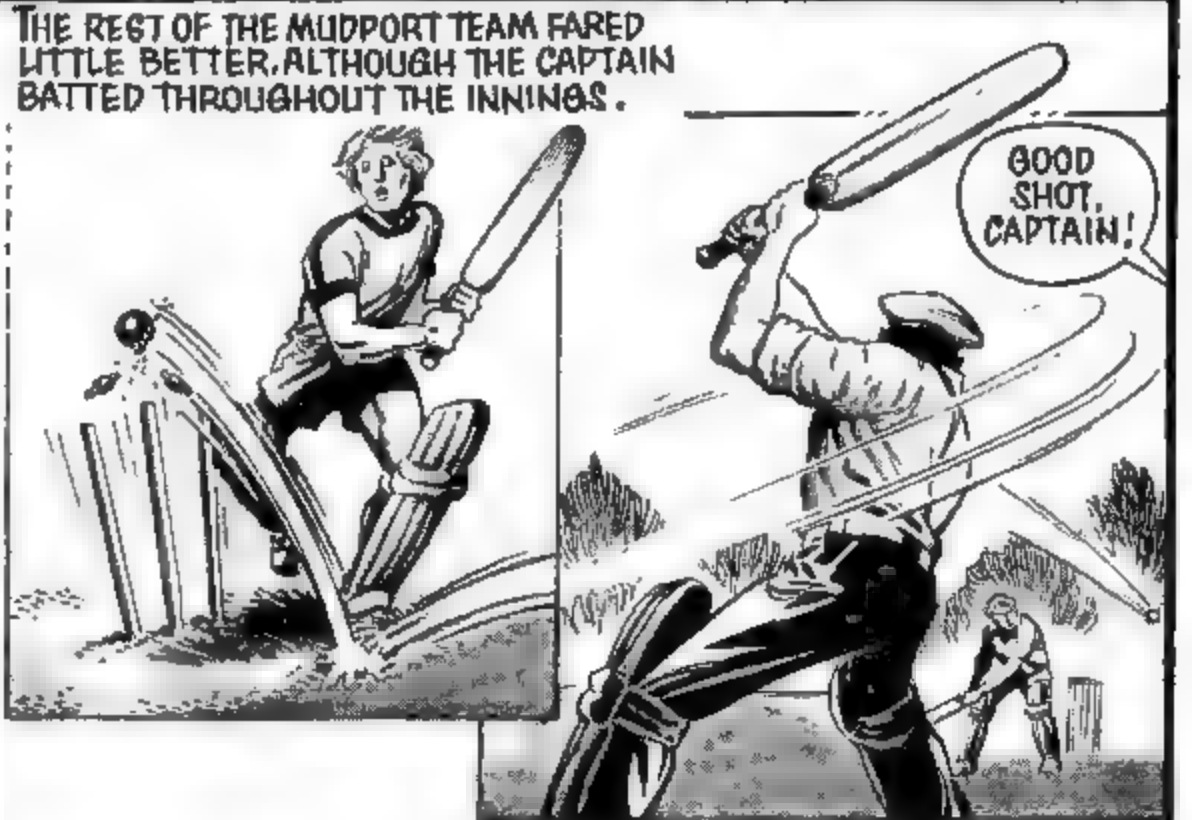
OWZATTIT?

THE REST OF THE MUDPORT TEAM FARED LITTLE BETTER, ALTHOUGH THE CAPTAIN BATTED THROUGHOUT THE INNINGS.



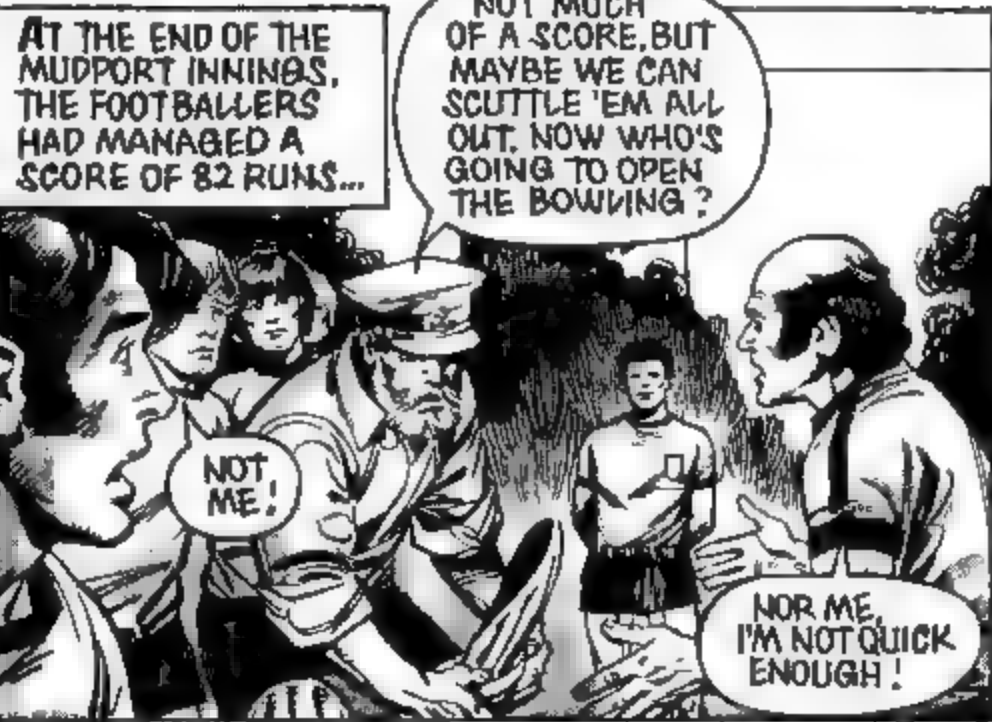
I DON'T THINK I DID VERY WELL THEN!

GAAHHH! THE LAD'S AS USEFUL AS A STRANDED CODFISH!



GOOD SHOT, CAPTAIN!

AT THE END OF THE MUDPORT INNINGS, THE FOOTBALLERS HAD MANAGED A SCORE OF 82 RUNS...



NOT MUCH OF A SCORE, BUT MAYBE WE CAN SCUTTLE 'EM ALL OUT. NOW WHO'S GOING TO OPEN THE BOWLING?

NOT ME!

NOR ME, I'M NOT QUICK ENOUGH!

MICKEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET SOME PACE UP!

YES, I'LL BET HE'LL MAKE A DEMON FAST BOWLER!



ER-WELL...

HMMM! I SUPPOSE WE COULD GIVE HIM A TRY!

AND SO...



NOW...SEND THAT BALL DOWN AS FAST AS YOU CAN!



WHERE'S THE BALL GONE?

FOUR BYES! THE BALL WENT OVER THE BOUNDARY WITHOUT ANYONE TOUCHING IT!

WAS THAT FAST ENOUGH?

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





*The final part of your exciting Booklet appears next week!*

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The English and Scottish major cup competitions—record all results on this whopping souvenir chart. Plus how British clubs do in all European Cup Tournaments! It's 64cm x 45½cm, including colour! PLUS... the start of...

**'STARS ON WHEELS'**

A stunning pull-out 24-page booklet packed with pictures of leading motor racing, motorcycling, speedway and cycling stars—all to collect over 6 weeks!

**'TIGER' FOR THE CUP!**

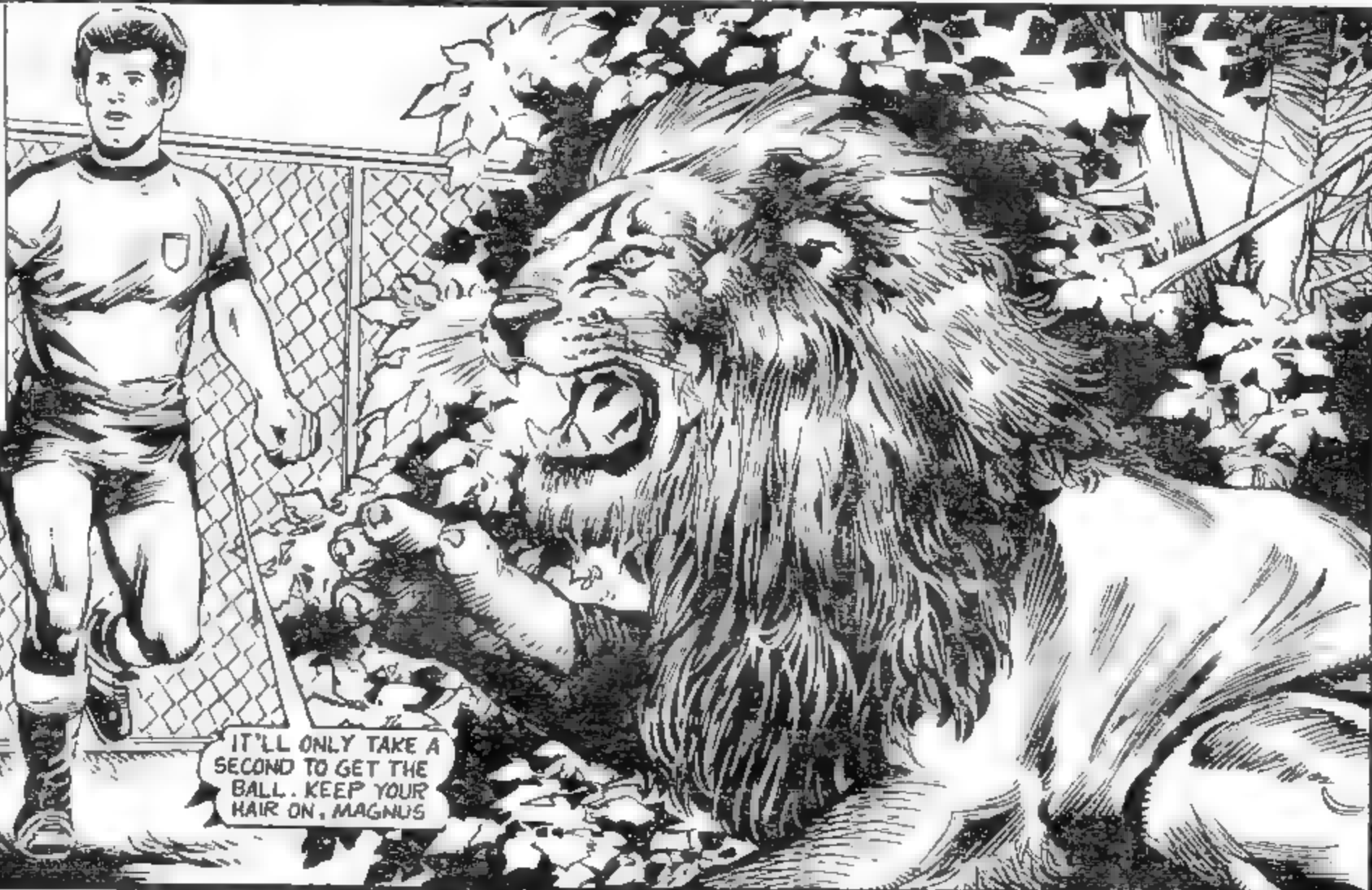
**TIGER**

ON SALE MONDAY, 11th AUGUST 14p



The enraged lion turned all its anger towards Mickey Jordan!

YOUNG MICKEY JORDAN PLAYED SOCCER FOR STRUGGLING FOURTH DIVISION MUDPORT UNITED, AFTER LIVING ALONE IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE WHERE HE HAD DEVELOPED AMAZING POWERS OF SPEED WHICH LED TO HIS NICKNAME, "FLASH". JORDAN, ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST MAGNUS FELLAMY TOOK THE MUDPORT SIDE TO STALYBRIDGE SAFARI PARK FOR A PRACTICE GAME, BUT HE HAD LINED UP A CRICKET TEAM AS OPPOSITION. PLAYING IN HIS FIRST CRICKET MATCH, MICKEY WENT TO RETRIEVE A BALL THAT HAD BEEN KNOCKED OUT OF THE GROUND.



YOU YOUNG FOOL!  
YOU'RE IN THE  
SAFARI PARK AREA  
— WILD ANIMALS WILL  
BE ROVING ABOUT!

IT'LL ONLY TAKE A  
SECOND TO GET THE  
BALL. KEEP YOUR  
HAIR ON, MAGNUS



**THE FASTEST  
FOOTBALLER  
ON EARTH!**



NO! IF I RUN  
THE LION WILL  
SPRING FOR ME!

LIVING IN THE JUNGLE  
MICKEY HAD SEEN  
LIONS AT CLOSE  
QUARTERS BEFORE.



I'VE GOT TO KEEP  
PERFECTLY STILL AND  
HOLD MY GROUND. I  
MUSTN'T LET THE  
CREATURE KNOW THAT  
I'M FRIGHTENED.

EDITOR'S NOTE: MICKEY IS AN EXTRAORDINARY BOY. NEVER THINK ABOUT TRYING TO PUT YOURSELF IN ANY OF HIS SITUATIONS!





THEN

STRENGTH! I'LL HAVE TO STUN THE LION BEFORE IT MAULS THAT KID!

THE LION'S BEING CAUTIOUS NOW I DON'T THINK HE'LL ATTACK.



GOT HIM!

RARRRR!



FEELING SUDDEN PAIN, THE ENRAGED LION TURNED ALL ITS ANGER TOWARDS MICKEY.

BUT THE YOUNGSTER'S LIGHTNING REACTIONS INCHED HIM AWAY FROM THE TERRIBLE DANGER.



THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE!

CRAZY KID! YOU COULD HAVE BEEN KILLED!



EVERYTHING WOULD HAVE BEEN OKAY IF THAT GUN HADN'T BEEN FIRED IT FRIGHTENED THE POOR CREATURE

THE LION'S ONLY STUNNED, MICKEY. IT'LL BE FINE WHEN THE EFFECTS OF THE DRUGGED PELLET WEAR OFF



THE INCIDENT EARNED LITTLE SYMPATHY FROM MICKEY'S STEP-FATHER, CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN, WHO WANTED TO CONTINUE THE CRICKET MATCH.

HMPHH! COLLECTING THE BALL IS THE ONLY USEFUL THING YOU'VE MANAGED TO DO, AND YOU HAVE TO MAKE A FUSS ABOUT THAT!

SORRY, CAPTAIN



THE GAME STARTED AGAIN

TRY AND STOP THE BALL, MICKEY

NO WAY THAT'S GOING STRAIGHT FOR SIX!

THE BALL'S TRAVELLING FAST



BUT I CAN GO FAST, TOO!

HE'S CAUGHT IT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



BY JINGO! THAT WAS A CATCH AND A HALF WE CAN STILL WIN THIS GAME, MATE



SO, I'VE ACTUALLY DONE SOMETHING RIGHT AT LAST!

FROM THEN ON MICKEY CONCENTRATED ALL HIS EFFORTS INTO HELPING MIDPORT DISMISS THE OPPOSITION



AN EASY TWO RUNS THERE!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

IN ONE MOMENT THE BALL WAS GATHERED AND RETURNED TO THE STUMPS



OUT BY A MILE!

WHAT A THROW!

THE CAPTAIN MOVED MICKEY CLOSER TO THE BATSMEN...



ANOTHER WICKET DOWN!

GREAT CATCH!

IT'S ALL OVER! WE'VE WON!

YOUR BATTING AND BOWLING WERE RUBBISH, BUT YOUR FIELDING WON THE MATCH, LAD



YOU CAN PLAY FOR US ANYTIME

THANKS A LOT, BUT I'LL STICK TO SOCCER!

BUT THEN

MICKEY THE LION CAME ROUND AND SLIPPED FREE THE GUARDS THINK THAT HE'S WANDERED OFF INTO THE GROUNDS OF A SCHOOL. WE'D ALL BEST GET INSIDE JUST IN CASE HE'S PROWLING AROUND.



COME ON, GET A MOVE ON!



I WAS THE ONE WHO STARTED THE TROUBLE WITH THE LION. IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE IF SOMEONE WERE TO GET HURT BECAUSE THE CREATURE'S BEEN ANGERED! I'VE GOT TO SEE IF I CAN HELP!

Continue this exciting story in the next issue of SPEED!

## STAMP QUIZ

DO YOU KNOW? What country has SUOMI on its stamps?

What country has EIRE on its stamps?  
What country has MAGYAR on its stamps?  
What country has NORGE on its stamps?

Prizes: 25 diff choice stamps sent free for each correct answer. If all 4 answers correct we will send you a special imported set of 100 diff world wide stamps (Catalogue value £5.00) plus the famous 90 years old British PENNY LILAC stamp as plus listed. Please enclose a 10p stamp for postage. Our Special Approvals will also be sent to all entrants. Please tell your parents you are writing!

THE STAMP CLUB

(Dept. SP22)

Eastrington, Goole, North Humberside DN14 7QG

WIN 101 STAMPS!

and a world of stamps on approval

Which four countries are these?

Just send us the right answers and you will receive 101 world wide stamps free—and a fine selection of stamps on approval. Buy what you like and return the rest! Remember to send your name, address (IN BLOCK CAPITALS) and stamp for postage—and please tell your parents.

STERLING STAMP SERVICE

Dept. SP34P, 169 Lyndhurst Road, Worthing, West Sussex, BN11 2DP.

## ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...

I told you all in one of my earlier Ed's Chat how much notice is taken of the letters you send me. From your comments about SPEED Weekly I can gauge your likes and dislikes on the different stories in the paper and this, in turn, helps me to plan future story-lines and new characters. What all this is leading up to is my reason for starting three brand new stories in this week's issue of SPEED... because I hope you'll believe me when I say all three stories came about with the help of SPEED readers. Many of you said in your letters how much you'd like a motor racing story. Well, now you have one in WINNER and let's hope it lives up to its title by being a real winner with you all. Many of you said that although you liked the recent Baker's Half-Dozen story, you sometimes felt there wasn't enough speed in it. Well, that's all changed with HIT AND RUN... another war story but with the emphasis on speed and more speed. A lot of you said in your letters how much you'd like to see a superhero in the paper and, again, SUPERSMITH was devised with your thoughts in mind. But now comes the acid test... how much do you like the new stories? I, of course, hope that you're pleased with them all, but please don't let this put you off because I hope you'll write to me again with your true thoughts on them... and also about any of the stories and features in SPEED Weekly. As you'll no doubt realise from all that I've said, I want you, SPEED readers, to play a very important part in the development of your paper.

While on the subject of readers' post, I'd also like to thank you for the very many interesting drawings I receive through the post every week of the characters who appear in SPEED Weekly. They are so good I have decided to start a SPEED ART page in the paper made up entirely of readers' drawings. I'll pay money prizes for the best artwork published so, if you'd like to enter, send in your artwork to the SPEED address on the SPEEDPOST page, but heading it SPEED ART, and I'll print the best of them. One word of warning: please do your drawings with either a black felt tip pen or in black ink. This way they are suitable for reproduction.

Now after all the good news here comes the bad. Because of rising production costs next week's issue of SPEED will cost you another 2p to buy. It's a sad fact of life that even youngsters are caught up in these inflationary times, but I hope it won't stop your enjoyment of the paper too much.

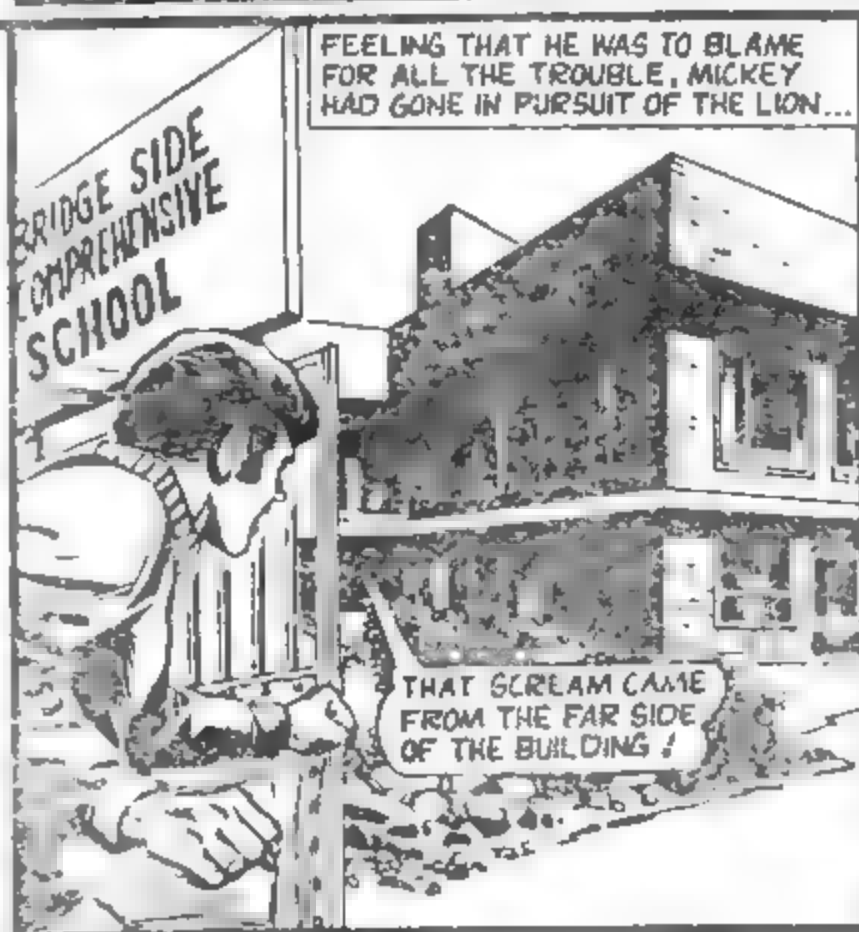
David Heat

ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...

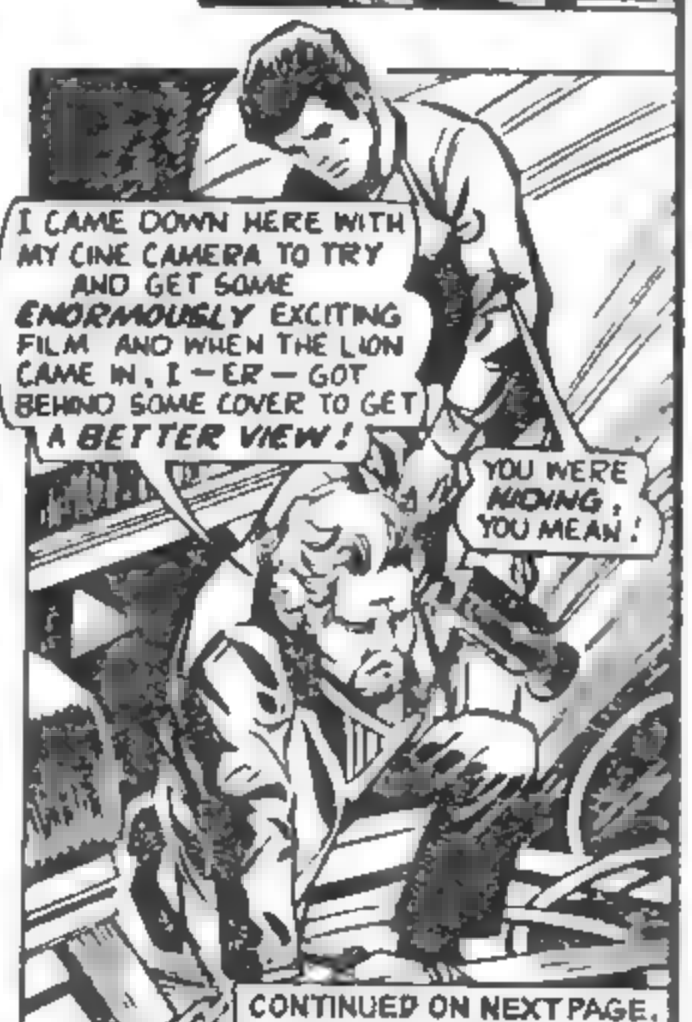
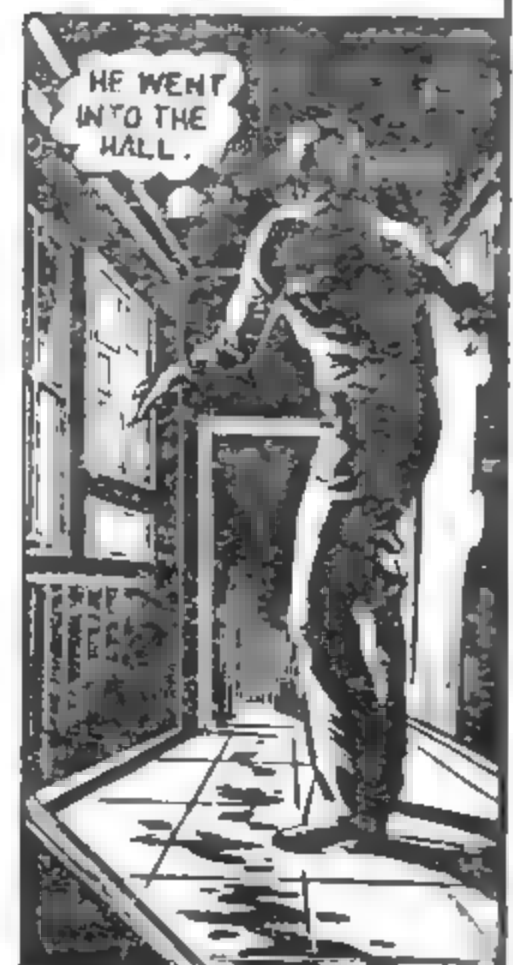


**The lion had to be stopped before it savaged someone!**

MICKEY JORDAN, KNOWN AS 'FLASH' JORDAN ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD, HAD DEVELOPED INCREDIBLE POWERS OF SPEED AND ATHLETICISM AFTER LIVING ALONE FOR SOME YEARS IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE. THE YOUNGSTER'S TEAM, 4TH DIVISION MUDPORT UNITED, WERE VISITING STALYBRIDGE SAFARI PARK AS THE GUESTS OF ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST, MAGNUS FELLAMY. THE PARK GUARDS HAD SHOT DRUGGED PELLETS INTO A PROWLING LION WHICH THEY THOUGHT WAS GOING TO ATTACK MICKEY, BUT THE ENRAGED CREATURE HAD RECOVERED AND MANAGED TO ESCAPE INTO A NEARBY SCHOOL.











WE'VE GOT TO CAPTURE THE LION, BEFORE THE GUARDS SHOOT IT AND THOSE NETS GIVE ME AN IDEA!

OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL THE PUPILS WERE SAFELY GATHERED TOGETHER AS THE GUARDS PREPARED TO MOVE IN AGAIN TO FIND THE LION.

WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH ALL THESE CHILDREN ABOUT SHOOT TO KILL!



THERE IT IS! I'VE GOT THE BRUTE LINED UP IN MY SIGHTS!

NO, DON'T SHOOT! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!



WHAT THE ?

YOU MIGHT HIT THE JORDAN KID IF YOU SHOOT!



CRAZY KID! DOES HE FANCY HIS SPEED SO MUCH THAT HE'S TRYING TO TAKE ON THE LION? HE'LL GET HIMSELF KILLED!

Will the lion catch Mickey? Find out next week!

ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT... ED'S CHAT...

On my Ed's Chat this week I'd like you to meet **SPEED** reader Peter Harman of Welling, Kent. Now I'll be meeting Peter on Sunday, 14th September at the fabulous **TUCKTONIA** Leisure Park in Stour Road, Christchurch, Dorset, because Peter was a winner of one of the heats held on the Tucktonia Go-Kart track in July and, as such, now qualifies for the **SPEED** Go-Kart Grand Prix to be held on 14th September. And there's just time for you to win one of the two final heats still to be held ... 23rd August and 30th August ... by studying the Grand Prix rules printed under this week's Question of Speed article and, if a parent or guardian agrees, by using the special **FREE** entry coupon to take part. The Tucktonia Leisure Park is just six miles from Bournemouth on the South coast and, apart from the obvious attraction of its Go-Kart track, it holds a wealth of entertainment for all the family, including the biggest model landscape in the world and the recently opened Roy of the Rovers Comics' bar for children. So if you live near or are in the general area on holiday, do make the effort to enter the **SPEED** Go-Kart Grand Prix and, who knows, I could be bringing the chequered flag down to signify that **YOU** are the winner of the Grand Prix on Sunday, 14th September ... and with a first prize of £50 plus the super **SPEED TROPHY** to be won ... it's going to be fantastic for the winning **SPEED** reader.



David Hunt

**SPEED ALONG TO YOUR PAPER SHOP AND BE FIRST TO BUY SPEED ANNUAL 1981**

**SPEED ANNUAL 1981**



**ON SALE NOW!**



*Mickey raced off... with a savage lion hot on his heels!*



**MICKEY JORDAN** WAS KNOWN AS 'FLASH' JORDAN ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD BECAUSE OF THE FANTASTIC POWERS OF SPEED AND ATHLETICISM HE HAD DEVELOPED WHILE LIVING ALONE IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE. THE YOUNGSTER'S TEAM, FOURTH DIVISION MUDPORT UNITED, WERE AT STALYBRIDGE SAFARI PARK AS THE GUESTS OF ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST AND TELEVISION PERSONALITY, **MAGNUS FELLAMY**, WHEN A LION ESCAPED INTO A NEARBY SCHOOL. KNOWING THAT THE GUARDS WERE GOING TO SHOOT THE CREATURE, MICKEY DETERMINED TO CAPTURE IT ALIVE. BUT AS THE GUARDS PREPARED TO MOVE IN...

# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

JORDAN'S SAFE... AND THE LION'S BEEN CAUGHT!



WE THOUGHT THERE WOULDN'T BE MUCH LEFT OF FLASH JORDAN BY NOW!  
I HAD MY DOUBTS, TOO, OVER THE LAST FEW METRES... BUT THE LION WENT INTO THE TRAP.

TRAP?



YES. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING! ONCE IN THE JUNGLE I HAD TO OUTPACE A LION OVER A SHORT DISTANCE AND JUST ABOUT MANAGED IT! THAT TIME I WAS TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM THE LION...

...THIS TIME I WANTED THE LION TO FOLLOW ME!



I WAS WAITING IN THIS ALLEY WITH A NET WHICH WE MADE USING SCHOOL SOCCER NETS WEIGHTED DOWN AT THE EDGES.

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS GET THE LION TO RUN INTO MAGNUS' TRAP.



M-M-MAGNUS!

READY!

"IT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT".



"BUT OLD MAGNUS WAS PRETTY NIFTY HIMSELF."

GRAAAAAA!



WE'VE GOT HIM, MICKEY!



"WITH THE LION NETTED I COULD TEND THE CUT WHICH IT GOT BREAKING INTO THE SCHOOL, AND SHOW THAT I MEANT IT NO HARM."



LORD STALYBRIDGE, THE OWNER, ARRIVED AS THE LION WAS TAKEN BACK TO THE SAFARI PARK.

I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR SAVING ONE OF MY LIONS!

THEN MAGNUS HAD ONE OF HIS INSPIRED IDEAS...

OF COURSE! YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A FILM WITH LIVING IN THE JUNGLE... I SHOULDN'T BE SHOWING FILMS TO YOU... I SHOULD BE MAKING THEM OF YOU!

YES! A UNIQUE, SENSATIONAL, UNDENIABLE EXTRAORDINARY FILM. HOW YOUR LIFE HAS CHANGED NOW YOU'RE IN ENGLAND AFTER SO LONG IN AFRICA!

YOU COULD FILM MICKEY TRAINING AND PLAYING FOR MUDPORT!

THAT EVENING, A PARTY WAS HELD IN STALYBRIDGE HALL AND MAGNUS' FILM OF THE SAFARI PARK WAS SHOWN.

THIS IS THE FIRST FILM THAT I'VE SEEN. IT'S REALLY CLEVER.

WELL, NOT THAT I'M A FRIGHTFULLY, ENORMOUSLY BIG-HEADED SORT OF CHAP, MICKEY, BUT YOU'RE RIGHT... MY FILMS ARE VERY CLEVER!

TREEMEENDOUUUUS! MY FILM WILL BE CALLED 'THE AMAZING LIFE OF FLASH JORDAN'!

SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS. MAGNUS AT MUDPORT SPELLS OUT ONE THING TO ME - TROUBLE!

*Join Mickey for more lightning-fast action in the next issue!*

**The  
fastest-moving  
Annual around**

with fast moving action and thrills! Yes, it's the brand new annual from your favourite weekly!

Join me, Eddie Topps, The Fastest Footballer on Earth, Death Wish and Speedboy and many more in fast and furious picture-strip stories!

Also see some of the fastest things around on land, sea and in the air by reading some amazing special features! Go...Go...Go... for

**SPEED ANNUAL 1981  
OUT NOW £1.80**

The greatest adventure for boys!

**SPEED  
ANNUAL  
1981**





**No-one was safe with Magnus Fellamy driving the van!**

**MICKEY JORDAN**—KNOWN AS 'FLASH' JORDAN ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD—HAD DEVELOPED INCREDIBLE POWERS OF SPEED AND ATHLETICISM THROUGH LIVING ALONE IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE FOR SOME YEARS. ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST AND TELEVISION PERSONALITY, **MAGNUS FELLAMY**, WAS GOING TO MAKE A DOCUMENTARY FILM ABOUT MICKEY, AND THE PLAYERS OF FOURTH DIVISION MUDPORT UNITED WERE HAVING A TRAINING SESSION BEFORE THE FILM CREW ARRIVED AT THE CLUB'S GROUND...







NEVER COULD REMEMBER WHICH WAS THE ACCELERATOR AND WHICH WAS THE BRAKE. STILL, WE'RE HERE AND RARING TO GO!

S-SURE, MAGNUS!



CARRY ON WITH WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING AND WE'LL START FILMING. IGNORE THE CAMERAS, MICKEY, BECAUSE THE MILLIONS OF VIEWERS WILL WANT TO SEE YOU ACTING NATURALLY.

DID YOU SAY MILLIONS?



OF COURSE! MY FILMS ARE ENORMOUSLY POPULAR ON TELEVISION.

I NEVER THOUGHT THAT SO MANY PEOPLE WOULD BE WATCHING THE FILM!



AS A PRACTICE GAME GOT UNDER WAY, MICKEY'S THOUGHTS WERE STILL ON THE FILM...

CAMERA OVER THERE... SOUND RECORDIST ROUND A BIT...

WE ONLY GET A FEW THOUSAND WATCHING US AT MUDPORT! FANCY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE WATCHING ME!



IT'S MORE THAN MUDPORT ATTRACT IN A WHOLE SEASON!

COME ON, FLASH. SUMMER'S OVER!



WORSE WAS TO FOLLOW...

I HOPE THE FILM WON'T SHOW THAT SHOT. I SHOULD HAVE PUT IT AWAY!



WHEN MANAGER 'SMILER' BATES CALLED THE PLAYERS TOGETHER, THE CAMERA WAS THERE.

SMILE, MICKEY!

UHHHH?

WE'VE GOT A LEAGUE CUP FIRST ROUND TIE AGAINST THIRD DIVISION TARDLEY WANDERERS TO START THE SEASON...



...IT'S A TWO-LEGGED GAME, BUT WE'VE GOT HOME ADVANTAGE IN THE FIRST MATCH.

ABSOLUTELY EXCELLENT! OUR CAMERAS CAN FILM A LIVE GAME AND CAPTURE FLASH JORDAN IN ACTION!



OF COURSE I'LL SEE THAT THE CLUB GETS PROPER PAYMENT!

GREAT!

YOU'RE THE BEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO US FOR A WHILE, MISTER FELLAMY!

MISTER BATES IS PLEASED. BUT IT'S HARD TO CONCENTRATE ON SOCCER WITH THE CAMERAS AROUND!



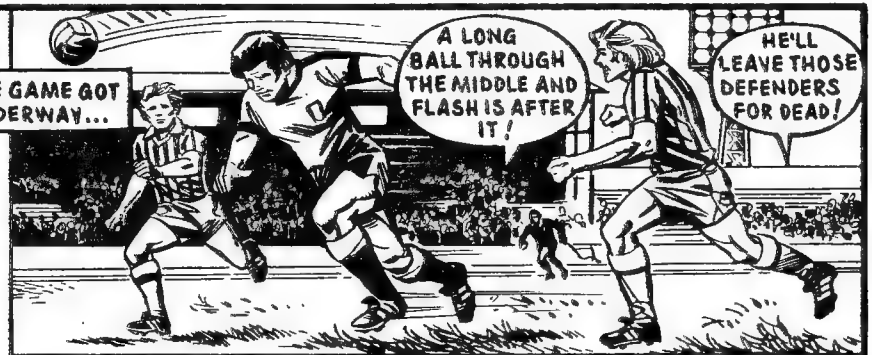
AND, THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY...

THE CAMERA'S ON YOU, MICKEY. I HOPE YOU CLEANED YOUR TEETH, SON!

KNOCK IT OFF!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





*Will the match be a disaster for Mickey? Find out next week!*

# GREAT NEWS FOR JUDGE DREDD FANS..

**FREE  
JUDGE  
DREDD  
BADGE**

*shown larger than actual size*



**PLUS!**

**THE FALLEN ANGELS**

Judge Dredd fells two more 'Angels' during his epic quest across the galaxy.

**And five great new stories, including...**

**MELTDOWN MAN**

"Missing—Believed Killed" But the incredible events which followed disproved this official version.

**PLUS!**

1,000 Judge Dredd T-shirts to be given away—just collect the special coupons!

Only in the new-look...



On sale Mon., Sept. 15.

**14p**



**Mickey went to pieces because he knew the film cameras were on him!**

MICKEY JORDAN—KNOWN AS 'FLASH' JORDAN—HAD DEVELOPED AMAZING SPEED THROUGH LIVING ALONE FOR SOME YEARS IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE. ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST AND TELEVISION PERSONALITY MAGNUS FELLAMY WAS MAKING A DOCUMENTARY FILM ABOUT THE YOUNGSTER WHICH INVOLVED FILMING THE MUDPORT V TARDLEY WANDERERS FIRST ROUND LEAGUE CUP GAME. HOWEVER, THE CAMERAS WERE PUTTING MICKEY OFF HIS GAME...



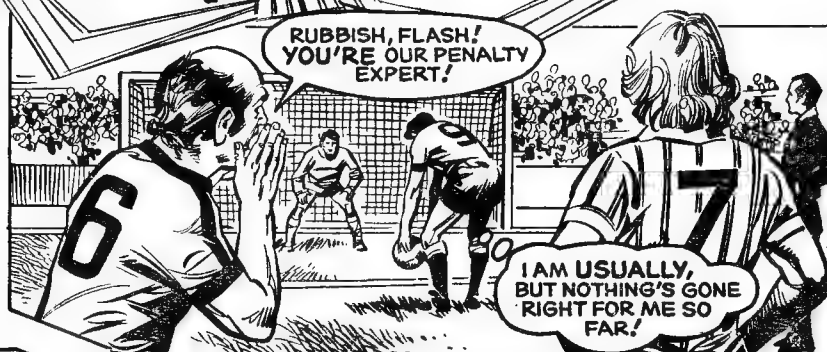
# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

BUT...



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*There are more startling developments in next week's episode!*

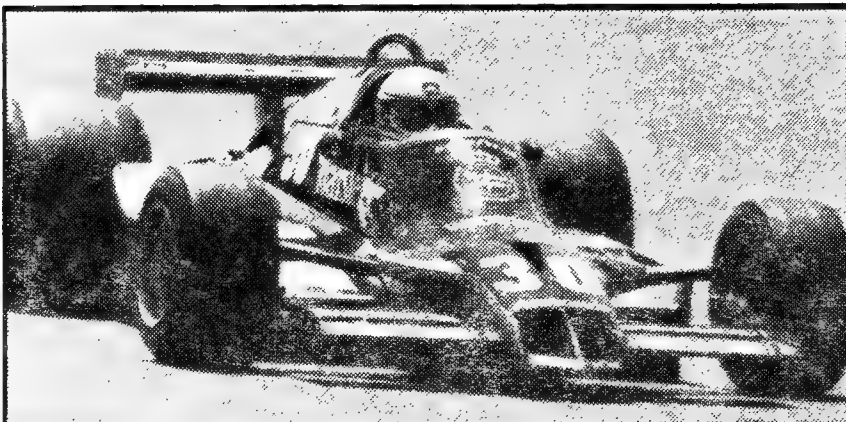
# FREE

**NEXT  
WEEK  
IN**

# SPEED



Free next week in Speed . . . a 36-page "Formula 1" album together with a free packet of 3 stickers to start your collection of 144 stickers. There will be two more free packets of stickers in the October 4th issue of SPEED. Then readers will be able to purchase further stickers at many News-agents for 5p a packet of 3.



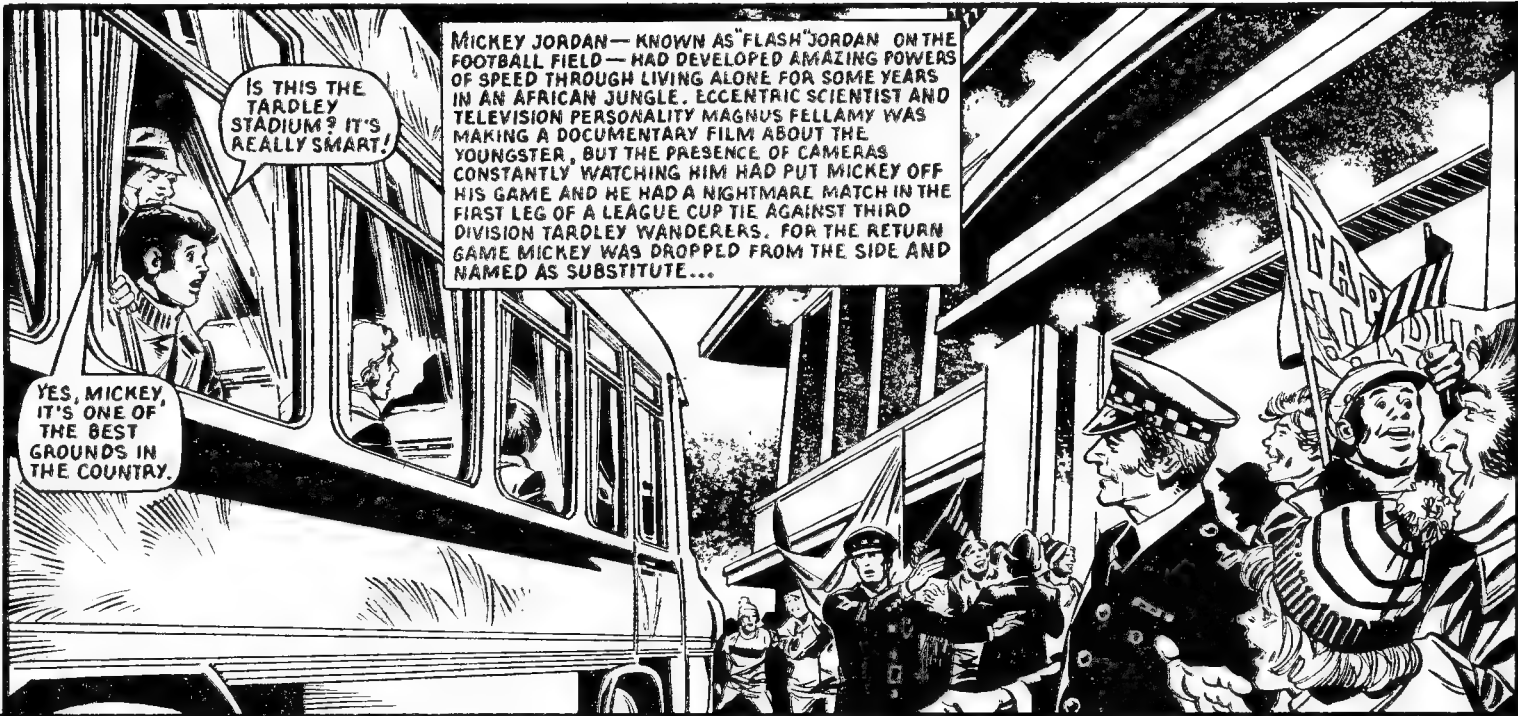
Free stickers will only be given away with the issues of SPEED dated W/E 27th September and W/E 4th October.

We regret that overseas readers are not able to share in this scheme which applies to the United Kingdom and Eire only.

**DON'T MISS OUT IN THE RUSH...  
ORDER NEXT WEEK'S COPY NOW!**



Mickey leapt excitedly to his feet... when the opposition team scored!





IN THE SMART CHANGING ROOM MICKEY PUT ON THE NO 12 SHIRT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

SO THIS IS HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES. GREAT, EH?

MAGNUS WON'T NEED ANY MORE FILM AFTER TONIGHT, THEN I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND MY FORM WITHOUT THE CAMERAS FOLLOWING MY EVERY MOVE.



MANAGER 'SMILER' BATES, AIDED AND ABETTED BY MICKEY'S STEP-FATHER, CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN, GAVE HIS FINAL TEAM TALK...



WE'RE A GOAL DOWN FROM THE FIRST LEG GAME, AND TARDLEY HAVEN'T LOST ANY GAMES AT HOME FOR OVER A YEAR, SO WE NEED SOMETHING SPECIAL IF WE'RE TO GO THROUGH TO THE NEXT ROUND.

YOU'VE SEEN THAT EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS CLUB IS GEARED FOR THE BIG-TIME... AND THEIR SUPPORT IS THE SAME. THERE'LL BE A BIG CROWD ALL BEHIND TARDLEY. TRY NOT TO LET THEM PUT YOU OFF!



SURE ENOUGH...



BOOO! MUDDPORT RUBBISH!

GET BACK TO THE FOURTH DIVISION... WE WANT THE WANDERERS!

NO WONDER TARDLEY HAVE SUCH A GOOD HOME RECORD WITH THIS KIND OF SUPPORT!



THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE CAMERAS... BUT THEY MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE!

COME ON, YOU WANDERERS!

MICKEY TOOK HIS PLACE IN THE DUG-OUT AS THE GAME STARTED...



WHAT A PATHETIC HEADER!

HE HAD NO-ONE CHALLENGING HIM, EITHER!

GRIEF! THAT BALD BLOKE'S HIT HIS OWN CROSSBAR!



WHAT A SHAKY DEFENCE... YOU CAN MURDER THIS LOT, TARDLEY!



BLISTERING BARNACLES! WE'RE TRYING TO SCORE FOR THE OTHER SIDE!

OUR LADS ARE A BUNDLE OF NERVES. TONIGHT'S GOING TO BE TOO MUCH FOR THEM!

I STILL HAVEN'T SEEN MAGNUS. WHERE CAN HE BE?





**Don't miss the first part of ROCKET MISSILES Poster – next week!**

**NEXT WEEK**

Next week — another two free packets of stickers in Speed for your album. You can then buy more stickers from many newsagents in packets of 3 for 5p until you have collected the complete set of 144.

**FREE STICKERS**

Free stickers will only be given away with Speed dated W/E September 27th and 4th October.

**YOUR SUPER FORMULA 1 ALBUM**



**DON'T FORGET**

Don't forget that you can always swop "doubles" with your friends.

**WE REGRET**

We regret that overseas readers are not able to share in this scheme which applies to the United Kingdom and Eire only.

**PLUS**

**PART ONE OF SUPER ROCKETS POSTER**

4 WEEK GREAT COLLECTING SCHEME STARTS IN THE NEXT ISSUE ... DON'T MISS IT!



With Flash back on form the fight-back was on!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT JORDAN, WANDERERS! HE WAS **RUBBISH** IN THE FIRST LEG GAME!

WE NEED TO PULL BACK TWO GOALS... SO LET'S USE SOME OF MY SPEED!

HUHH! JORDAN'S JUST KICKED THE BALL OUT TO THE WING. BUT THERE'S NO-ONE THERE!

HE'S USELESS!

**MUDPORT UNITED'S STAR-PLAYER, MICKEY JORDAN—NICKNAMED 'FLASH' BECAUSE OF HIS AMAZING POWERS OF SPEED AND ATHLETICISM, DEVELOPED THROUGH LIVING IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE—COULD NOT FIND HIS FORM WHEN THE CAMERAS OF ECCENTRIC TELEVISION PERSONALITY MAGNUS FELLAMY—WHO WAS MAKING A FILM ABOUT THE YOUNGSTER—WERE PRESENT. AS MAGNUS DID NOT APPEAR TO HAVE ARRIVED FOR THE LEAGUE CUP GAME AT THE GROUND OF WEALTHY THIRD DIVISION TARDLEY WANDERERS, MICKEY BEGGED TO BE BROUGHT ON TO TRY HIS LUCK...**

BUT, NEXT SECOND...

GRIEF! HE'S KEPT THE BALL IN PLAY!

HE MOVES LIKE A WHIPPET!

# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

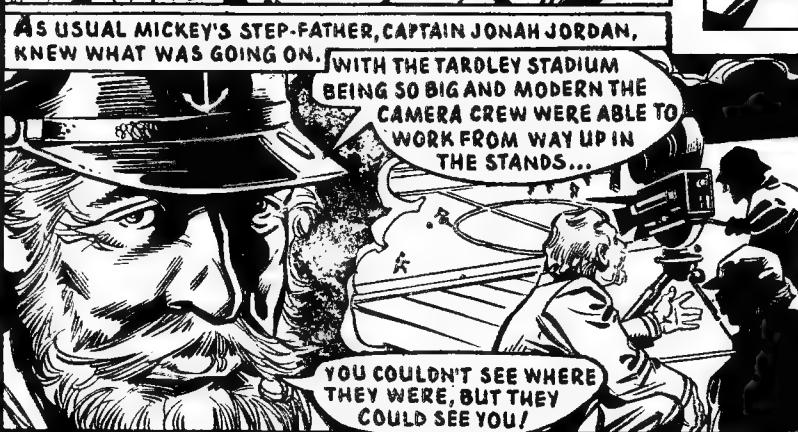
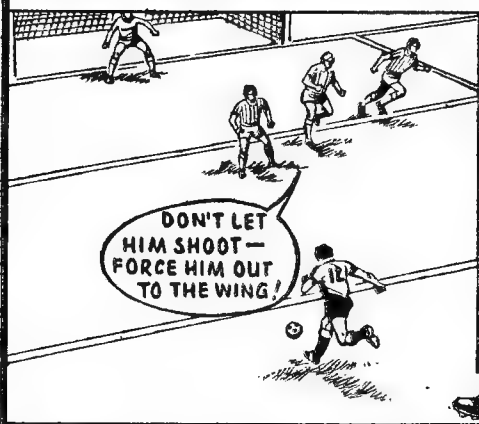
AND THAT'S A BEAUT. OF A CROSS FROM THE BYE-LINE!

MUDPORT MUST SCORE!

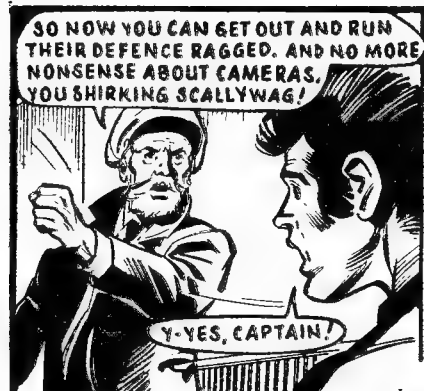
HE MISSED IT... AFTER JORDAN SET IT UP A TREAT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.









Who is the mystery man? Find out next week!

# STONE IS SENTENCED TO THE VATS

The verdict of the Ruling Council is that Nick Stone be despatched to the Vats... for immediate recycling!

## SHOOT OUT WITH HELL'S ANGEL

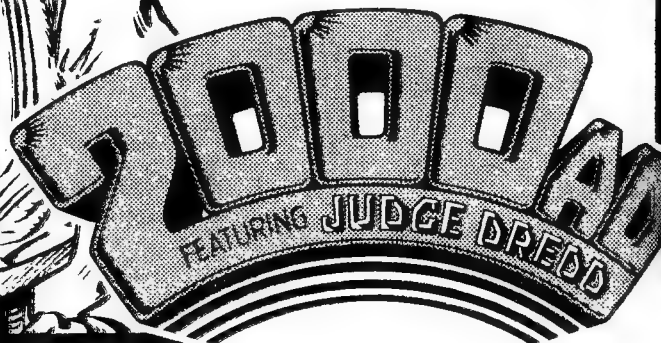
"From bad to vicious to indescribable." That's how Junior has turned out — one of the last two survivors of the Angel Gang. Dredd must wipe this menace from the face of Planet Xanadu before he can rescue the Judge Child.

## WILLY AIN'T HUMAN...

"He don't die. He'll get you." When Strontium Dog roids the dead punk's mind, he learns what Willy Blanko has in store for him.

PART 2 OF THE  
**JUDGE DREDD** MOBILE  
ONLY IN THE NEW-LOOK

**OUT NOW**  
EVERY MONDAY 14p





**Mudport's unexpected "guest" was football's Mister Big!**

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD MICKEY JORDAN—NICKNAMED 'FLASH' JORDAN—HAD DEVELOPED DEVASTATING SPEED AND FANTASTIC SWIFTNESS OF REACTION THROUGH LIVING IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE. HIS PERFORMANCE FOR STRUGGLING FOURTH DIVISION MUDPORT IN A RECENT LEAGUE CUP GAME HAD HIT THE HEADLINES AND BROUGHT IN RIVAL MANAGERS.

# DAILY CLASH FLASH JORDAN TO THE RESCUE

WEEKLY SPORTS

## SUPER SPEED-KID'S SUPER K.O.

THOUGHT I'D  
TAKE A LOOK AT  
THIS JORDAN KID.  
DON'T SUPPOSE  
HE'LL BE UP TO  
MUCH!

MOST OF THESE  
WONDER BOYS ARE  
THE SAME...THEY HAVE  
A GREAT GAME NOW  
AND THEN BUT FEW  
MAKE IT TO  
THE TOP!



# THE FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH!

WITH THE GAME MINUTES OLD MICKEY SHOWED HIS SPEED AND CONTROL IN A TIGHTLY-PACKED PENALTY AREA.

FORCE HIM  
TO GO BACK!

GOOAAALL!

CRUIKEY  
... HE IS  
GOOD!

GEORGE  
BEST WOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
PROUD OF  
THAT ONE!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



MANAGER 'SMILER' BATES AND MICKEY'S STEP-FATHER, CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN, WERE WATCHING FROM THE MUDPORT BENCH...

MICKEY DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY TOO WELL...THERE ARE A FEW THIRD DIVISION MANAGERS WATCHING HIM!

LET THE SWABS WATCH! MICKEY'S NOT FOR SALE! THE CLUB NEEDS HIM!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE GROUND...

PHEW! YOU DON'T SEE MANY OF THEM AROUND MUDPORT!

YOU CAN'T PARK HERE, I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN!

YOU WILL BE IF YOU DON'T BUTTON YOUR LIP!

RECKON IT'S MORE THAN YOUR JOB'S WORTH TO ANNOY MISTER FERRIS.

IS THIS REALLY A FOOTBALL STADIUM?

YOU MUST REMIND ME SOMETIME, SYKES, TO BUY THIS PLACE OUT SO THAT IT CAN BE TURNED INTO A PROPER RUBBISH DUMP!

THIS WAY PLEASE, MISTER FERRIS...SIR!

DIRECTOR ONLY

IT WAS THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN SO IMPRESSED BY MICKEY IN THE LEAGUE CUP MATCH AT TARDLEY.

THE MUDPORT SECTION RESERVED FOR DIRECTORS WAS FULL OF THE GUEST MANAGERS.

HARRY IRVING, JOHNNY SMITH, GOOD OF YOU LADS TO LEAVE SO THAT MISTER FERRIS CAN SIT DOWN!

NOW LOOK HERE, SYKES, I CAME TO WATCH JORDAN... AND I'M STAYING!

HAVEN'T HEARD MUCH IN THE PAPERS ABOUT THAT RUMOUR OF UNDER-HAND PAYMENTS AT YOUR CLUB, HAVE WE, HARRY? WOULDN'T LIKE THAT RAKED UP, NOW WOULD WE?

I WAS JUST LEAVING, MISTER FERRIS!

MAJOR BULLSTRODE, THE MUDPORT CHAIRMAN, SPOKE TO HIS UNEXPECTED GUEST.

GERRY FERRIS! IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE COMING I'D HAVE MADE SOME PROPER ARRANGEMENTS...

MOST KIND, MAJOR, BUT THIS IS A SIMPLE BUSINESS TRIP. I'VE COME TO SIGN A NEW PLAYER...

...MICHAEL JORDAN!





*Is Ferris right? Find out in next week's exciting episode!*



**COLLECT THIS  
STAR-STUDDED  
OLYMPIC  
SOUVENIR!**

## "GOLDEN GREAT BRITONS"

a memorable 12-page booklet packed with photos of the British Gold Medal winners at this year's Moscow Olympics, including Seb Coe winning the 1,500 metres. All that's best in British sport. First of three parts in this week's issue.

ALSO 8 sports-packed stories and all the regular features including a great Trevor Francis article.

**NEXT WEEK!**  
Super prizes  
including 3 television  
sets to be won in a  
**FREE-ENTRY  
COMPETITION**

**TIGER**

**OUT NOW** Every Monday 14p



## Money did the talking for football's 'Mister Big'!

**MICKEY JORDAN—NICKNAMED 'FLASH' JORDAN—HAD DEVELOPED AMAZING POWERS OF SPEED AND ATHLETICISM THROUGH LIVING ALONE IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE. ALTHOUGH THE YOUNGSTER WANTED TO REMAIN PLAYING SOCCER FOR STRUGGLING FOURTH DIVISION SIDE MUDPORT UNITED, GERRY FERRIS—THE WEALTHY AND INFLUENTIAL CHAIRMAN OF PORTCHESTER UNITED—HAD DETERMINED TO SECURE MICKEY'S TRANSFER...**

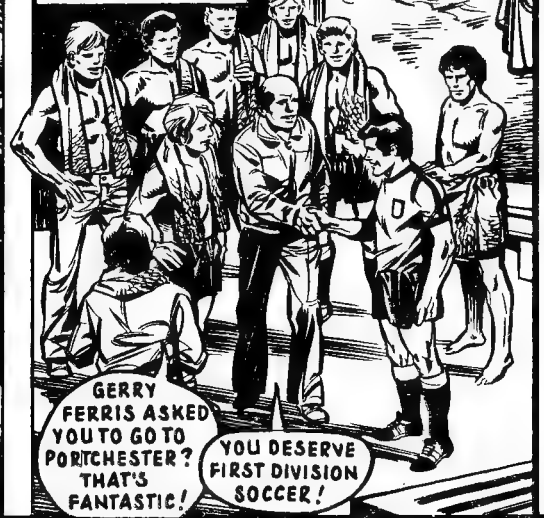


IT'S AN OFFER OF A LIFETIME, GENTLEMEN...

...I'LL PAY YOU FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS FOR FLASH JORDAN!

GOOD GRIEF!

**AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE MUDPORT CHANGING-ROOM, MICKEY WAS TELLING THE PLAYERS ABOUT FERRIS' INTEREST...**



GERRY FERRIS ASKED YOU TO GO TO PORTCHESTER? THAT'S FANTASTIC!

YOU DESERVE FIRST DIVISION SOCCER!



THANKS, BUT I TOLD HIM I WASN'T GOING TO LEAVE!

WHHAAATTTT?



WHEN CAPTAIN JONAH ADOPTED ME AND BROUGHT ME BACK FROM AFRICA HE SAID HE WANTED ME TO MAKE MUDPORT INTO A TEAM THAT COULD WIN SOMETHING...I CAN'T LET THE CAPTAIN DOWN!



BUT FERRIS IS A RUTHLESS MAN. HE USUALLY GETS WHAT HE WANTS.

B-BUT THE MUDPORT DIRECTORS CAN'T LET ME GO... I WANT TO STAY HERE!



BUT... AS THE CLUB IS DESPERATE FOR MONEY...WE HAVEN'T MUCH CHOICE...

YOU WON'T REGRET IT, BULLSTRODE...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





THEN... EXCUSE ME, MISTER CHAIRMAN, THE PLAYERS HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY.

WHAT'S THIS?

GET THOSE JOKERS OUT OF HERE!



MICKEY DOESN'T WANT TO LEAVE MUDPORT. THE LAD'S LOYAL TO THE CLUB... AND THE CLUB SHOULD BE LOYAL TO HIM!

IF YOU SELL HIM AGAINST HIS WILL, YOU GET RID OF ALL US!



I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED IN LOYALTY AND FAIR PLAY, AS LONG AS MICKEY IS HAPPY HERE THERE WILL BE NO TRANSFER TALK!

YOU STUPID, OLD...

EASY, SYKES. THE LAD KNOWS BEST WHAT TO DO!

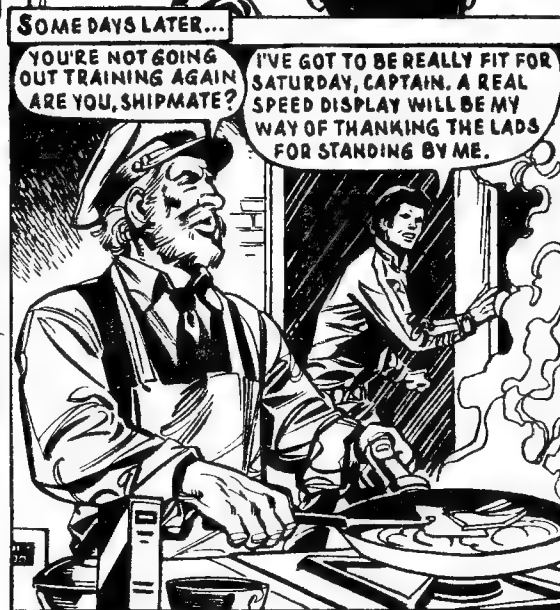


AND... HAVE YOU GONE SOFT, BOSS, LETTING THEM GET AWAY WITH THAT?

THE MATTER ISN'T FINISHED YET, SYKES. MUDPORT WILL KEEP JORDAN FOR AS LONG AS HE'S HAPPY...



...SO WE MUST ARRANGE IT THAT MICKEY JORDAN DISCOVERS WHAT AN UNPLEASANT PLACE MUDPORT CAN BE!



SOME DAYS LATER...

YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT TRAINING AGAIN ARE YOU, SHIPMATE?

I'VE GOT TO BE REALLY FIT FOR SATURDAY, CAPTAIN. A REAL SPEED DISPLAY WILL BE MY WAY OF THANKING THE LADS FOR STANDING BY ME.



BUT... THAT'S THE KID... NOW YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

SURE, DRIVE AFTER HIM AND SCARE HIM A BIT! LEAVE IT TO ME.



WHAT A NIGHT! I'LL SETTLE FOR A FEW MILES OF ROADWORK!

HEY, JORDAN!



SUDDENLY...

SCREEECHH!

ACCHH!





*Next week—the dramatic outcome of the plot to frighten Mickey!*

Don't forget

# SPEED

# ANNUAL 1981

*Is on sale now!*



Which four countries are these?

Just send us the right answers and you will receive 101 world-wide stamps free—and a fine selection of stamps on approval (buy what you like and return the rest). Remember to include your name, address (IN BLOCK CAPITALS) and stamp for postage—and please tell your parents.

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Worthing, West Sussex, BN11 2DP.



Can you tell us?  
1. What country issued "The Penny Black" in 1840?  
2. What country NEVER puts its name on its stamps?  
3. Have Writers or Poets ever appeared on British stamps?  
4. Has TUTANKHAMUN ever appeared on British stamps?

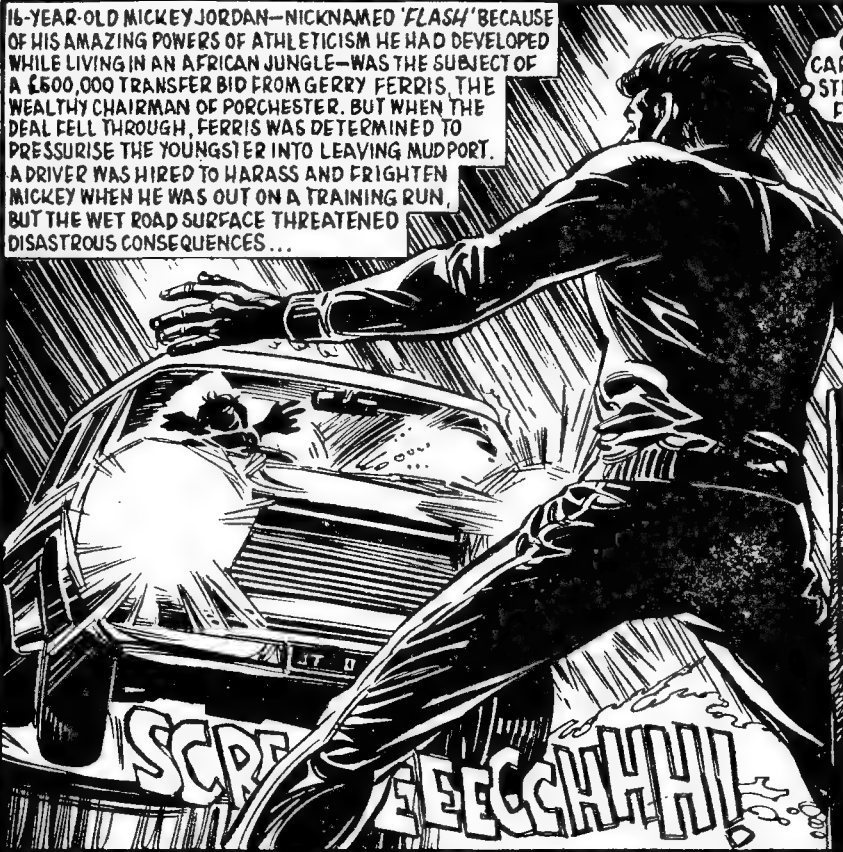
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**Trying to control the speeding car was like trying to control a spaceship!**

16-YEAR-OLD MICKEY JORDAN—NICKNAMED 'FLASH' BECAUSE OF HIS AMAZING POWERS OF ATHLETICISM HE HAD DEVELOPED WHILE LIVING IN AN AFRICAN JUNGLE—WAS THE SUBJECT OF A £500,000 TRANSFER BID FROM GERRY FERRIS, THE WEALTHY CHAIRMAN OF PORCHESTER. BUT WHEN THE DEAL FELL THROUGH, FERRIS WAS DETERMINED TO PRESSURISE THE YOUNGSTER INTO LEAVING MUDPORT. A DRIVER WAS HIRED TO HARASS AND FRIGHTEN MICKEY WHEN HE WAS OUT ON A TRAINING RUN, BUT THE WET ROAD SURFACE THREATENED DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES...



OH NO! THE CAR'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR ME!

IT WAS ONLY MICKEY'S LIGHTNING REFLEXES THAT SAVED HIM...



THUNKK!

JUMPED CLEAR...JUST IN TIME!



# The FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH



PHEW... I'M OKAY... BUT WHAT ABOUT THE DRIVER?

CAUTIOUSLY, MICKEY CLIMBED INTO THE CAR...

HE'S STILL ALIVE... BUT HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!



BUT THE MOVEMENT OF THE YOUNGSTER SET THE CAR OFF IN MOTION DOWN THE STEEP INCLINE OF THE HILL...

CRIPES! WE'RE MOVING!





MICKY RARELY TRAVELLED IN A CAR, SO THE CONTROLS WERE UNFAMILIAR TO HIM...



I'VE GOT TO STOP THE CAR... BUT HOW?

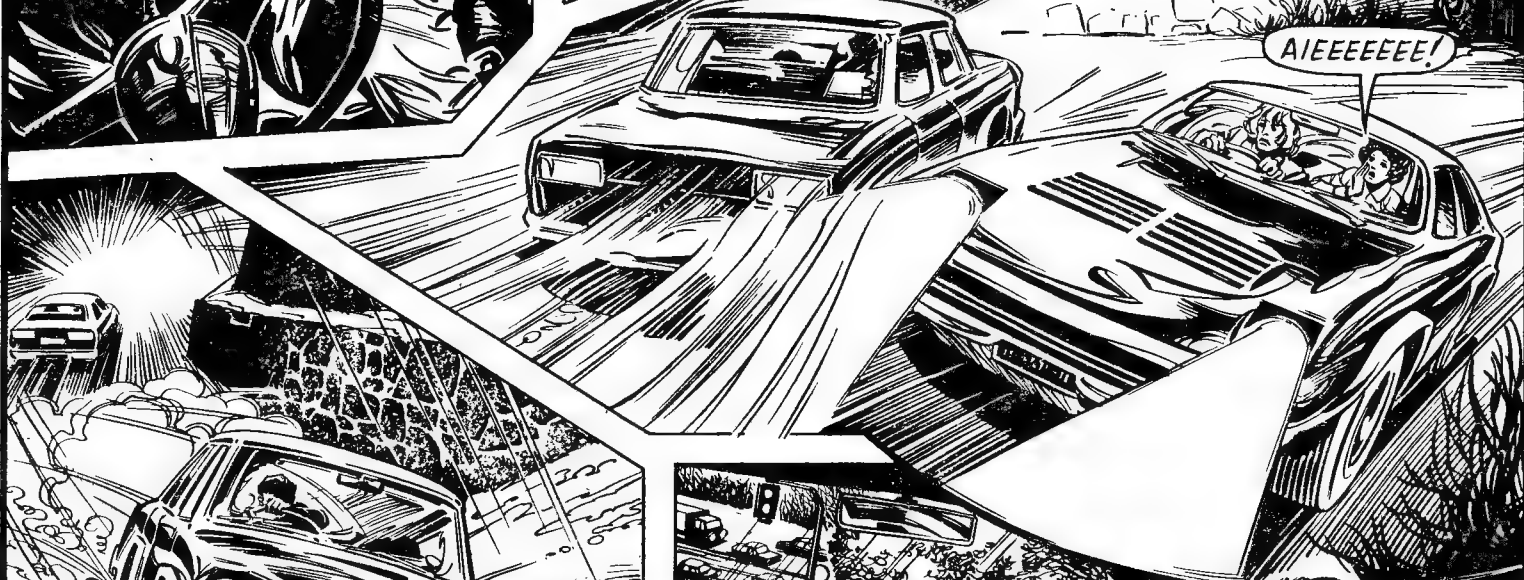
THEN...



SOMEONE ELSE IS COMING UP THE HILL!

STRENGTH! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

INSTINCTIVELY, MICKY FLUNG THE STEERING WHEEL TO THE LEFT AS FAST AS HE COULD...



AIEEEEEEE!



AND THEN FRANTICALLY CHANGED DIRECTION TO KEEP THE CAR FROM PLOUGHING INTO THE ROADSIDE WALL!



BUT THE DANGER WAS FAR FROM OVER!

OH, NO! A BUSY ROAD AHEAD! I'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THAT LOT!



MICKY MADE A DESPERATE GAMBLE... AND SWUNG THE CAR OFF THE ROAD!

SMASHH!

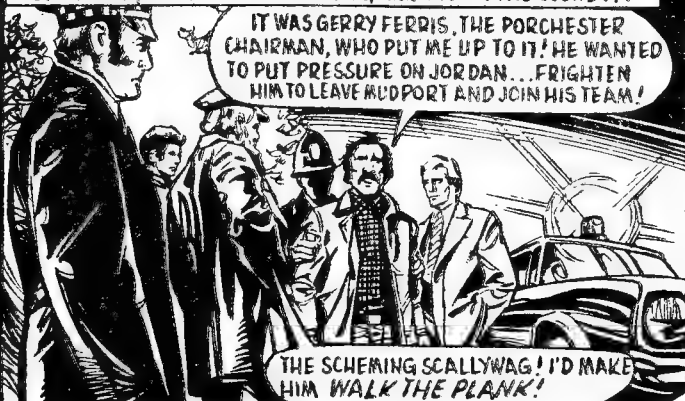


PHEEWWWW! THAT WAS SOME FIRST DRIVING LESSON! I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



THE DRIVER HAD RECOVERED BY THE TIME THE POLICE AND MICKEY'S STEP-FATHER CAPTAIN JONAH JORDAN, ARRIVED ON THE SCENE...



IT WAS GERRY FERRIS, THE PORCHESTER CHAIRMAN, WHO PUT ME UP TO IT! HE WANTED TO PUT PRESSURE ON JORDAN... FRIGHTEN HIM TO LEAVE MUDPORT AND JOIN HIS TEAM!

THE SCHEMING SCALLYWAG! I'D MAKE HIM WALK THE PLANK!

LATER, IN THE MUDPORT CHAIRMAN'S OFFICE...

FERRIS AND HIS CROOKED MANAGER, JACK SYKES, HAVE BEEN KICKED OUT OF PORCHESTER! THEY'LL NEVER GET A JOB IN SOCCER AGAIN!



GOOD. THAT MEANS I CAN FORGET THE AFFAIR AND DO MY BEST FOR MUDPORT!



I'M AFRAID NOT, MICKEY... YOU'RE GOING TO BE LEAVING MUDPORT!

WHAAAAATT?



WALLY TURNBULL, THE MANAGER OF FIRST DIVISION KINGSBAY, HAS OFFERED SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS FOR YOU. WITHOUT THAT SORT OF MONEY, MUDPORT WILL BE DECLARED BANKRUPT AND FORCED OUT OF THE LEAGUE!

SO MUDPORT EITHER PLAY NON-LEAGUE SOCCER WITH FLASH JORDAN OR STAY IN THE FOURTH DIVISION WITHOUT HIM!



THERE'S NO CHOICE THEN... KINGSBAY HERE I COME!

Mickey joins 'The Marks Brothers' in the Nov. 1 issue of ROY OF THE ROVERS Weekly!

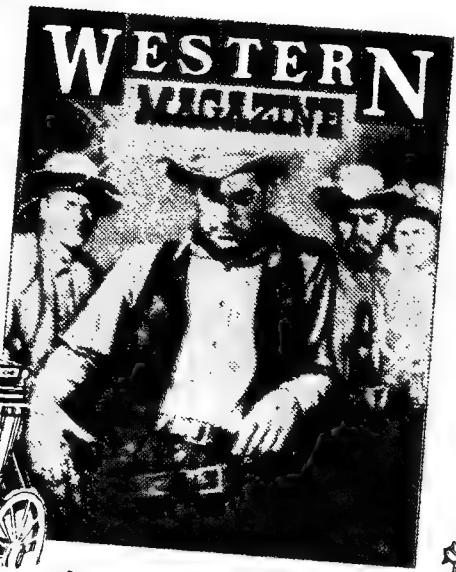
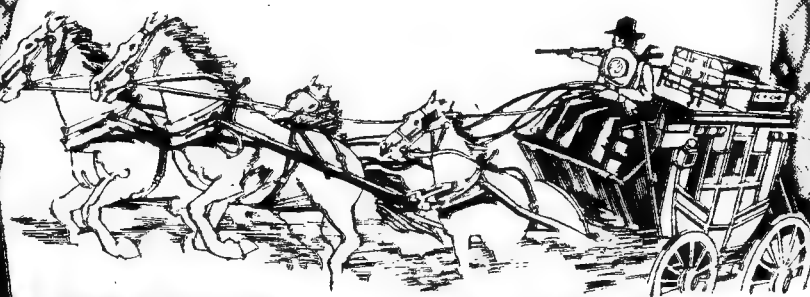
Comes at you with both guns blazing

# WESTERN MAGAZINE

On sale Thursday 23rd October 70p

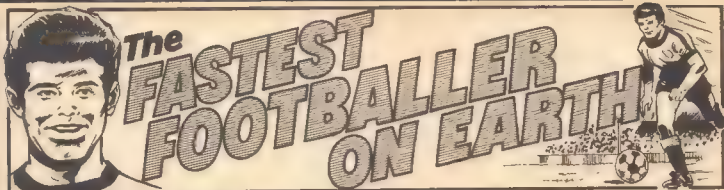


Packed with fast-moving stories of explosive action, gory gunfights, saloon-wrecking riots, Indians on the war path... Meet the real people too—sheriffs, outlaws, rodeo riders...relive real events—stick-ups, shoot-outs, massacres...find out about their weapons, their hardships, their battles. Pages and pages of galloping excitement "You gotta be tough to read it." Reach for the Western Magazine every month.

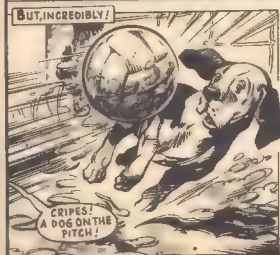
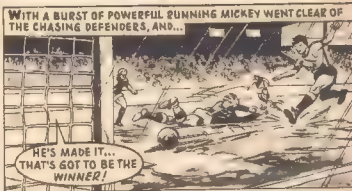




# The FASTEST FOOTBALLER ON EARTH



AT THE GROUND OF SECOND DIVISION CORLING AN FA CUP TIE WITH LOCAL RIVALS MUDPORT UNITED, OF THE FOURTH DIVISION, WAS IN ITS FINAL SECONDS. THE VISITORS PRESSED FORWARD THROUGH THEIR STAR PLAYER, MICKEY FLASH JORDAN, AN AMAZING YOUNGSTER WHO HAD DEVELOPED INCREDIBLE POWERS OF SPEED AND STRENGTH WHILE LIVING IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE.







MICKEY HAD A NATURAL LOVE FOR ALL ANIMALS AND WAS CONCERNED ABOUT THE INTRUDER...

THAT WAS A DAFT THING TO DO, LITTLE 'UN. YOU COULD HAVE HURT YOURSELF.



IT WAS TOO MUCH FOR MUDPORT'S NORMALLY UNSHAKABLE MANAGER, 'SMILER' BATES.

DENIED A LAST-MINUTE WINNER AND ALL MICKEY BOTHERS ABOUT IS THE HOUND THAT COST US THE GAME... GIVE ME STRENGTH!



SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS, MICKEY. I'M JIM GRAHAM, IN CHARGE OF THE DOGS' HOME. WILFRED MANAGED TO SLIP AWAY AND GET IN HERE... I GUESS HE MUST LIKE SOCCER!

FANCY YOURSELF PLAYING FOR MUDPORT, EH, WILF?



WHAT A SHAME A SMASHING DOG HASN'T GOT A HOME OF HIS OWN... I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING I COULD DO TO HELP!

EE-WELL ACTUALLY, THERE IS SOMETHING!



WE'RE HAVING A FETE THIS WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON TO RAISE MONEY FOR THE DOGS' HOME. IT'S ONLY A FEW MILES FROM MUDPORT, SO IF YOU COULD COME ALONG IT WOULD BE GREAT PUBLICITY.

'COURSE I'LL COME, AND I'LL GET SOME OF THE OTHER LADS ALONG, TOO!



MICKEY... SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, SON, BUT THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER OF A FOOTBALL MATCH, IF YOU'VE FINISHED WITH THAT DOG!

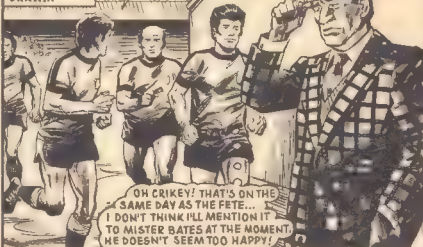
SEE YOU WEDNESDAY, JIM! CHEERS, WILF!

THANKS A LOT, MICKEY!



THE MATCH  
SOON ENDED IN  
A GOALLESS  
DRAW...

WE'VE GOT IT ALL TO DO AGAIN  
AT MUDPORT IN WEDNESDAY  
NIGHT'S REPLAY.

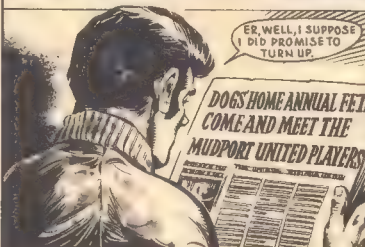


OH CRIKEY! THAT'S ON THE  
SAME DAY AS THE FETE...  
I DON'T THINK I'LL MENTION IT  
TO MISTER BATES AT THE MOMENT.  
HE DOESN'T SEEM TOO HAPPY!

ON MONDAY AT THE MUDPORT GROUND...

THIS CAN  
ONLY HAVE  
SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH  
YOU!

WHAT  
HAVE  
I DONE  
NOW?

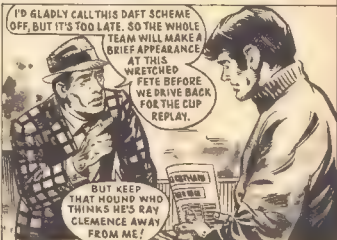


ER, WELL, I SUPPOSE  
I DID PROMISE TO  
TURN UP.

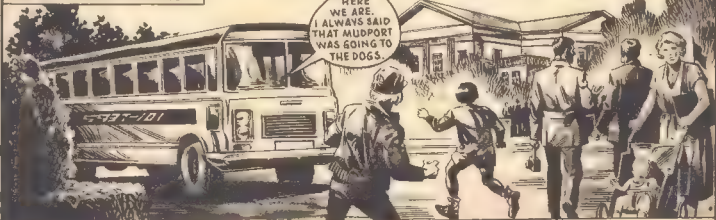
**DOGS HOME ANNUAL FETE**  
**COME AND MEET THE**  
**MUDPORT UNITED PLAYERS**

I'D GLADLY CALL THIS DAFT SCHEME  
OFF, BUT IT'S TOO LATE. SO THE WHOLE  
TEAM WILL MAKE A  
BRIEF APPEARANCE  
AT THIS  
WRETCHED  
FETE BEFORE  
WE DRIVE BACK  
FOR THE CUP  
REPLAY.

BUT KEEP  
THAT HOUND WHO  
THINKS HE'S RAY  
CLEMENCE AWAY  
FROM ME!



AND ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON...



HERE  
WE ARE.  
I ALWAYS SAID  
THAT MUDPORT  
WAS GOING TO  
THE DOGS.

ALL WENT WELL, UNTIL...



WILL YOU SIGN  
MY BOOK PLEASE,  
MICKEY?

THIS WAY,  
IF YOU PLEASE,  
MISTER BATES.

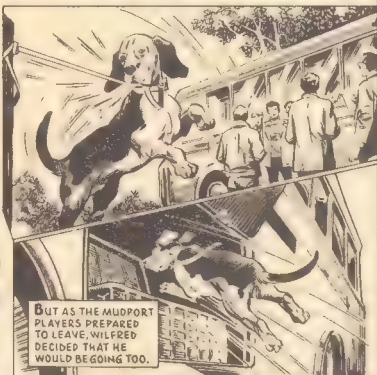


ANYTHING TO SAY TO  
WILFRED, THE DOG THAT  
COST YOU A CUP-TIE?

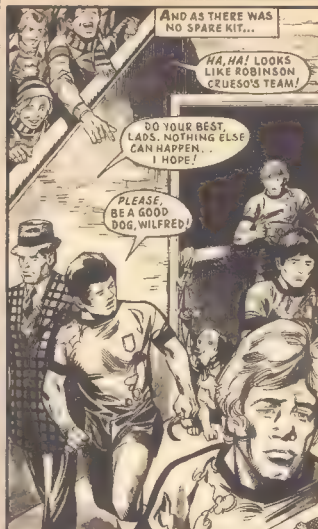
THE SAVIOUR  
OF CORLING—  
WILFRED BASSET.

ER—HELLO  
AGAIN,  
WILFRED!

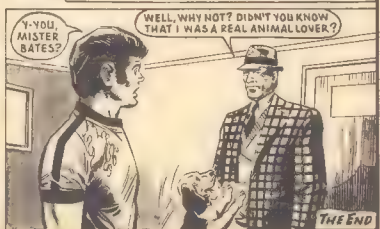
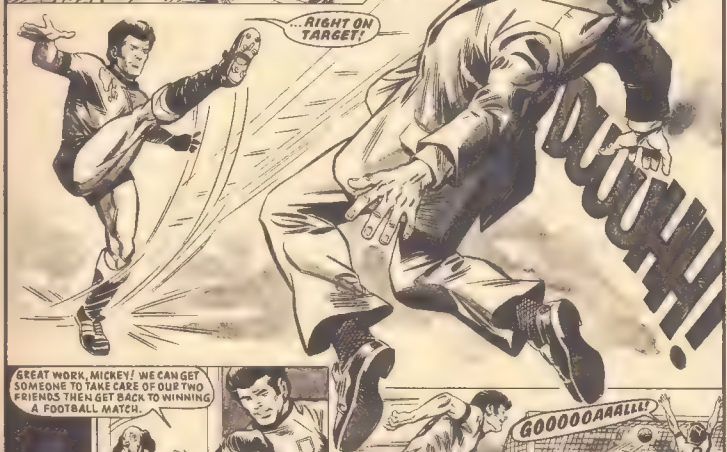














New story No. 1 . . . Meet ace pilot Johnny Wolfe in . . .

BY THE BEGINNING OF 1942, THE GROUND AND NAVAL FORCES OF JAPAN REIGNED SUPREME IN THE FAR EAST. THAILAND HAD FALLEN, AND THE WARRIORS OF THE RISING SUN WERE RAMPAGING THROUGH MALAYA AND BURMA. BUT, HERE AND THERE, THE SPEED OF THEIR ADVANCE WAS HALTED . . . WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT!

STRAIGHT IN, MY WOLVES! HIT THEM HARD AND HIT THEM FAST!

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE CAUGHT THE JAPS WITH THEIR FLAPS DOWN!

AHIIIIIIIIIIII!

# HIT and RUN

TOMAHAWKS AND HURRICANES . . . AND LOOK AT THEIR MARKINGS!

A SNARLING WOLF'S HEAD! IT'S THAT CURSED GANG OF VOLUNTEERS WHO CALL THEMSELVES . . .

SCROUNGING SUPPLIES AND AIRCRAFT WHEREVER THEY COULD, THE PILOTS OF WOLF-PACK SQUADRON CAME FROM EVERY ALLIED NATION . . .

WHAT A BREW UP! HOW MANY MITSUBISHIES DID WE NAIL, FRENCHEY?

SEVEN, MON AMI! WE HIT AND RUN LIKE THE JUNGLE WOLF!

WOLF-PACK!

...ALL THEY HAD IN COMMON WAS A THIRST FOR ACTION, AND A HATRED OF TYRANNY!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



.. AND THEY WERE LED BY JOHNNY WOLFE!

LEADER TO WOLF-PACK!  
ON SECOND THOUGHTS, THAT  
WAS A LITTLE TOO EASY! THOSE  
'BETTIES' WERE LINED UP LIKE  
DUCKS IN A SHOOTING GALLERY  
... AS IF THE JAPS WANTED  
US TO ATTACK! I'M BEGINNING  
TO SMELL A RAT...

NINE RATS  
TO BE EXACT,  
JOHNNY —  
ZEROS! ELEVEN  
O'CLOCK  
HIGH!

THEY WERE  
WAITING  
FOR US!

BAAK!  
BREAK!

BUT, THIS TIME...  
TO REVERE'S  
HORROR!

ONE OF THE SLEEK, JAPANESE FIGHTERS SOON  
FASTENED ON TO THE TAIL OF FRENCHY REVERE...

HE'S GOING  
FOR THE  
DECK!

AAAAAAHHHH!

I... I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!  
HE'S GAINING  
ON ME!

**FRENCHY!**

THAT'S THE WAY  
TO SHAKE OFF A  
ZERO! THOSE KITES  
CAN'T TOUCH A P-40  
WHEN IT COMES TO  
A DIVE AT FULL  
THROTTLE!

THE WOLF-PACK PILOTS COULD HARDLY BELIEVE WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

THAT ZERO MUST HAVE  
BEEN DIVING AT OVER  
FOUR HUNDRED  
MILES AN HOUR!

THAT MAKES IT  
THE **FASTEST** THING  
IN THE AIR... **ANY**  
WHERE IN THE  
WORLD!

FRENCHY  
DIDN'T STAND  
A CHANCE!

JOHNNY  
KICKED HIS  
TOMAHAWK  
INTO A SAVAGE,  
RAKING TURN...

TRY ME FOR SIZE, NIP!  
I'M GOING TO WIPE THAT  
ORANGE FLASH OFF YOUR  
TAIL IF IT'S THE LAST  
THING I DO!

GO GET HIM,  
JOHNNY!

BUT, ALTHOUGH JOHNNY WOLFE FLEW WITH  
THE SPEED AND SKILL WHICH HAD ALREADY  
ACCOUNTED FOR OVER THIRTY JAPANESE  
AIRCRAFT...

HE... HE STOOD ON HIS  
TAIL, THEN ROLLED INSIDE  
ME! I'VE NEVER SEEN A  
ZERO DO THAT BEFORE!

JOHNNY,  
LOOK  
OUT!

CAN'T  
SHAKE HIM  
OFF...

NOW IT IS YOUR TURN,  
ENGLISHMAN! SAY  
HELLO TO YOUR  
ANCESTORS!

ONLY THE SPEED OF JOHNNY'S REFLEXES  
SAVED HIM FROM CERTAIN DEATH...

**BANZAI!**

MANAGED TO  
ROLL FROM THE  
WORST OF IT... BUT  
HE'S ALMOST  
SEVERED MY PORT  
WING! THE HAWK'S  
FINISHED...





...AND SO AM I, IF THAT ZERO PILOT COMES GUNNING FOR ME!

BUT, TO JOHNNY'S RELIEF...



WHAT A SCRAP! THE WOLVES ARE TYING UP THE ZEROS SO MUCH THE JAPS HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO BOTHER ABOUT LITTLE OLD ME...

KNOWING THAT JAPANESE PATROLS WOULD BE SEARCHING FOR HIM, JOHNNY MOVED SWIFTLY FOR THE NEXT HOUR, UNTIL...

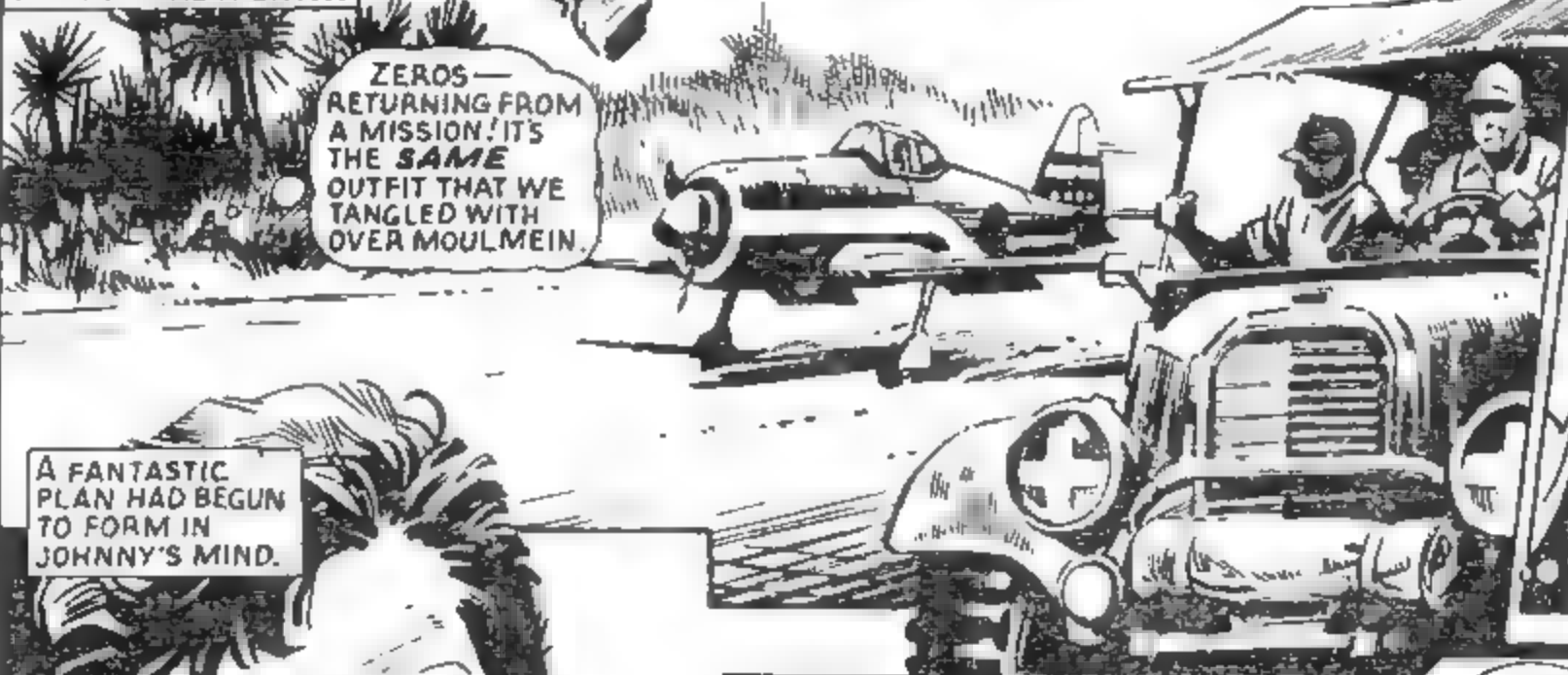
AS HE LANDED SAFELY IN A JUNGLE CLEARING...

BUT I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF JAP-INFESTED TERRITORY! MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO HEAD FOR THE COAST, AND TRY AND HITCH A LIFT BACK TO RANGOON IN A NATIVE FISHING-BOAT!



JOHNNY WAS RIGHT...

ZEROS—RETURNING FROM A MISSION! IT'S THE SAME OUTFIT THAT WE TANGLED WITH OVER MOULMEIN.



A FANTASTIC PLAN HAD BEGUN TO FORM IN JOHNNY'S MIND.

A FAMILIAR, ORANGE FLASH CAUGHT JOHNNY'S EYE!

...AND THERE'S THE ZERO THAT NAILED ME! LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE BASE IS PUSHING OUT THE RED CARPET FOR ITS PILOT!



...AND I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT! COME TO JOHNNY, LITTLE ZERO!



...AND WITH THE DESPERATE SPEED OF A MAN WHO YEARNED TO DOMINATE THE SKIES, JOHNNY WOLFE WENT POUNDING INTO A NIGHTMARE OF DANGER!

IT MUST BE A NEW VERSION! PROBABLY A PROTOTYPE—THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND! AT THIS MOMENT IN TIME, IT'S THE FASTEST, AND MOST MAN-OEUVRABLE AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD!

There's more World War II high-flying action with Johnny again next week!



*Only Johnny Wolfe would have attempted the impossible!*



BURMA, 1942. JOHNNY WOLFE, LEADER OF THE ALLIED 'FREELANCE' SQUADRON, WOLF-PACK, HAD BEEN SHOT DOWN BY THE FASTEST AIRCRAFT HE HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED — A JAPANESE ZERO. TRYING TO FIND HIS WAY BACK TO THE COAST, JOHNNY SPOTTED THE ZERO ON A JAP AIRSTRIP... AND EMBARKED ON A DARING ATTEMPT TO STEAL THE FASTEST PLANE IN THE WORLD!

IF I CAN GET HALF-WAY TO THAT KITE BEFORE THE JAPS REALISE WHAT'S HAPPENING, I'VE GOT A CHANCE...!



BUT AS JOHNNY WOLFE'S BOOTS POUNDED THE DUST WITH ALL THE SPEED HE COULD MUSTER...

HECK...I'VE BEEN SPOTTED BY ONE OF THE FLAK-GUNNERS...

IT'S THEM OR ME NOW!

AAAAAGH!

GET HIM...!

HAAAAEEEEEEEEEE!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.]



BULLETS LASHED AROUND JOHNNY'S HEAD AS HE LEAPT ON TO THE ZERO'S WING...

BUT, THEN...

NO, DON'T SHOOT! YOU WILL DAMAGE THE AIRCRAFT! EVERYONE STOP FIRING!

HE TRIES TO STEAL THE NEW ZERO!

I'VE HAD IT! THEY'D RATHER BLOW THIS BABY TO PIECES, THAN LET IT FALL INTO ENEMY HANDS!

BUT, MAJOR...

INSIDE THE ZERO'S COCKPIT JOHNNY WAS STUDYING THE CONTROLS WITH FRANTIC SPEED...

LABELLED IN JAPANESE BUT I CAN FIGURE THEM OUT! THROTTLE... FUEL GAUGE... PRIMER... OIL PRESSURE...

IGNITION! SHE'S FIRING!

THE ZERO'S SPEED IS MY PRIDE—MY HONOUR...

MY SWORD WILL BE ENOUGH! THE ENGLISH DOG SHALL LOSE HIS HEAD FOR THIS INSOLENCE!

BRAMMEN

YOU SHALL NOT STEAL IT! DEATH SHALL BE THE REWARD FOR YOUR COURAGE!

AS ALWAYS, JOHNNY WOLFE'S REACTION WAS FAST... AND DEADLY!

I'LL DECIDE WHEN I'M GOING TO DIE, RAT-FACE!

ZOK

NOW EVERY GUN ON THE AIRSTRIP RANGED ON THE HURTLING ZERO...

AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR PLANE! I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT!

N-NO...

THAT'S IT, BABY, GO! GO! GO! OH, BOY, WHAT A PLANE! WHAT A BEAUTY...





...I'M A BIRD!  
**I'M  
FLYING!**

JOHNNY WOLFE'S  
WILDEST DREAM  
WAS BEING  
REALISED...

I KNEW YOU WERE SOMETHING  
SPECIAL! **WAAAAH!** NOW LET'S  
SEE IF YOU'VE GOT ANY SLUGS  
LEFT IN YOUR MAGAZINES...

...I WANT TO  
MAKE SURE THAT  
YOUR FORMER  
OWNERS DON'T  
FOLLOW ME!

**TAKE  
COVER!  
SCATTER!**

THE SHEER  
SPEED OF THE  
DIVING PLANE  
CAUGHT THE  
JAPS IN THE  
OPEN...

SAY HELLO TO  
THE WOLF-PACK'S  
NEW RECRUIT,  
NIPS!

**AAAAHHHH!  
GAAAAIEEE!**

ON YOUR FEET—TO YOUR  
PLANES! WE'VE GOT TO  
**STOP HIM!**

IT ..IT IS NO USE, MAJOR!  
MOST OF THE PILOTS ARE  
DEAD, OR WOUNDED...

THE PRIDE OF  
SHIBATA SQUADRON  
HAS BEEN SNATCHED  
FROM OUR GRASP!

...AND I MEAN TO HAVE IT BACK!  
THIS I SWEAR... WHOEVER HE IS,  
WHEREVER HE CAME FROM... I,  
TOSHIRA NAGANU, WILL HUNT HIM  
DOWN... IF IT TAKES THE  
REST OF MY LIFE!

NO! IT IS THE ONLY  
MACHINE OF ITS KIND—  
THE **FASTEST**  
AIRCRAFT IN THE WHOLE  
WORLD.!

BUT JOHNNY WOLFE WAS ALREADY BEING  
HUNTED...

**ZERO!  
ZERO! TWELVE  
O'CLOCK  
LOW!**

JOHNNY HAD RECOGNISED  
THE INSIGNIA OF THE  
ATTACKING TOMAHAWKS!

WOLF-PACK AIRCRAFT...  
PROBABLY SEARCHING FOR  
ME! I'M ABOUT TO BE  
ATTACKED BY MY OWN  
PILOTS!

OH, NO...!

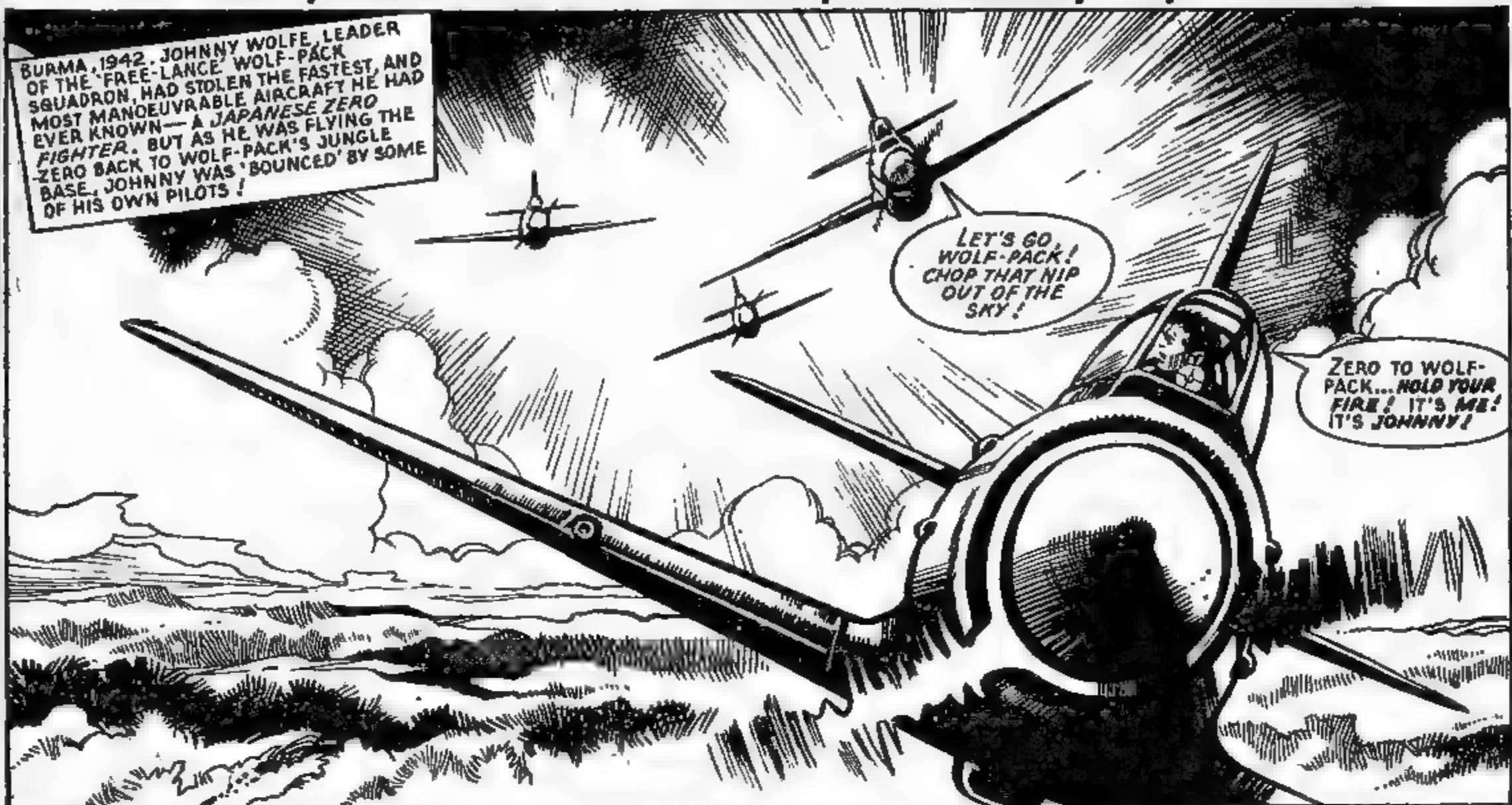
LET'S GO, YOU  
WOLVES!

**Killed by his own men? Is this Johnny's fate? Find out next week.**



# Wolf-Pack squadron were amazed at the speed of Johnny's captured Zero!

BURMA, 1942. JOHNNY WOLFE, LEADER OF THE 'FREE-LANCE' WOLF-PACK SQUADRON, HAD STOLEN THE FASTEST, AND MOST MANOEUVRABLE AIRCRAFT HE HAD EVER KNOWN—A JAPANESE ZERO FIGHTER. BUT AS HE WAS FLYING THE ZERO BACK TO WOLF-PACK'S JUNGLE BASE, JOHNNY WAS 'BOUNCED' BY SOME OF HIS OWN PILOTS!



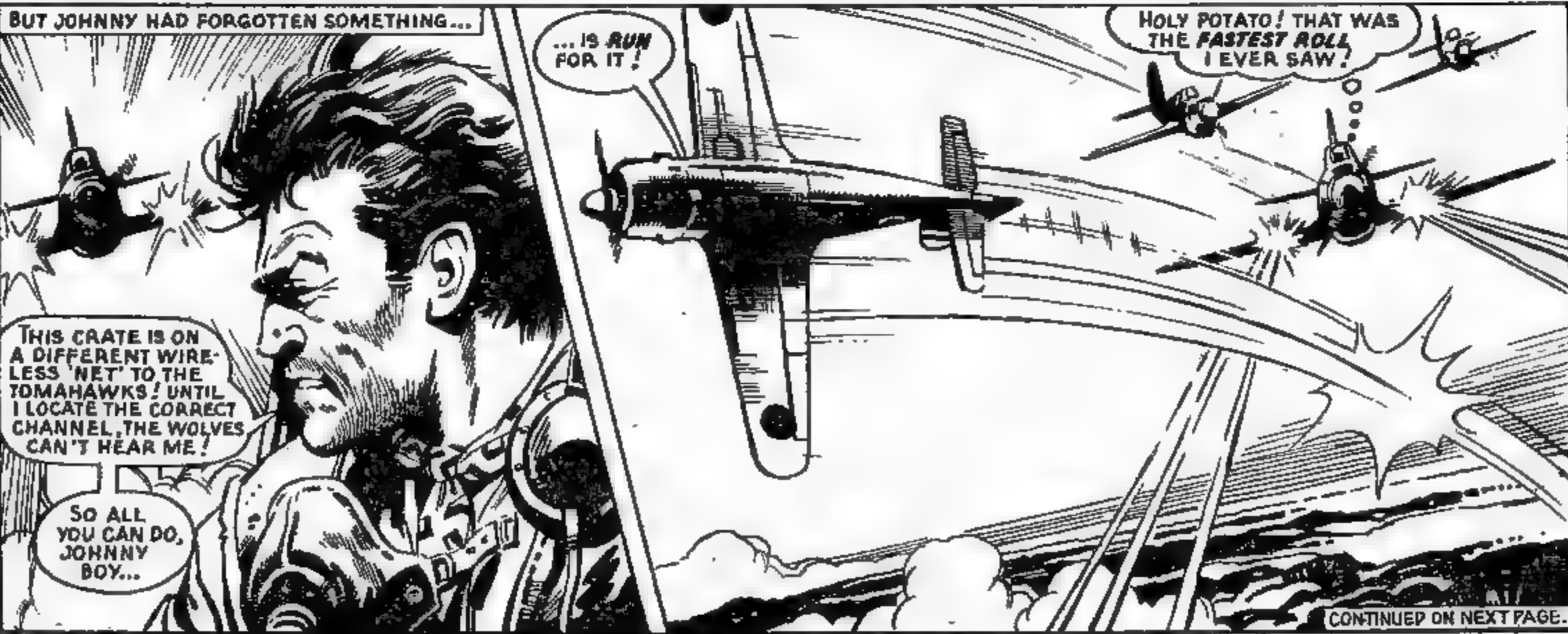
BUT JOHNNY HAD FORGOTTEN SOMETHING...

... IS RUN FOR IT!

HOLY POTATO! THAT WAS THE FASTEST ROLL I EVER SAW!

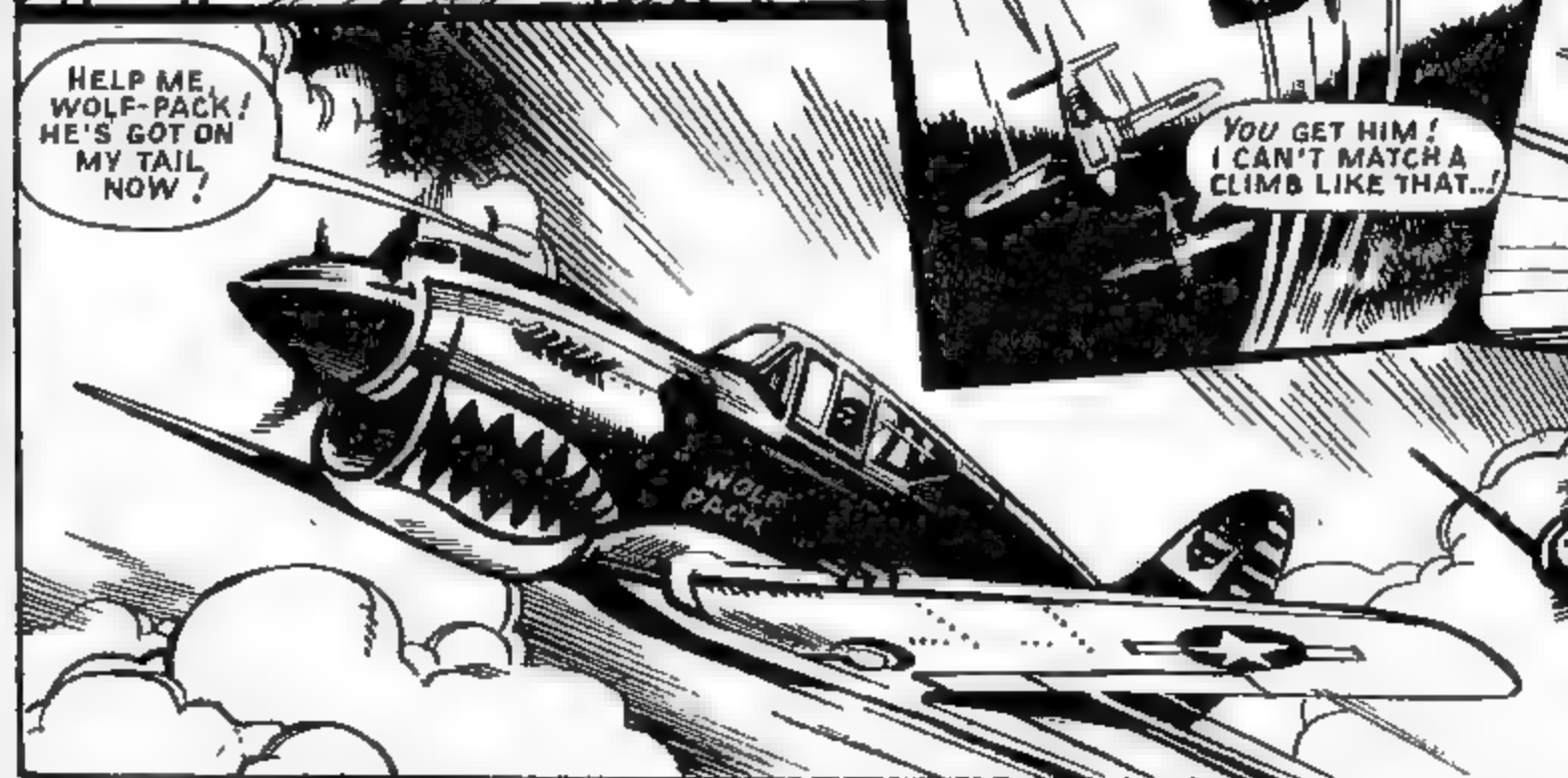
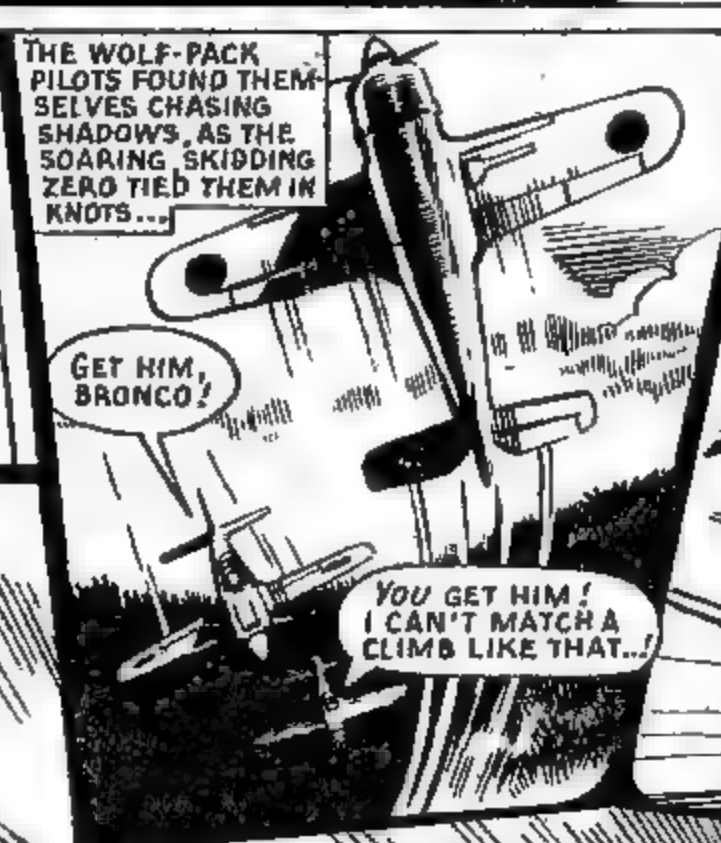
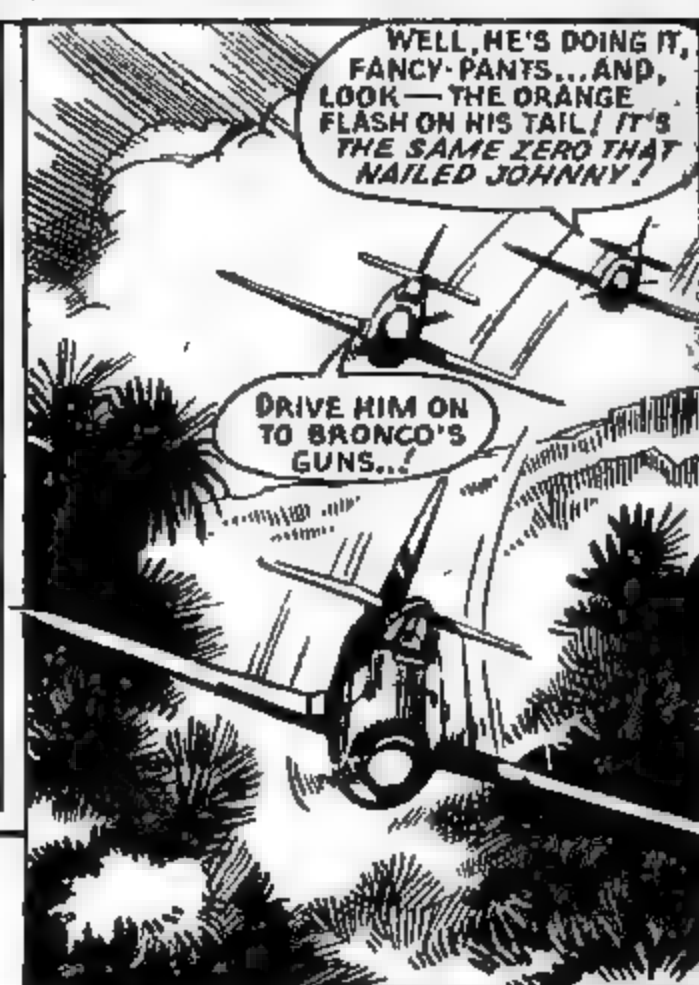
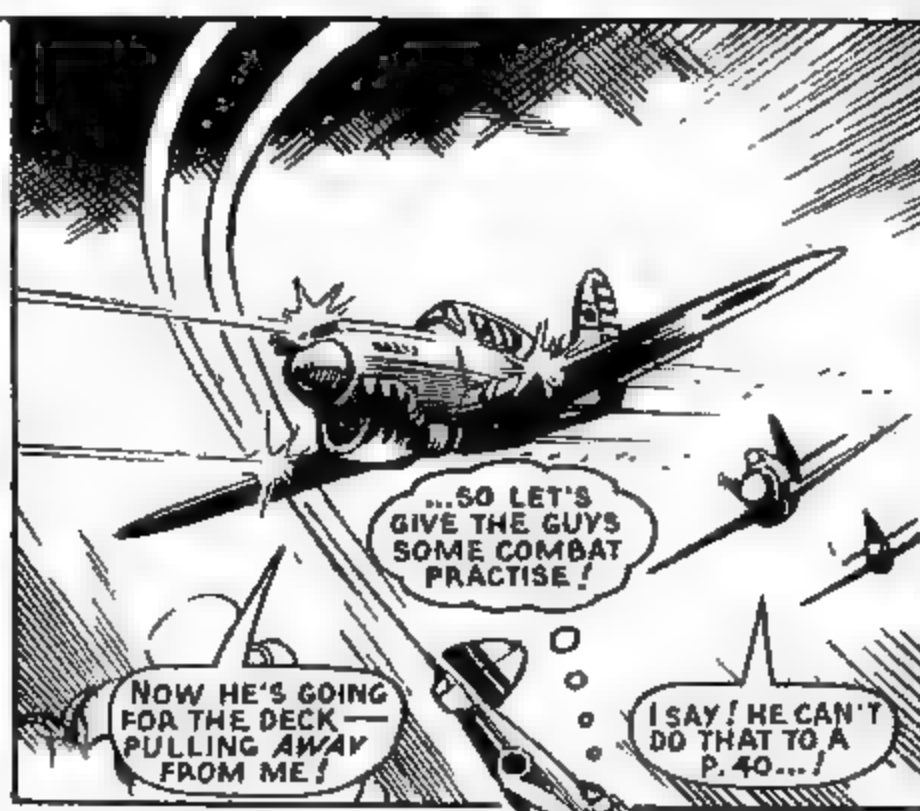
THIS CRATE IS ON A DIFFERENT WIRELESS 'NET' TO THE TOMAHAWKS! UNTIL I LOCATE THE CORRECT CHANNEL, THE WOLVES CAN'T HEAR ME!

SO ALL YOU CAN DO, JOHNNY BOY...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.









THEN...

HE... HE'S GONE—  
AS IF HE'D NEVER  
EXISTED! CAN YOU  
SEE HIM, DUKE?

BRONCO

SORRY, OLD  
SON! WHAT  
ABOUT YOU,  
WALLABY?

NO! HE WAS  
THERE A  
SECOND AGO—!

I STILL AM!

HA! HA! HA!  
HAAAAAAA!

BOO!

S—SITTING  
ON TOP OF  
US!

BREAK!  
BREAK!

WAIT A MINUTE  
...THAT VOICE!  
THAT'S NO JAP!

IT...IT SOUNDS  
LIKE JOHNNY!

IT IS JOHNNY, BRONCO! I'VE GOT  
THE HANG OF THIS RADIO NETWORK  
AT LAST! YOU'RE COMING THROUGH  
LOUD AND CLEAR!

BUT, H-HOW  
THE...? WHAT  
THE...?

AS JOHNNY EXPLAINED  
TO HIS STUNNED,  
DELIGHTED COLLEAGUES...

YOU PINCHED  
A ZERO...RIGHT  
OFF A JAP  
AIRSTRIPE?

I DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!

WHAT'S THIS THEN  
...SCOTCH MIST?  
I'VE CLOCKED THIS  
BABY AT NEARLY  
FIVE HUNDRED  
MILES PER HOUR  
IN LEVEL FLIGHT,  
WHICH MAKES HER  
THE FASTEST  
FIGHTER IN THE  
WORLD...

THE QUESTION IS... WHY,  
AND HOW? I CAN'T WAIT  
TO GET BACK TO BASE SO'S  
THE MECHANICS CAN TAKE  
A LOOK AT HER!

HOLD IT,  
JOHNNY!  
THINGS HAVE  
CHANGED SINCE  
YOU TOOK OFF,  
THIS MORNING...

EDWARD OGILVY-  
SMITH... NICK-  
NAMED 'THE DUKE'  
SPOKE...

THE JAPS ARE  
PUSHING NORTH  
AGAIN— OUT OF  
THAILAND!  
THEY'VE ADVANCED  
OVER THIRTY MILES  
IN THE LAST TWENTY-  
FOUR HOURS, WHICH  
PUTS THEM RIGHT  
ON OUR DOORSTEP!

YOU'RE TELLING ME, DUKE!  
I CAN SEE A BUNCH OF THEM,  
RIGHT NOW... FOLLOWING THE  
RIVER... TWO O'CLOCK LOW...

...BATTALION STRENGTH, BY  
THE LOOK OF IT! AND  
THEY'RE HEADING  
STRAIGHT FOR WOLF-  
PACK BASE!

Will the Japs reach the base? Read on next week!

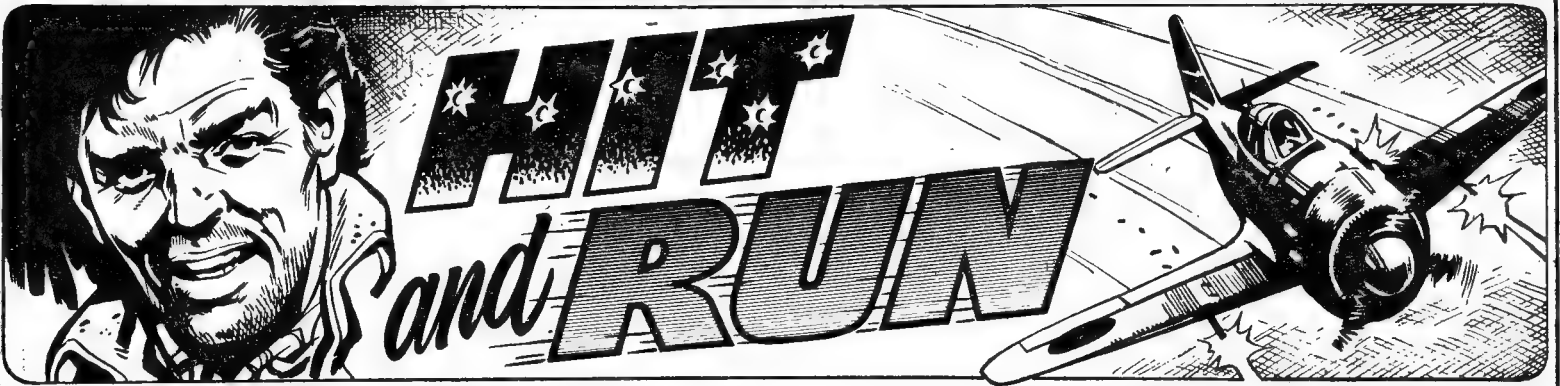


**The Japs were headed straight towards "Wolf-Pack's" jungle base!**

**B**URMA, 1942... JOHNNY WOLFE, LEADER OF THE 'FREELANCE' WOLF-PACK SQUADRON, HAD STOLEN THE FASTEST AIRCRAFT HE HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED - A JAPANESE ZERO FIGHTER. ON HIS WAY BACK TO HIS OWN BASE, JOHNNY AND SOME OF HIS FELLOW PILOTS SPOTTED AN ADVANCING JAP COLUMN

THEY'RE MOVING FAST, BOYS! IF THEY STICK TO THE RIVER VALLEY, THEY'LL RUN SMACK INTO OUR BASE!

A WHOLE BATTALION OF THE LITTLE YELLOW PERISHERS!



HEY, JOHNNY... YOU'RE FLYING A ZERO! WHY DON'T YOU--!

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BRONCO, BUT THAT'S A LITTLE SURPRISE I'D PREFER TO SPRING ON 'EM LATER...

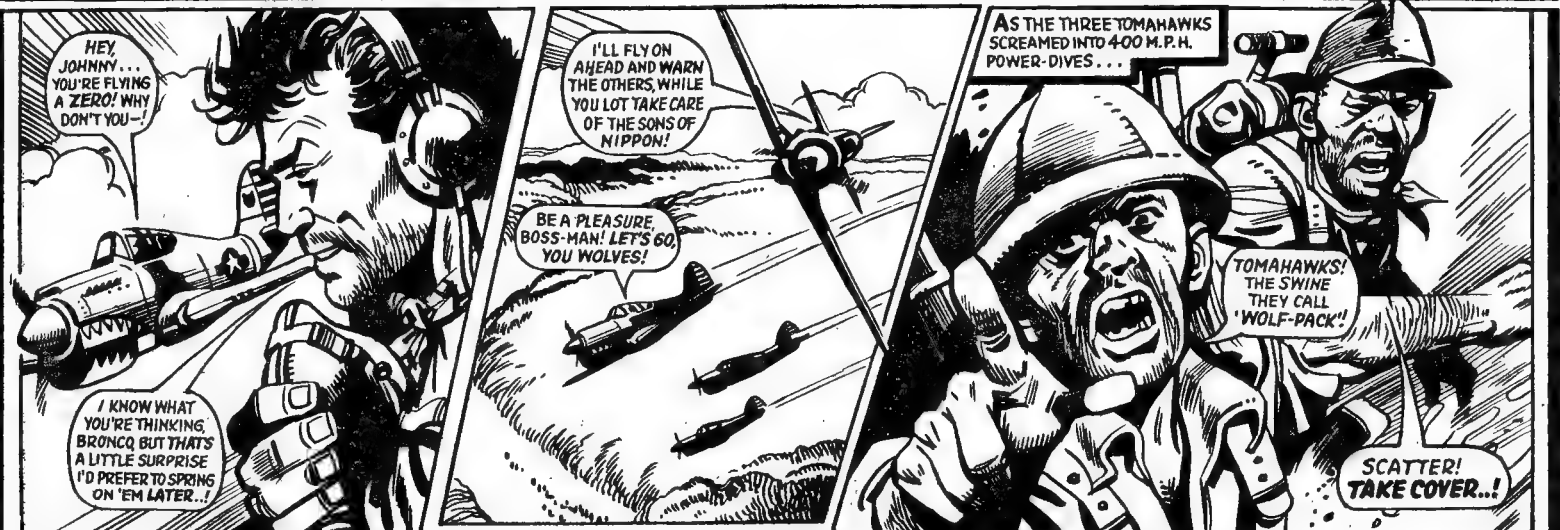
I'LL FLY ON AHEAD AND WARN THE OTHERS, WHILE YOU LOT TAKE CARE OF THE SONS OF NIPPON!

BE A PLEASURE, BOSS-MAN! LET'S GO, YOU WOLVES!

AS THE THREE TOMAHAWKS SCREAMED INTO 400 M.P.H. POWER-DIVES...

TOMAHAWKS! THE SWINE THEY CALL 'WOLF-PACK'!

SCATTER! TAKE COVER...!







SOME OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIERS FAILED TO MOVE FAST ENOUGH!

HIT AND RUN, BOYS!

YEAH! WE HIT 'EM, AND THEY RUN!

AHIIIIIIIIIEGH!



MEANWHILE...

THIS IS JOHNNY WOLFE CALLING WOLF-PACK BASE! CALLING WOLF-PACK! COME IN, PLEASE!

JOHNNY! GOOD GRIEF, SKIPPER, WE THOUGHT YOU'D BOUGHT IT!



NO SUCH LUCK, CHUMMY! NOW, LISTEN... I'M FLYING A CAPTURED ZERO!

WH-WHAT?

AND I NEED TO LAND AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

...THERE'S A FEW HUNDRED KIPS COMING STRAIGHT UP OUR BACK GARDEN!



OKAY, YOU HEARD HIM... HOOOOOVE! IT'S TIME TO OPEN THE STABLE!

WE'VE GOT TO DO THIS IN RECORD TIME!



THE SQUADRON GROUND-CREW MOVED WITH SWIFT, WELL-DRILLED PRECISION...

...TRUCKS AND BUGGIES, SUPPORTING A MASSIVE CAMOUFLAGE 'UMBRELLA', WERE PUSHED AND DRIVEN IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS...



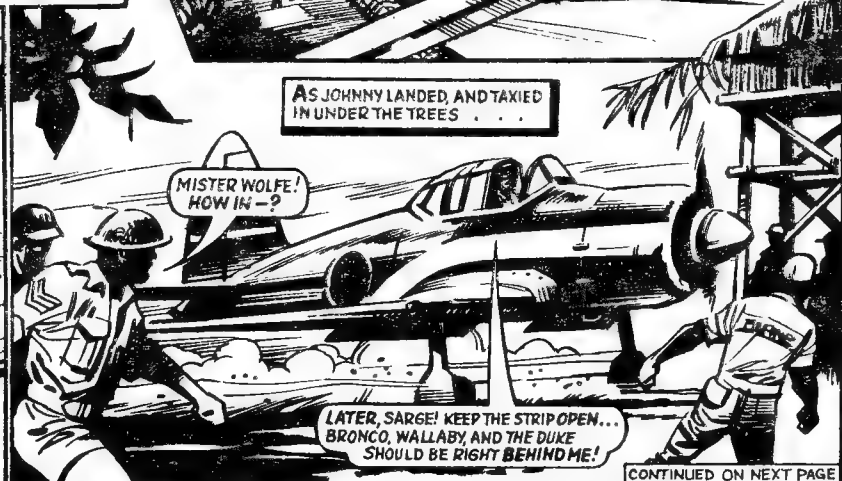
UNTIL...

NICE GOING, BOYS! YOU DID IT IN THREE MINUTES FLAT! I'M COMING IN...!



HE DIDN'T EVEN GIVE THE DUST TIME TO SETTLE! WHAT A LANDING!

THERE'S SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THAT ZERO...



AS JOHNNY LANDED, AND TAXIED IN UNDER THE TREES...

MISTER WOLFE! HOW IN-?

LATER, SARGE! KEEP THE STRIP OPEN... BRONCO, WALLABY, AND THE DUKE SHOULD BE RIGHT BEHIND ME!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





SOON...

LET'S HOPE THEY MANAGED TO DELAY THOSE JAPS!

BUT AS THE THREE PILOTS REPORTED TO JOHNNY...

WE GOT A FEW OF THEM - BUT THE REST JUST LAY LOW IN THE JUNGLE UNTIL WE'D GONE!

IF WE'D HAD MORE FUEL AND AMMO -!

YEAH, I KNOW! FORGET IT, DUKE!

MUCKY DAN, THE SQUADRON'S KACHIN CHIEF MECHANIC, WAS ALREADY EXAMINING THE ZERO...

THIS IS A PLANE IN A MILLION, MISTER JOHNNY! I KNOW... I TELL!

THEN GET TO WORK ON HER, MUCKY DAN! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN ADAPT HER GUNS TO FIRE AMERICAN BULLETS..?

BOTH THE AMERICANS AND THE CHINESE SUPPLIED WOLF-PACK WITH AIRCRAFT, FUEL AND AMMUNITION...

I FIX! YOU LEAVE TO MUCKY DAN! WE MOVE LIKE RUDDY LIGHTNING, YES?

YEAH! THAT'S WHAT KEEPS US ALIVE, OLD SON!

THE WHOLE CAMP WAS A HIVE OF ACTIVITY...

HOW'S IT GOING, SARGE?

AN'VE DISHED OUT SMALL ARMS AND AMMUNITION TO EVERYMAN WHO CAN HOLD A GUN! EVEN THE WALKING WOUNDED ARE KEEN TAE FIGHT!

...AND OUR ILLUSTRIOUS 'CHEF' SNACKER WILSON IS KEEPING WATCH FROM THE RIDGE!

SUDDENLY!

AND WITHIN A FEW, HECTIC MOMENTS, JOHNNY WOLFE WAS TAKING OFF AGAIN!

THIS IS IT, BABY!...

HERE THEY COME! THE JAPS ARE COMING!

...PERHAPS ONLY YOUR SPEED CAN SAVE US FROM THE VERY PEOPLE WHO BUILT YOU!

There's more sky-blazing action with Johnny again next week!



★ INSIDE-BIG NEWS OF SUPER FREE GIFT! ★

# SPEED

14p

20th SEPTEMBER, 1980

EVERY MONDAY





BUT MOST OF THE JAP TROOPS HAD SIMPLY MELTED INTO THE JUNGLE, AND WAITED FOR THE TOMAHAWKS TO WITHDRAW THROUGH LACK OF FUEL...



NOW THE VICTORIOUS WARRIORS OF THE RISING SUN HAD REFORMED, AND WERE ADVANCING SWIFTLY UP THE VALLEY...

...AND THE PILOTS AND GROUND-CREW OF WOLF-PACK SQUADRON WERE PREPARING TO FIGHT FOR THEIR LIVES!

TO YOUR POSITIONS, LADS! THERE GOES JOHNNY IN THE STOLEN JAP ZERO!

LET'S HOPE THE **SPEED** OF THAT THING CAN HELP US TO KIBOSH THE LITTLE RATS THAT BUILT IT...



THE ZERO FIGHTER, PILOTED BY JOHNNY WOLFE, WAS THE FASTEST AIRCRAFT THAT WOLF-PACK'S LEADER HAD EVER KNOWN...

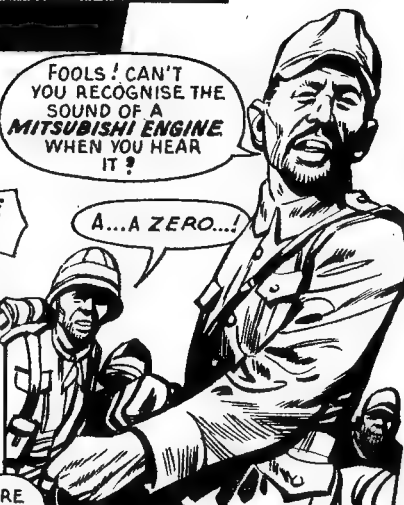


AIRCRAFT! TAKE COVER—!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

FOOLS! CAN'T YOU RECOGNISE THE SOUND OF A **MITSUBISHI ENGINE** WHEN YOU HEAR IT?

A...A ZERO...



YES...AND IT IS THE AIRCRAFT OF TOSHIRA NAGANU!

OUR GREATEST ACE!

HAAIEEEEEEE!

AS JOHNNY OPENED THE THROTTLE OF THE FASTEST AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD!



THEY'RE ACTUALLY **WAVING... CHEERING!** AT ANY OTHER TIME, I'D FEEL SORRY FOR THEM...



...BUT THIS IS WAR—AND YOU STARTED IT!

AAAAHHHH!

EEEEEEH!

WHAT...WHAT DOES IT MEAN? WHY DOES HE FIRE UPON HIS OWN MEN?

MAKE FOR THOSE HILLS! LET'S GET UNDER COVER BEFORE WE QUESTION THIS MADNESS!



BUT...

TOO LATE, NIPS!

SHINTO! NOW HE ATTACKS FROM THE EAST!



B—BUT HOW DID HE GET INTO POSITION SO QUICKLY?

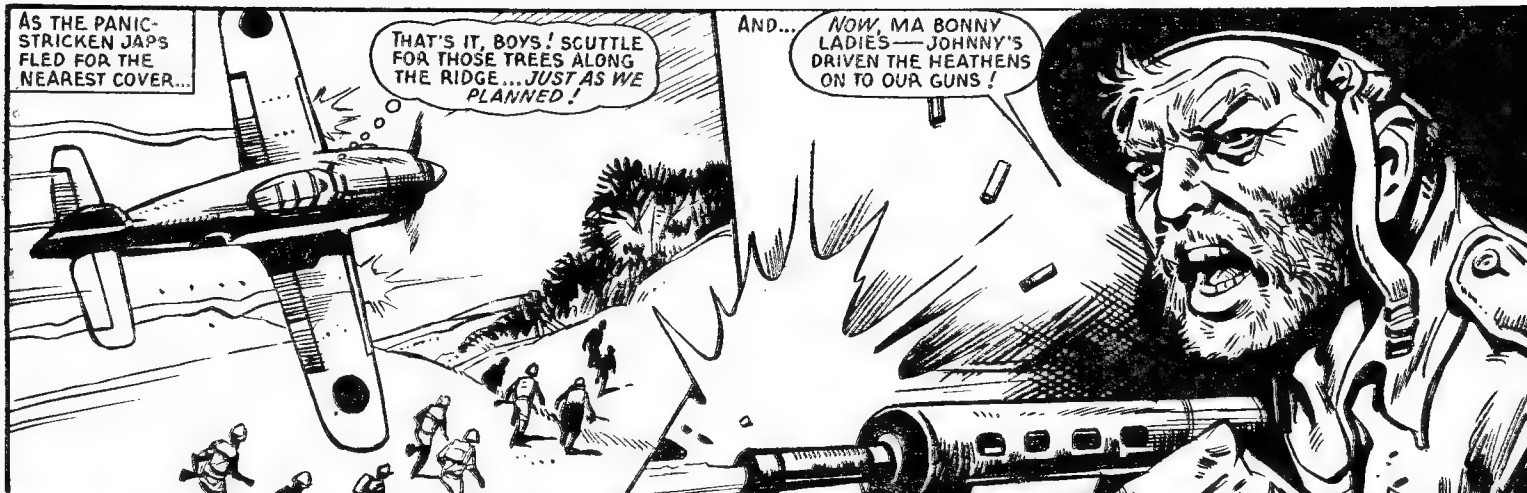


AS THE PANIC-STRICKEN JAPS FLED FOR THE NEAREST COVER...

THAT'S IT, BOYS! SCUTTLE FOR THOSE TREES ALONG THE RIDGE...JUST AS WE PLANNED!

AND...

NOW, MA BONNY LADIES—JOHNNY'S DRIVEN THE HEATHENS ON TO OUR GUNS!



HOOEEEEEEEE!

N-NO..!

AWWWWWGH!



AS ROCKETING LEAD RIPPED HUGE GAPS IN THE RANKS OF THE JAP TROOPS...

OKAY, MOOOOVE! BACK ALONG THE RIDGE, AND HIT THEM FROM ANOTHER POSITION!

THAT'S THE DRILL, JOCK! MAKE THEM THINK THERE'S HUNDREDS OF US UP HERE!



LED BY SERGEANT JOCK STEWART, THE WOLVES' HIT-AND-RUN TACTICS WORKED BRILLIANTLY!

FIRE!

UUUUUGH!



MORE OF THEM! IT... IT IS A TRAP..!

BACK...BACK! WE MUST TRY AND REGROUP AT THE RIVER!

N-NO, THE ZERO! IT WILL BE WAITING FOR US...!



THE JAPS WERE RIGHT...

THATTA BOY, JOHNNY! HOSE THEM DOWN!

WAHOOOOOOO!

SO! IT IS THE LEADER OF WOLF-PACK...THE ONE THEY CALL JOHNNY WOLFE...WHO NOW PILOTS NAGANU'S ZERO...!



SOMEHOW, THE 'WIND OF DEATH' SHALL LEARN OF THIS! HIS HONOUR MUST BE RETRIEVED... WITH THE BLOOD OF JOHNNY WOLFE!

There's more lightning fast-action in the next episode of "Hit And Run"!



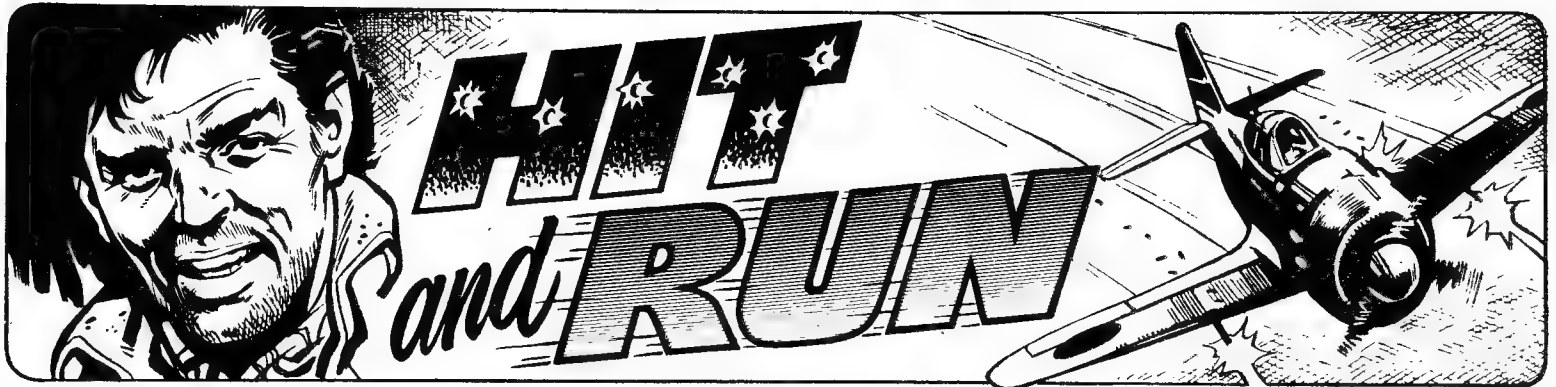
## Shell-torn branches and foliage rained down on the Jap gunners!

BURMA, 1942. JOHNNY WOLFE, LEADER OF THE "FREELANCE" WOLF-PACK SQUADRON, HAD STOLEN A JAPANESE ZERO FIGHTER—THE FASTEST AIRCRAFT HE HAD EVER FLOWN. AND NOW HE WAS TURNING ITS GUNS ON SOME JAPANESE TROOPS WHO WERE THREATENING WOLF-PACK'S BASE...

NO USE TAKING TO THE WATER, NIPS!

AAAAHHHHH!

THE RIVER REDDENS WITH OUR BLOOD!



BUT TWO OF THE JAPS HAD MANAGED TO SET UP A MACHINE-GUN...

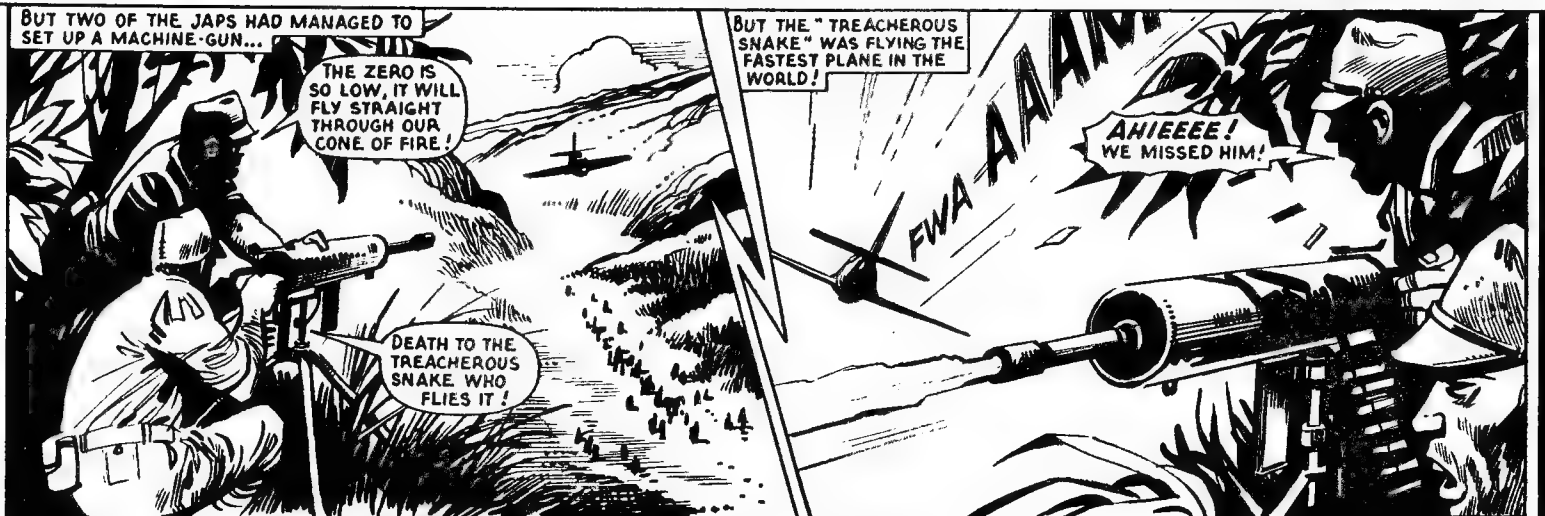
THE ZERO IS SO LOW, IT WILL FLY STRAIGHT THROUGH OUR CONE OF FIRE!

DEATH TO THE TREACHEROUS SNAKE WHO FLIES IT!

BUT THE "TREACHEROUS SNAKE" WAS FLYING THE FASTEST PLANE IN THE WORLD!

FWA AAAM!

AHIEEE! WE MISSED HIM!





AS JOHNNY SLAMMED PAST HIS COMRADES, WHO WERE FIGHTING ON THE GROUND...

ONE MORE RUSH AND THEY'RE FINISHED! LET'S GO WOLF-PACK!

DRIVE THE SLANT-EYED RATS INTO THE RIVER!

IN THE CIRCLING ZERO, JOHNNY WOLFE WAS QUICK TO SIZE UP THE SITUATION...

THAT M.G. HAS GOT OUR LADS PINNED DOWN! IF IT GIVES THE OTHER JAPS A CHANCE TO RALLY...

THE SUPERCHARGED MITSUBISHI ENGINE WHINED INTO FULL POWER!

THE ZERO!

KEEP FIRING! WE ARE SO WELL COVERED, HE CANNOT EVEN SEE US!

UUULLLIGH!

WHAT THE—?

MACHINE-GUN FIRE! HIT THE DECK!

BUT JOHNNY HAD MADE A SHREWD GUESS!

THEY SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE UNDER THOSE TREES! SO...A LONG BURST OF CANNON-FIRE!

SHELL-TORN BRANCHES AND FOLIAGE RAINED DOWN ON TO THE GUNNERS!

HHNNNG!

BY SHINTO...

AND AS THE MACHINE-GUN FIRE SLACKED!

BUT, LIKE ALL THE WOLF-PACK PILOTS, EDWARD "DUKE" OGILVY-SMITH WAS WELL TRAINED IN THE TECHNIQUE OF HIT AND RUN!

RIGHT IN OVER THE STUMPS!

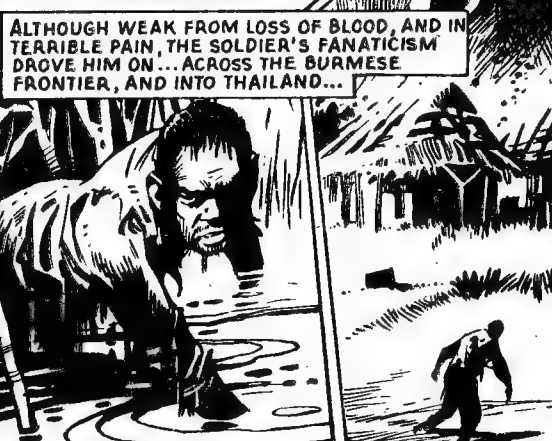
LOOK OUT! HE'S...AAAAAGH!

HEADS DOWN, YOU CHAPS! I'M GOING TO TRY AND FINISH THEM WITH A GRENADE!

DUKE, DON'T BE A FOOL! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





Next week – the rival aces meet for the showdown!



Johnny answered the challenge the only way he knew how — by fighting!

BURMA, 1942. JOHNNY WOLFE, LEADER OF THE "FREELANCE" WOLF PACK SQUADRON, HAD STOLEN A JAPANESE ZERO FIGHTER — THE FASTEST AIRCRAFT HE HAD EVER FLOWN — AND USED ITS SPEED TO ROUT A JAP BATTALION WHICH WAS THREATENING WOLF PACK'S BASE. A FEW DAYS LATER...

ANOTHER ZERO, SARGE! IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE BASE!

MOVE, YOU WOLVES! COVER THE STRIP WITH THE CAMOUFLAGE UMBRELLA!

**HIT**  
and **RUN**

IT WAS TOO LATE!

DARN IT! HE'S SPOTTED US!

AND THE PILOT HAS DROPPED SOMETHING...

WHAT THE...?

WOLF PACK

IT'S A JAP CEREMONIAL SWORD — WITH A NOTE ATTACHED TO IT!

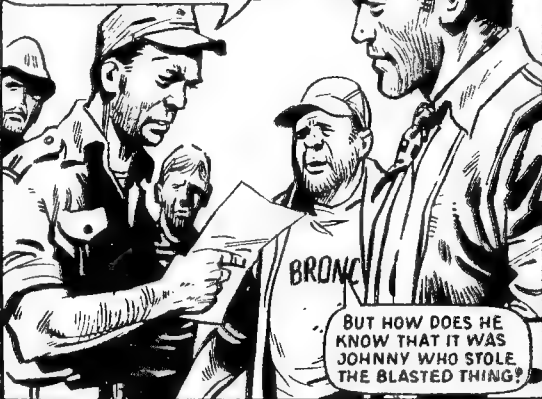
SOMEONE BETTER FETCH JOHNNY! AND AN INTERPRETER...

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A CHINESE PILOT, FIGHTING WITH WOLF PACK, TRANSLATED THE MESSAGE...

IT ADDRESSED TO YOU, JOHNNY ... FROM A MAJOR TOSHIRA NAGANU! HE SAYS THAT YOU GOT HIS ZERO, AND HE WANTS IT BACK!



BUT HOW DOES HE KNOW THAT IT WAS JOHNNY WHO STOLE THE BLASTED THING?

ONE OF THOSE JAPS WE TANGLED WITH LAST WEEK! HE MUST HAVE FOUND HIS WAY BACK TO NAGANU'S BASE!



SO WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, JOHNNY?

JOHNNY WOLFE ANSWERED IN THE ONLY WAY HE KNEW HOW!



ATTABOY, SKIPPER!

HE'S GOING TO ANSWER NAGANU'S CHALLENGE!

JOHNNY WOLFE HERE, MAJOR! YOU QUITE SURE YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS? YOU, ABOVE ALL OTHERS, SHOULD KNOW WHAT THIS PLANE IS CAPABLE OF!



IT IS THE FASTEST IN THE WORLD, MY FRIEND...

...AT THE MOMENT! BUT SOON, THERE WILL BE OTHER ZEROS LIKE IT! PERHAPS EVEN FASTER PLANES, BOTH ALLIED AND JAPANESE! IT IS NOT THE SPEED OF THE ZERO I COME IN SEARCH OF...



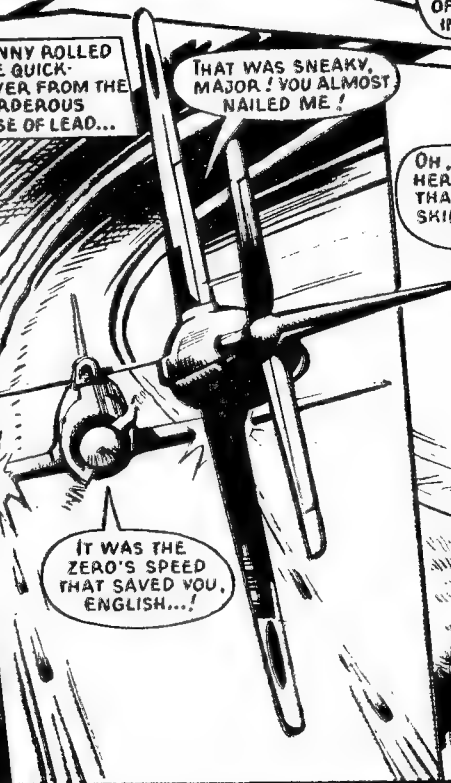
JOHNNY ROLLED LIKE QUICK-SILVER FROM THE MURDEROUS NOSE OF LEAD...

THAT WAS SNEAKY, MAJOR! YOU ALMOST NAILED ME!



...IT IS MY HONOUR!

HEY—!



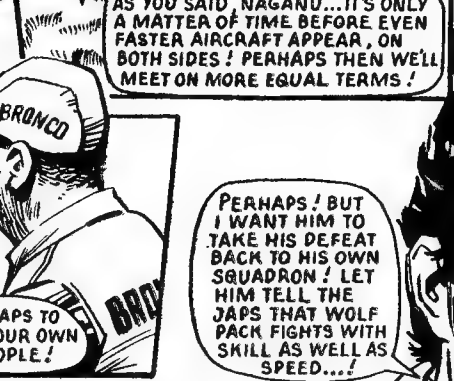
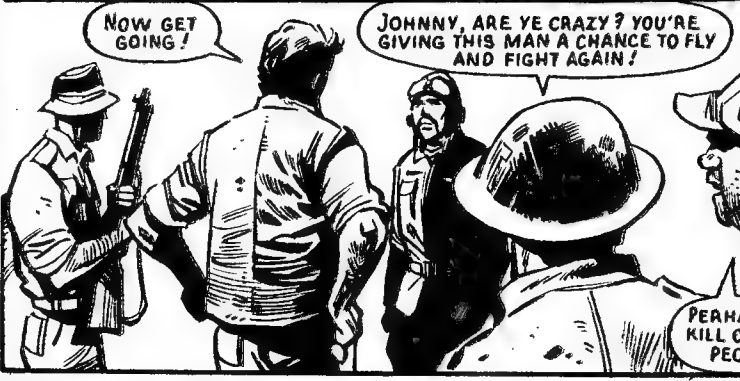
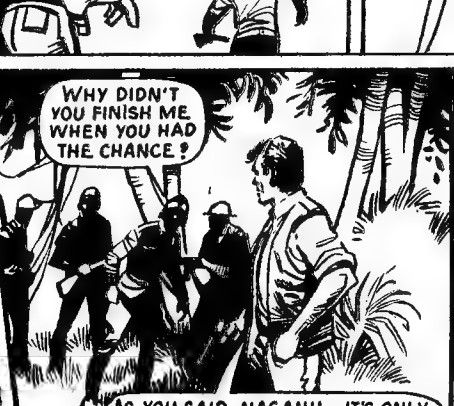
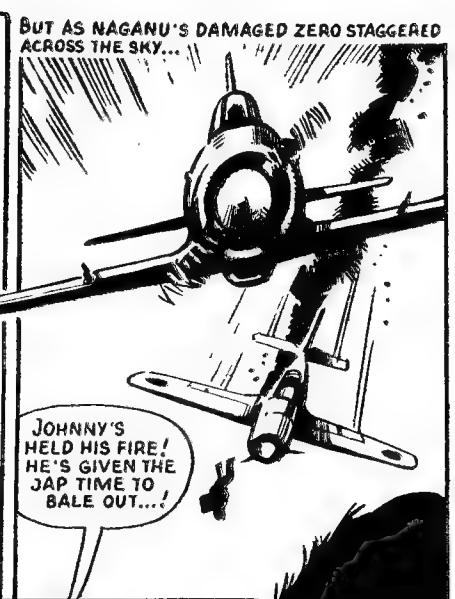
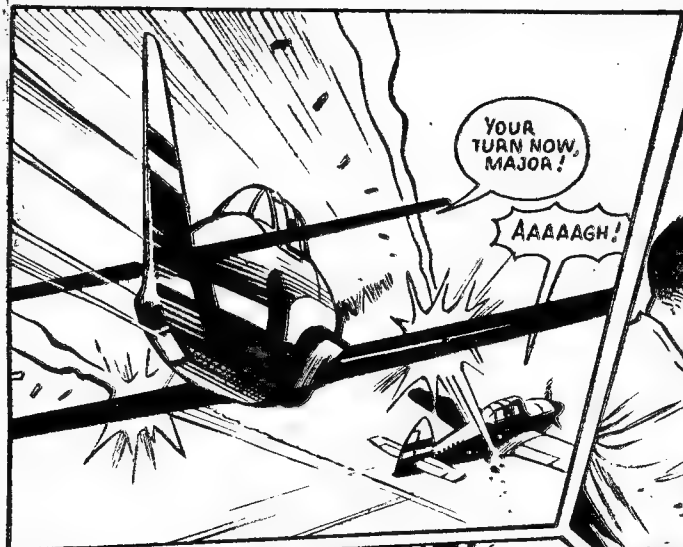
IT WAS THE ZERO'S SPEED THAT SAVED YOU, ENGLISH...

OH, YEAH? WELL, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT REQUIRES SKILL AS WELL AS SPEED!



A ROLL... FOLLOWED BY A DIVE! HE'S TURNING INSIDE ME...!





THE END

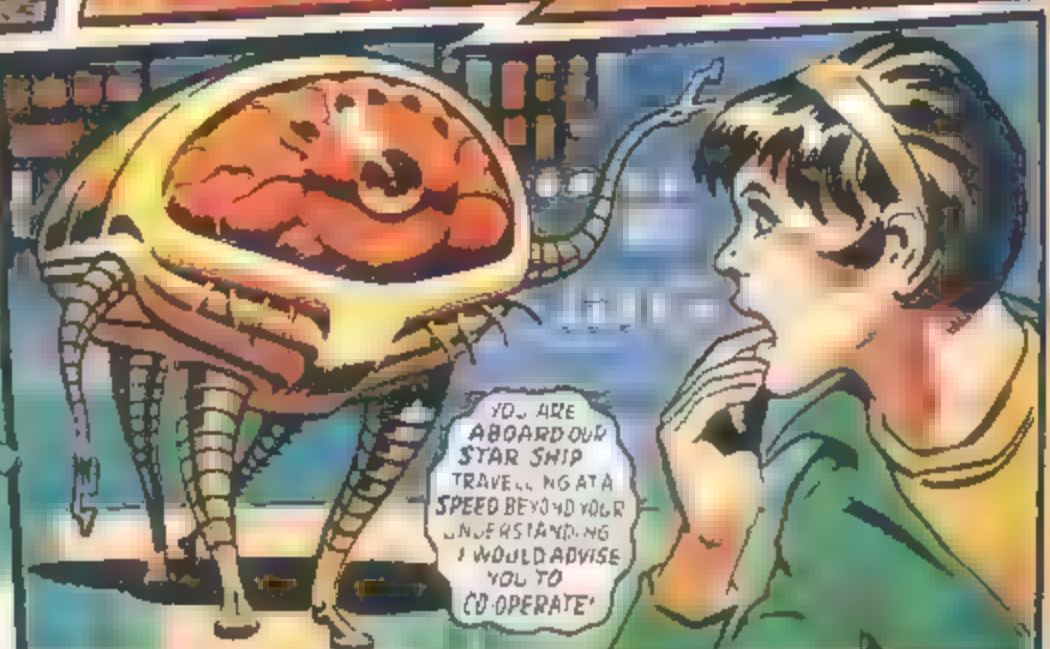
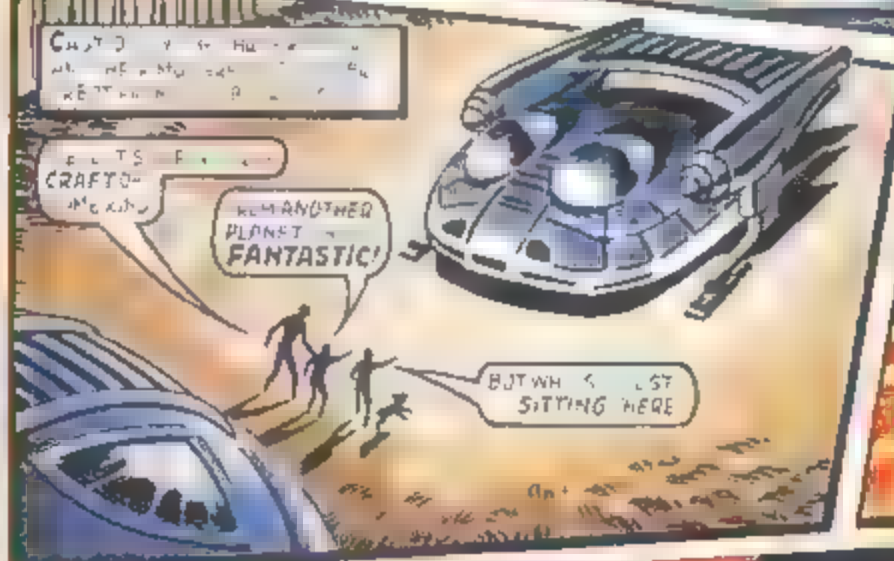
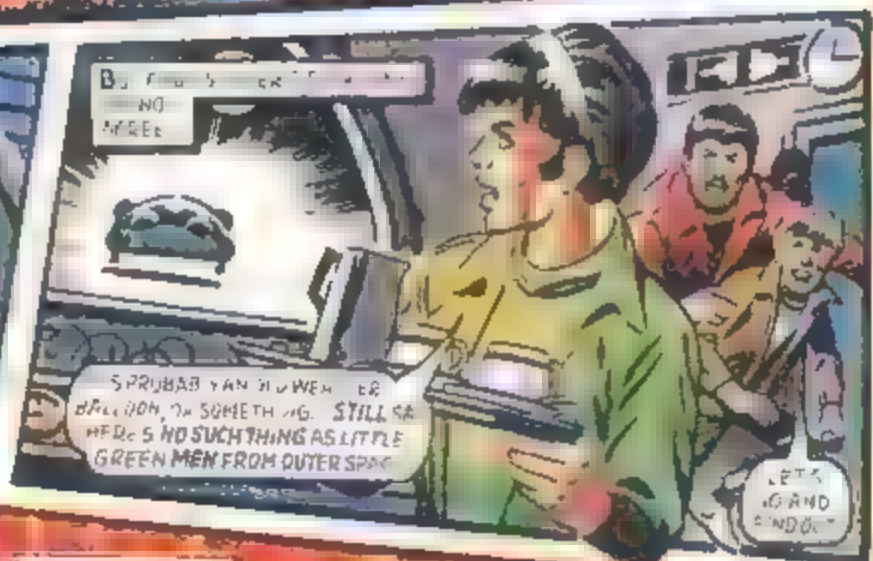
LOW FLIGHT - a special SPEED complete story - next week!



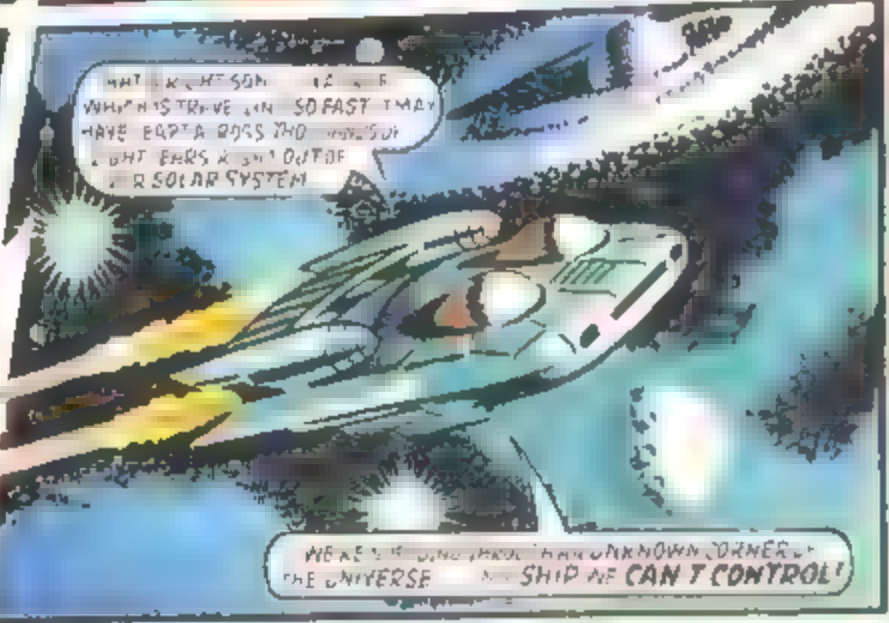
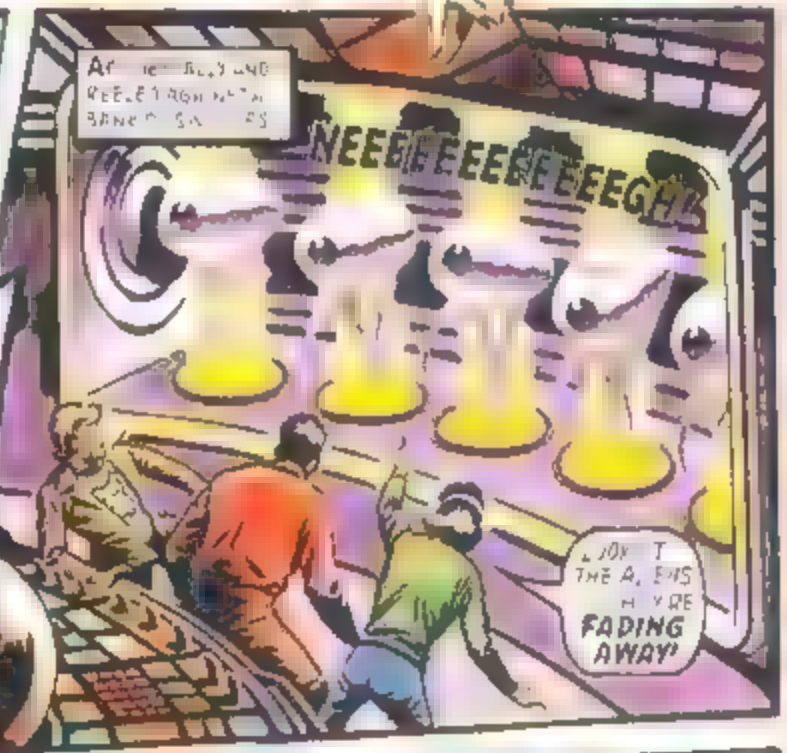
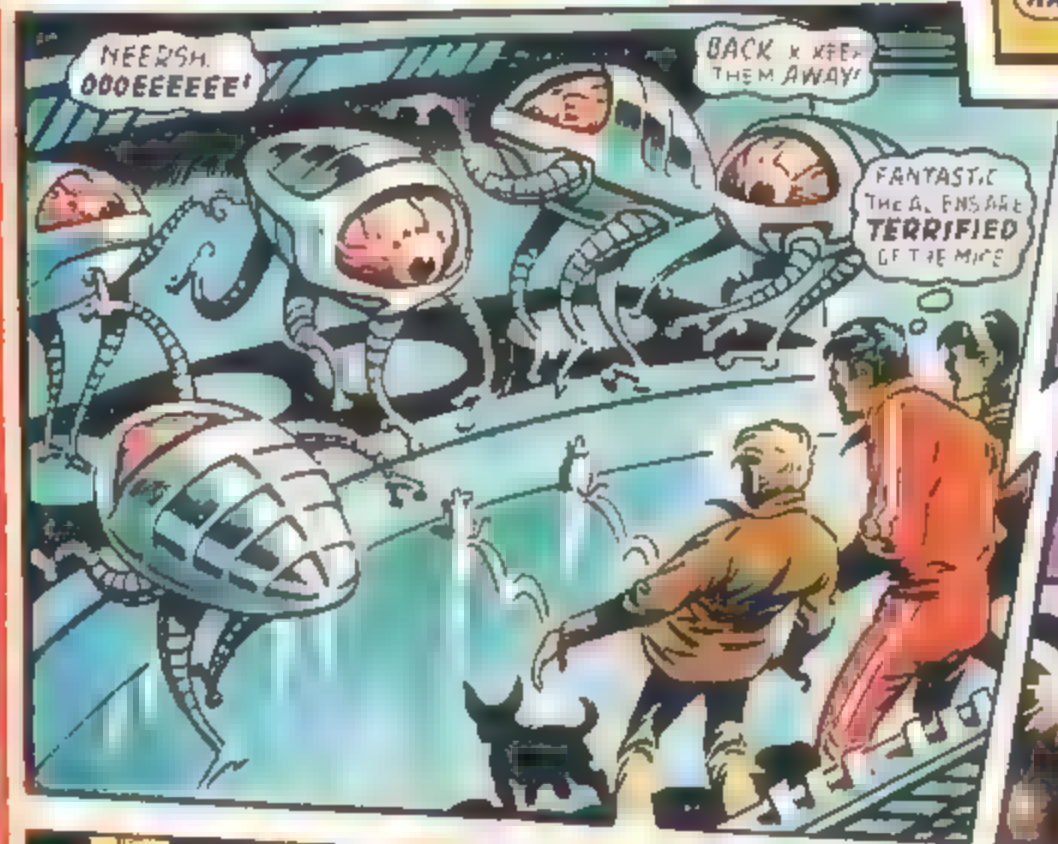
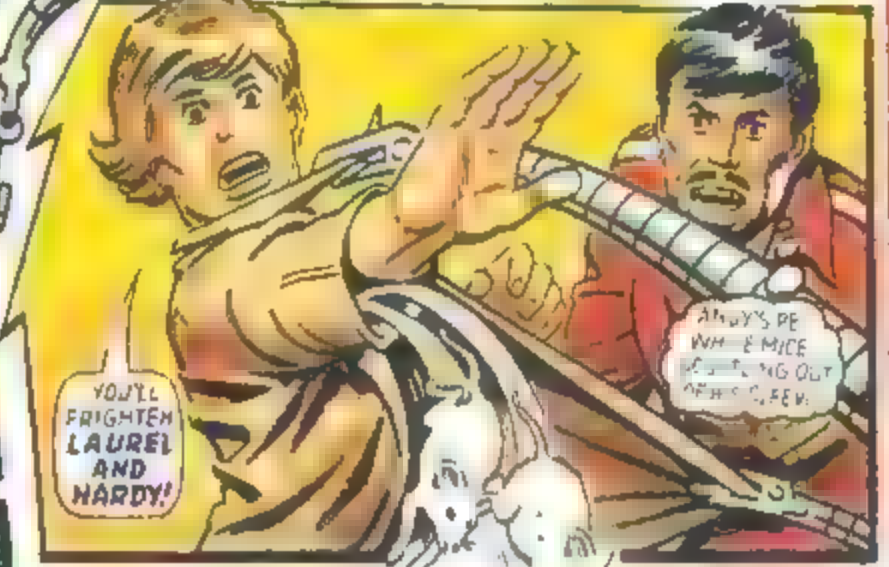
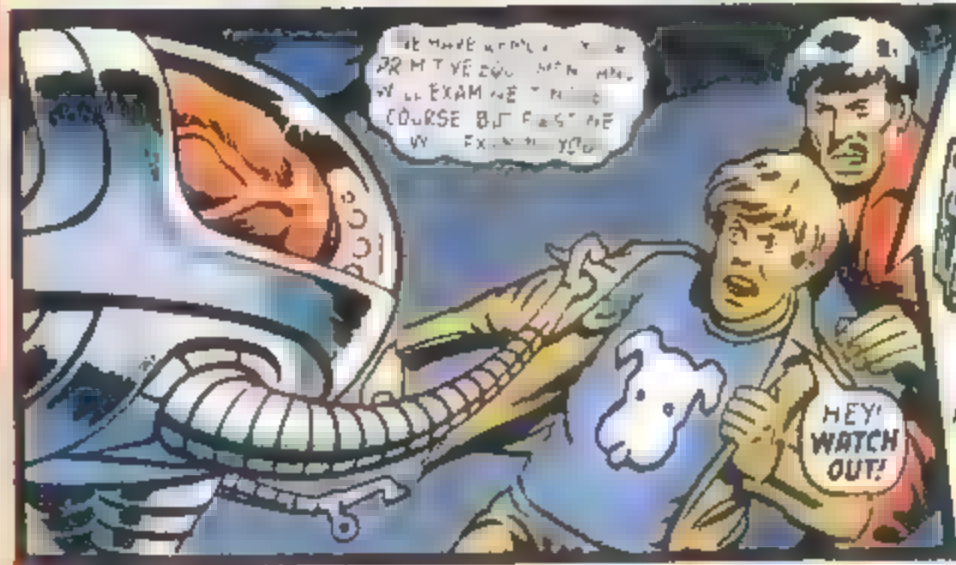
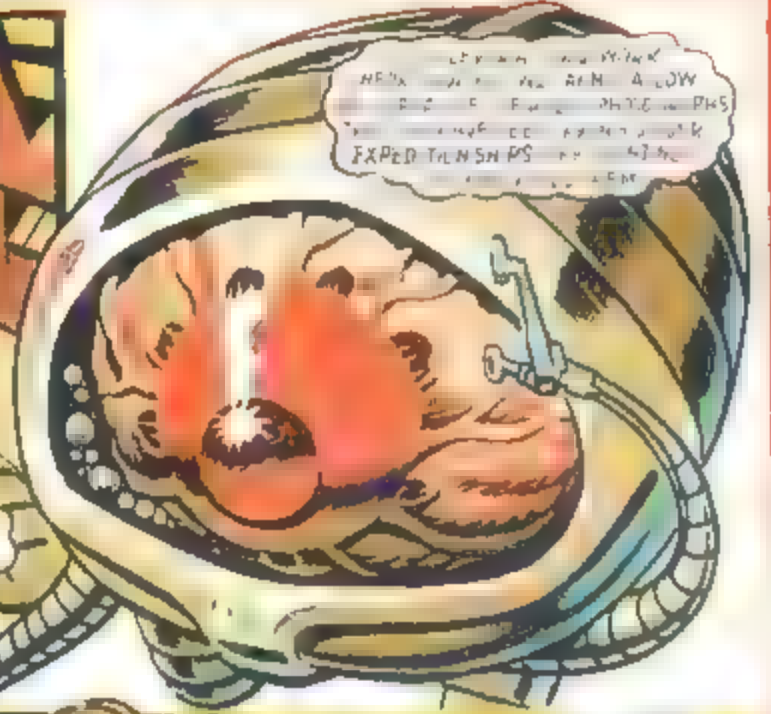
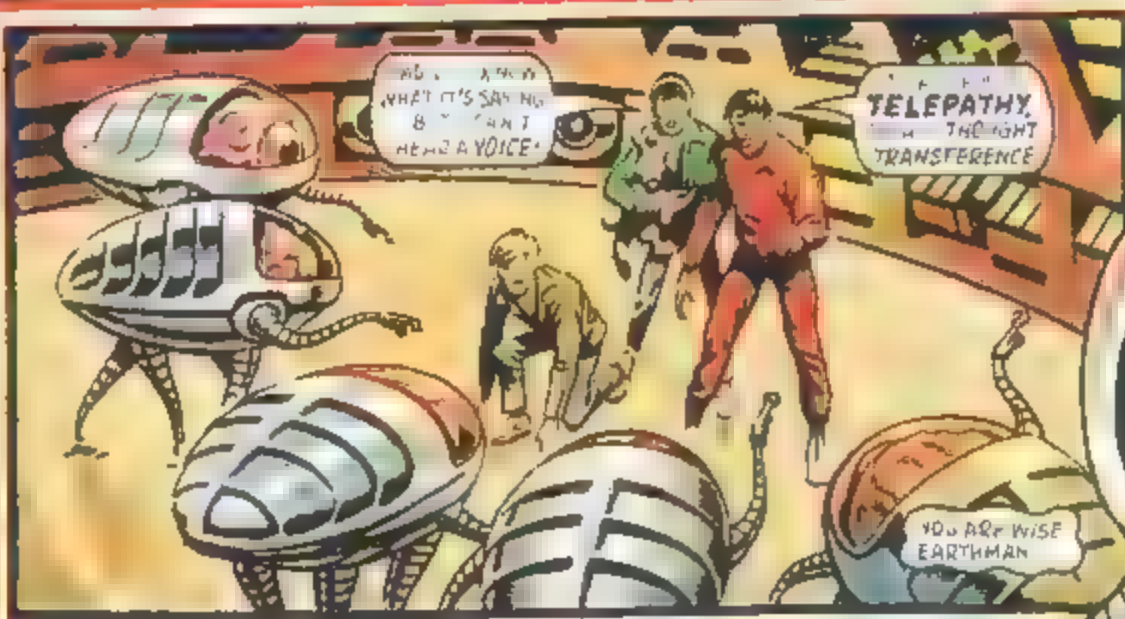
Suddenly the Redford family found themselves on a alien spacecraft!



# Journey to the STARS





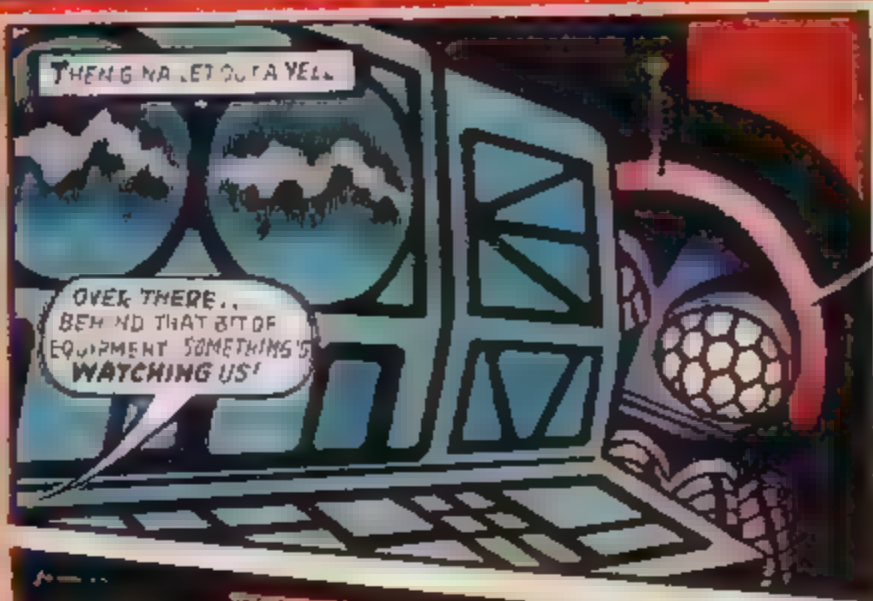


Next week: A strange meeting aboard the spaceship!



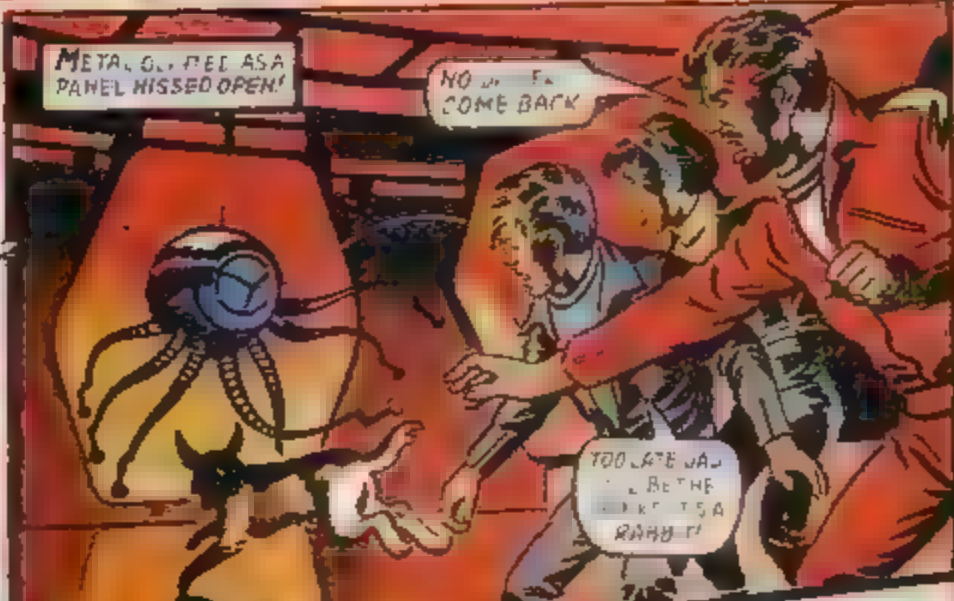






THENG NA LET OUT A YELL

OVER THERE...  
BEHIND THAT BIT OF  
EQUIPMENT SOMETHING'S  
WATCHING US!



METAL GUN FELL AS A  
PANEL HISSED OPEN!

NO... F...  
COME BACK

TOO LATE JAW  
L BETHE  
BET TSEA  
RAHH!



THE CREATURE SCUTTLED  
OFF WITH A SPEED THAT  
SOON LEFT DIGGER WELL  
BEHIND!

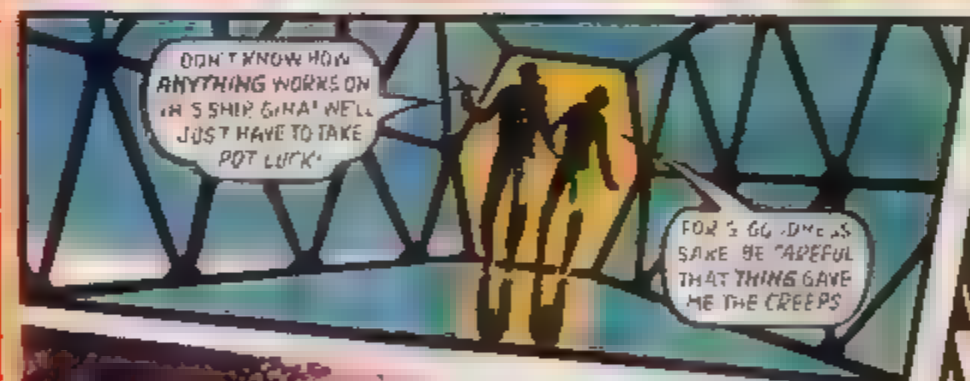
LOOKS MORE  
LIKE A GIANT  
SPIDER TO ME!  
BUT THAT'S  
CRAZY



SAM HE PULLED HIMSELF TO  
A STRANGE-LOOKING  
CONTRACT ON THAT HUNG  
WITH OTHERS ON A RACK

KEEP AN EYE ON  
THE CONTROLS, ANDY!  
GINA AND I HAD BETTER  
TAKE ONE OF THESE  
AND MAKE A SEARCH  
OF THE SHIP!

LOOKS LIKE  
A GUN OF  
SOME KIND. YOU  
SURE YOU KNOW  
HOW IT WORKS  
WAD?



DON'T KNOW HOW  
ANYTHING WORKS ON  
IN'S SHIP, GINA! WE'LL  
JUST HAVE TO TAKE  
POD LUCK!

FOR'S GO-DME AS  
SAKE BE CAREFUL  
THAT THING GAVE  
ME THE CREEPS



AT THAT MOMENT

DAD THERE'S A  
PLANET OR SOMETHING  
COMING UP ON THE  
VIEWFINDER!



AND THE CONTROLS  
HAVE GONE HAYWIRE!  
SOMETHING'S DRAGGING  
AT US - SUCKING US  
DOWN INTO THE PLANET'S  
ATMOSPHERE!



AND AT THAT MOMENT  
SOMEWHERE ABOARD  
THE SHIP!

THWOP!

NAAAAI-  
EEEEEEEEEGH!  
IT'S GOT ME!



# Journey to the STARS

LEFT IN CONTROL OF ANA EN STAR SHIPAF ER TY KEN WERE ACCIDENTALLY BEAMED INTO SPACE THE REDFORD AM I WERE LOST IN AN UNCHARTED CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE THEN A SAM REDFORD AND HIS WIFE GINA SEARCHED FOR A MYSTEROUS SHIPAF ER TY KEN BE SPYING ON THEM

DESPERATELY SAM STRUGGLED WITH THE WEIRD DEVICE THAT HE HAD FOUND ABOARD THE SHIP

AAAA-EEEEEGH!  
DAD! IT'S HERE!  
IT'S GOT ME!

F ONLY  
I KNEW HOW  
THIS GUN  
WORKED!

STUDY  
FRANCIS  
IS NOT NECESSARY  
NO CHANCE  
HARM

DAD  
SPOKE!

NATURALLY! I AM A FULLY  
AUTOMATED, SELF-REPAIRING  
ANDROIDAL UNIT... CAPABLE OF  
ANALYSING ALL SPEECH PATTERNS  
WHENCE MY MASTERY OF THE ENGLISH  
LANGUAGE

I HAVE ALSO DEDUCED  
FROM YOUR BEHAVIOURAL  
RHYTHMS THAT YOU ARE A  
NON-VIOLENT SPECIES OF  
LOW INTELLECTUAL ORDER  
AND THEREFORE I AM KEPT  
TO INFLICT DAMAGE UPON  
MY POWER CIRCUITS!

AS THE SPEED KE...  
THE ACCIDENTAL...  
MASTERS MER...  
BEHAVE IN A RE...  
I AM PLACING MYSELF  
IN COMMAND OF  
THIS SHIP!

YOU?  
A ROBOT?  
NOW, US A  
MINUTE

VERY  
IMPRESSIVE  
MEASURE

A THAT  
MOMENT

DAD, WHERE  
ARE YOU?  
COME  
QUICKLY!

IT'S ANDY!...

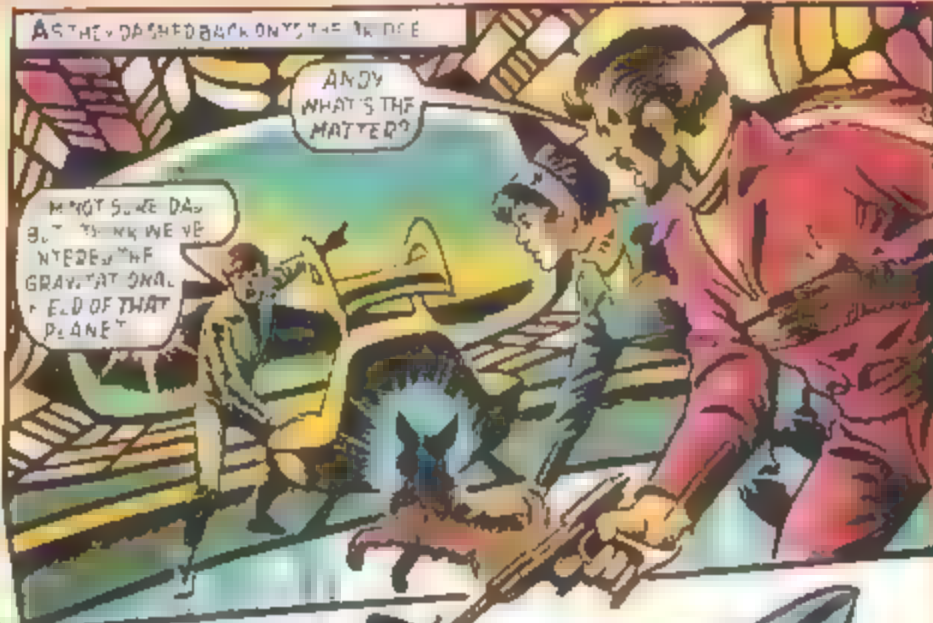
CALLING  
FROM THE  
CONTROL DECK  
SOUND LIKE  
TROUBLE!





STOP! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I REPEAT... I AM IN COMMAND!

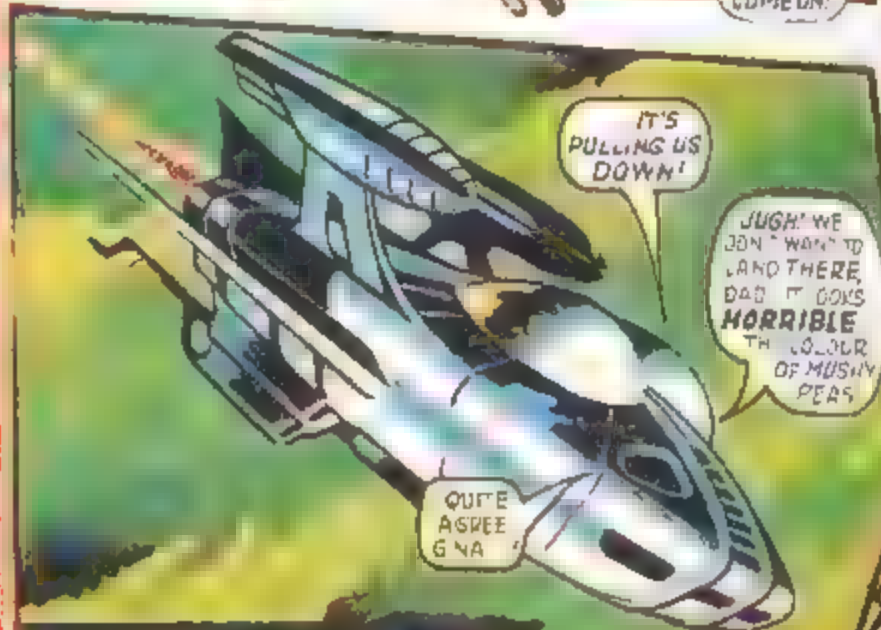
WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT THAT LATER COME ON!



AS THEY DASHED BACK ONTO THE BRIDGE

ANDY WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'M NOT SURE DAD BUT I THINK WE'VE ENTERED THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD OF THAT PLANET

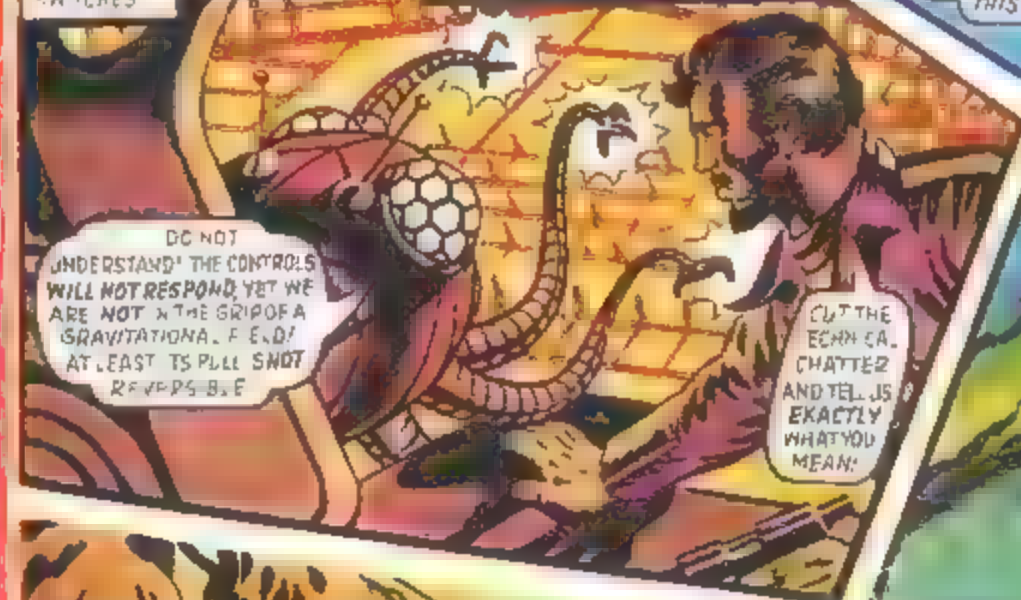


IT'S PULLING US DOWN!

JUGH! WE DON'T WANT TO LAND THERE DAD IT LOOKS HORRIBLE THE COLOUR OF MUSHY PEAS

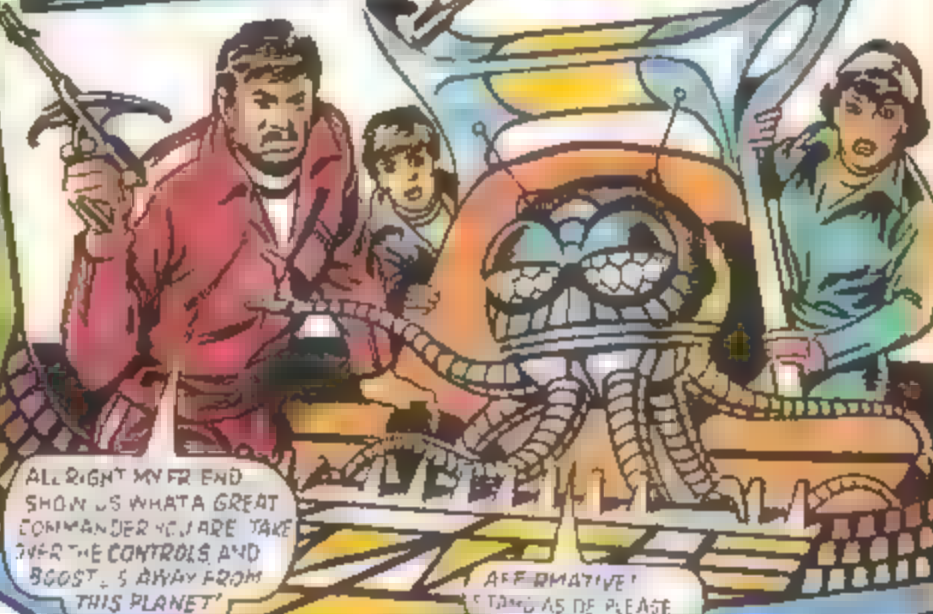
QUITE AGREE GNA

BUT AS THE SONDER ROBOT'S SENSORS RACED ACROSS THE DIMENSIONS IT CATCHES



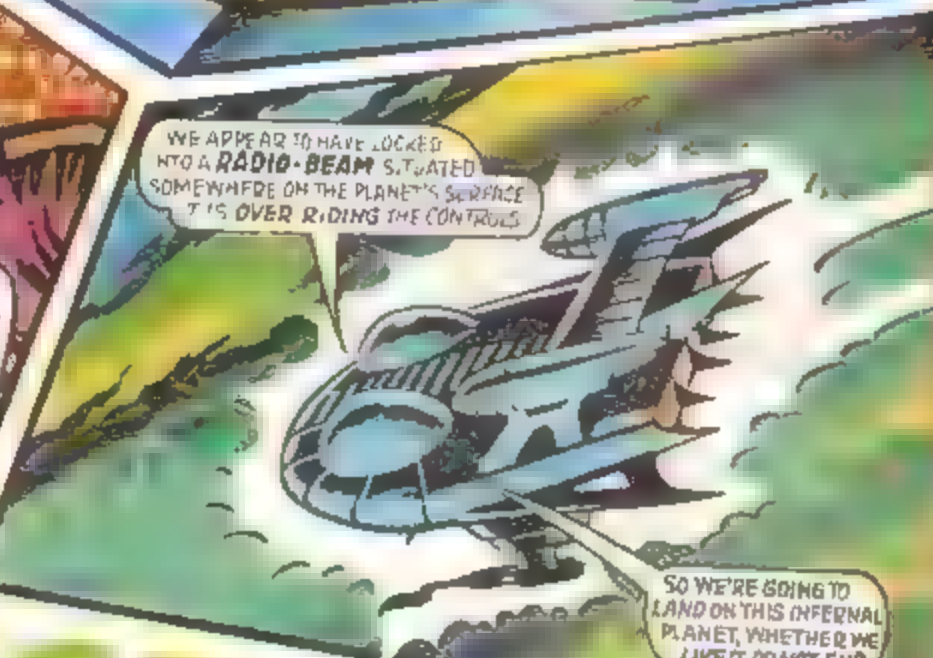
DO NOT UNDERSTAND! THE CONTROLS WILL NOT RESPOND, YET WE ARE NOT IN THE GRIP OF A GRAVITATIONAL FIELD! AT LEAST ITS PULL SHOT REVERSES!

CUT THE TECHNICAL CHATTER AND TELL US EXACTLY WHAT YOU MEAN!



ALL RIGHT MY FRIEND SHOW US WHAT A GREAT COMMANDER YOU ARE TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS AND BOOST US AWAY FROM THIS PLANET!

AFFIRMATIVE! STANDING BY PLEASE



WE APPEAR TO HAVE LOCKED ONTO A RADIO-BEAM SITUATED SOMEWHERE ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE IT IS OVER RIDING THE CONTROLS

SO WE'RE GOING TO LAND ON THIS INFERNAL PLANET, WHETHER WE LIKE IT, OR NOT EH?



AS THEY SANK DOWN THROUGH THE GREEN TINTED CLOUD LAYER

AM THAT BETTER ALL THAT GREEN STUFF MUST BE SWAMP GASES TRAPPED IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE

BUT WHAT CAN BE PULLING US DOWN DAD? IS IT HUMAN OR ANIMAL?

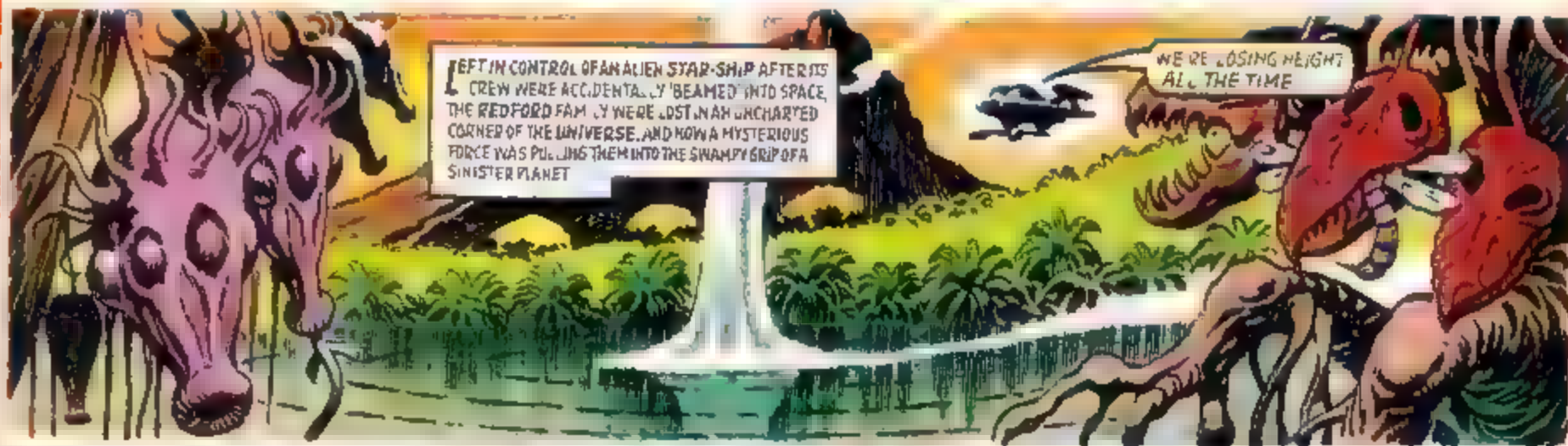


...OR WHAT?

YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THE SWAMP IN ONE! MARK'S SURVIVAL INSTINCTS ARE KICKING IN!



A mysterious radio beam had imprisoned the Redfords on a strange planet!



LEFT IN CONTROL OF AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP AFTER ITS CREW WERE ACCIDENTALLY 'BEAMED' INTO SPACE, THE REDFORD FAMILY WERE LOST IN AN UNCHARTED CORNER OF THE UNIVERSE. AND NOW A MYSTERIOUS FORCE WAS PULLING THEM INTO THE SWAMPY GRIP OF A SINISTER PLANET.

WE'RE LOSING HEIGHT ALL THE TIME

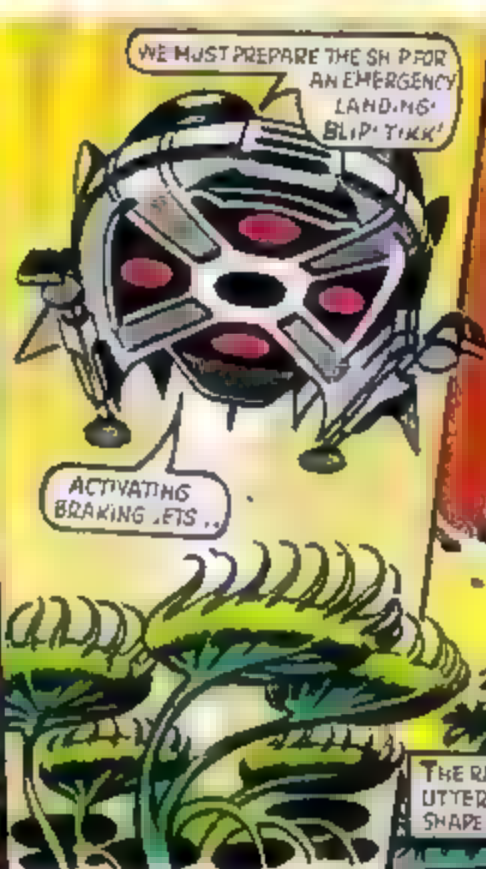
# Journey to the STARS

SAM REDFORD TURNED TO THE ARROGANT ROBOT DEVICE WHICH THE FAMILY HAD LEFT ON BOARD THE SHIP



ARE YOU QUITE SURE IT CAN'T REVERSE THIS RADIO BEAM, WHICH YOU SAY IS PULLING US DOWN?

YES AT YET THE TRACTOR-FORCE OF THE BEAM IS... TOO STRONG



WE MUST PREPARE THE SHIP FOR AN EMERGENCY LANDING. BLIP-TIKK!

ACTIVATING BRAKING JETS...



NOW!

THE REDFORDS AND THE ROBOT COMPANION, WERE UTTERLY UNAWARE OF THE CROUCHING GREENISH SHAPE WHICH WAS WATCHING THE DESCENDING STAR SHIP



AS A SLIGHT JOLT SHOOK THE FLIGHT DECK

WE'RE DOWN IN ONE PIECE

THANK THE STARS! BUT WH-WHAT DO WE DO NOW, DAD?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO, KIDS



IF WE WANT TO TAKE OFF AGAIN

WE'VE GOT TO GO OUT THERE INTO THE WILDERNESS... AND FIND THE SOURCE OF THE BEAM WHICH HAS TAKEN US PRISONER.

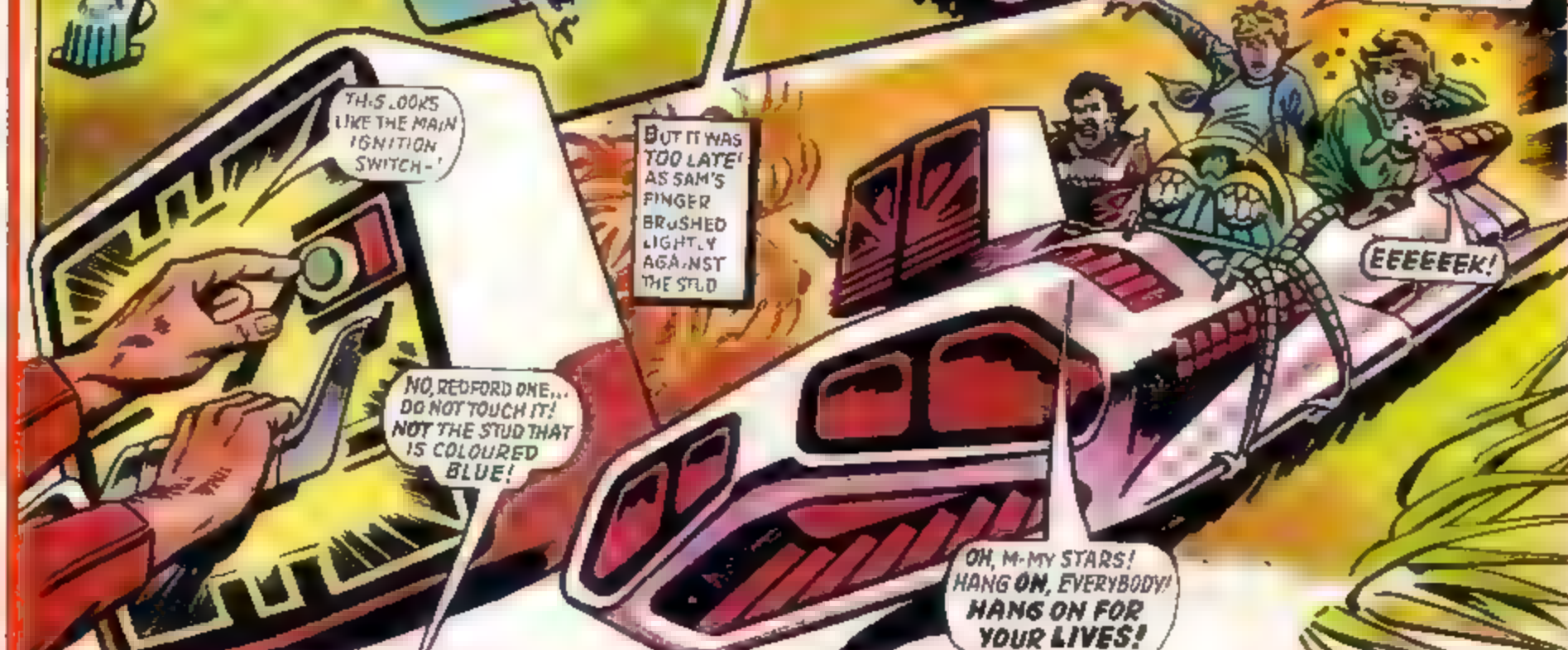
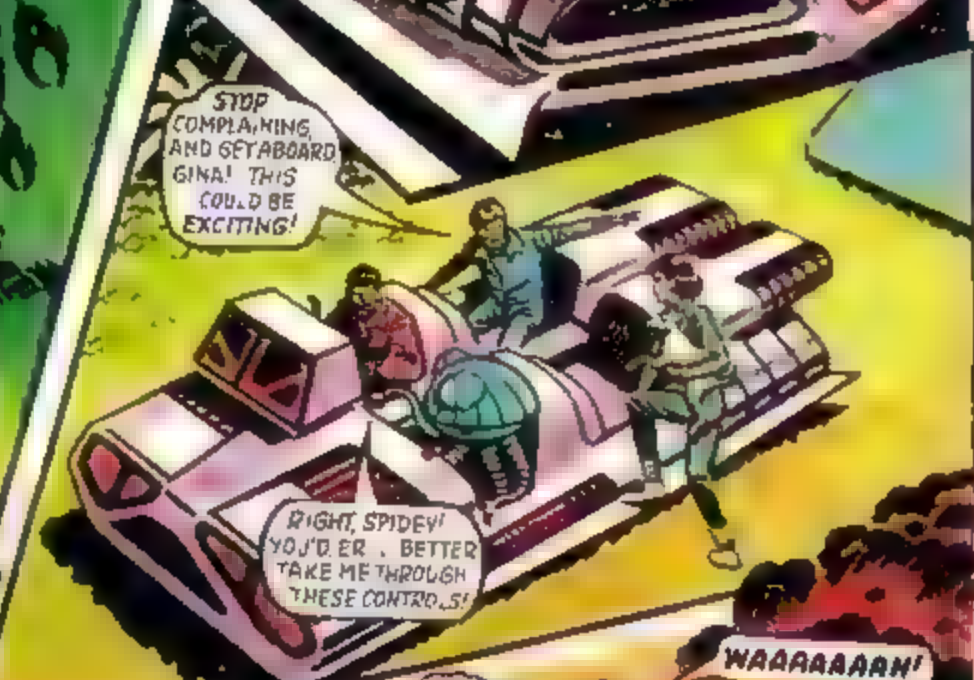
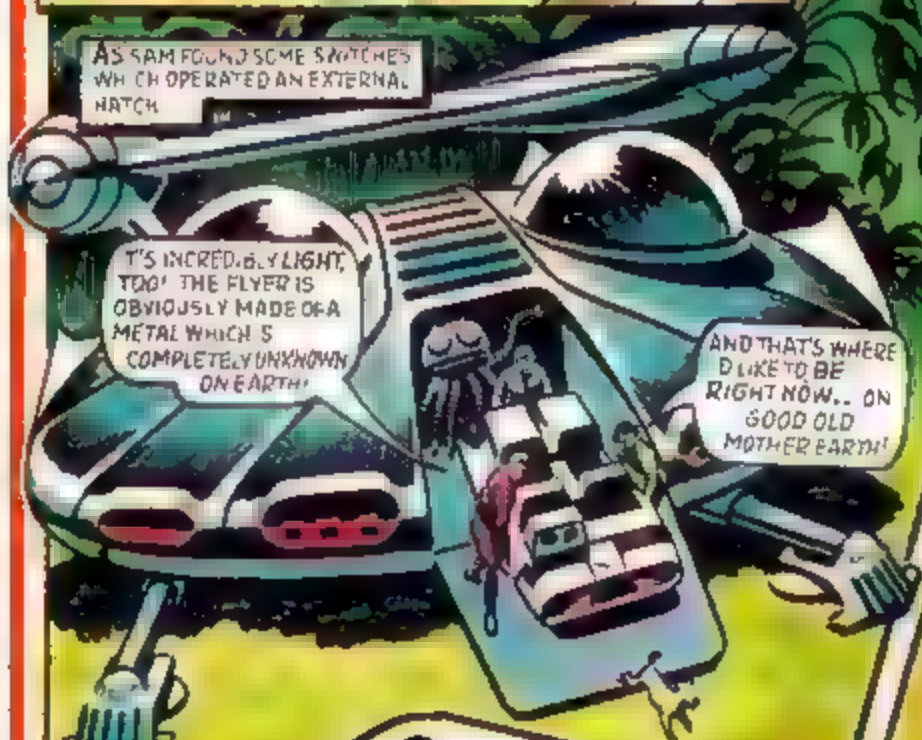
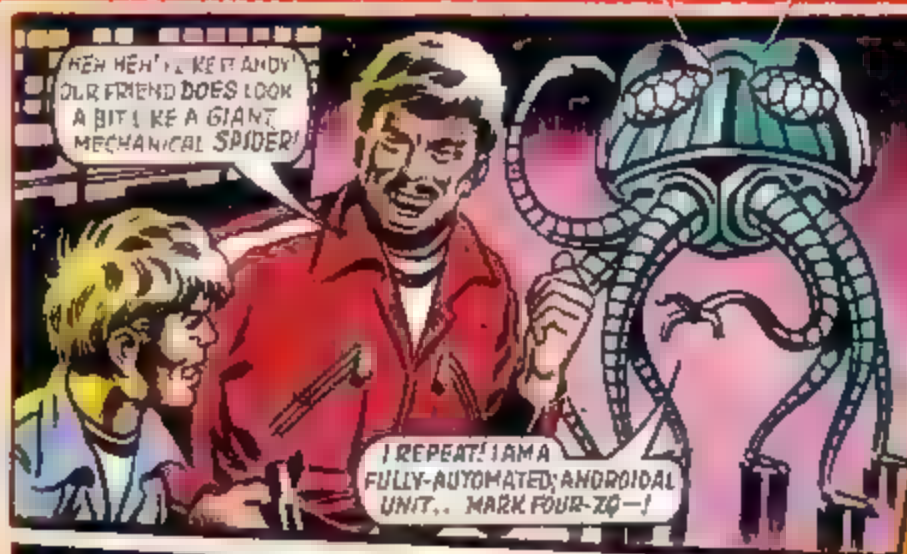


AND MEAN ALL OF US. AS WE'VE NO IDEA WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST, THINK IT'LL BE BEST IF WE STICK TOGETHER

AND THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, SPIDEY

SPIDEY?





Next week: Andy finds himself in trouble in a swamp!



# Spidey the robot refused to rescue Andy from the swamp!

LOST IN HYPER-SPACE ABOARD AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP, THE REDFORD FAMILY WERE TRAPPED ON THE SURFACE OF AN UNKNOWN PLANET, BY A MYSTERIOUS RADIO-BEAM, AND AS THEY SET OFF IN SEARCH OF THE SOURCE OF THE BEAM, ALONG WITH 'SPIDEY', THE SHIP'S ROBOT...

EEEEEEGH!

SPIDEY WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE HOVER-SCOOTER? WH WHAT'S HAPPENED TO IT?

TO BE PRECISE REDFORD ONE WE ARE TRAVELLING AT EXCESS SPEED!

## Journey to the STARS

I KNOW THAT YOU, WIRE-BRAINED FREAK! HOW THE HECK DO I STOP IT?

BY REVERSING THE POWER-DRIVE CONTROL, WHICH YOU ACCIDENTALLY ACTIVATED

YOU WILL FIND THE APPROPRIATE SWITCH TO THE LEFT OF THE ZZZZZHHNT!

YAAA-OWWW!

THE HOVER-SCOOTER LEAPED LIKE A STAG AS SAM SWERVED TO AVOID A ROCK...

...AND!

DAD.. DAD! ANDY AND SPIDEY HAVE BEEN THROWN OFF!

ALL RIGHT, GINA, DON'T PANIC! AS SOON AS I GET THE HANG OF THESE CONTROLS, WE'LL GO BACK FOR THEM!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT

UU-UUUUUUUGH!

SPIDEY, I... I'VE FALLEN INTO A PATCH OF SWAMP! I'M SINKING! HELP ME!

NEGATIVE! BEEP! I AM NOT PROGRAMMED TO OBEY COMMANDS FROM HUMANS!

WELL, YOU'D BETTER OBEY THIS ONE, YOU YOU COMPUTERISED CREEP! OR YOU COULD BE STRANDED ON THIS PLANET FOR EVER!

KRUNK? EXPLAIN YOURSELF REDFORD THREE!





MY FATHER WON'T BE VERY PLEASED IF YOU LET ME DIE IN THIS SWAMP! AND YOU'RE GOING TO NEED HIS HELP TO FIND THE SOURCE OF THAT BEAM... AND REVERSE IT... SO'S WE CAN TAKE OFF AGAIN!



I CANNOT DENY THE LOGIC OF YOUR ANSWER! VERY WELL, REDFORD THREE, I SHALL ATTEMPT A RESCUE!

IF YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO KEEP PERFECTLY STILL

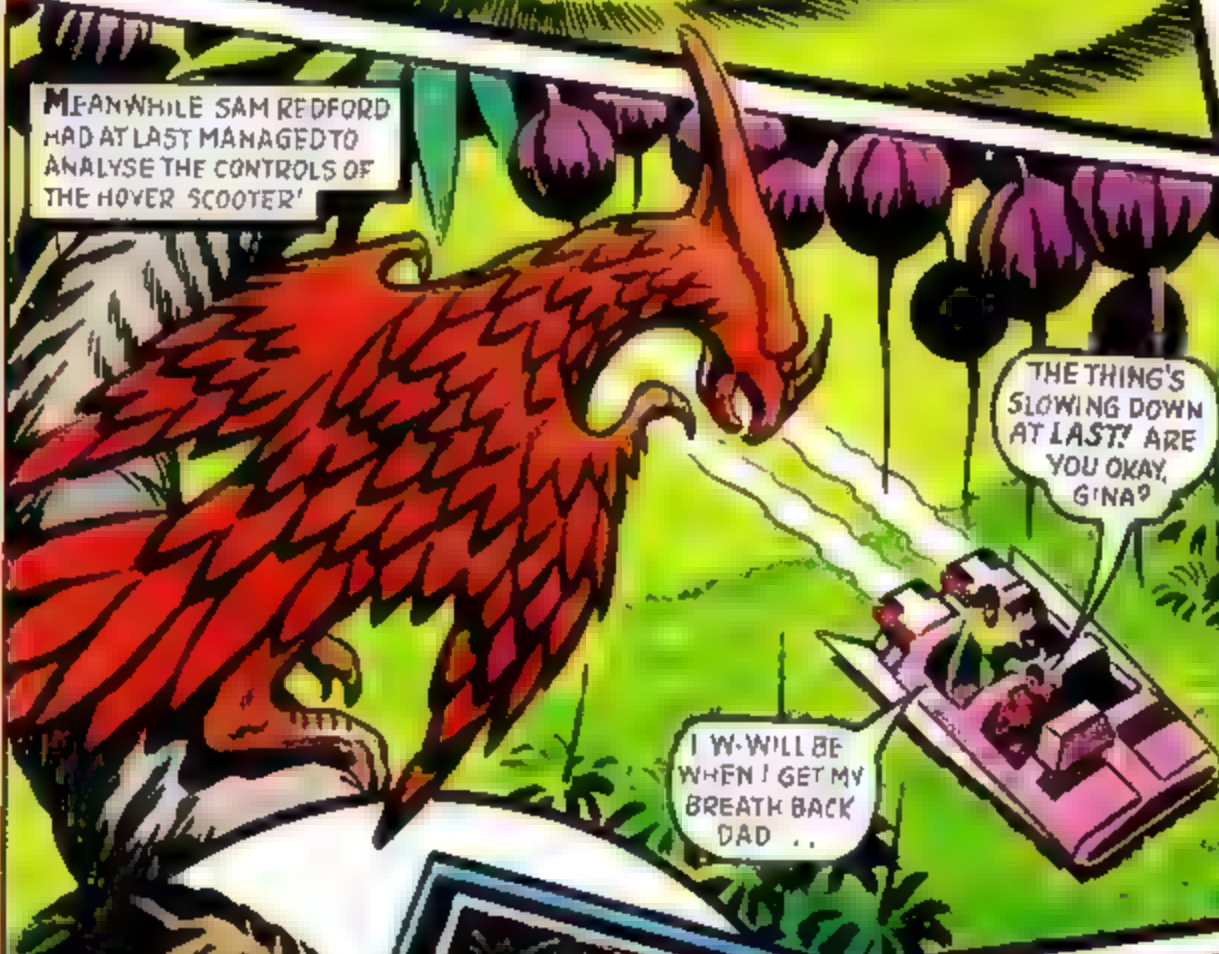


MY STARS! HE'S EJECTING A KIND OF FINE, METALLIC SPIDER'S WEB... WRAPPING IT AROUND MY ARM!



NOW HE'S SORT OF ... REELING IT IN ... SUCKING ME OUT OF THE SWAMP!

THIS IS A BASIC BREACH OF MY PROGRAMMING, YOU UNDERSTAND! I SHALL PROBABLY RUPTURE A CIRCUIT



MEANWHILE SAM REDFORD HAD AT LAST MANAGED TO ANALYSE THE CONTROLS OF THE HOVER SCOOTER!

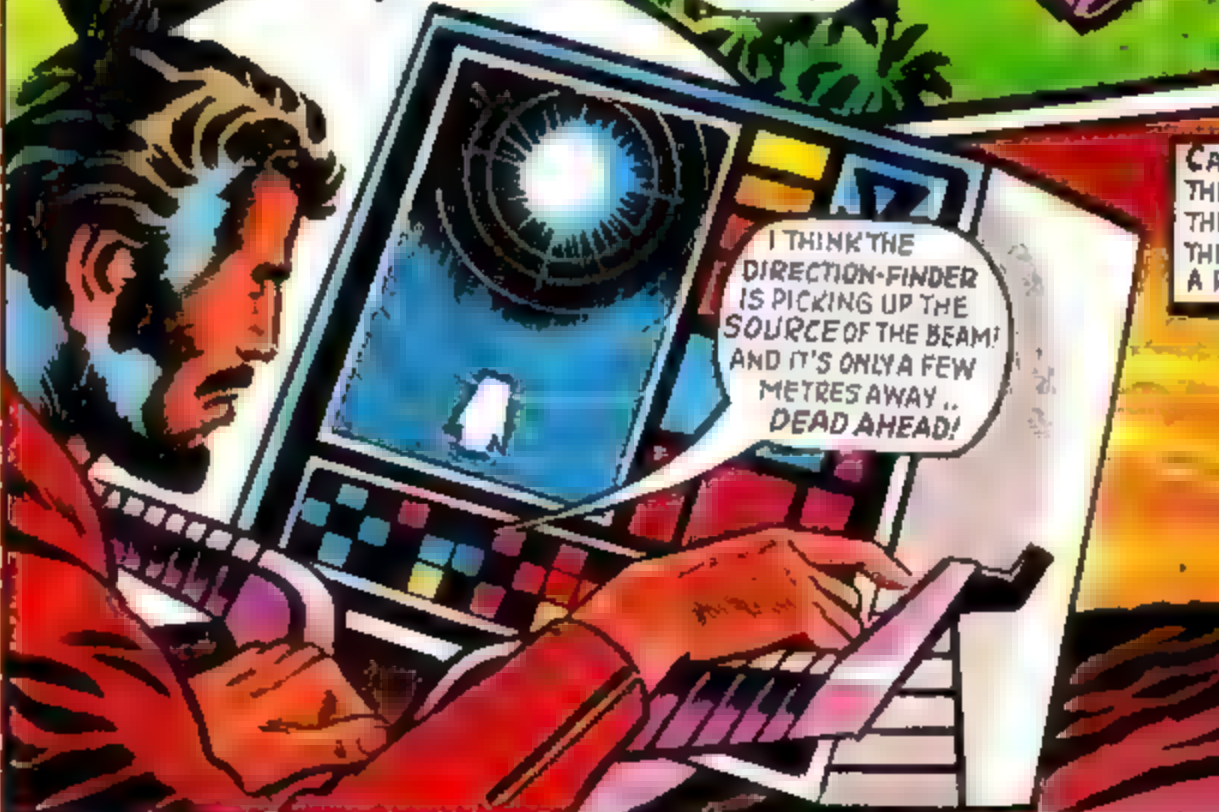
THE THING'S SLOWING DOWN AT LAST! ARE YOU OKAY, GINA?

I W-WILL BE WHEN I GET MY BREATH BACK DAD ...

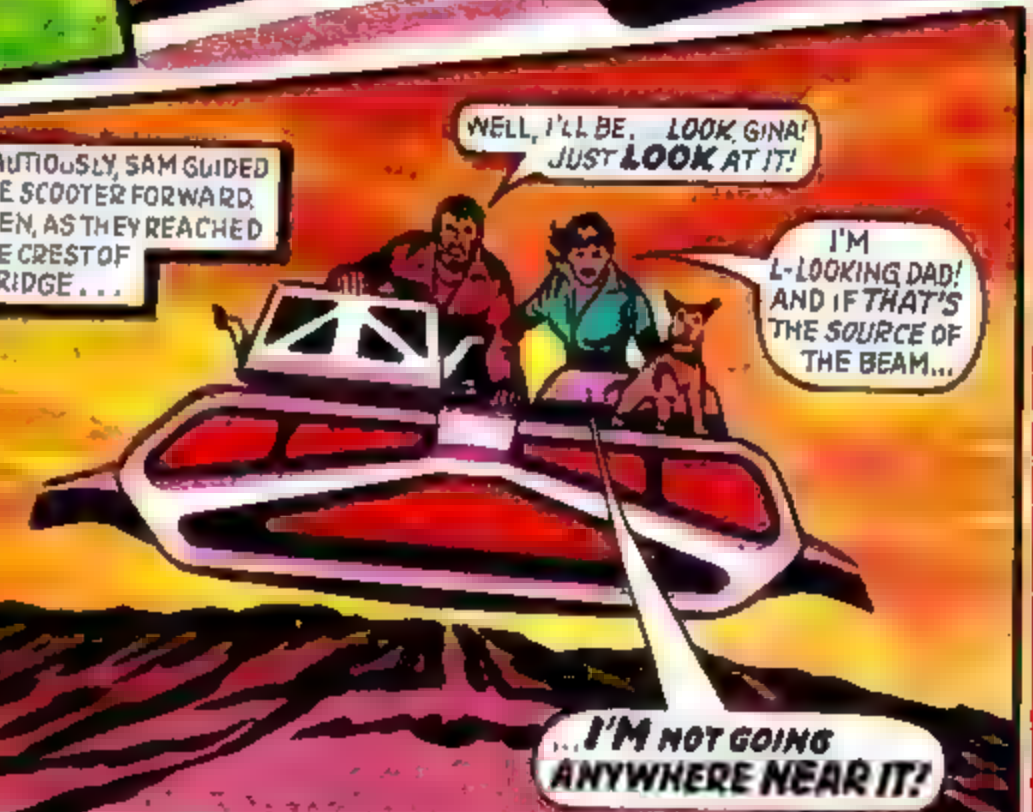


... BUT LET'S HOPE ANDY IS ALL RIGHT! WE'D BETTER TURN THIS THING AROUND, AND...!

WAIT A MINUTE! A SIGNAL'S COMING FROM THE CONTROL PANEL...



I THINK THE DIRECTION-FINDER IS PICKING UP THE SOURCE OF THE BEAM! AND IT'S ONLY A FEW METRES AWAY... DEAD AHEAD!



CAUTIOUSLY, SAM GUIDED THE SCOOTER FORWARD. THEN, AS THEY REACHED THE CREST OF A RIDGE...

WELL, I'LL BE... LOOK, GINA! JUST LOOK AT IT!

I'M L-LOOKING DAD! AND IF THAT'S THE SOURCE OF THE BEAM...

... I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE NEAR IT!

What have the Redfords come across? Find out next week!



A distress signal had imprisoned the Redfords on an unknown planet!

# Journey to the STARS

LOST IN HYPER SPACE ABOARD AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP, WHICH WAS CAPABLE OF FANTASTIC SPEEDS, THE REDFORD FAMILY WERE TRAPPED ON THE SURFACE OF AN UNKNOWN PLANET BY A MYSTERIOUS RADIO-BEAM. WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE SOURCE OF THE BEAM, YOUNG ANDY REDFORD AND SPIDEY, THE SHIP'S ROBOT, BECAME SEPARATED FROM THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY, WHO HAD MADE AN INCREDIBLE DISCOVERY!

DAD! WHAT ON EARTH IS IT?

ANOTHER STAR-SHIP, GINA. BUT I'VE A HUNCH OUR SPACE SCIENTISTS BACK HOME NEVER EVEN DREAMED OF A DESIGN LIKE THAT...

BUT BUT WHAT'S IT DOING HERE?

FROM THE LOOK OF THAT DAMAGE, I'D SAY IT WAS FORCED TO MAKE A CRASH-LANDING! GINA, I THINK WE'VE FOUND THE SOURCE OF THE BEAM!

IT'S COMING FROM THAT SHIP! PROBABLY A FORM OF DISTRESS-SIGNAL! A SIGNAL SO POWERFUL THAT IT TOOK OVER THE CONTROLS OF OUR CRAFT AND FORCED US DOWN!

SO FWE CAN FIND WHAT'S SENDING OUT THE BEAM, AND ...AND SWITCH IT OFF, OR SOMETHING--!

WE'D BE ABLE TO TAKE OFF AGAIN! BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST, MY GIRL...

WE'RE GOING TO BACK-TRACK AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO ANDY AND SPIDEY!

...AND!

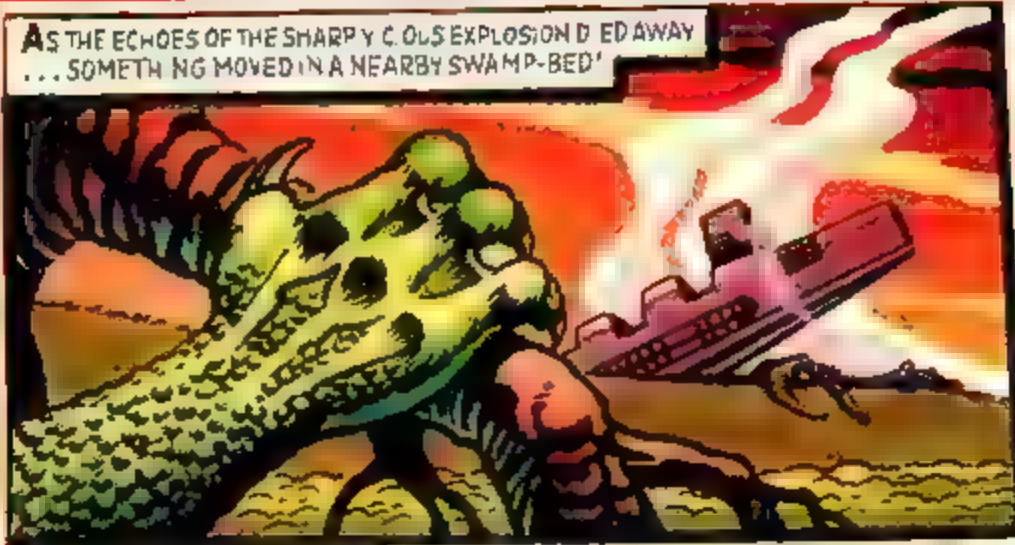
UUU-UUUUUUUUGH!

GLANCING BACK AT THE STRANGE STAR-SHIP SAM REDFORD FAILED TO NOTICE A WHEEL-LIKE OBJECT LYING IN THE UNDERGROWTH...

OWWRRRRRL!



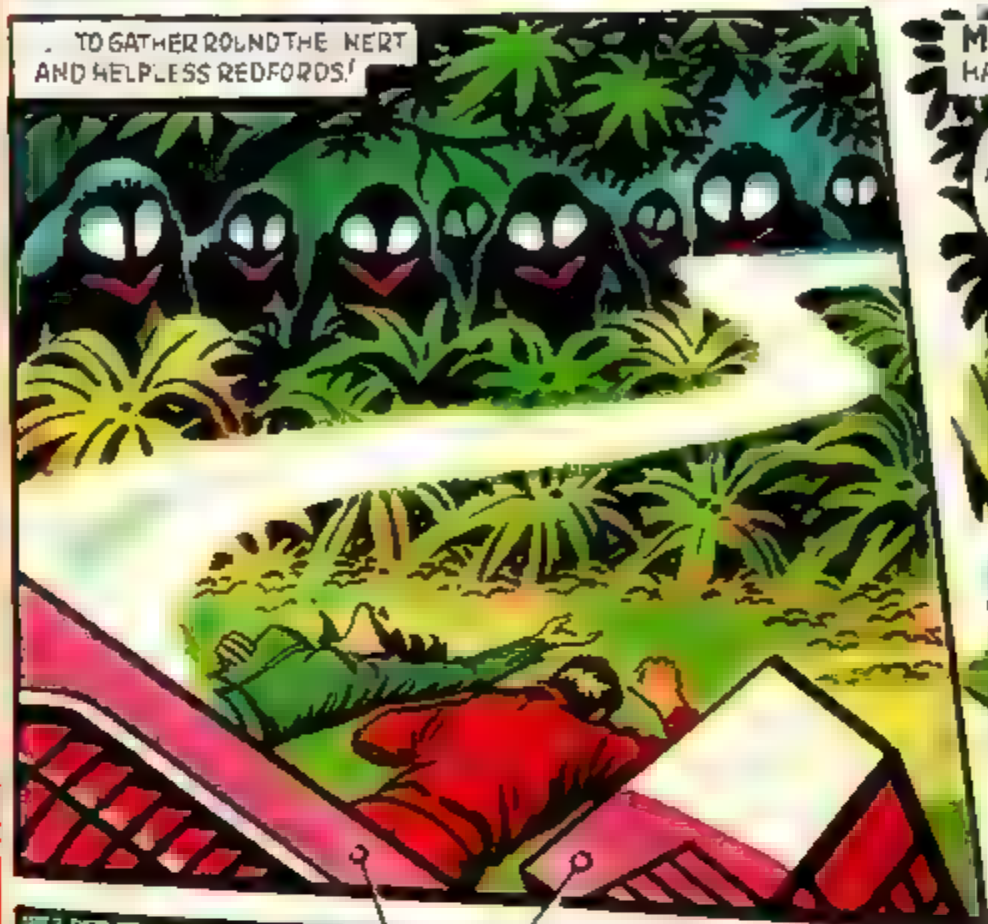
AS THE ECHOES OF THE SHARP YC OUS EXPLOSION D ED AWAY  
... SOMETH NG MOVED IN A NEARBY SWAMP-BED!



GREEN SH INHUMAN SHAPES SEEMED TO RISE FROM THE VERY EARTH  
... SCURRYING AND SQUELCH NG FROM ALL DIRECTIONS

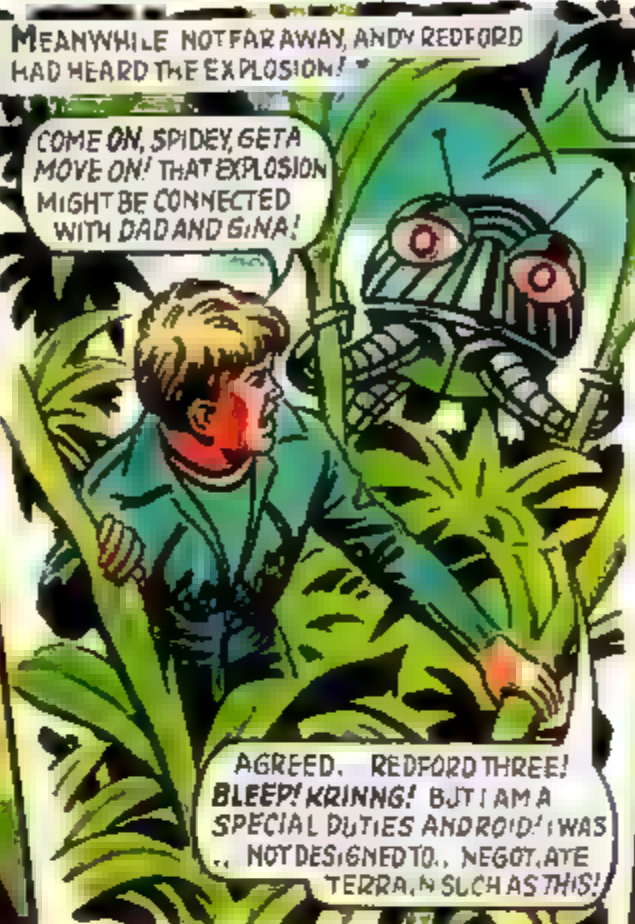


TO GATHER ROUNDTHE WERT  
AND HELPLESS REDFORDS!



MEANWHILE NOT FAR AWAY, ANDY REDFORD  
HAD HEARD THE EXPLOSION!

COME ON, SPIDEY, GET A  
MOVE ON! THAT EXPLOSION  
MIGHT BE CONNECTED  
WITH DAD AND GINA!



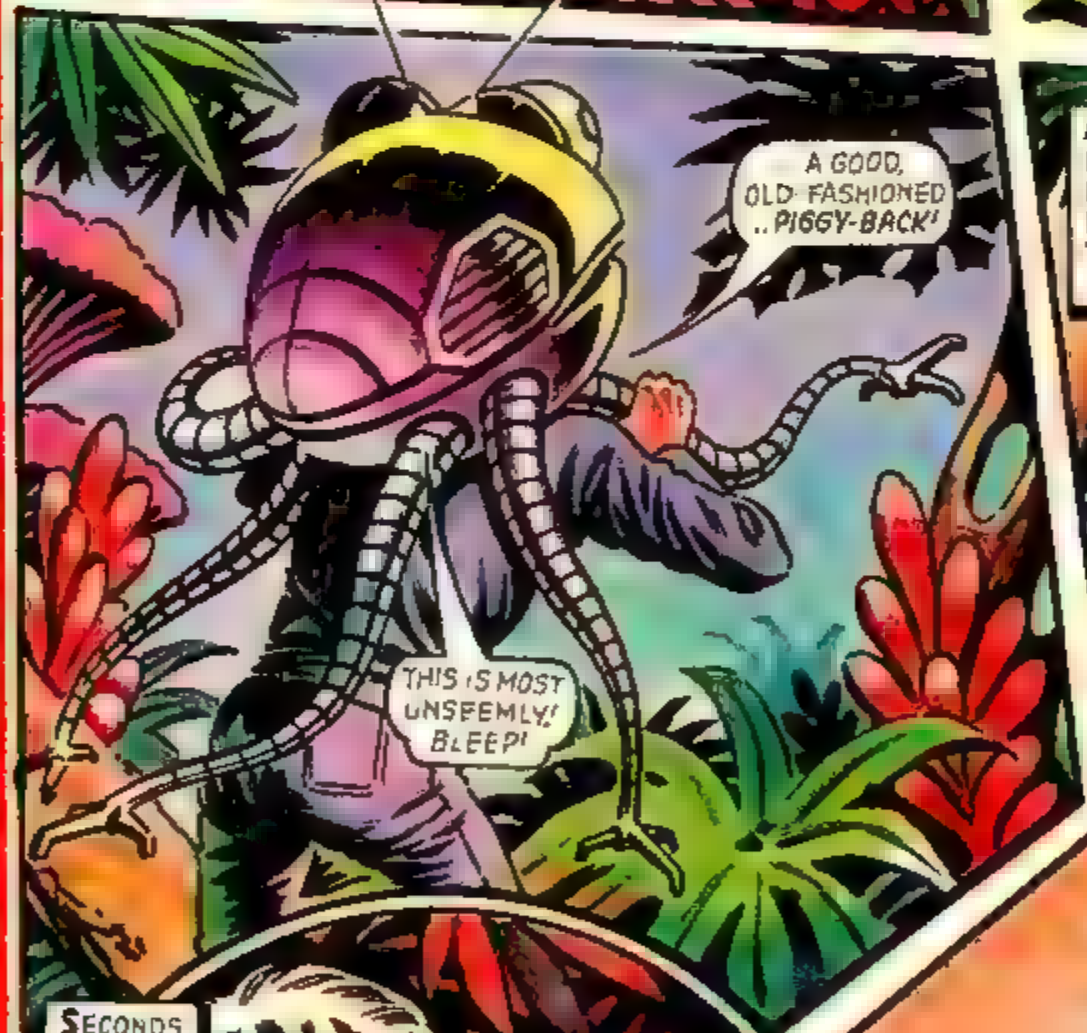
AGREED. REDFORD THREE!  
BLEEP! KRINNG! BUT I AM A  
SPECIAL DUTIES ANDROID! I WAS  
... NOT DESIGNED TO... NEGOTIATE  
TERRAIN SUCH AS THIS!

AND, I THOUGHT YOU WERE  
SUPPOSED TO BE SUPERIOR TO HUMANS!  
AH WELL! I GLESS  
THERE'S ONLY ONE  
WAY TO MAKE SURE  
THAT YOU KEEP  
UP WITH ME...



A GOOD,  
OLD-FASHIONED  
.. PIGGY-BACK!

THIS IS MOST  
UNSEEMLY!  
BLEEP!



ALTHOUGH THE ROBOT WAS BUILT OF  
LIGHTWEIGHT ALLOYS, THE GO NG  
BECAME HEAVIER AND  
HEAVIER ANDY WAS ON  
THE POINT OF COLLAPSE,  
WHEN...



BLEEP! MY SENSORS  
DETECT MOVEMENTS  
AHEAD! DO NOT  
COMPUTE HUMAN  
ORIGIN!

YOU... YOU'D BETTER  
STAY HERE, SPIDEY, WHILE  
I GO FORWARD AND  
TAKE A LOOK

THEN, AS THE UNDERGROWTH  
CRACKLED BEHIND HIM!

RUUUAA-  
ALLLLLGH!

SPIDEY—  
HELP ME!



SECONDS  
LATER...

MEEHHH-  
UUUUUUH!

C-CREATURES OF SOME  
KIND! BUT WHAT ARE THEY  
BELLOWING AT? AND WHAT  
THE HECK'S HAPPENED TO  
DAD AND GINA?



Is Andy doomed? And what has happened to Dad and Gina? More next week!



Young Andy Redford faced a pulverising death on a lost planet!

# Journey to the STARS

LOST IN HYPER-SPACE ABOARD AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP WHICH WAS CAPABLE OF FANTASTIC SPEEDS, THE REDFORD FAMILY WERE TRAPPED ON THE SURFACE OF AN UNKNOWN PLANET BY A MYSTERIOUS RADIO-BEAM. WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE SOURCE OF THE BEAM, YOUNG ANDY REDFORD AND SPIDEY THE SHIP'S ROBOT, SEPARATED FROM THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY... AND THEN ANDY WAS MENACED BY A FEARSOME SHAPE!...



BLUUUU-AWWWWGH!

AAAH! S-SPIDEY! WH-WHERE ARE YOU?

BUT BEFORE THE MASSIVE CLUB COULD LASH DOWN

RRRRRAARGH!

WAFF!

WHAT THE-? DIGGER!

AWWWLK?



HELP ME, SPIDEY... UUUUGH!

... AS HE RETURNED TO FLEE, ANDY TRIPPED OVER A TREE ROOT



AND THEN FOUND HIMSELF FACING CERTAIN PULVERISING DEATH!

HUUURR-RRLE!

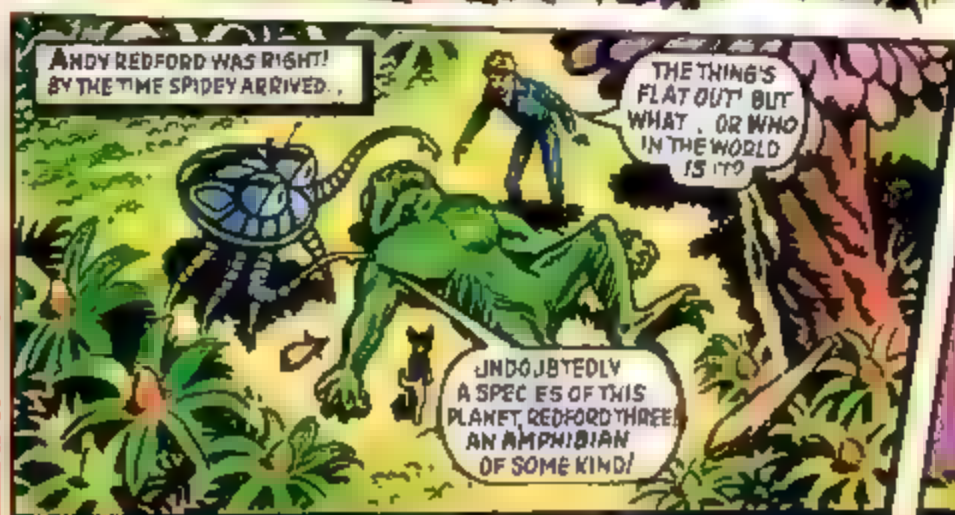
NO! NO!



STARTLED OUT OF ITS WITS, OR PERHAPS TERRIFIED BY THE SMALL, SHARING SHAPE, ANDY'S ATTACKER TURNED, AND

NNNNNNNG!

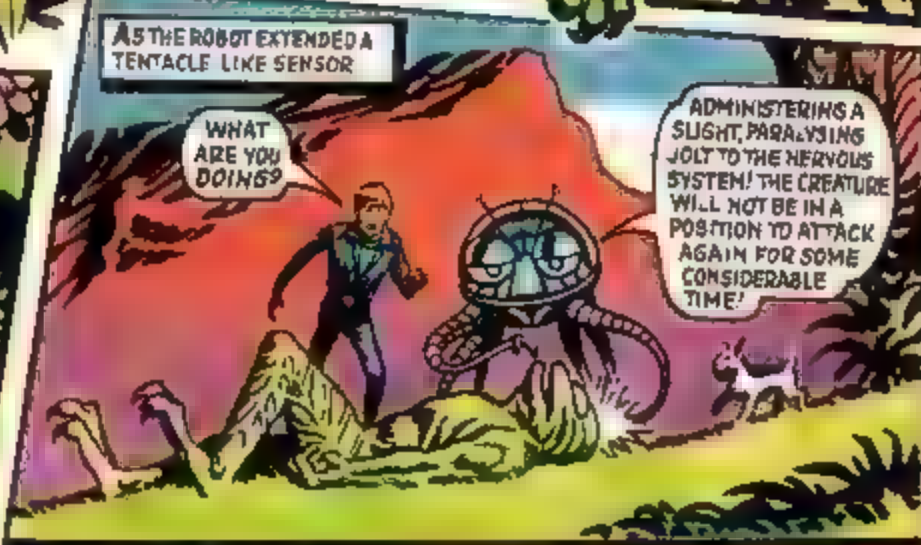
OUCH! I BET THAT HURT! HE'S RUN STRAIGHT INTO A TREE!... PROBABLY KNOCKED HIMSELF COLD!



ANDY REDFORD WAS RIGHT! BY THE TIME SPIDEY ARRIVED...

THE THING'S FLAT OUT! BUT WHAT... OR WHO IN THE WORLD IS IT?

UNDOUBTEDLY A SPECIES OF THIS PLANET, REDFORD THOUGHT AN AMPHIBIAN OF SOME KIND!



AS THE ROBOT EXTENDED A TENTACLE LIKE SENSOR

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ADMINISTERING A SLIGHT, PARALYSING JOLT TO THE NERVOUS SYSTEM! THE CREATURE WILL NOT BE IN A POSITION TO ATTACK AGAIN FOR SOME CONSIDERABLE TIME!



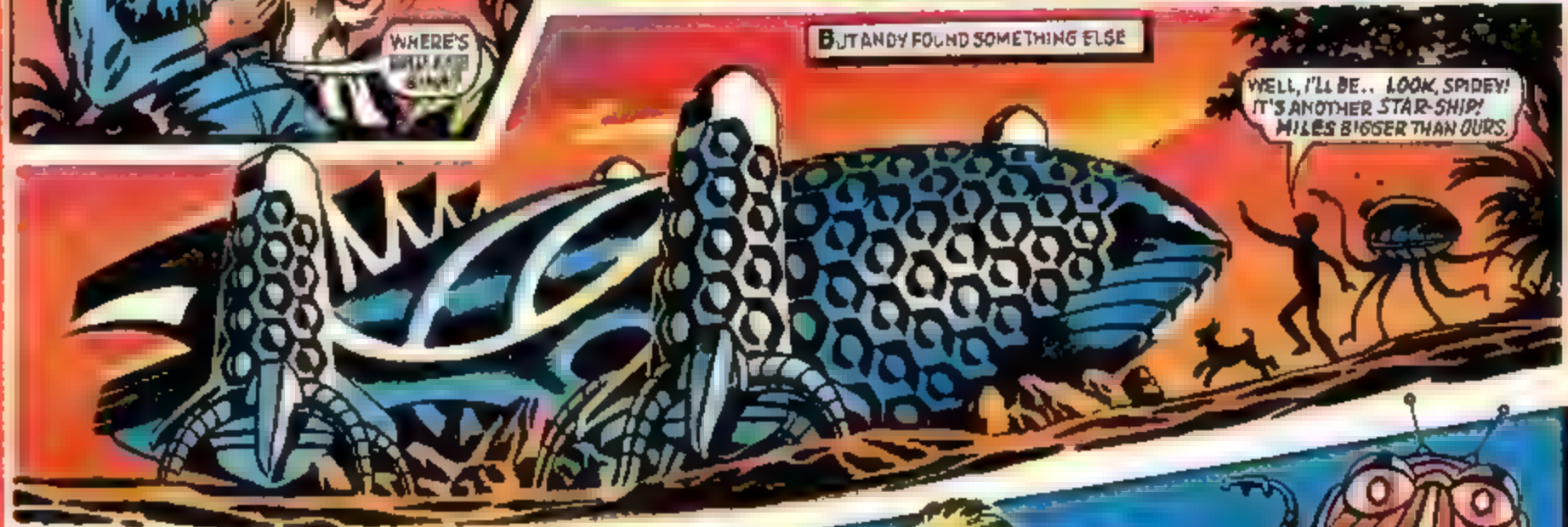


FIT WASN'T FOR GOOD OLD BIGGER, I'D BE MINCEMEAT BY NOW! GOOD OLD BIGGER! BUT WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON YOUR OWN, BOY?

WHERE'S DAD AND GINA?

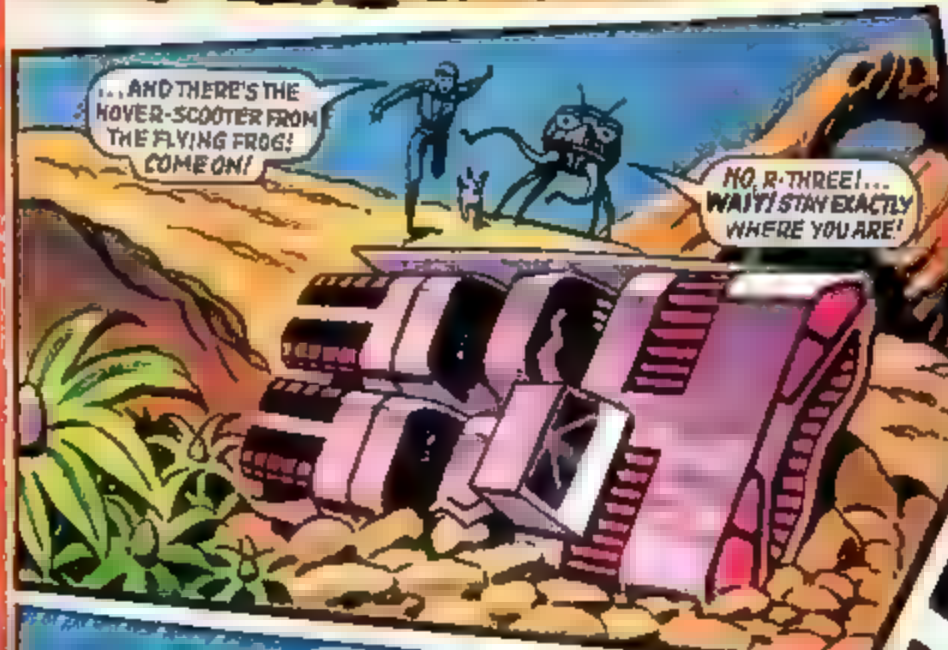


YOU WANT US TO FOLLOW YOU, EHY? GO ON THEN, FELLA! FIND DAD.



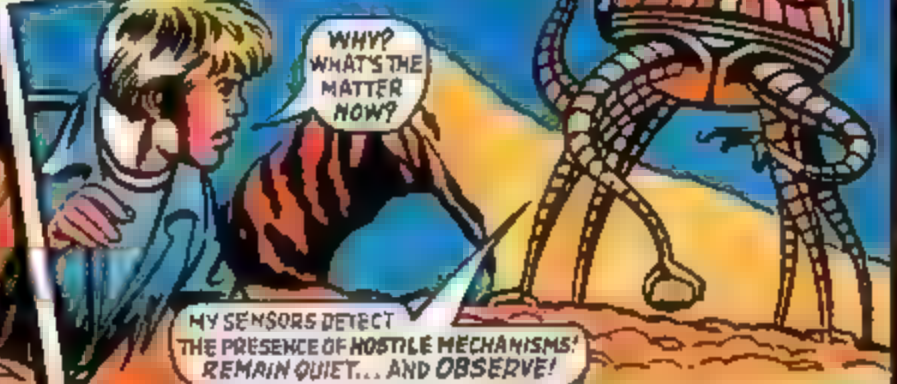
BUT ANDY FOUND SOMETHING ELSE

WELL, I'LL BE... LOOK, SPIDEY! IT'S ANOTHER STAR-SHIP! MILES BIGGER THAN OURS.



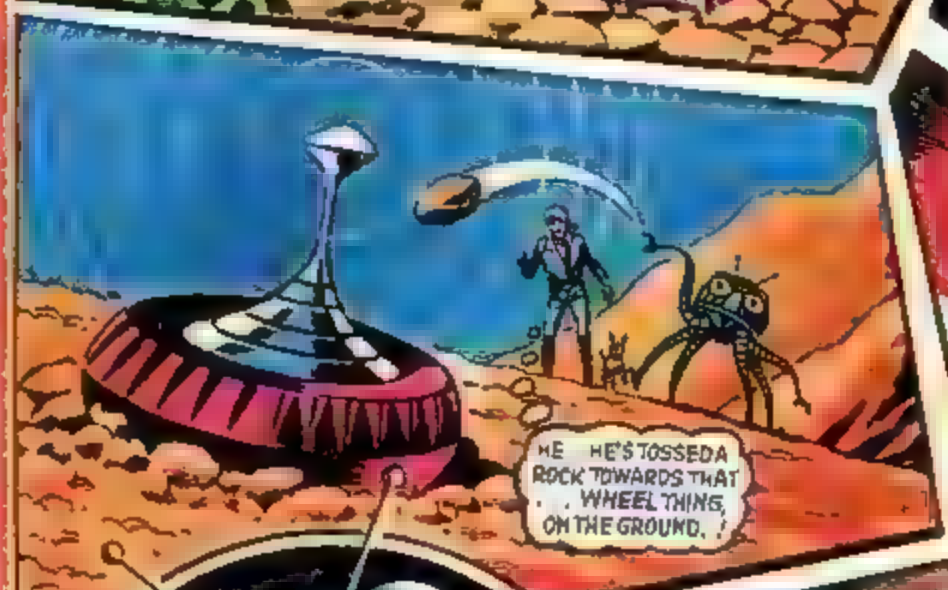
...AND THERE'S THE HOVER-SCOOTER FROM THE FLYING FROG! COME ON!

NO, R-THREE!... WAIT! STAY EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE!

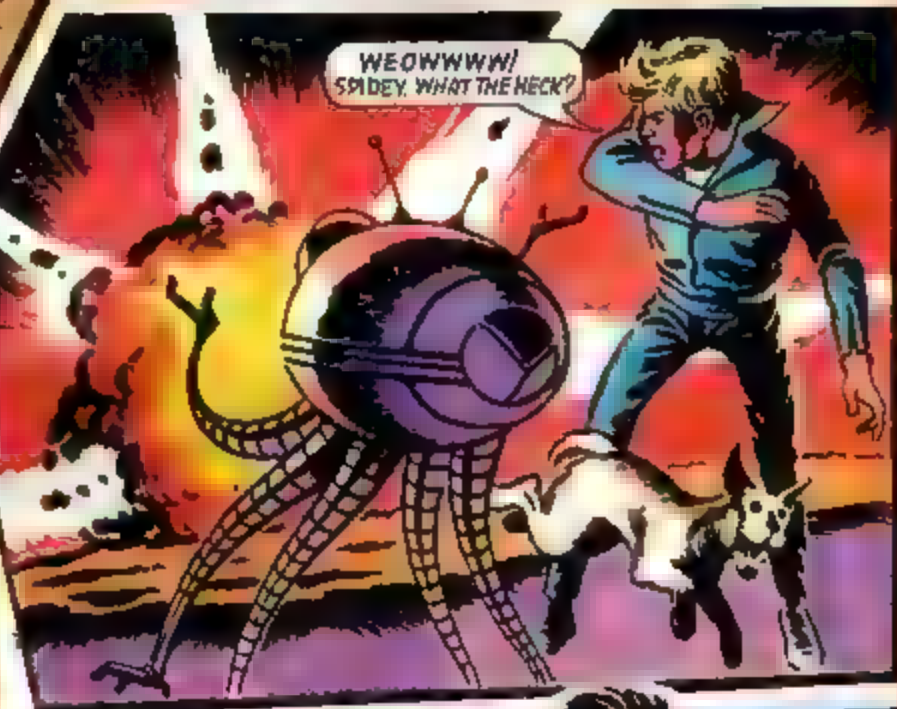


WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

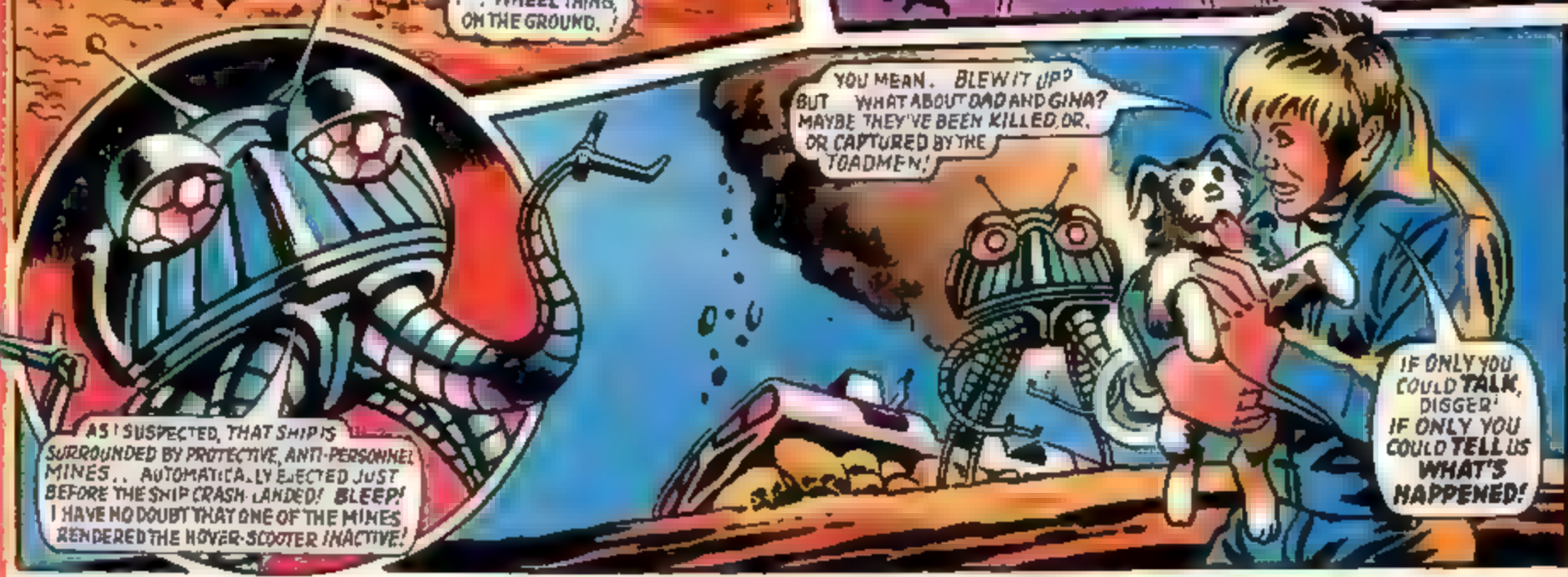
MY SENSORS DETECT THE PRESENCE OF HOSTILE MECHANISMS! REMAIN QUIET... AND OBSERVE!



HE HE'S TOSSED A ROCK TOWARDS THAT WHEEL THING, ON THE GROUND.



WEOWWWW! SPIDEY, WHAT THE HECK?



YOU MEAN, BLEW IT UP? BUT WHAT ABOUT DAD AND GINA? MAYBE THEY'VE BEEN KILLED, OR, OR CAPTURED BY THE TOADMEN!

IF ONLY YOU COULD TALK, BIGGER! IF ONLY YOU COULD TELL US WHAT'S HAPPENED!

AS I SUSPECTED, THAT SHIP IS SURROUNDED BY PROTECTIVE, ANTI-PERSONNEL MINES... AUTOMATICALLY EJECTED JUST BEFORE THE SHIP CRASH LANDED! BLEEP! I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT ONE OF THE MINES RENDERED THE HOVER-SCOOTER INACTIVE!

There's more drama in next week's exciting instalment!

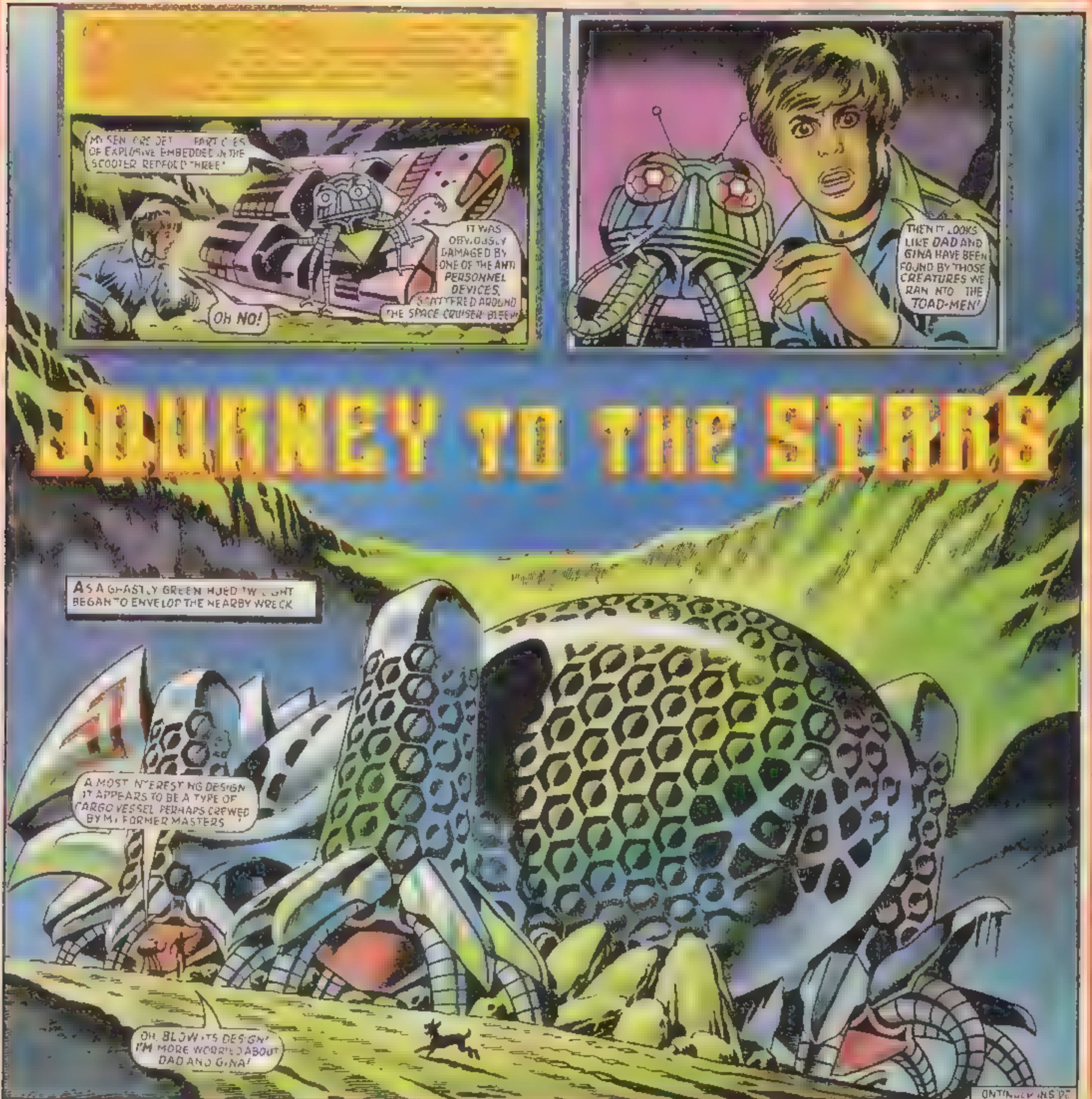


# SPEED

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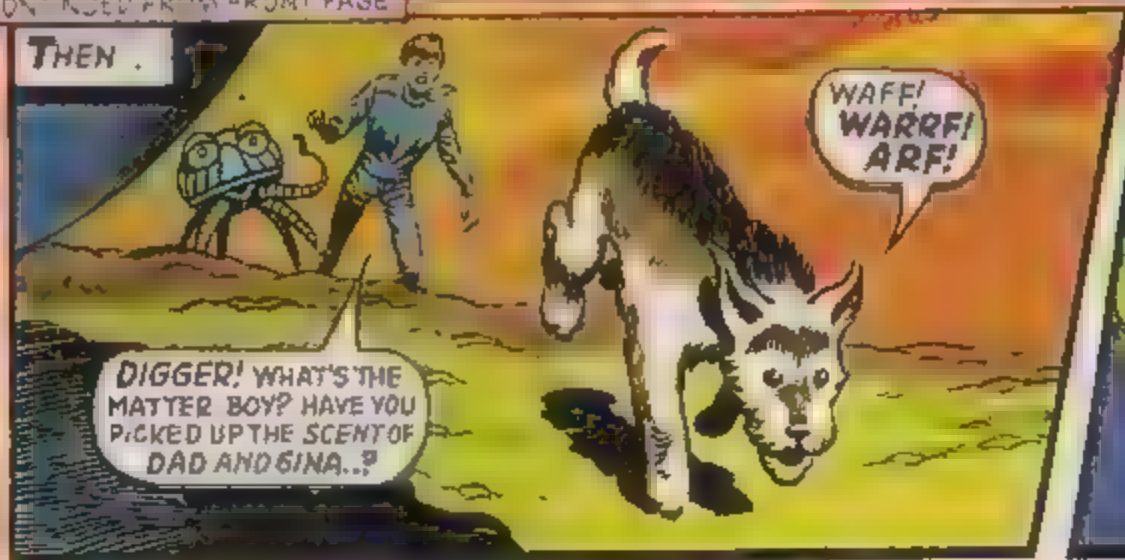
12th APRIL, 1980

EVERY MONDAY



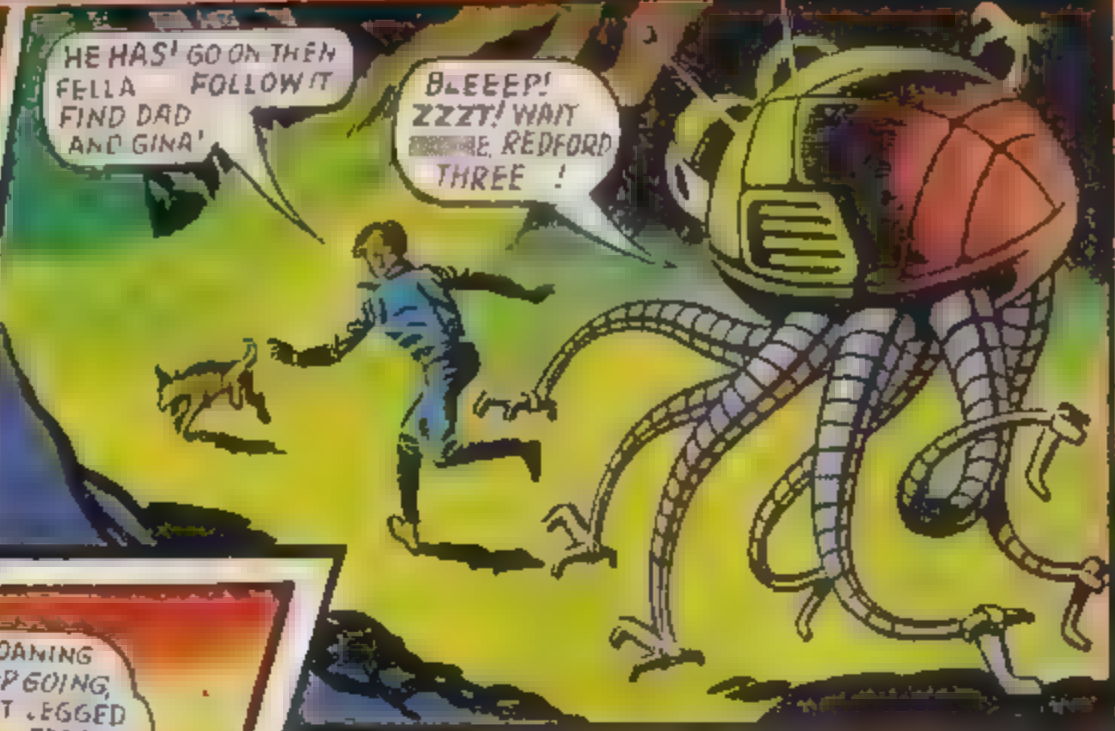


THEN



DIGGER! WHAT'S THE MATTER BOY? HAVE YOU PICKED UP THE SCENT OF DAD AND GINA..?

WAF! WARRF! ARF!



HE HAS! GO ON THEN FELLA FOLLOW IT FIND DAD AND GINA!

BLEEP! ZZZZ! WAIT REDFORD THREE!



YOU ARE FORGETTING THAT, I AM NOT DESIGNED TO NEGOTIATE SUCH TERRAIN!

STOP MOANING AND KEEP GOING, YOU FIGHT LEGGED FREAK!



I... TRUST YOU HAVE COME TO YOUR SENSES, REDFORD THREE! FOLLOWING THAT RIDICULOUS QUADRUPED IS SIMPLY A WASTE OF ENERGY OUTPUT!

OH, IS IT? WELL, TAKE A LOOK DOWN THERE, CLEVER-CLOGS!



DIGGER HAS LED US TO THE CAMP OF THE TOAD-MEN!



... AND THERE'S DAD AND GINA! PRISONERS! BUT THEY'RE STILL ALIVE!



EVEN AS THEY WATCHED, BLOOD-CHILLING CRIES ROSE INTO THE GATHERING DARKNESS!

BLEELG MAAGU FLEESHTA!

RAAAA-UUUURRLG! GANA! GANA!

FLEE! ESHTA!



I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF ALL THAT SCREECHING AND BELLOWING IF IF ONLY I KNEW WHAT IT MEANT!

THAT CAN BE ARRANGED, REDFORD THREE..!





BUT I SHALL REQUIRE ABSOLUTE SILENCE WHILE I ANALYSE THE VOICE PATTERNS AND CONVERT THEM INTO HUMAN SPEECH!

SECONDS LATER!...

AH, YES MY COMPUTER HAS BROKEN THE CODE!

THIS IS INDEED AN INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT!

TIKKA! TIKKA KRINNG!

STOP TALKING TO YOURSELF, SPIDEY OUT WITH IT! WHAT ARE THE TOAD-MEN SAYING?

THEIR REMARKS CONCERN THE DERELICT SPACE CRUISER, REDFORD THREE! IT APPEARS THE SHIP WAS OBSERVED BY THE TOAD-MEN AS IT CAME IN TO MAKE THE FORCED LANDING THAT WRECKED IT!

'IMAGINE THEIR AWE OF SUCH A VISITOR! THEY COULD NOT HAVE KNOWN THAT THE OBJECTS WHICH THE SHIP AUTOMATICALLY EJECTED WERE AN PERSONNEL MINES!'

UNTIL THEY'RE DED TO APPROACH THE SHIP!

EEEEEEEEEEGH!

TO THE PRIMITIVE TOAD-MEN THE EXPLOSIONS MUST HAVE SEEMED LIKE THE ANGRY VOICE OF SOME POWERFUL STAR-GOD! A GOD THAT WAS DISPLEASED WITH THEM! AND NOW, IT APPEARS, THEY INTEND TO TRY AND APPEASE THE GREAT 'SKY-SPRIT'!

BY OFFERING REDFORD ONE AND REDFORD TWO... AS HUMAN SACRIFICES!

NUUURRR-LLLGH!

NO-NO!.. AYEEEEEEEEEGH!

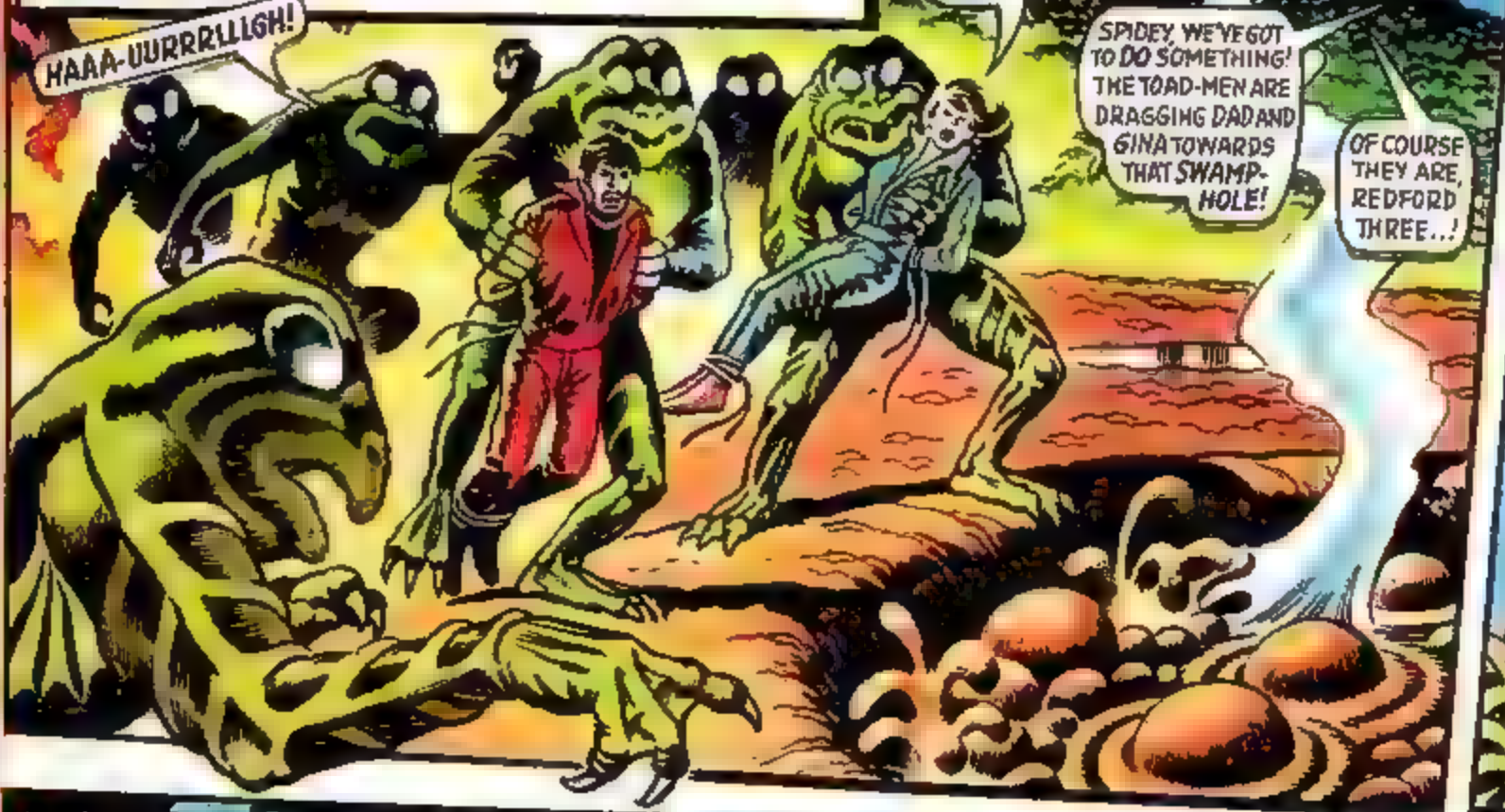
Will the Redfords really be sacrificed? Find out next week.



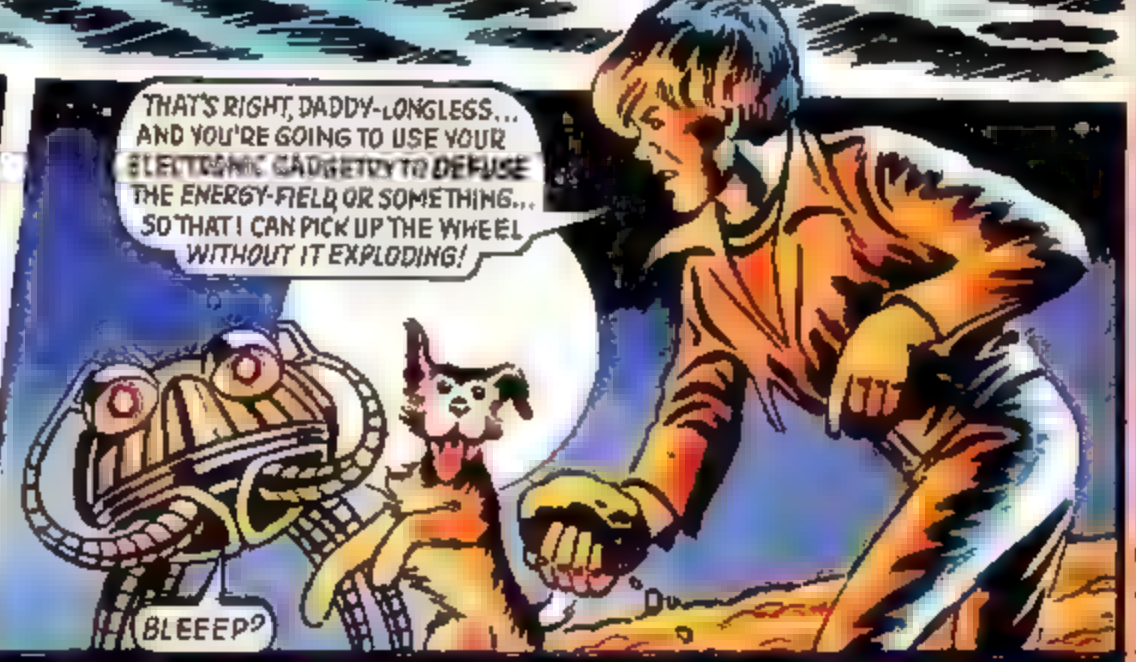
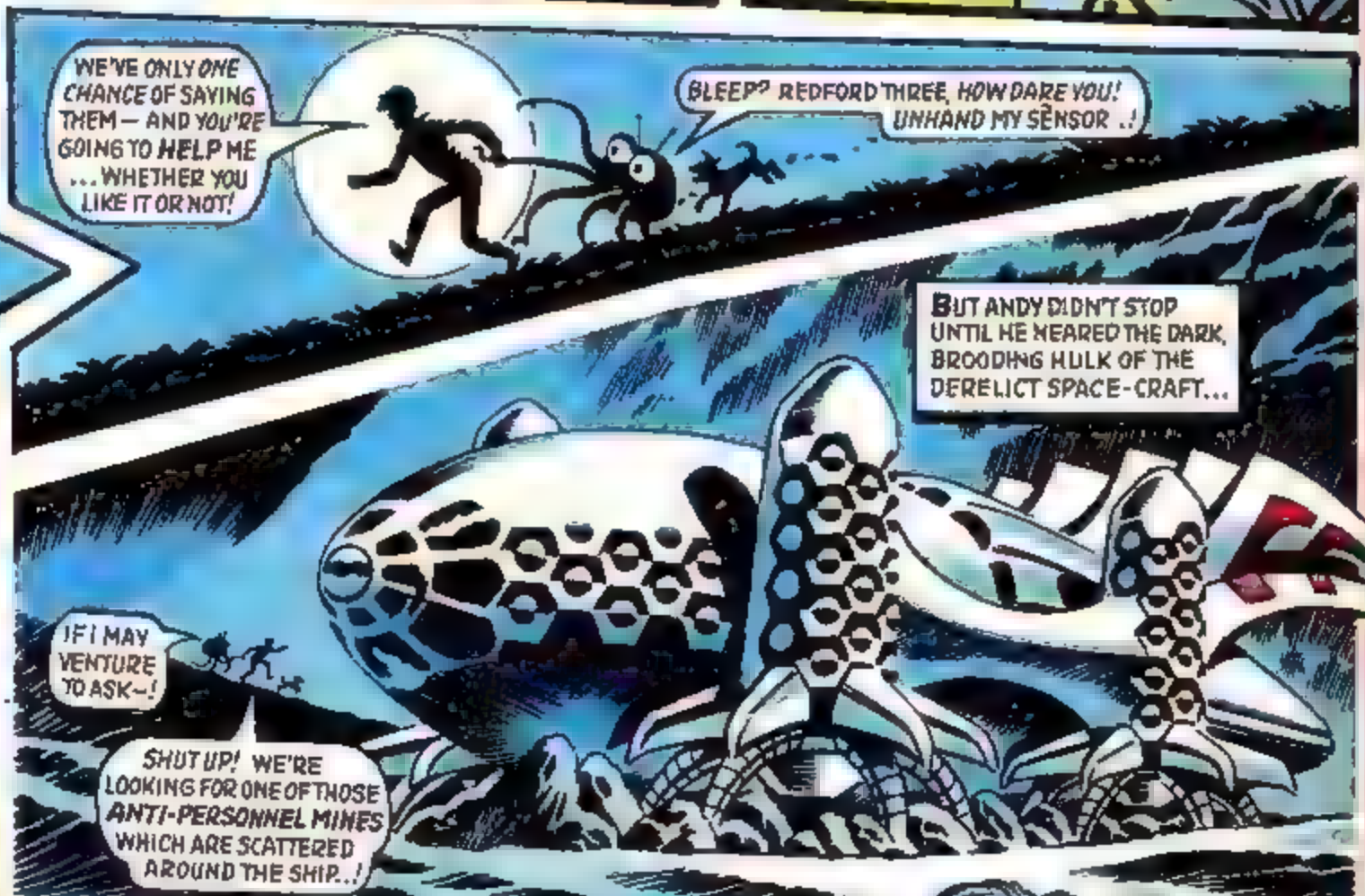
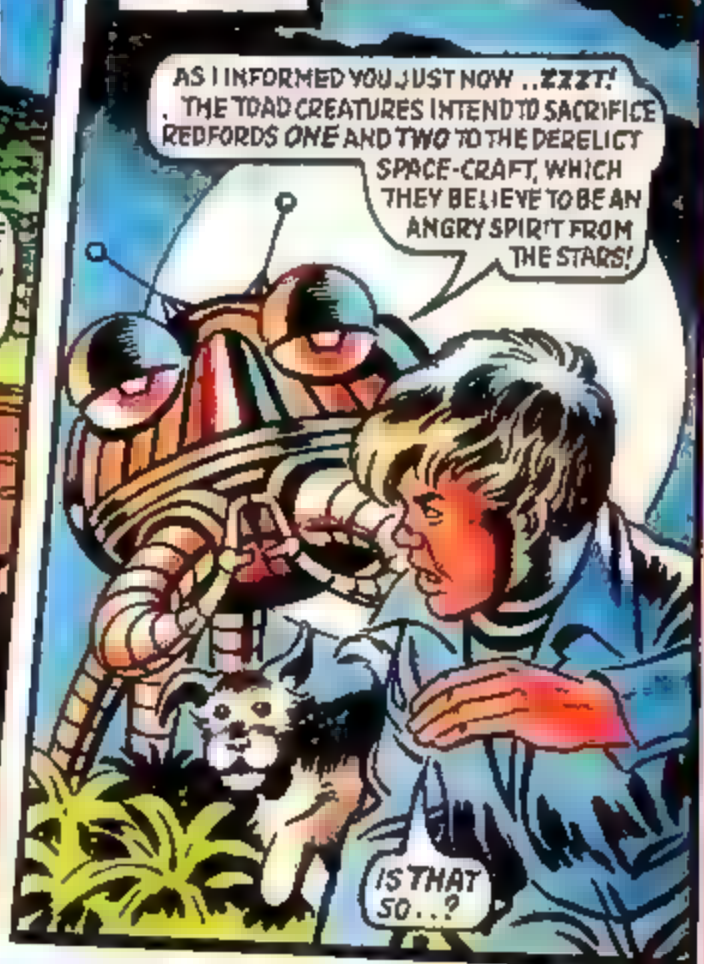


Andy sent a deadly bomb hurtling towards the Toad-men!

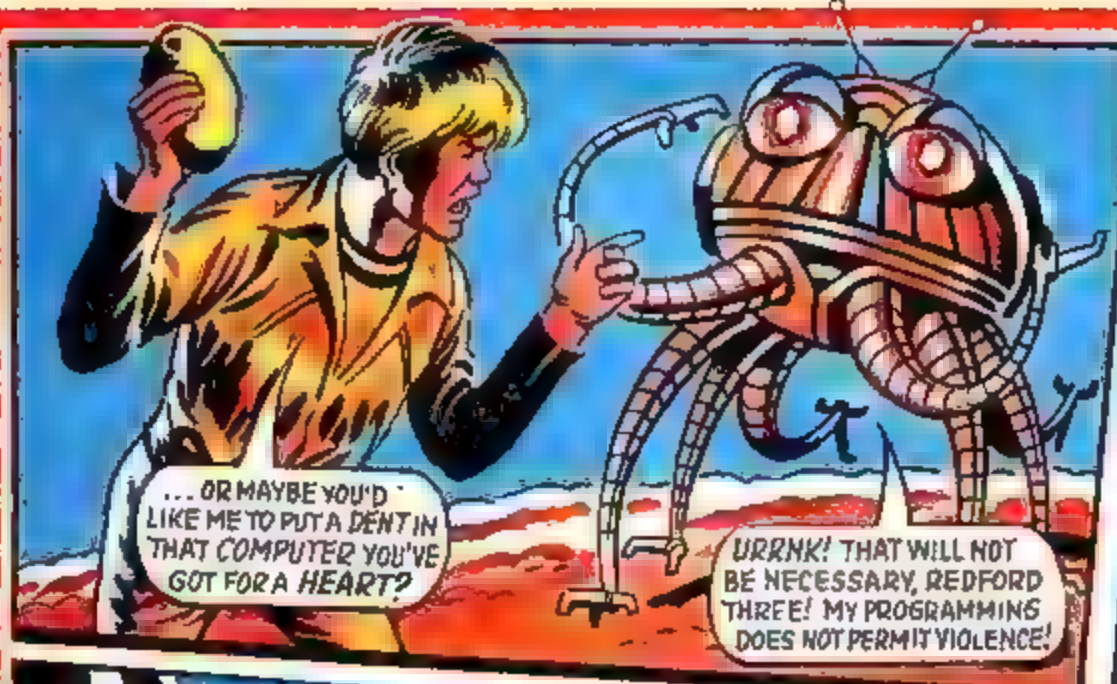
LOST IN SPACE ABOARD AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP THE REDFORD FAMILY HAD BEEN LURED TO THE SURFACE OF AN UNKNOWN PLANET BY A DISTRESS SIGNAL SENT OUT BY A DERELICT SPACE-CRAFT. NOW, ANDY REDFORD AND SPIDEY, THE SHIP'S ROBOT, PLANKED TO RESCUE ANDY'S FATHER AND SISTER FROM A TRIBE OF SAVAGE TOAD-MEN.



THE SPIDER ROBOT CHATTERED POMPOUSLY...







... OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE ME TO PUT A DENT IN THAT COMPUTER YOU'VE GOT FOR A HEART?

URRNK! THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY, REDFORD THREE! MY PROGRAMMING DOES NOT PERMIT VIOLENCE!



THERE! I HAVE INDUCED A REVERSE POLARITY IN THE PARTICLES OF THE ENERGY-FIELD! THE DEVICE IS NOW SAFE TO HANDLE!

YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT, WIRE-BRAIN!

EEEP!



AS ANDY GINGERLY PICKED UP THE MINE!

BUT BE CAREFUL, REDFORD THREE! THE MINE MAY STILL EXPLODE UPON IMPACT!

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW! NOW LET'S JUST HOPE I'M IN TIME! COME ON, DIGGER!

WAAARF!



AND, TO ANDY'S WILD RELIEF...

HURROOOOOOSH!

THANK THE STARS! THE TOAD-MEN ARE STILL CHANTING AT THE MOON OR SOMETHING...



... BUT THEY'LL SOON BE YELLING A DIFFERENT TUNE!

... WITH ALL ANDY'S STRENGTH BEHIND IT, THE DEADLY WHEEL WENT BOUNDING INTO THE HOLLOW ... GATHERING MORE, AND MORE SPEED!



... UNTIL!

NAAAAWWWWGH!



YIPPEEEE! THAT'S IT, YOU UGLY BRUTES ... RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE STAR-GOD HAS STRUCK AGAIN!

NAAARL!

GLAAAORRRRLGH!

NARRL!



BUT ONE OF THE FLEEING CREATURES CRASHED INTO GINA ... AND!

AAAAOWWWWWGH!

OH, NO! NOT THE SWAMP! GINA!

Is Gina doomed? Find out in the next exciting instalment!



# JOURNEY TO THE STARS

Gina had fallen into a swamp-hole and only Spidey could save her!

SNATCHED FROM EARTH BY AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP, THE REDFORD FAMILY HAD BEEN LURED TO THE SURFACE OF AN UNKNOWN PLANET BY A MYSTERIOUS TRACTOR-BEAM. WITH THE HELP OF THE SHIP'S ROBOT, SPIDEY, YOUNG ANDY REDFORD ROUTED A TRIBE OF TOAD-CREATURES WHO HAD CAPTURED ANDY'S FATHER AND SISTER. BUT IN THE CONFUSION,

AHIIIIIIIIII!

OH, NO! ONE OF THE TOAD-MEN COLLIDED WITH GINA... HE'S KNOCKED HER INTO THE SWAMP-HOLE!

TO THE RESCUE, WIRE-BRAIN! COME ON!

BLEEEEEEP!

WHAT ON EARTH...? ANDY!

HELLLLLLP!

GET WEAVING, YOU WALKING JUNK-HEAP! USE THAT WEB-FIBRE OF YOURS TO PULL HER OUT!

WEB-FIBRE, INDEED!

HOW DARE YOU REFER TO MY HYPER-FLEXIBLE, KRYLENE MESH AS 'FIBRE'! ... FSSSSSSSS!

GREAT SCOTT ALIVE...!

ALL RIGHT GINA RELAX: WE'VE GOT YOU!

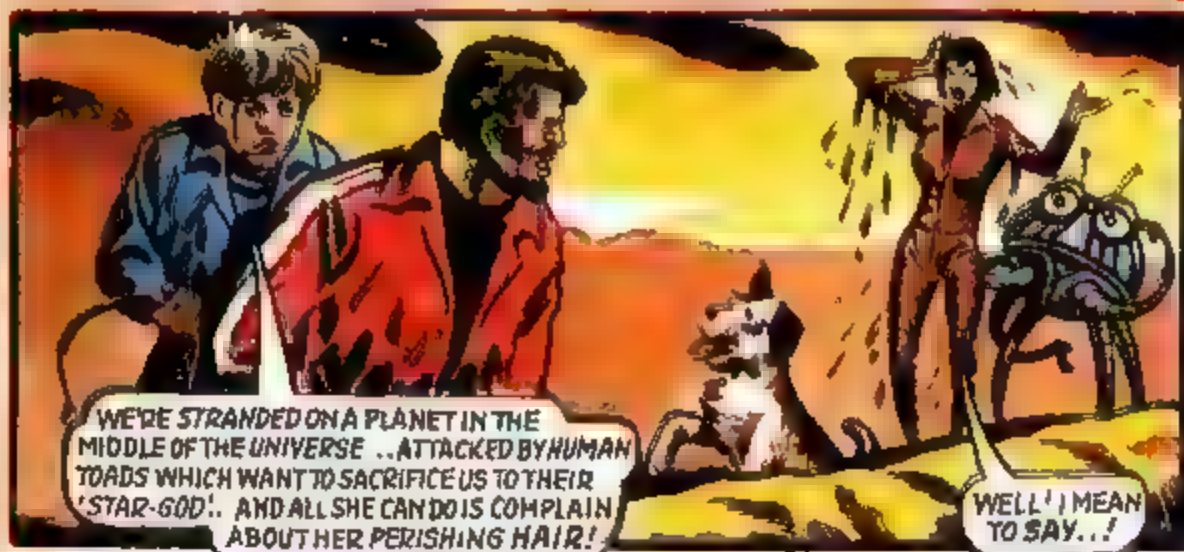
UUU-  
UUULLLLGH!

WELL DONE, ANDY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LASS?

OF COURSE I'M NOT ALL RIGHT! LOOK AT MY HAIR... MY CLOTHES! IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE WORN THESE JEANS! I MUST SMELL LIKE A PIG-STY!

DON'T BELIEVE IT! LISTEN TO HER...!





WE'RE STRANDED ON A PLANET IN THE MIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE... ATTACKED BY HUMAN TOADS WHICH WANT TO SACRIFICE US TO THEIR 'STAR-GOD'! AND ALL SHE CAN DO IS COMPLAIN ABOUT HER PERISHING HAIR!

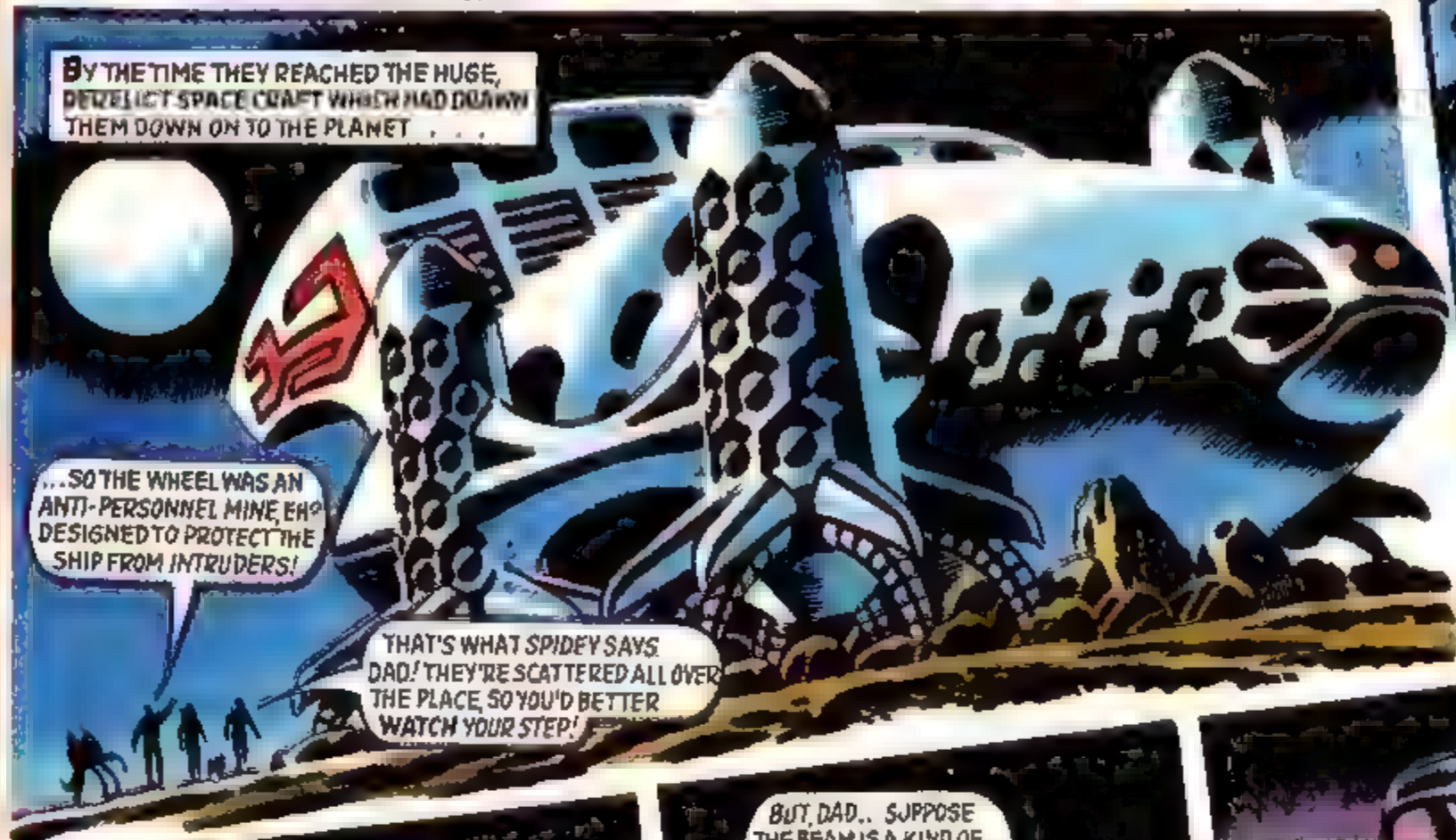
WELL! I MEAN TO SAY...



AFTER THE EXASPERATED ANDY FREED HIS FATHER.

WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE TOAD-MEN REGAIN THEIR COURAGE!

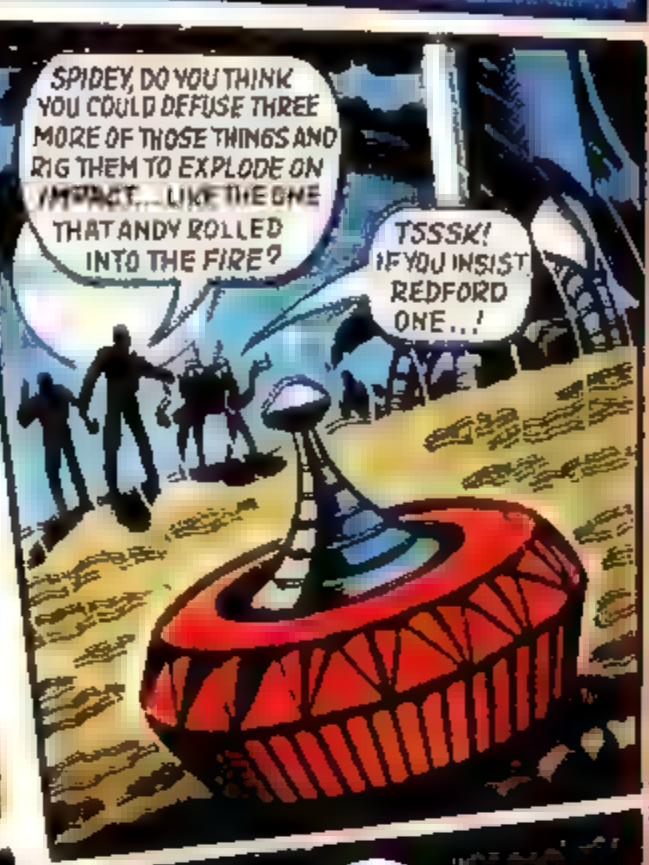
RIGHT! BUT YOU'VE A LOT TO TELL ME, SON! FOR A START, WHAT WAS THAT 'EXPLODING WHEEL' YOU ROLLED INTO THE CAMP-FIRE?



BY THE TIME THEY REACHED THE HUGE, DERELICT SPACE CRAFT WHICH HAD DRAWN THEM DOWN ON TO THE PLANET...

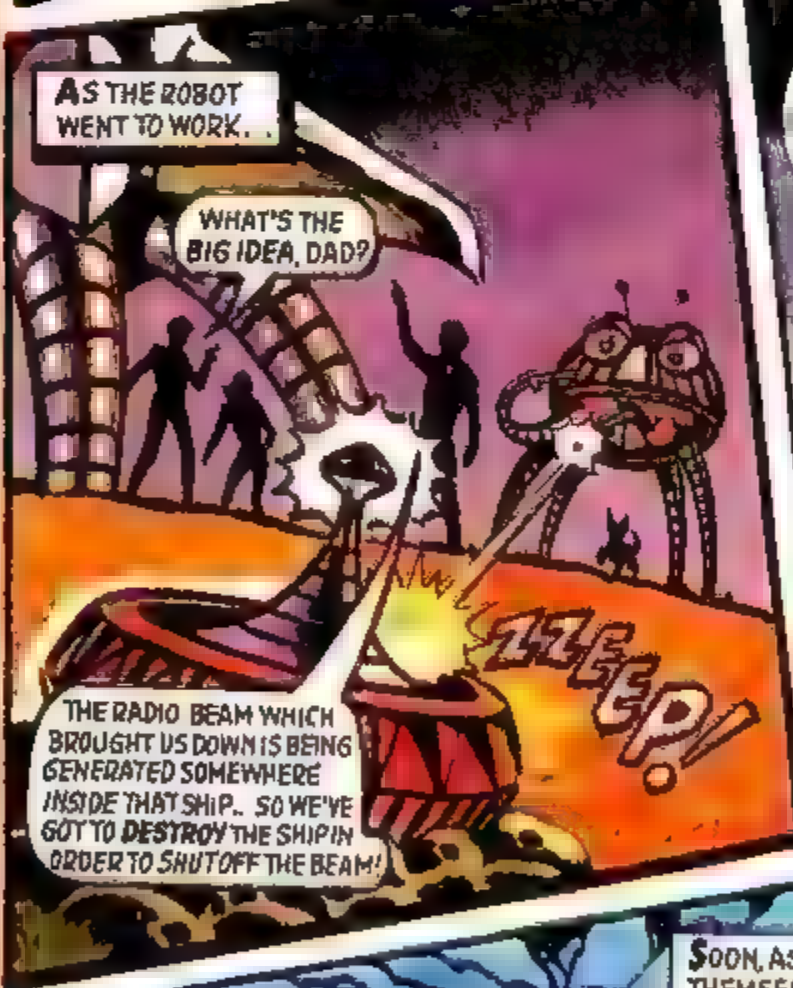
...SO THE WHEEL WAS AN ANTI-PERSONNEL MINE, EH? DESIGNED TO PROTECT THE SHIP FROM INTRUDERS!

THAT'S WHAT SPIDEY SAYS DAD! THEY'RE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE PLACE, SO YOU'D BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP!



SPIDEY, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD DEFUSE THREE MORE OF THOSE THINGS AND RIG THEM TO EXPLODE ON IMPACT... LIKE THE ONE THAT ANDY ROLLED INTO THE FIRE?

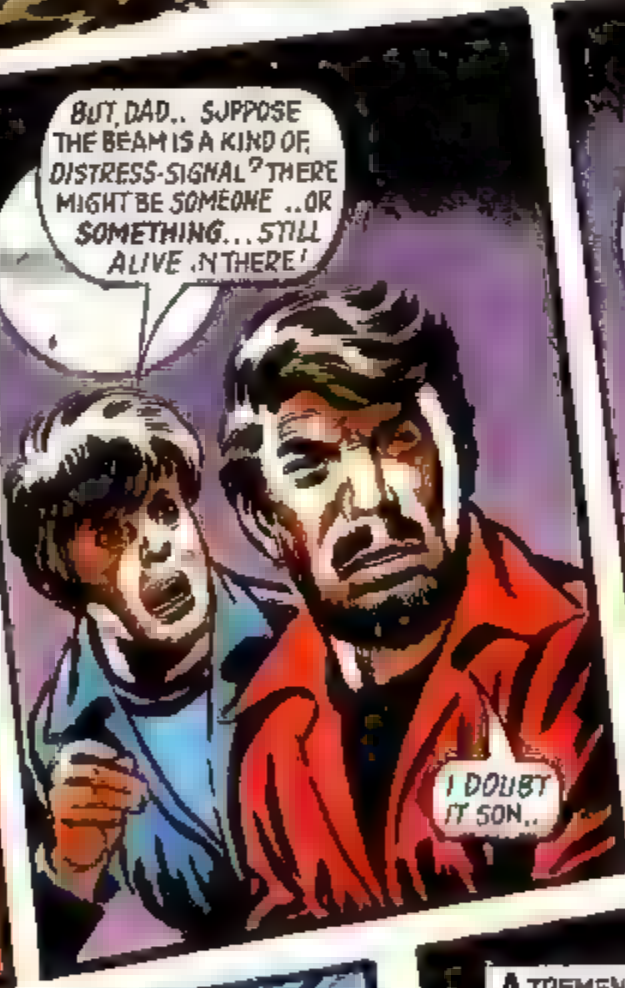
TSSSK! IF YOU INSIST REDFORD ONE...



AS THE ROBOT WENT TO WORK...

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, DAD?

THE RADIO BEAM WHICH BROUGHT US DOWN IS BEING GENERATED SOMEWHERE INSIDE THAT SHIP. SO WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THE SHIP IN ORDER TO SHUT OFF THE BEAM!



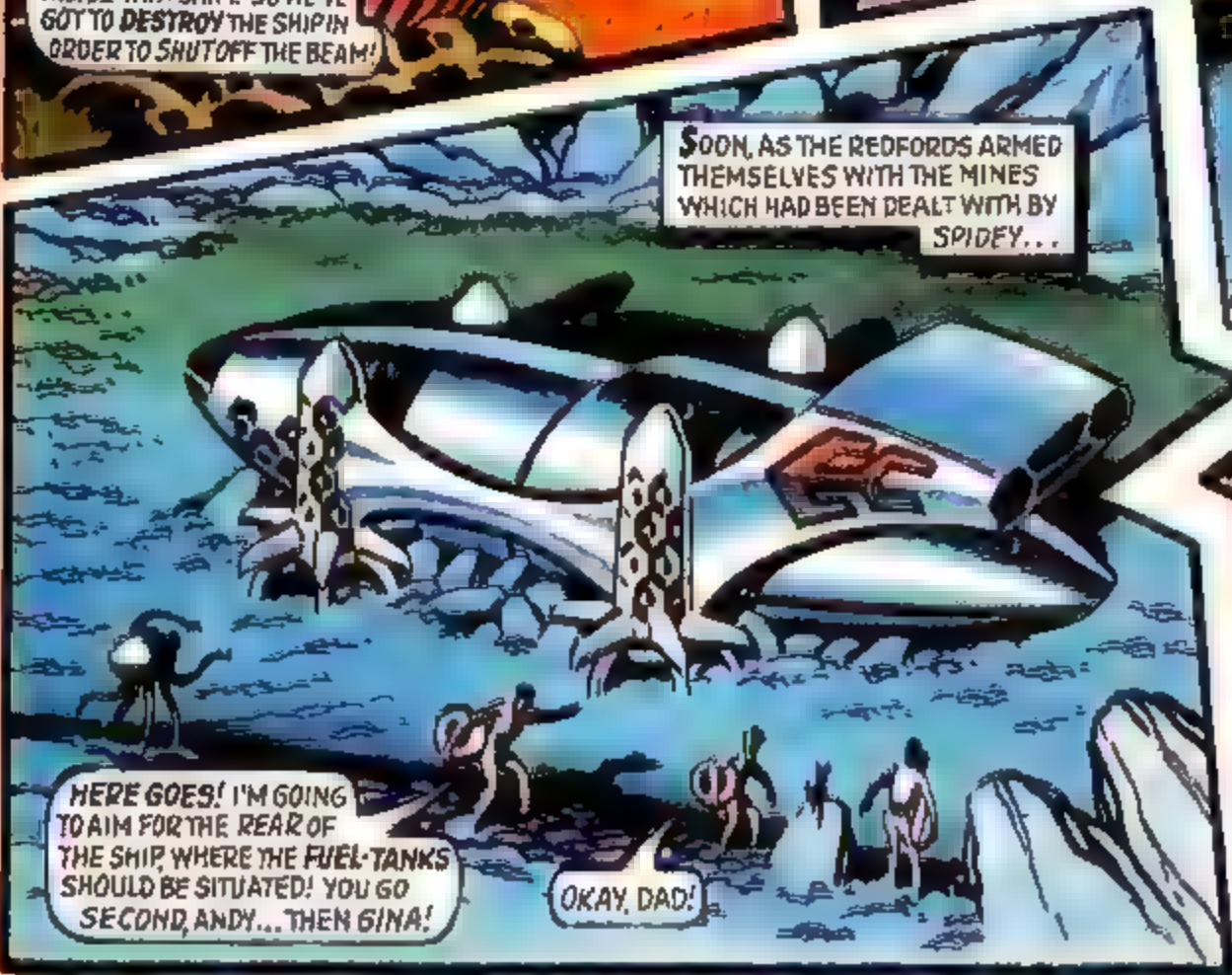
BUT, DAD... SUPPOSE THE BEAM IS A KIND OF DISTRESS-SIGNAL? THERE MIGHT BE SOMEONE... OR SOMETHING... STILL ALIVE IN THERE!

I DOUBT IT SON...



THAT SHIP HAS BEEN THERE A LONG TIME! IF THERE WAS ANY FORM OF LIFE LEFT ABOARD HER, IT WOULD HAVE EMERGED BY NOW!

I GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HER OR WHERE SHE CAME FROM



SOON, AS THE REDFORDS ARMED THEMSELVES WITH THE MINES WHICH HAD BEEN DEALT WITH BY SPIDEY...

HERE GOES! I'M GOING TO AIM FOR THE REAR OF THE SHIP, WHERE THE FUEL-TANKS SHOULD BE SITUATED! YOU GO SECOND, ANDY... THEN GINA!

OKAY, DAD!



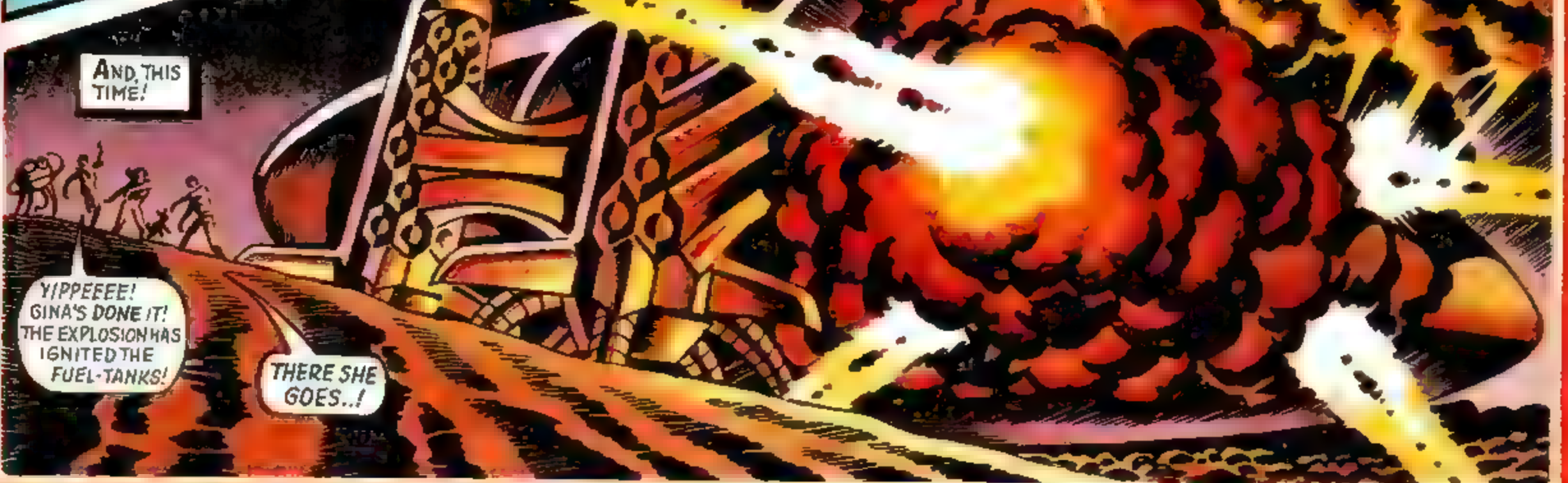
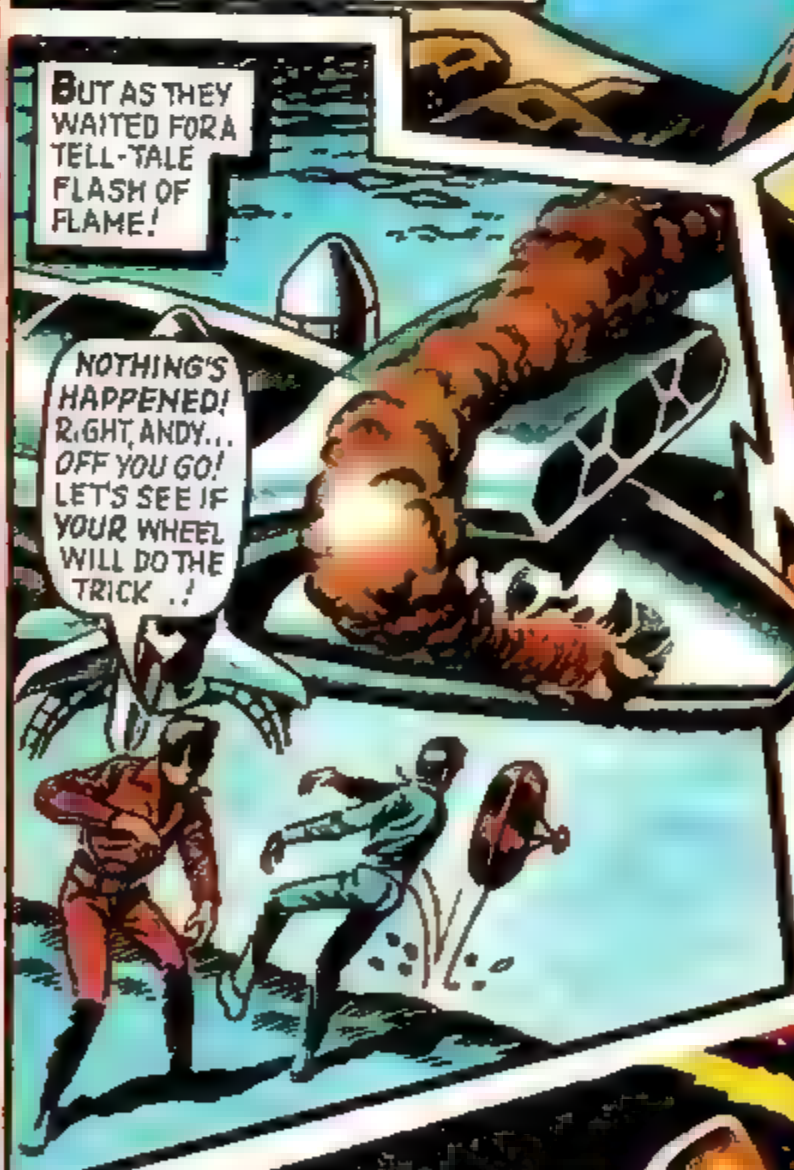
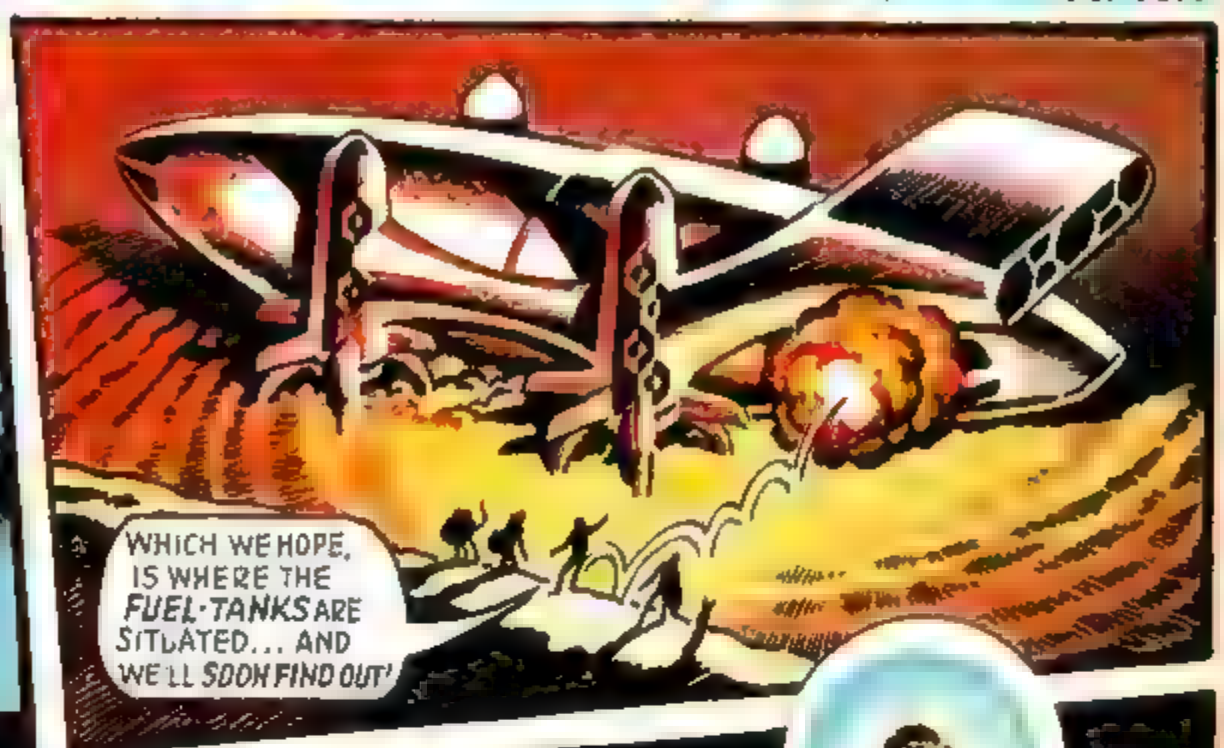
A TREMENDOUS HEAVE BY SAM AND THE FIRST EXPLODING WHEEL WENT ROCKETING ON ITS WAY!

NOW HOPE AND PRAY THAT THIS WORKS! IF IT DOESN'T...

... WE COULD BE STRANDED ON THIS INFERNAL PLANET FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!

More outer-space adventure with the Redfords again next week!









AS THEY TURNED AWAY FROM THE DOOMED, BURNING HULK...

SHE'S FINISHED... AND SO IS THE GADGET THAT WAS SENDING OUT THE BEAM!

LET'S HOPE SO, ANDY! WE WON'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN UNTIL WE GET BACK TO OUR OWN SHIP..!

I CAN'T WAIT! COME ON!

NO, THANK YOU! BLEEP!...

WANT A LIFT, SPIDEY?

I WOULD RATHER WALK THAN SUFFER THE INDIGNITY OF ANOTHER... PIGGY-BACK!

BUT AS THEY CAME WITHIN SIGHT OF THE 'FLYING FROG'!

OH, NO... THE TOAD-MEN! THEY'VE FOUND OUR STAR-SHIP!

THEY'RE BOMBARDING IT WITH ROCKS!

HURRAA-ALLGH!

RRRR-GRRRR-WAAAF!

WHAT THE...? DIGGER, COME BACK!

THE LITTLE CHUMP... HE'S ATTACKING THEM!

HE'LL GET HIMSELF KILLED!

BUT, INCREDIBLY!

HA-HAAAA! THEY'RE RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES! RUNNING FROM DIGGER!

I'M NOT SURPRISED! THEY'VE NEVER SEEN AN EARTH-DOG BEFORE... NOT EVEN A TICHYONE!

AS THE SCREAMING TOAD-CREATURES VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT!...

GOOD OLD DIGGER! WHAT A SPACE-FIGHTER!

IN YOU GET, SPIDEY! WE'LL NEED YOU TO SET THE SHIP'S COMPUTERS FOR TAKE-OFF!

AND, MOMENTS LATER, TO THE FAMILY'S RELIEF!

NO TRACE OF THE HOLDING BEAM...

... ALL SYSTEMS FUNCTIONING NORMALLY!

HURR-AAAAY!

THANK GOODNESS FOR THAT! NOW MAYBE I CAN GRAB FRESHEN UP AND START FEELING LIKE A WOMAN AGAIN!

ALL I'M FEELING IS RELIEVED! I THOUGHT WE'D BE STRANDED ON THIS PLANET FOR EVER, DAD!

AYE! IT WAS A CLOSE CALL, ANDY! BUT WE'RE STILL 'PRISONERS' IN A WAY..!

... PRISONERS OF THE UNIVERSE! AND WHATEVER IS OUT THERE... WAITING FOR US!

LET'S JUST HOPE AND PRAY... THAT IT'S FRIENDLY!

Team up with the Redfords... and more adventure... next week!











MEANWHILE, AS GINA WANDERED GLOOMILY THRO' SHANTY TOWN PART OF THE SHIP.

NO ONE TO  
ROCKETS, SPACE  
JUNK - BUT THERE  
SITTING A BAR  
OF COPPER IN THE  
WHOLE R.I.E.

OH! COULD  
SCREAM  
REALLY  
LOUD.

ZEEEP!

AS GINA PLONKED  
HERSELF DOWN THE  
PRESSURE OF HER  
BODY ACTIVATED A  
CIRCUIT

AND A HATCH IN THE  
FLOOR HISSED OPEN!

GOSH! A SORT OF  
SECRET CHAMBER,  
HIDDEN UNDER THE  
FLOOR. WONDER WHAT  
IT CONTAINS?

BUT EVEN AS GINA  
CREPT FORWARD TO  
INVESTIGATE!

DAD, I'VE PICKED UP A BLIP  
ON THE SENSOR SCREEN THERE,  
SOMETHING OUT THERE MOVING  
VERY FAST!

AND IT'S  
HEADING  
STRAIGHT FOR THE  
FLYING FROG!

QUICKLY, SAM REDFORD  
CHANGED COURSE!

DAD THE OBJECT IS  
CHANGING COURSE  
TOO FOLLOWING  
US!

MY  
GUESS!

AS A RECEPTION SCREEN  
BROUGHT THE MYSTERIOUS  
PURSUER INTO CLOSE UP!

IT LOOKS LIKE  
SOME KIND OF MISSILE -  
PROBABLY HOMING IN ON  
THE HEAT FROM OUR  
ENGINES!

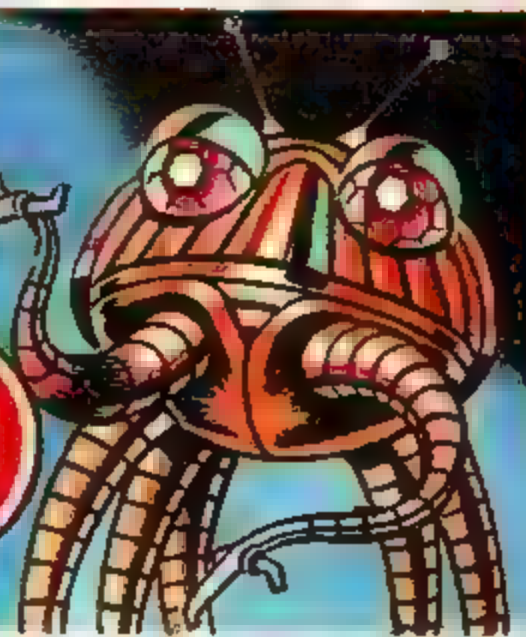
OUR ONLY CHANCE  
IS TO TRY AND OUT-RUN  
IT! BUT IF WE HAVEN'T  
GOT ENOUGH RESERVE  
OF SPEED...

IT'LL BLOW  
THE FLYING  
FROG TO  
ATOMS!

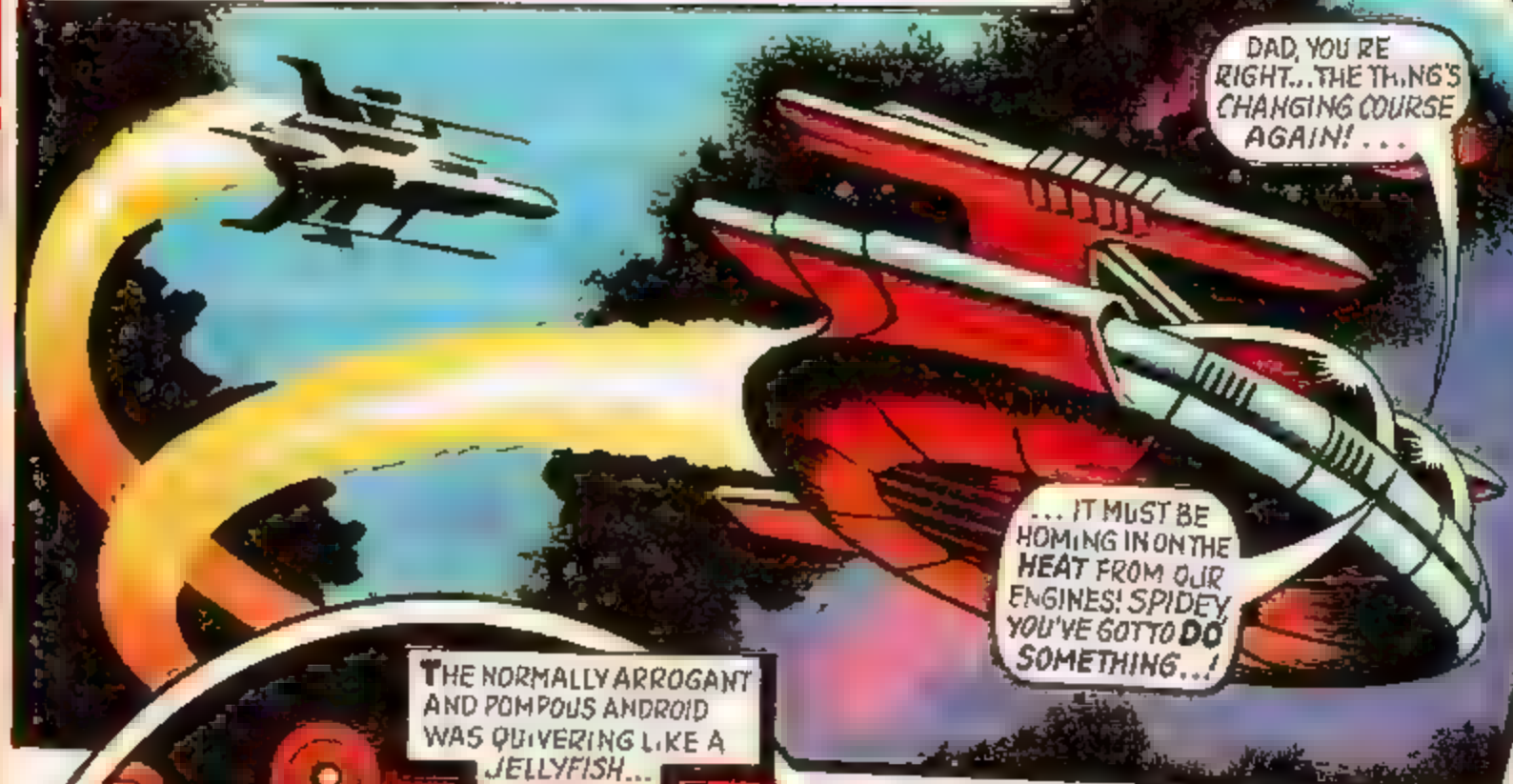
Will the Redfords be able to escape their pursuers? Find out next week!



# JOURNEY TO THE STARS



SNATCHED FROM EARTH BY AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP THE REDFORD FAMILY MANAGED TO DISPOSE OF THEIR CAPTORS, BUT WERE NOW LOST IN SPACE AND TIME. SUDDENLY, THEIR SHIP WAS MENACED BY A MISSILE WHICH SEEMED TO APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE!



DAD, YOU'RE RIGHT... THE THING'S CHANGING COURSE AGAIN!...

... IT MUST BE HOMING IN ON THE HEAT FROM OUR ENGINES! SPIDEY YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING...!

'SPIDEY' WAS THE SHIP'S ROBOT...

CAN YOU 'WARP' US OUT OF HERE... INTO ANOTHER SECTOR OF SPACE, HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY?

IMPOSSIBLE, REDFORD ONE!

I... I NEED TIME TO MAKE THE NECESSARY COMPUTER SETTINGS!

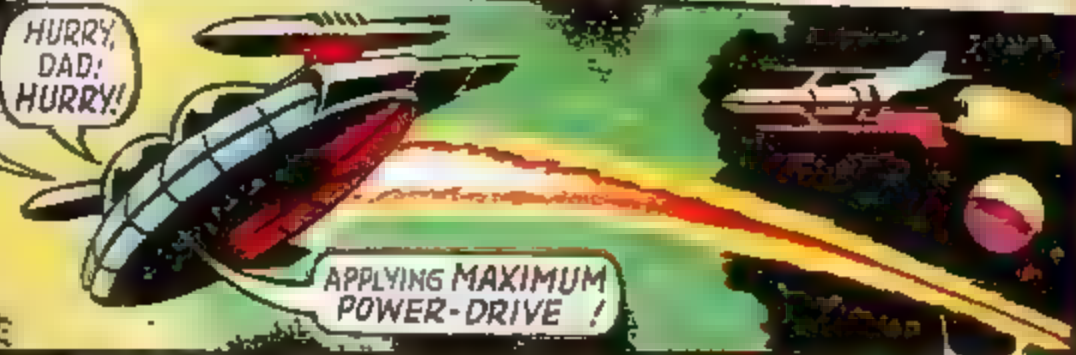


THE NORMALLY ARROGANT AND POMPOUS ANDROID WAS QUIVERING LIKE A JELLYFISH...

AT ITS PRESENT SPEED, THE MISSILE WILL MAKE CONTACT BEFORE WE COULD ACHIEVE SPATIAL WARP! BLEE-EEEEEP!

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO RELY ON OUR CONVENTIONAL PROPULSION-SYSTEM! ALL THE SPEED WE CAN MUSTER...!

HURRY, DAD! HURRY!

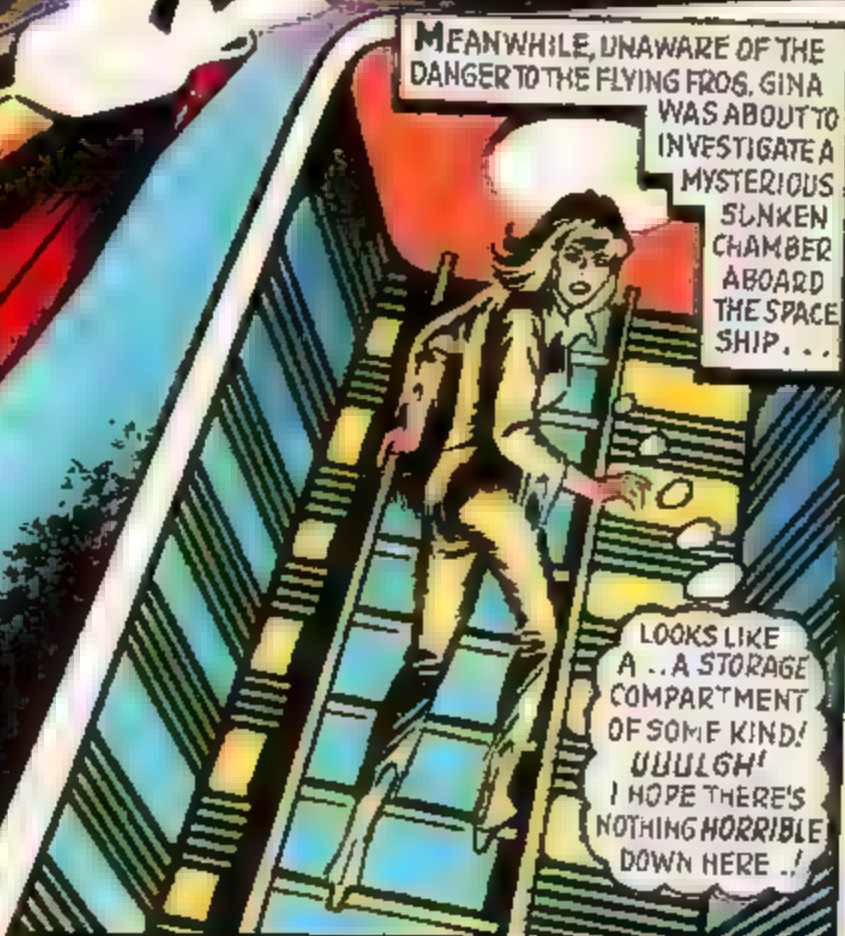


APPLYING MAXIMUM POWER-DRIVE!

**KTHOOOM!**



MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF THE DANGER TO THE FLYING FROG, GINA WAS ABOUT TO INVESTIGATE A MYSTERIOUS SUNKEN CHAMBER ABOARD THE SPACE SHIP...



LOOKS LIKE A... A STORAGE COMPARTMENT OF SOME KIND! UUULGH! I HOPE THERE'S NOTHING HORRIBLE DOWN HERE...!



SPECIMENS OF ROCKS, AND... AND WEIRD PLANTS-ARRANGED LIKE EXHIBITS IN A MUSEUM...!





... BUT THIS BIT LOOKS LIKE A SORT OF... SPACE-BOUTIQUE! AND THOSE JARS OF LIQUID... LABELLED WITH WEIRD CODE NUMBERS...

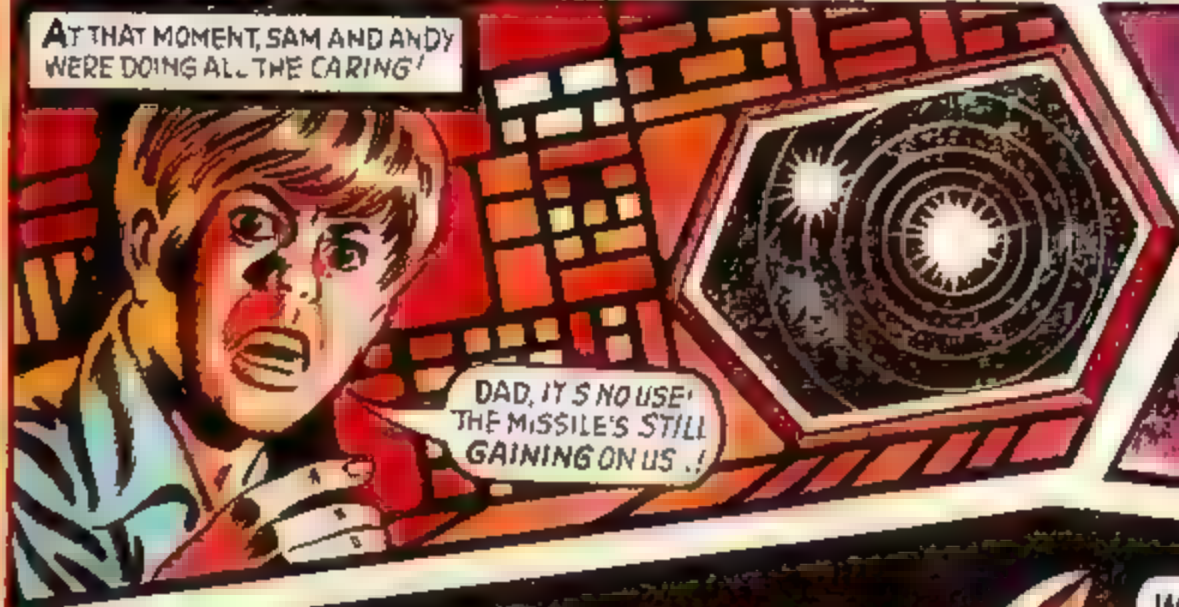


GINA WAS DESPERATE FOR A CHANGE OF CLOTHING... AND SOME MAKE-UP AND PERFUME TO FRESHEN HERSELF UP...

MMMMMMM... THAT'S LOVELY... **FANTASTIC!** BEATS ANY PERFUME THEY'VE GOT ON EARTH!



AND THIS IS JUST ABOUT MY SIZE! NO IDEA WHERE IT CAME FROM... BUT WHO CARES?

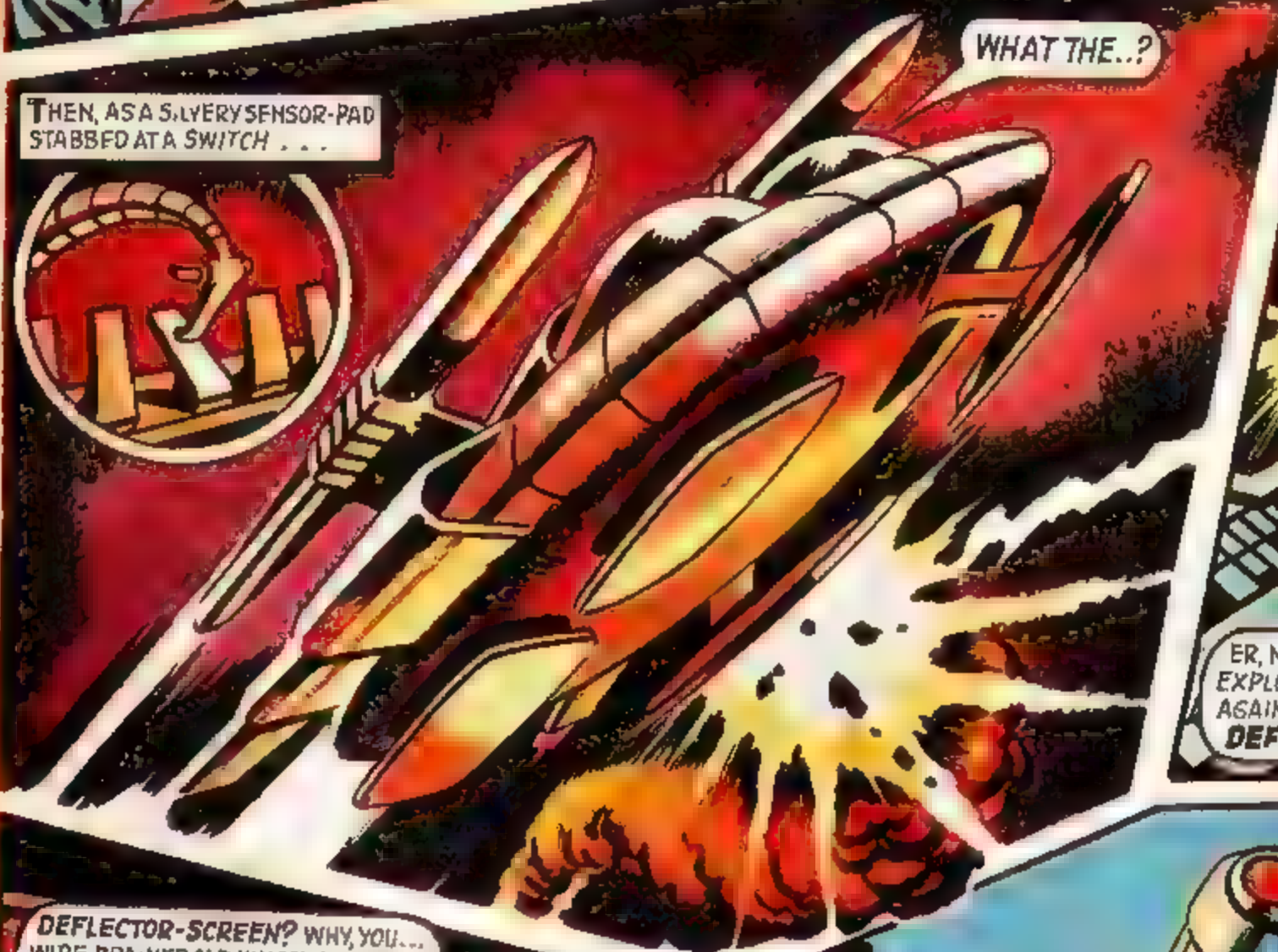


AT THAT MOMENT, SAM AND ANDY WERE DOING ALL THE CARING!

DAD, IT'S NO USE! THE MISSILE'S STILL GAINING ON US!



IT'S GOING TO HIT! WE'RE FINISHED!



THEN, AS A SILVERY SENSOR-PAD STABBED AT A SWITCH...

WHAT THE...?



WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE! NO SIGN OF ANY DAMAGE!

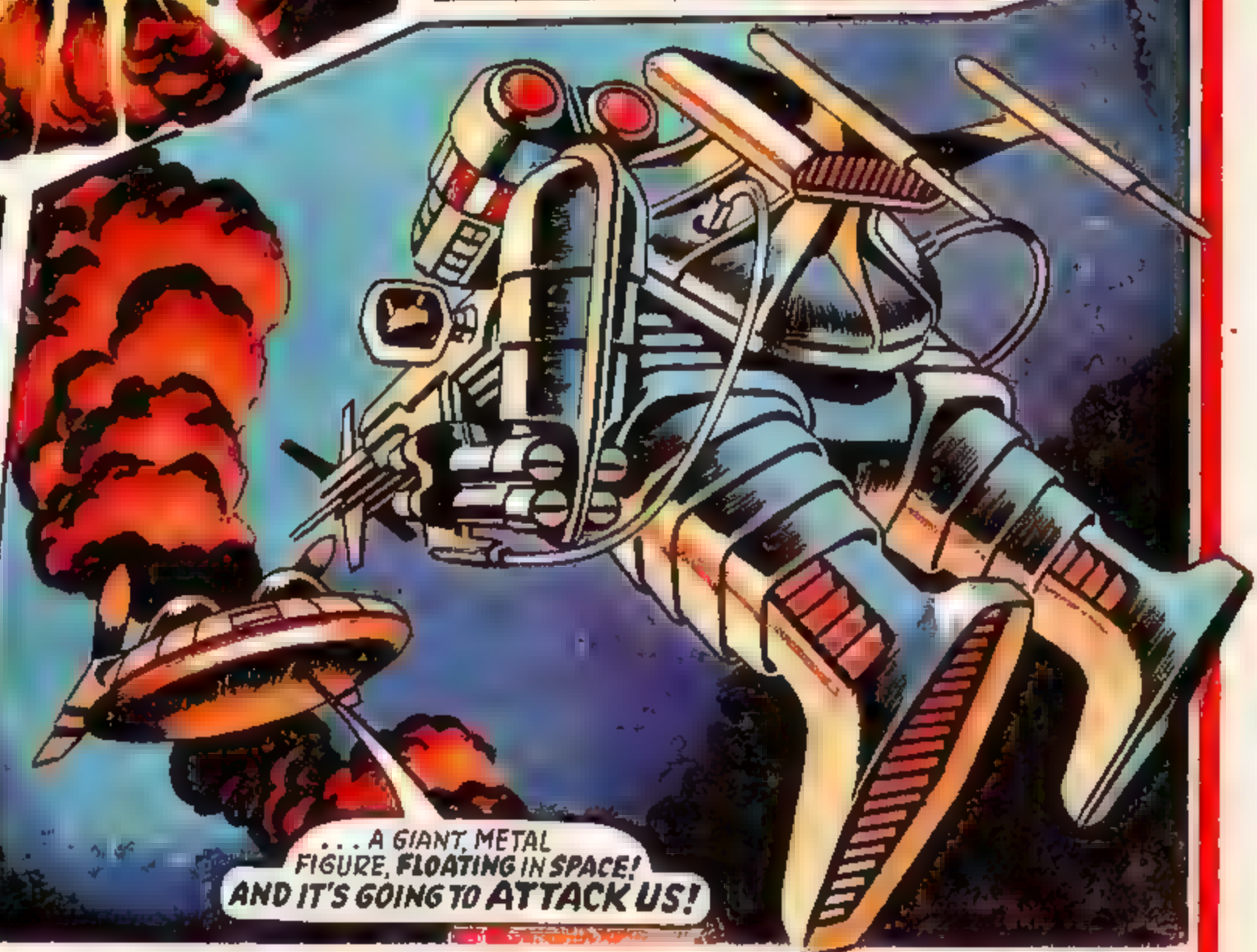
THE MISSILE JUST SEEMED TO DESTROY ITSELF!

ER, NOT EXACTLY! IT EXPLODED HARMLESSLY AGAINST THE SHIP'S AFT DEFLECTOR-SCREEN!



DEFLECTOR-SCREEN? WHY, YOU... WIRE-BRAINED OLD NINCOMPPOO! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US THAT THE SHIP IS EQUIPPED WITH DEFLECTOR-SCREENS?

DAD! THE VIDEO-SCREEN! LOOOOONK...



... A GIANT, METAL FIGURE, FLOATING IN SPACE! AND IT'S GOING TO ATTACK US!

What can the Redfords do now? Find out next week!



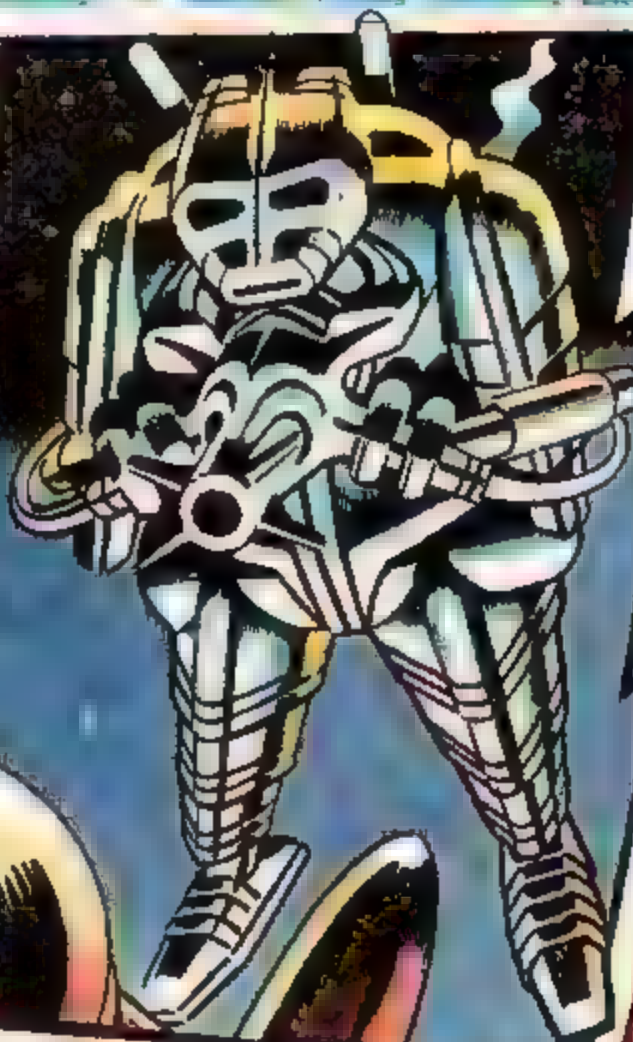
A giant, self-propelled robot fired on the Flying Frog in deep space!



SNATCHED FROM EARTH BY AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP, THE REDFORD FAMILY MANAGED TO DISPOSE OF THEIR CAPTORS, BUT WERE NOW LOST IN SPACE AND TIME. WHEN MISSILES APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE, THE SHIP'S ROBOT, SPIDEY, ACTIVATED THE FLYING FROG'S DEFLECTOR-SHIELDS IN THE NICK OF TIME. BUT THEN AN EVEN MORE TERRIFYING MENACE CONFRONTED THEM!

IT'S A... GIANT ROBOT—JUST HOVERING THERE! AS IF IT'S BARRING OUR WAY!

LOOKS AS IF IT'S ARMED WITH SOME KIND OF GUN, DAD!



EVEN AS YOUNG ANDY REDFORD SPOKE...

IT IS A GUN! THE THING'S FIRING AT US...!



SAM REDFORD TOOK FAST, EVASIVE ACTION...

YAAAOWWW! THAT WOULD HAVE BLOWN US INTO SPACE-DUST!

FIRST, MISSILES... AND NOW A GIANT, SELF-PROPELLED ROBOT! WHAT IN BLAZES IS GOING ON?



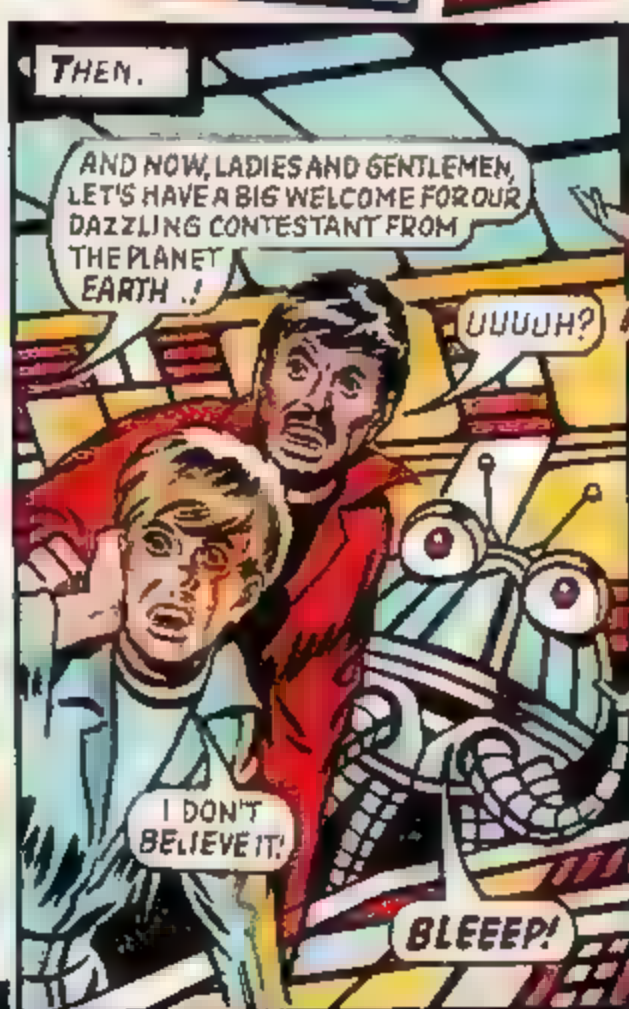
THEN...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET'S HAVE A BIG WELCOME FOR OUR DAZZLING CONTESTANT FROM THE PLANET EARTH..!

UUUUH?

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

BLEEP!



GINA!

TA-RAAAAA! FANCY MY CHANCES IN THE MISS UNIVERSE CONTEST?

...THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THIS STUFF CAME FROM, DAD...!

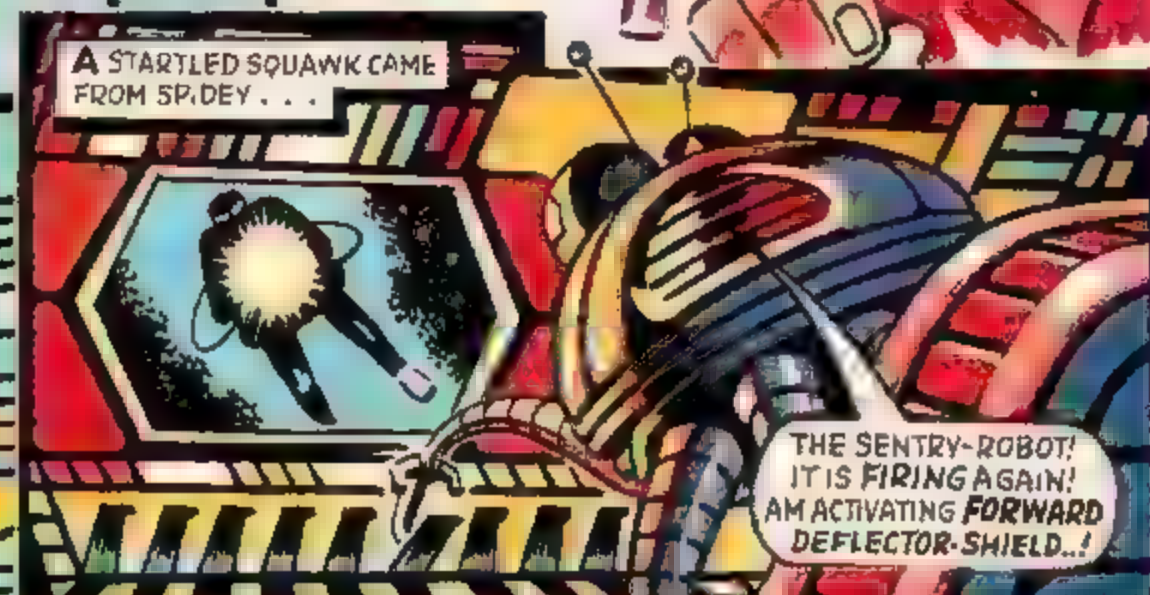


FOUND IT IN A CHAMBER UNDER THE FLOOR! PERFUMES, MAKE-UP AND THIS FANTASTIC GEAR! IT'S LIKE A COSMIC ALADDIN'S CAVE!

DAD, SHE DOESN'T KNOW! SHE REALLY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE!

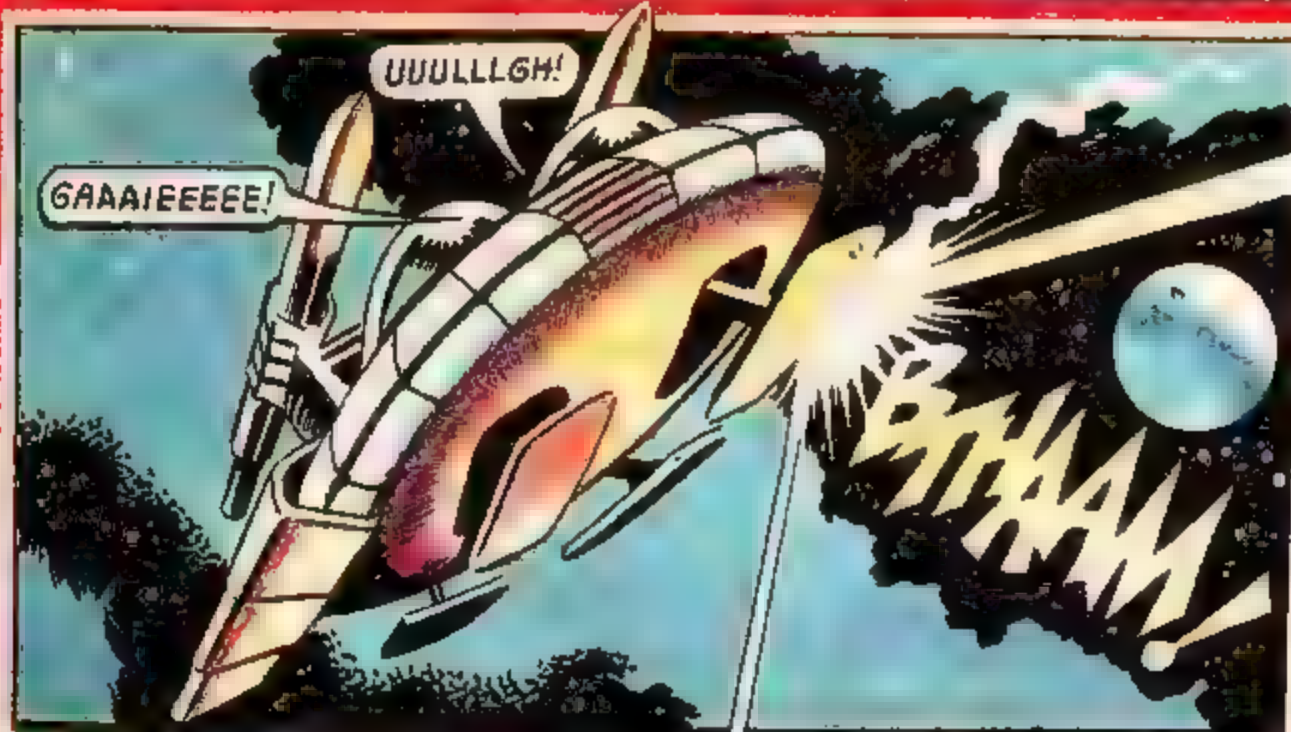


A STARTLED SQUAWK CAME FROM SPIDEY...



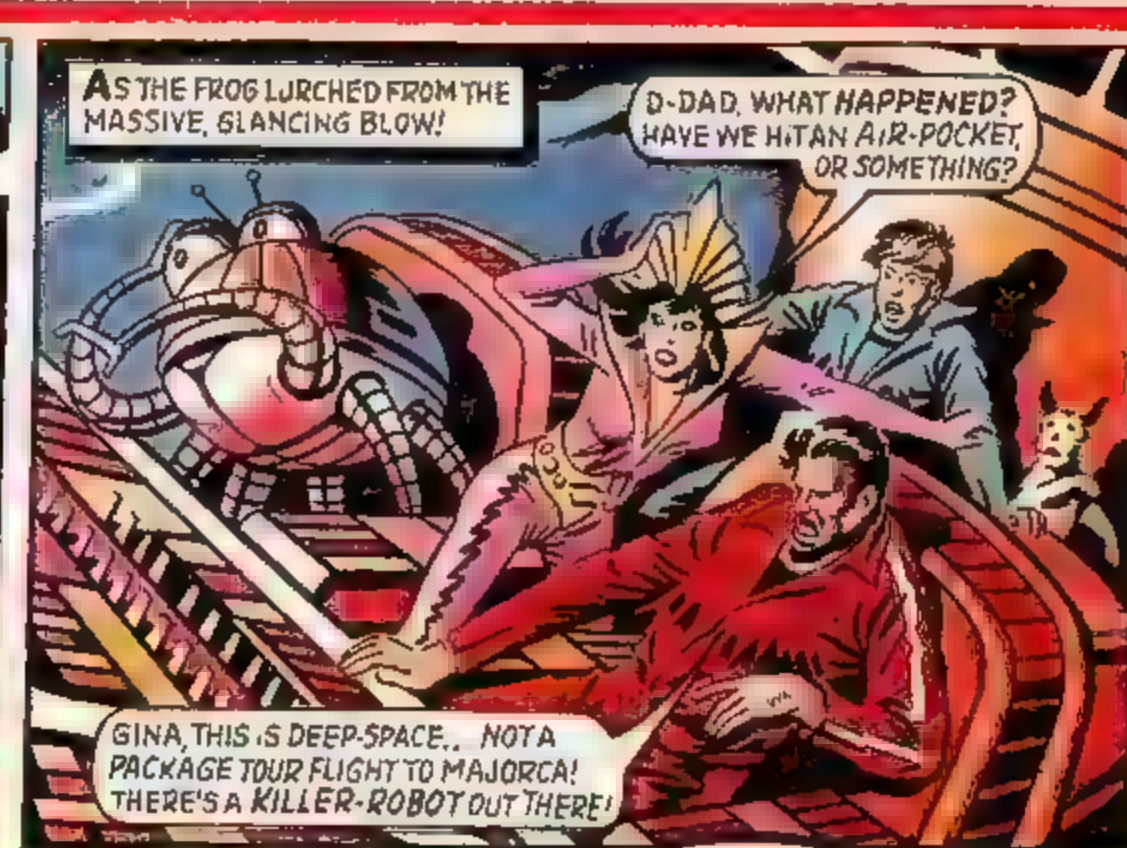
THE SENTRY-ROBOT! IT IS FIRING AGAIN! AM ACTIVATING FORWARD DEFLECTOR-SHIELD...!





GAAIEEEEE!

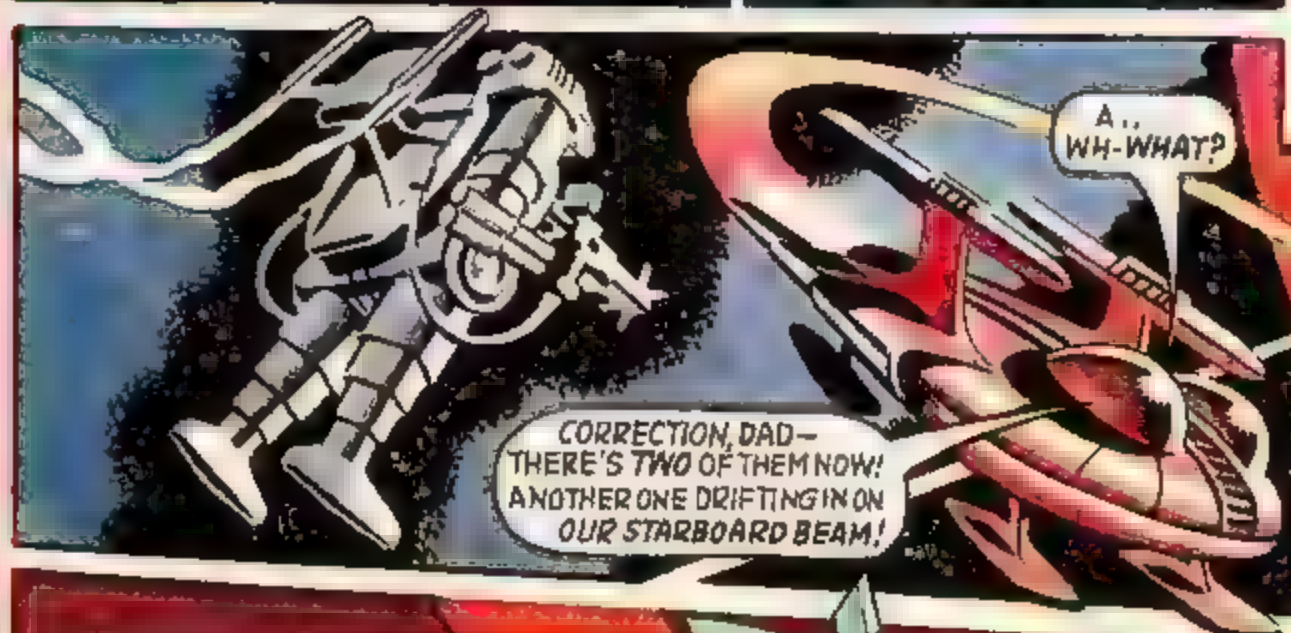
UUULLLGH!



AS THE FROG LURCHED FROM THE MASSIVE, GLANCING BLOW!

D-DAD, WHAT HAPPENED? HAVE WE HIT AN AIR-POCKET, OR SOMETHING?

GINA, THIS IS DEEP SPACE... NOT A PACKAGE TOUR FLIGHT TO MAJORCA! THERE'S A KILLER-ROBOT OUT THERE!



A... WH-WHAT?

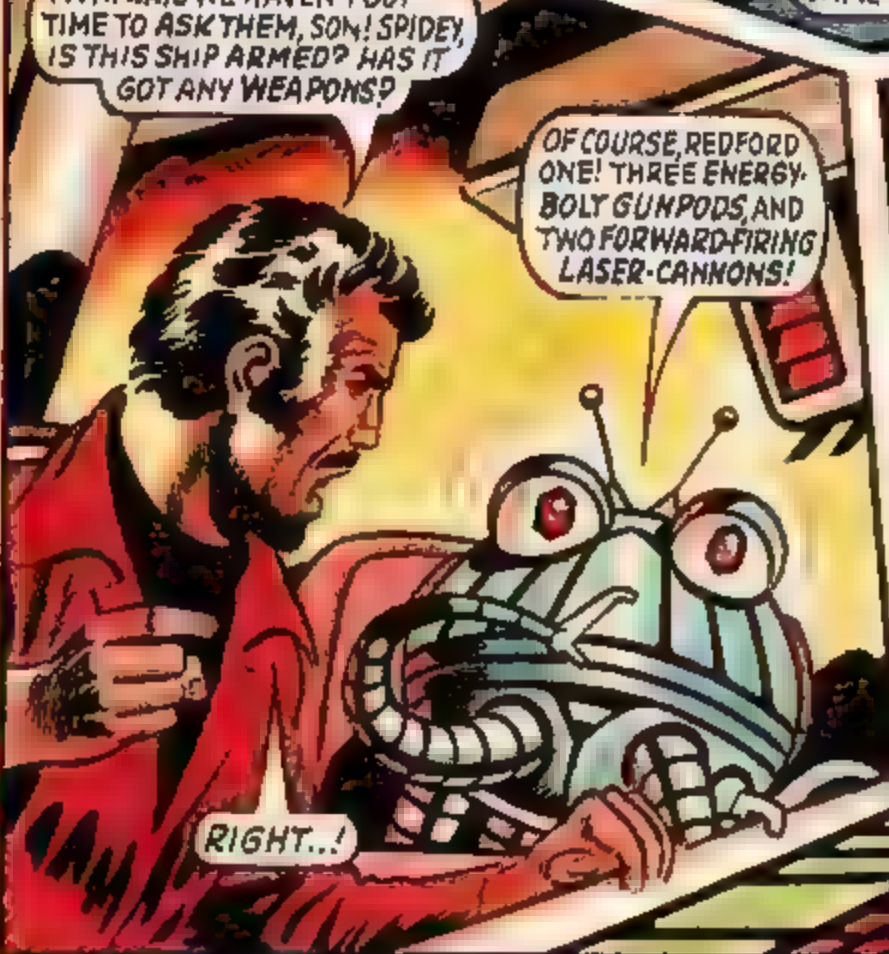
CORRECTION, DAD— THERE'S TWO OF THEM NOW! ANOTHER ONE DRIFTING IN ON OUR STARBOARD BEAM!

GOOD GRIEF!



SPACE-CRAFT... SMALLER THAN OURS, BUT PRETTY FAST! AND THEY'RE FIRING MISSILES!

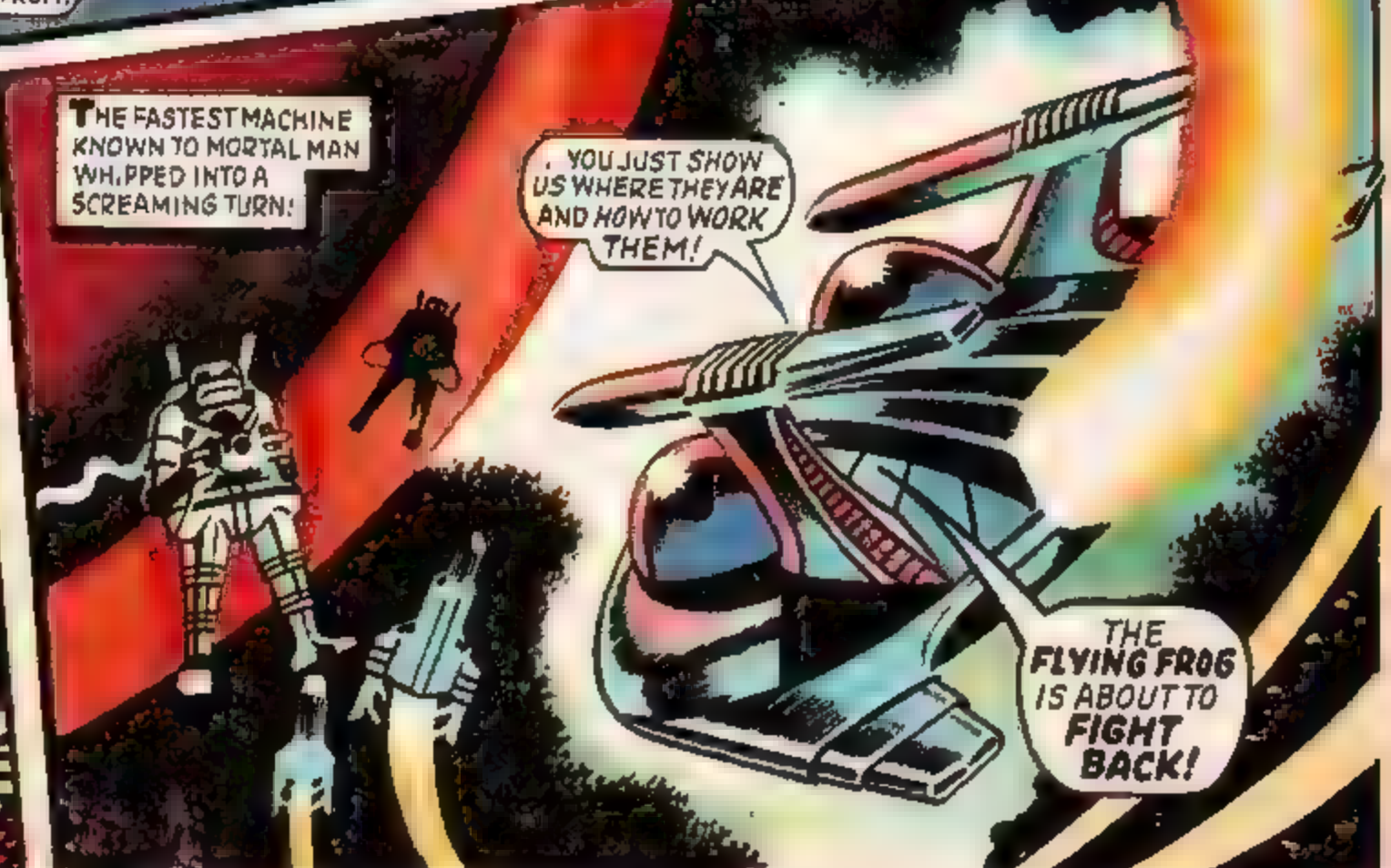
SO THAT'S WHERE THE OTHER MISSILES CAME FROM!



I'M AFRAID WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO ASK THEM, SON! SPIDEY, IS THIS SHIP ARMED? HAS IT GOT ANY WEAPONS?

OF COURSE, REDFORD. ONE! THREE ENERGY-BOLT GUNPODS, AND TWO FORWARD-FIRING LASER-CANNONS!

RIGHT...!



THE FASTEST MACHINE KNOWN TO MORTAL MAN WHIPPED INTO A SCREAMING TURN!

YOU JUST SHOW US WHERE THEY ARE AND HOW TO WORK THEM!

THE FLYING FROG IS ABOUT TO FIGHT BACK!

Can the Redfords survive the coming onslaught? Find out next week!



The Redfords fought a desperate survival battle in deep space!

# Journey to the STARS

**S**NATCHED FROM EARTH BY AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP, THE REDFORD FAMILY MANAGED TO DISPOSE OF THEIR CAPTORS, BUT WERE NOW LOST IN SPACE AND TIME. SUDDENLY GIANT SENTRY-ROBOTS APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE, AND FIRED ON THEIR STAR-SHIP, THE FLYING FROG, WHICH WAS THEN ATTACKED BY SPACE-FIGHTERS... SO SAM REDFORD DECIDED TO HIT BACK!

DAD, WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR ONE OF THE ROBOTS! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

I'M GOING TO GIVE THOSE SPACE-FIGHTERS A LITTLE DEMONSTRATION OF OUR SPEED AND FIRE-POWER ANDY...

DAD, HURRY! THE SENTRY-ROBOT HAS OPENED FIRE AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY, SON! WE TOOK THE WORST OF IT ON A DEFLECTOR SHIELD!

SAM REDFORD CALLED TO THE SHIP'S ROBOT, SPIDEY...

I'VE ACTIVATED THE FIRE-CONTROL STALK, SPIDEY! WHICH TRIGGER DO I PRESS TO FIRE THE LASER-CANNON?

THE BLUE ONE REDFORD ONE!

... NOW YOU TAKE THAT, GOLIATH!

WAHOOOOOO!

GINA REDFORD WAS WEARING EXOTIC CLOTHING AND 'MAKE-UP' WHICH SHE HAD FOUND IN A SPECIMEN CHAMBER...

WHAT A SHOT! YOU BLEW ITS HEAD OFF, DAD!

SPIDEY HAD ALREADY EXPOSED TWO MORE GUN-POSITIONS!

YOU TAKE THE PORT GUN, ANDY! YOUR SISTER CAN MAN THE OTHER ONE!

WHO... M-ME?

YOU MUST BE JOKING! I'VE NEVER EVEN FIRED A CATAPULT!

IT IS QUITE EASY, REDFORD TWO! JUST LOOK THROUGH THE SENSOR-SIGHT, AND DEPRESS THE FIRE-PEDAL WITH YOUR RIGHT FOOT!

I WAS AIMING FOR ITS CHEST, ACTUALLY! BUT NEVER MIND, SON! IT'S YOUR TURN NOW...



BUT AS THEY GAZED AROUND IN SEARCH OF TARGETS!

WE'RE ALONE IN SPACE!  
NO FIGHTERS... ROBOTS!  
NOTHING!

OUR COLOSSAL SPEED  
MUST HAVE OUT-STRIPPED  
THEM!

DAD,  
LOOK!

WE'RE APPROACHING A PLANET!  
I WONDER IF ITS CONNECTED WITH  
THOSE OTHER SHIPS AND THE  
SENTRY-ROBOT?

YOU COULD  
BE RIGHT,  
SON...

THERE'S ANOTHER  
ONE COMING IN AT US!  
IDENTICAL TO THE  
OTHER TWO!

AND IT'S  
FIRING!

A MASSIVE JOLT  
SHOOK THE  
FLYING FROG!

THWUNK!

WE...WE'RE HIT! THE  
PORT DEFLECTOR-SHIELD  
WAS TOO WEAK TO SHUNT  
THE CHARGE ASIDE!

BUT AS  
ANDY TOOK  
QUICK AIM!

GOT IT!  
I GOT IT!

YOU'VE DAMAGED IT,  
ANYWAY! GOOD SHOOTING,  
ANDY...

THE DAMAGED SPACE-  
FIGHTER HAD SLOWED  
TO A HALT!

RIGHT! LET'S GO AND  
TAKE A LOOK AT THE  
CHARACTERS WHO'VE  
BEEN ATTACKING US..!

WELL, NOT A SIGN OF  
LIFE! I CAN SEE RIGHT INTO  
THE FLIGHT DECK, BUT IT  
SEEMS TO BE EMPTY!

IT IS EMPTY,  
DAD...

...WE'VE BEEN  
FIGHTING A MASS OF  
AUTOMATED MACHINERY!  
IT'S JUST A... FLYING  
COMPUTER - LIKE THE  
OTHER SPACE-  
FIGHTERS!

AND IT'S BEEN  
TRYING TO KILL US!

THEN THE STRIDENT VOICE  
OF SPIDEY RANG IN THE  
EARS OF THE REDFORDS!

REDFORD ONE!  
I AM AFRAID THAT  
LAST ATTACK  
DAMAGED OUR  
COMPENSATORS!

WHAT'S THAT  
SUPPOSED TO MEAN  
WIRE-BRAIN?

THE FLYING FROG  
IS ABOUT TO  
EXPLODE! BLEEEEP!

What can the Redfords do now? Find out in the next exciting episode!



# SPEED

12

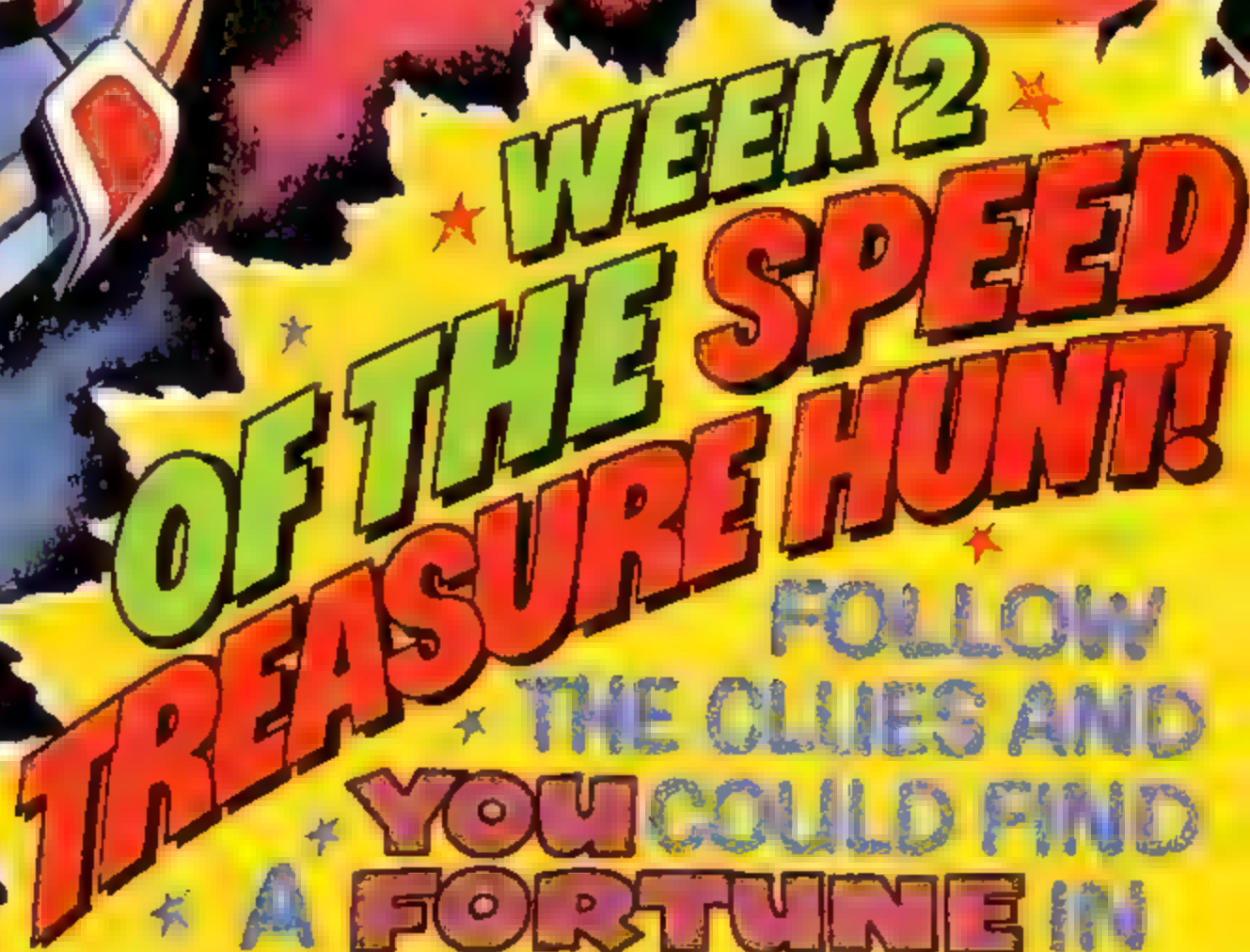
**EVERY MONDAY**

**YIPPEEEEE!**  
I GOT IT—  
**I GOT IT!**

GINA, FOR PETE'S SAKE!  
THIS ISN'T A SHOOTING  
GALLERY! YOU WERE SUPPOSED  
TO DAMAGE THAT CRAFT, NOT  
BLOW IT INTO SPACE-DUST!



# Journey to the STARS



**WEEK 2**  
**OF THE SPEED**  
**TREASURE HUNT!**  
FOLLOW  
THE CLUES AND  
YOU COULD FIND  
A FORTUNE IN

10/15/05 2011 2:15 PM 16 100 50



CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER

NEVER MIND! I DOUBT IF THERE WAS ANY FORM OF LIFE ABOARD THAT FIGHTER!

BUT DAD, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Giant robots! spacecraft without crews... and all programmed to attack!

Aye! and someone... or something... must have programmed them!

IF I MIGHT INTERRUPT, REDFORD ONE... THE SHIP'S COMPENSATORS SUSTAINED DAMAGE DURING THE BATTLE! THERE IS A SERIOUS ENERGY OVERLOAD IN ONE OF OUR POWER-CELLS!

CUT THE JARGON AND SPELL IT OUT, SPIDEY!

CERTAINLY, BLEEP! UNLESS WE LAND AND EFFECT REPAIRS WITHIN TWO STERADS... THIS SHIP IS GOING TO EXPLODE!

MY GRIEF! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO? TWO 'STERADS' IS APPROXIMATELY—!

FIVE EARTH-MINUTES, DAD! THAT PLANET IS OUR ONLY CHANCE... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST...!

AS YOUNG ANDY REDFORD BEGAN TO MONITOR CONDITIONS ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE, HE KNEW THAT ONLY THE SPEED OF THE FLYING FROG COULD SAVE THEM!

BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE! STABLE CLIMATE! NO DETECTABLE EXTREMES OF HEAT AND COLD...! SOUNDS IDEAL!

BUT WHAT PLANET IS IT? ANY IDEAS, SPIDEY?

STARRY VENUS VIZU VIZU VIZU

ACCORDING TO THE STAR MAP CHART, IT APPEARS TO BE 'VETHI 4'—A COLONY OF THE JHALDIAN FEDERATION!

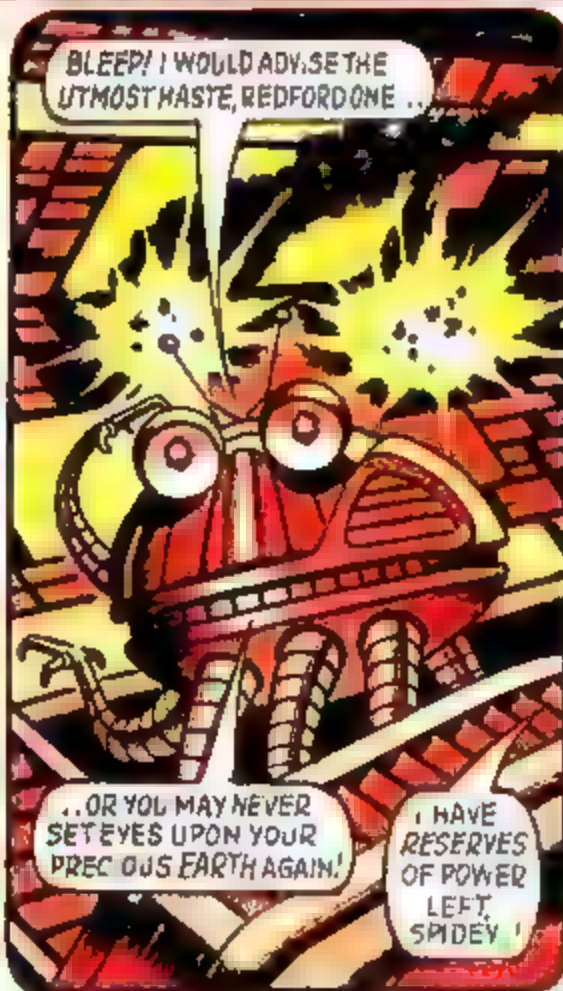
A COLONY! THAT MEANS PEOPLE, DAD! ... PERHAPS PEOPLE LIKE US!

WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT, G'NA...!





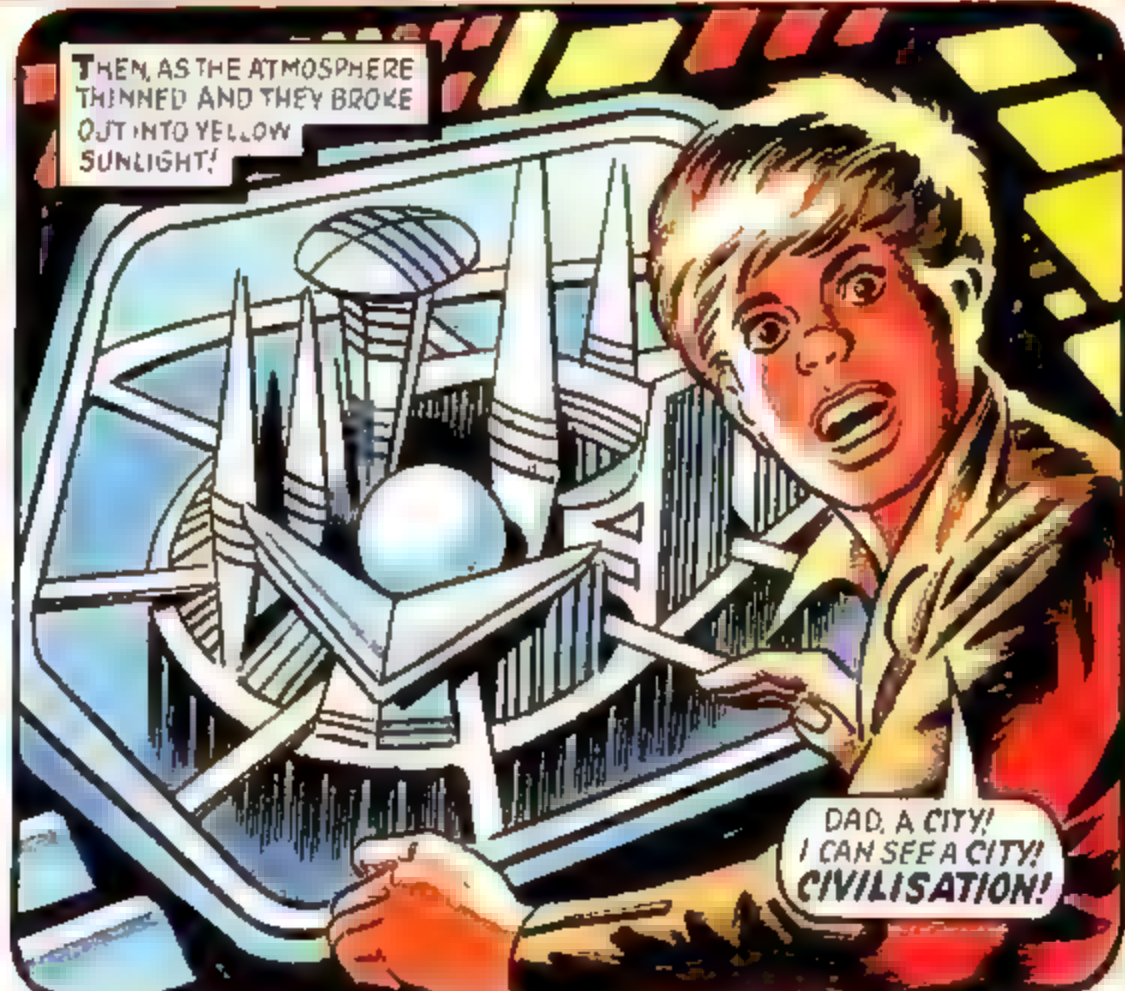
THE SPEED OF THIS SHIP MIGHT HAVE TAKEN US INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION... A WORLD IN WHICH LIFE FORMS AND SYSTEMS ARE UTTERLY ALIEN TO US!... UNLIKE ANYTHING WE HAVE EXPERIENCED ON EARTH!



BLEEP! I WOULD ADVISE THE UTMOST HASTE, REDFORD ONE...

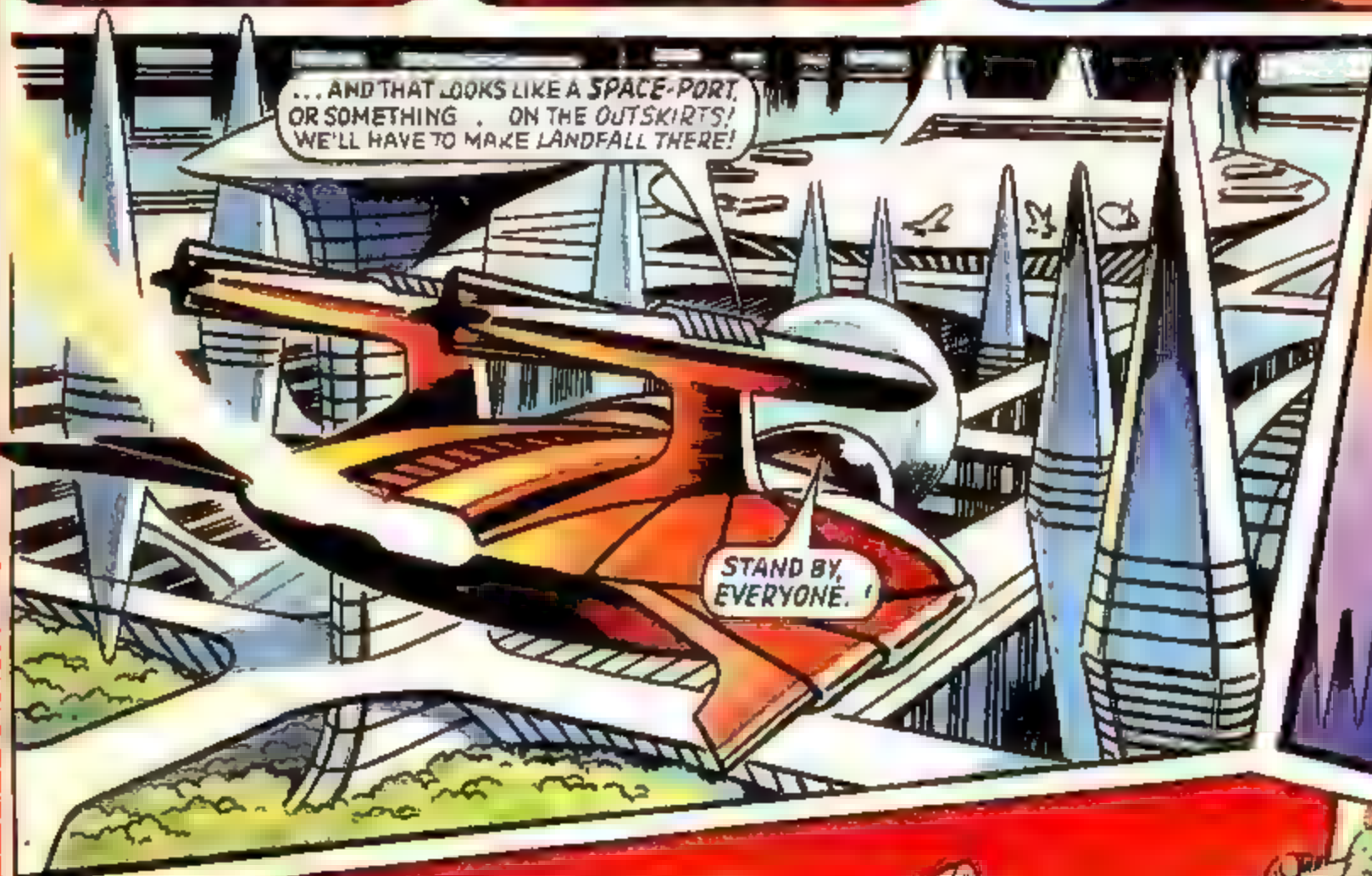
...OR YOU MAY NEVER SET EYES UPON YOUR PRECIOUS EARTH AGAIN!

I HAVE RESERVES OF POWER LEFT, SPIDEY!



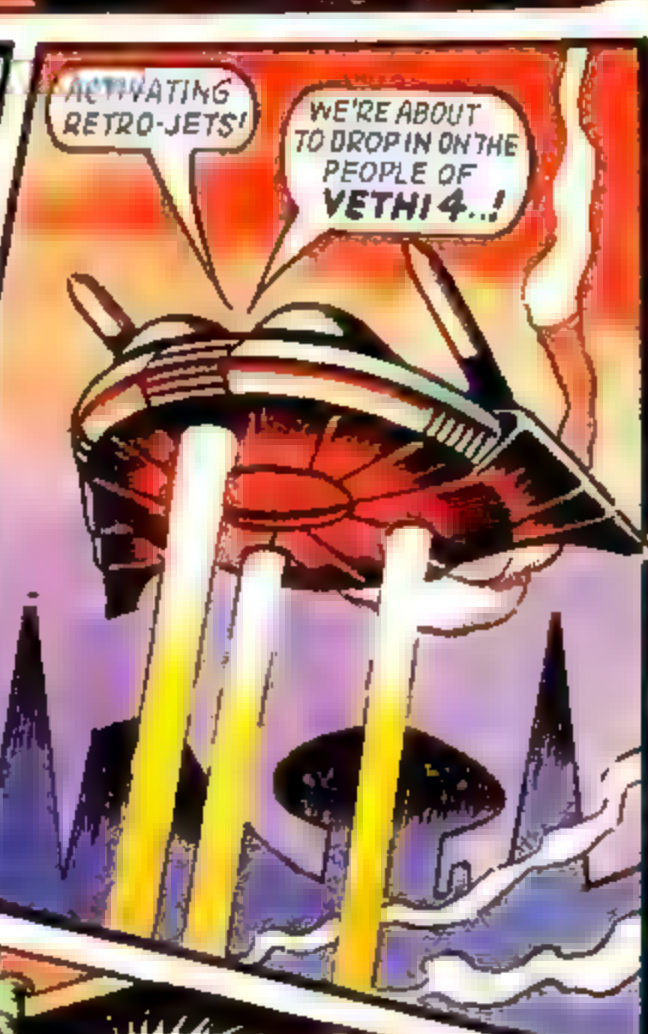
THEN, AS THE ATMOSPHERE THINNED AND THEY BROKE OUT INTO YELLOW SUNLIGHT!

DAD, A CITY! I CAN SEE A CITY! CIVILISATION!



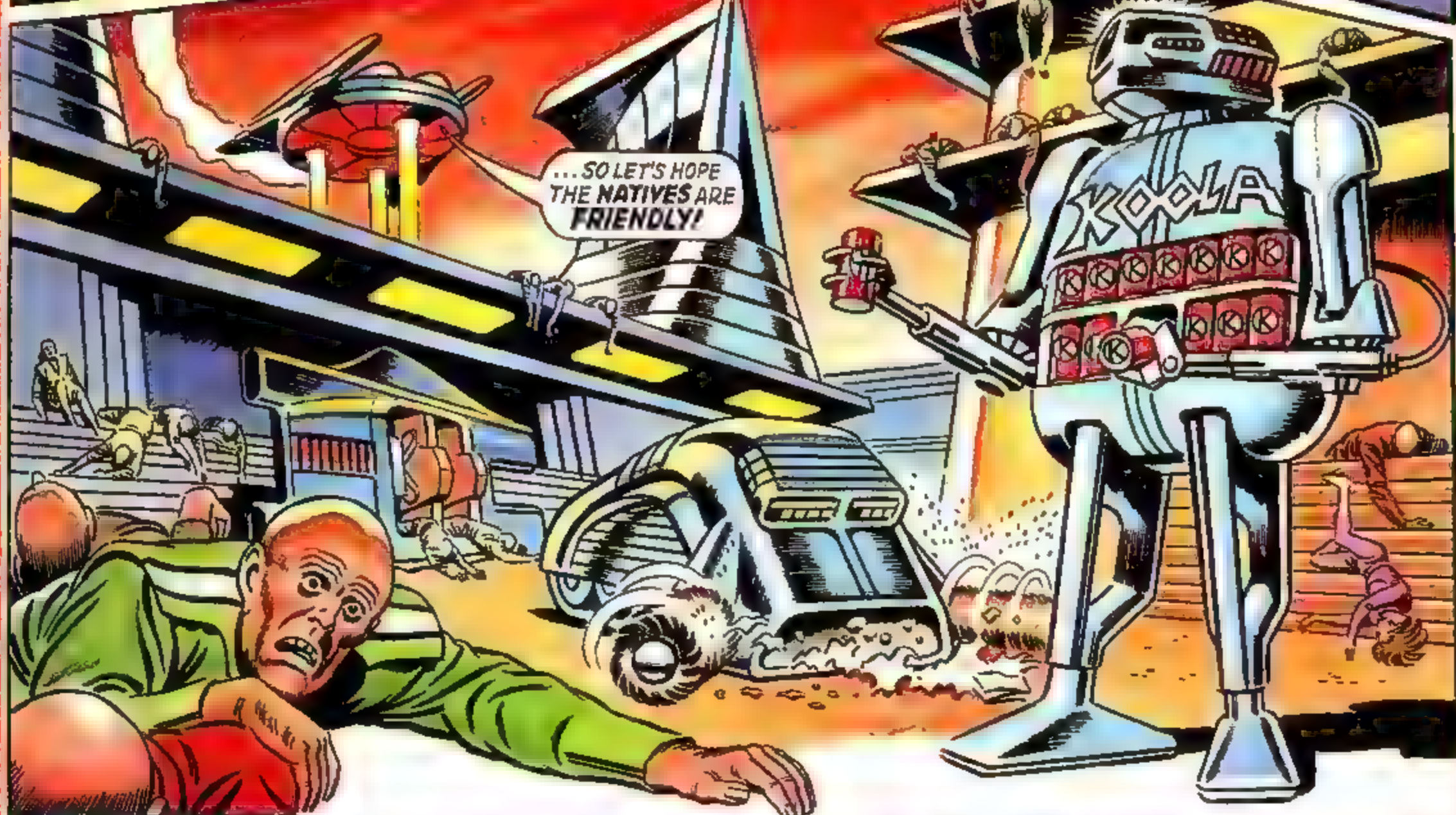
...AND THAT LOOKS LIKE A SPACE-PORT, OR SOMETHING... ON THE OUTSKIRTS! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE LANDFALL THERE!

STAND BY, EVERYONE!



ACTIVATING RETRO-JETS!

WE'RE ABOUT TO DROP IN ON THE PEOPLE OF VETHI 4..!



...SO LET'S HOPE THE NATIVES ARE FRIENDLY!

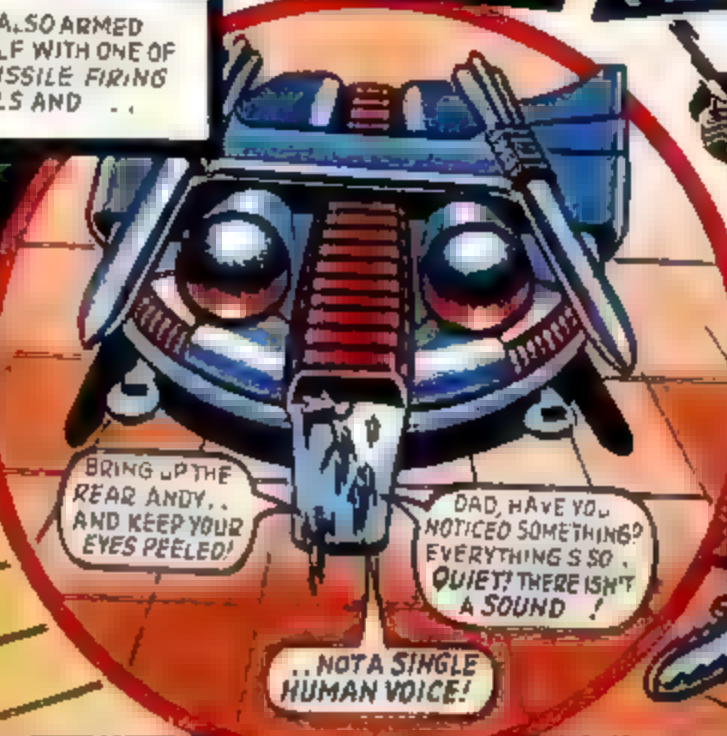
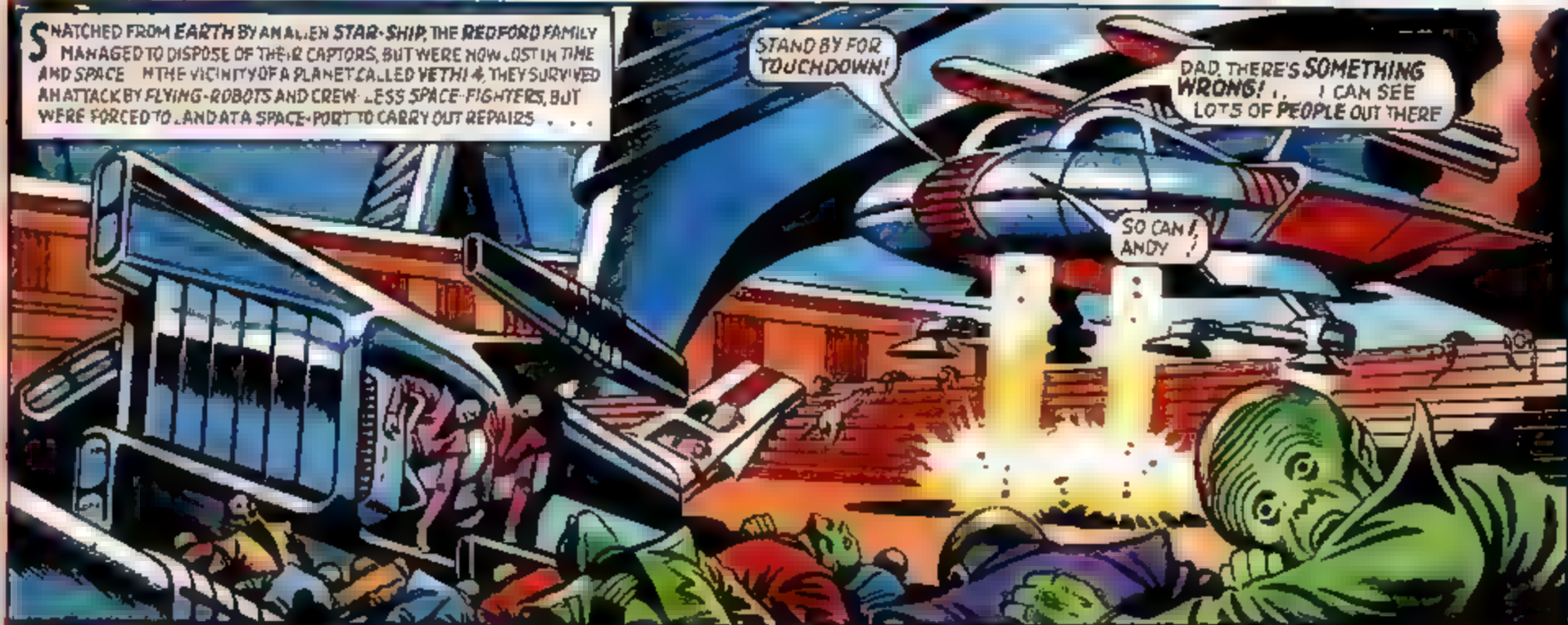
What is going on on Vethi 4? Read on next week!



The Redfords landed on Vethi 4 — and found all the people dead!



SNATCHED FROM EARTH BY AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP, THE REDFORD FAMILY MANAGED TO DISPOSE OF THEIR CAPTORS, BUT WERE NOW LOST IN TIME AND SPACE. IN THE VICINITY OF A PLANET CALLED VETHI 4, THEY SURVIVED AN ATTACK BY FLYING ROBOTS AND CREW-LESS SPACE-FIGHTERS, BUT WERE FORCED TO LAND AT A SPACE-PORT TO CARRY OUT REPAIRS...



ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! THINK I'LL TAKE A PARA-BOW WITH ME JUST IN CASE!

...NOT A SINGLE HUMAN VOICE!

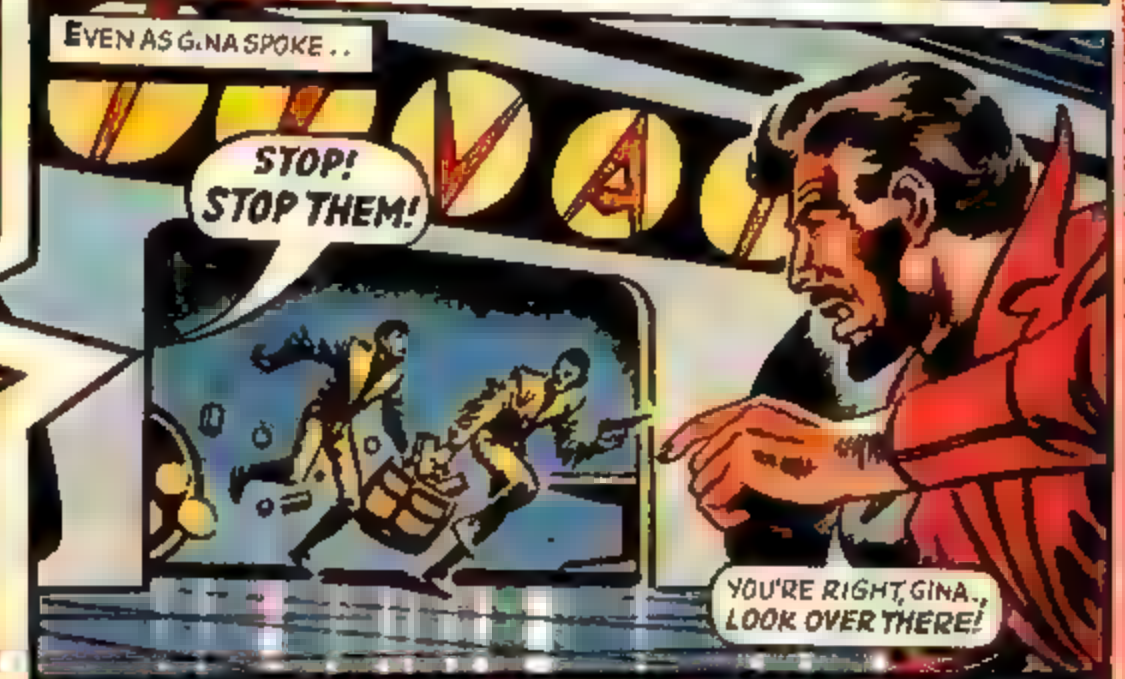
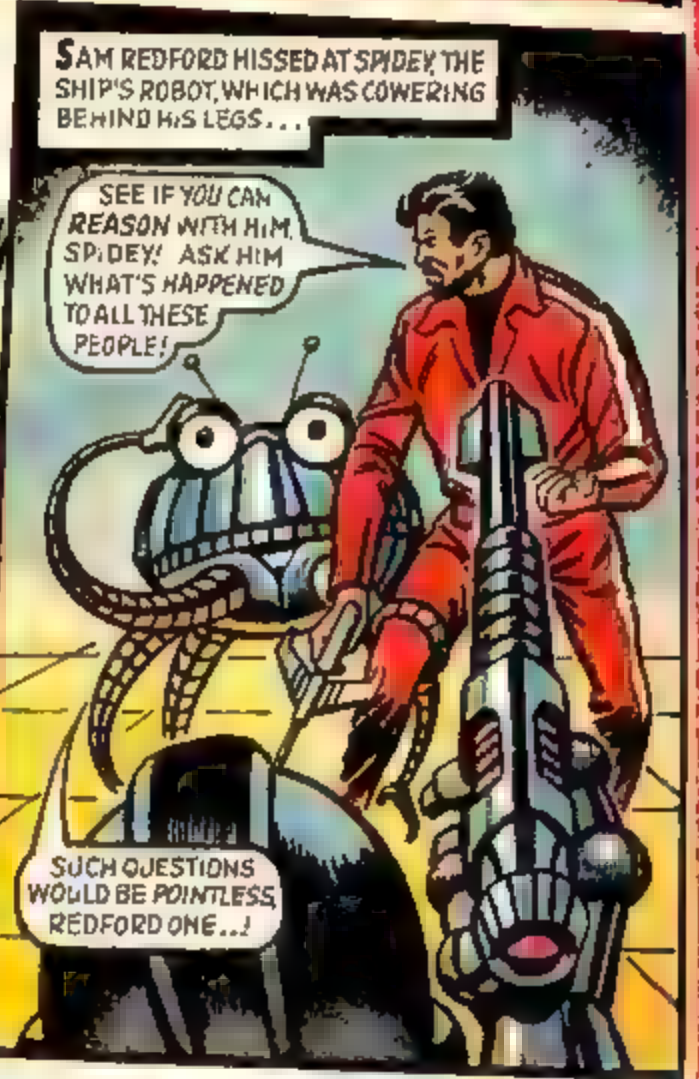
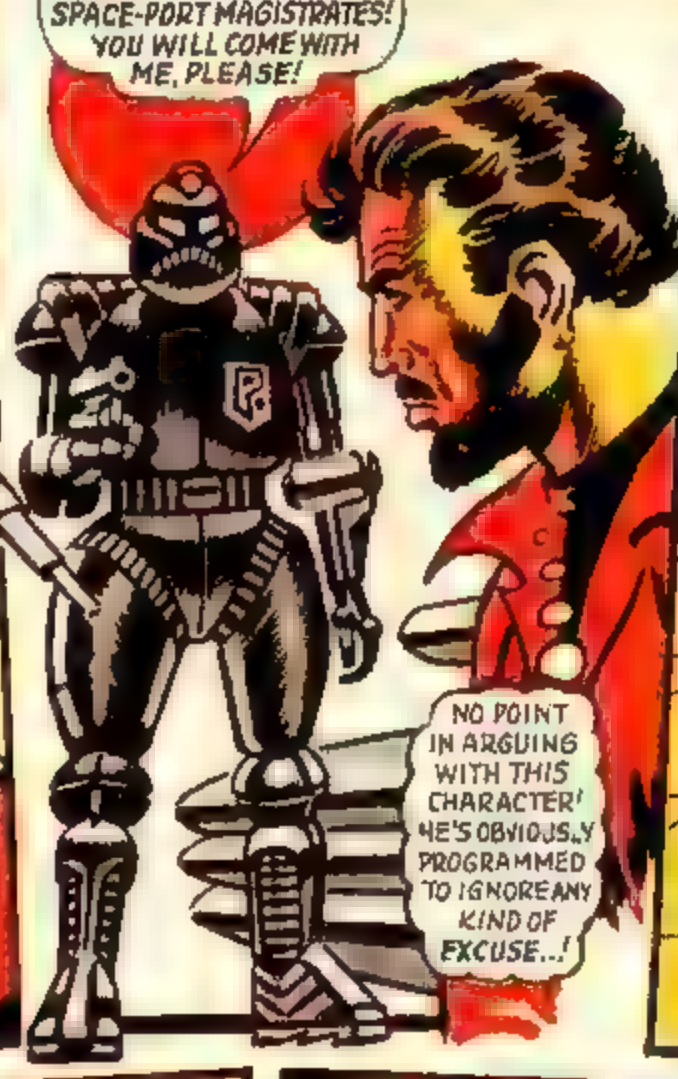
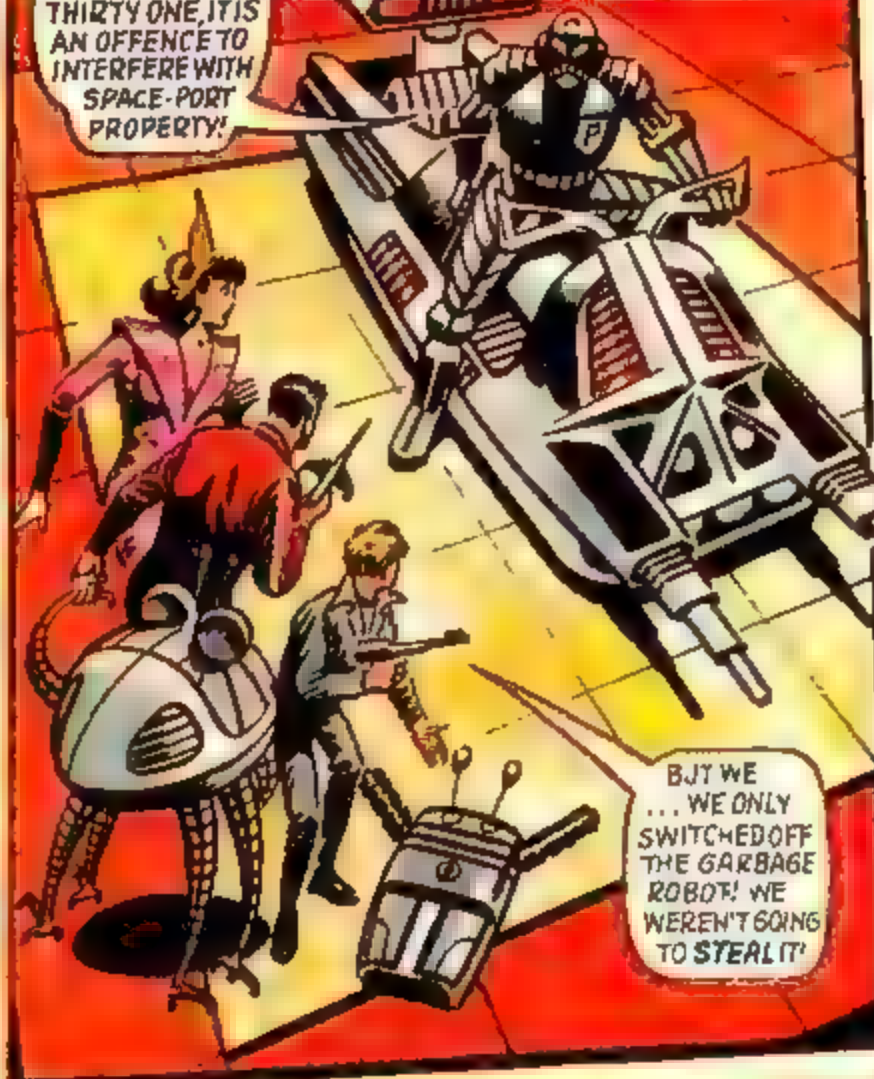
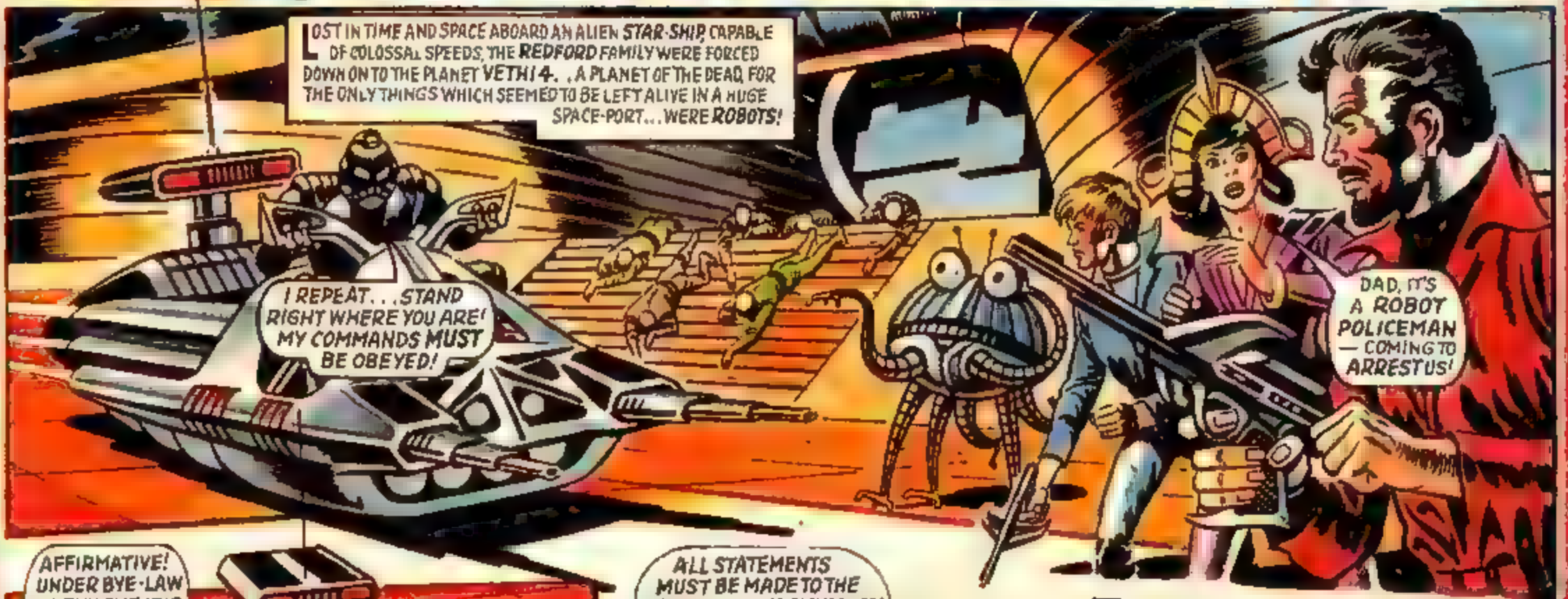
DAD, HAVE YOU NOTICED SOMETHING? EVERYTHING'S SO QUIET! THERE ISN'T A SOUND!



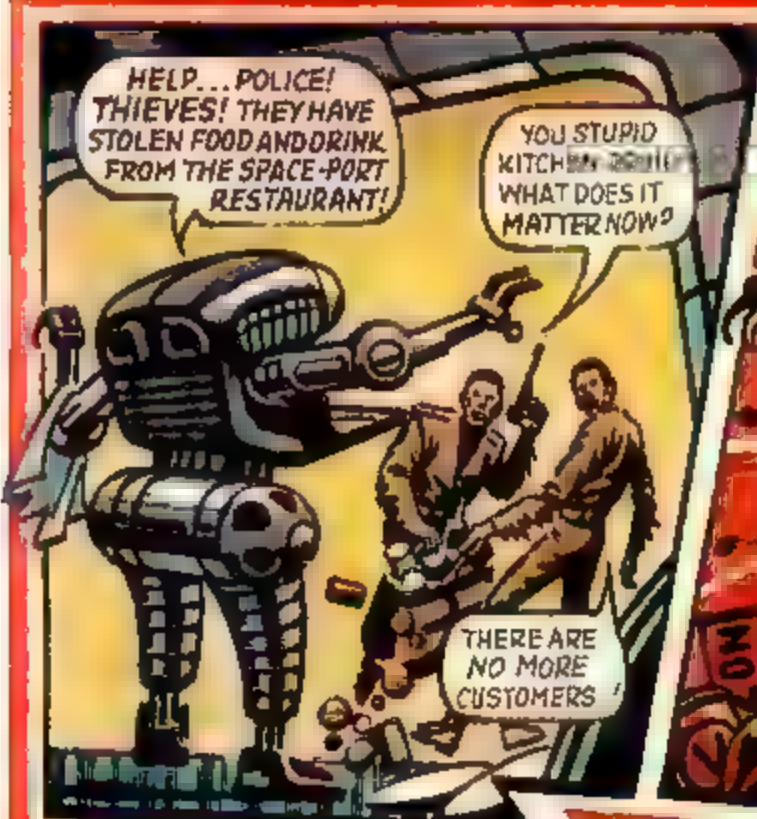




The robot policeman was lawman and executioner on Vethi 4!







HELP... POLICE!  
THIEVES! THEY HAVE  
STOLEN FOOD AND DRINK  
FROM THE SPACE-PORT  
RESTAURANT!

YOU STUPID  
KITCHEN BOY!  
WHAT DOES IT  
MATTER NOW?

THERE ARE  
NO MORE  
CUSTOMERS



BLEEEEEK!

... LEAVE  
US ALONE!



BUT AS THE TATTERED VETHIANS  
TURNED FROM THEIR ROBOT  
VICTIM...

STAND WHERE YOU  
ARE! IT IS AN OFFENCE  
TO CARRY PERSONAL  
WEAPONS WITHIN  
SPACE-PORT LIMITS!

SACRED  
GRINTH!  
-- IT'S A  
'DROID LAW-  
KEEPER!

BLAST IT, YOU FOOL! GET IT...!



SECURITY SENSORS DETECTED ARMED  
RESISTANCE! THE PENALTY IS DEATH!  
SENTENCE TO BE CARRIED OUT BY ORDER  
OF THE SPACE-PORT MAGISTRATES...!

SPAAAANG!

SSSHOOOM!

AAAIEEEEEEEEE!



POOR DEVILS!  
THAT GUN HAPPY  
FREAK DIDN'T  
GIVE THEM  
A CHANCE!

DAD, IF IT 'DETECTS'  
OUR PARA-BOWS, IT'LL  
GIVE US THE SAME  
TREATMENT...!

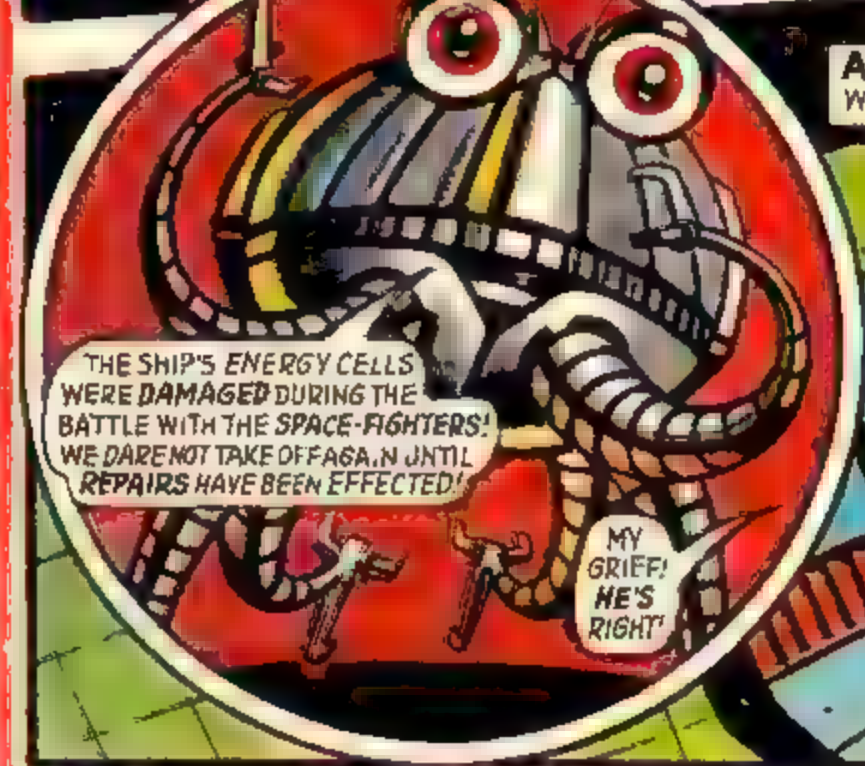


BUT SAM REDFORD HAD  
SEEN ENOUGH!...

BACK TO THE SHIP!  
WHATEVER'S HAPPENING  
ON THIS CRAZY PLANET,  
WE'LL LEAVE THE VETHIANS  
TO SORT IT OUT!

REDFORD  
ONE...

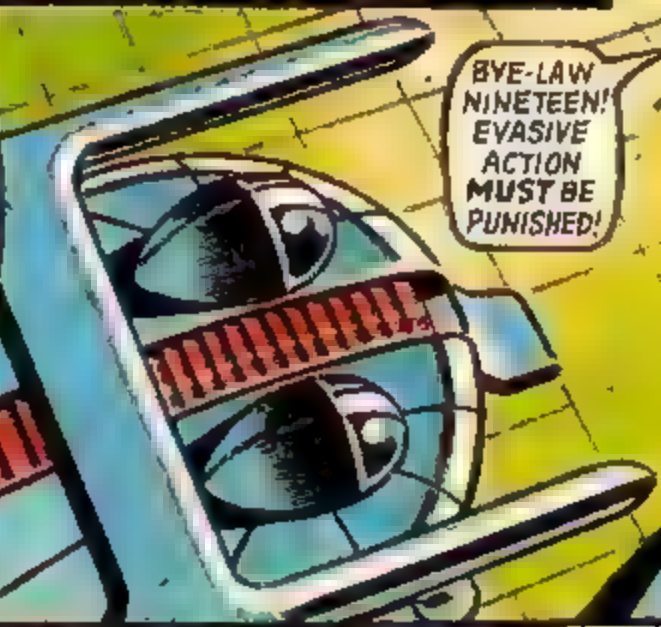
... ALLOW ME TO REMIND YOU WHY  
WE MADE LANDFALL IN THE FIRST  
PLACE...!



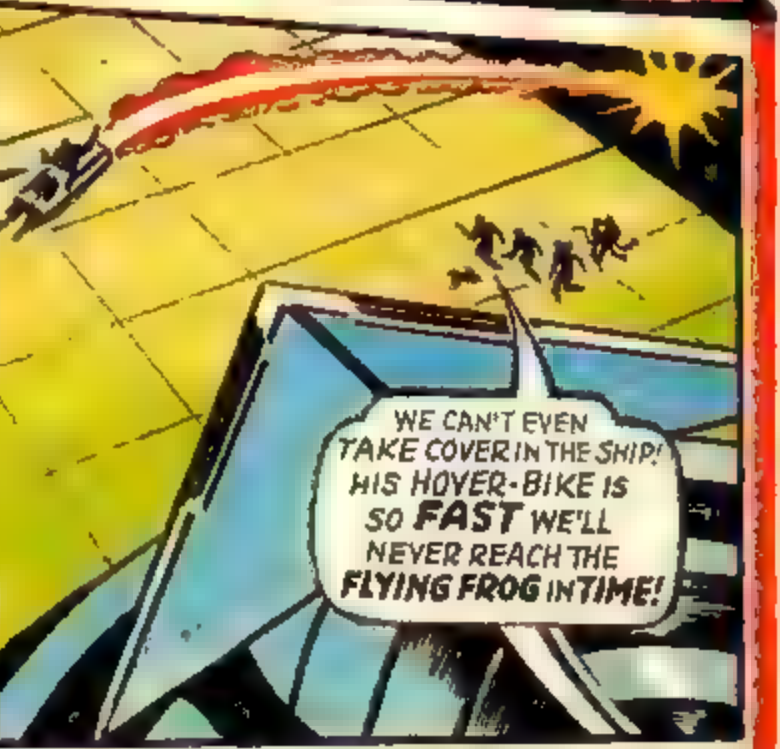
THE SHIP'S ENERGY CELLS  
WERE DAMAGED DURING THE  
BATTLE WITH THE SPACE-FIGHTERS!  
WE DARE NOT TAKE OFF AGAIN UNTIL  
REPAIRS HAVE BEEN EFFECTED!

MY  
GRIEF!  
HE'S  
RIGHT!

AND NOW THE MURDEROUS ROBOT 'LAW-KEEPER'  
WAS SPEEDING IN PURSUIT!



BYE-LAW  
NINETEEN!  
EVASIVE  
ACTION  
MUST BE  
PUNISHED!



WE CAN'T EVEN  
TAKE COVER IN THE SHIP!  
HIS HOVER-BIKE IS  
SO FAST WE'LL  
NEVER REACH THE  
FLYING FROG IN TIME!

What will happen to the Redfords now? Find out next week!



Deadly missiles from the Redford's para-bows homed in on their target!

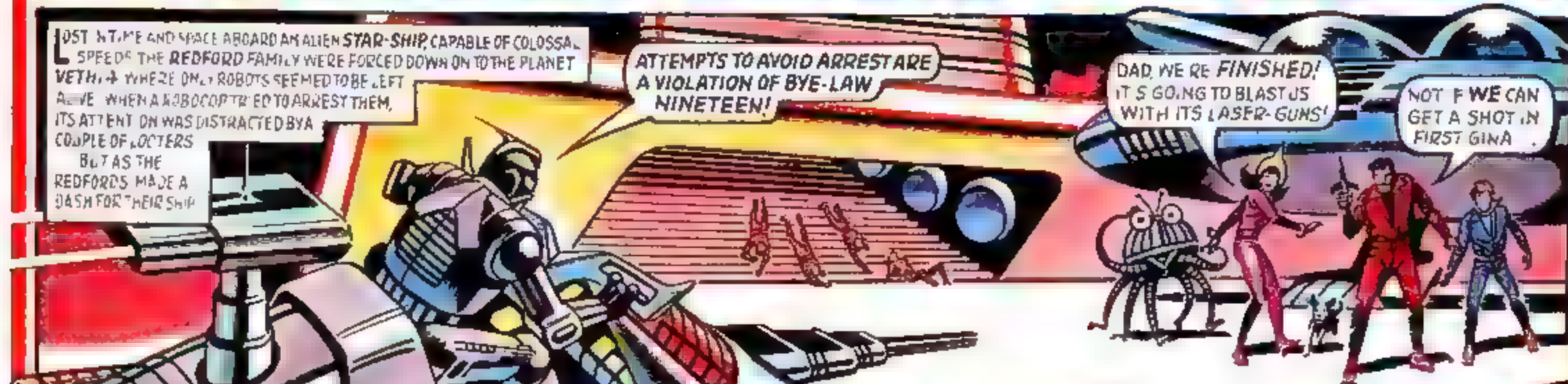


LOST TIME AND SPACE ABOARD AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP CAPABLE OF COLOSSAL SPEEDS THE REDFORD FAMILY WERE FORCED DOWN ON TO THE PLANET VETH, WHERE ONLY ROBOTS SEEMED TO BE LEFT ALIVE WHEN A ROBOCOP TRIED TO ARREST THEM, ITS ATTENTION WAS DISTRACTED BY A COUPLE OF LOOTERS BUT AS THE REDFORDS MADE A DASH FOR THEIR SHIP

ATTEMPTS TO AVOID ARREST ARE A VIOLATION OF BYE-LAW NINETEEN!

DAD, WE'RE FINISHED! IT'S GOING TO BLAST US WITH ITS LASER-GUNS!

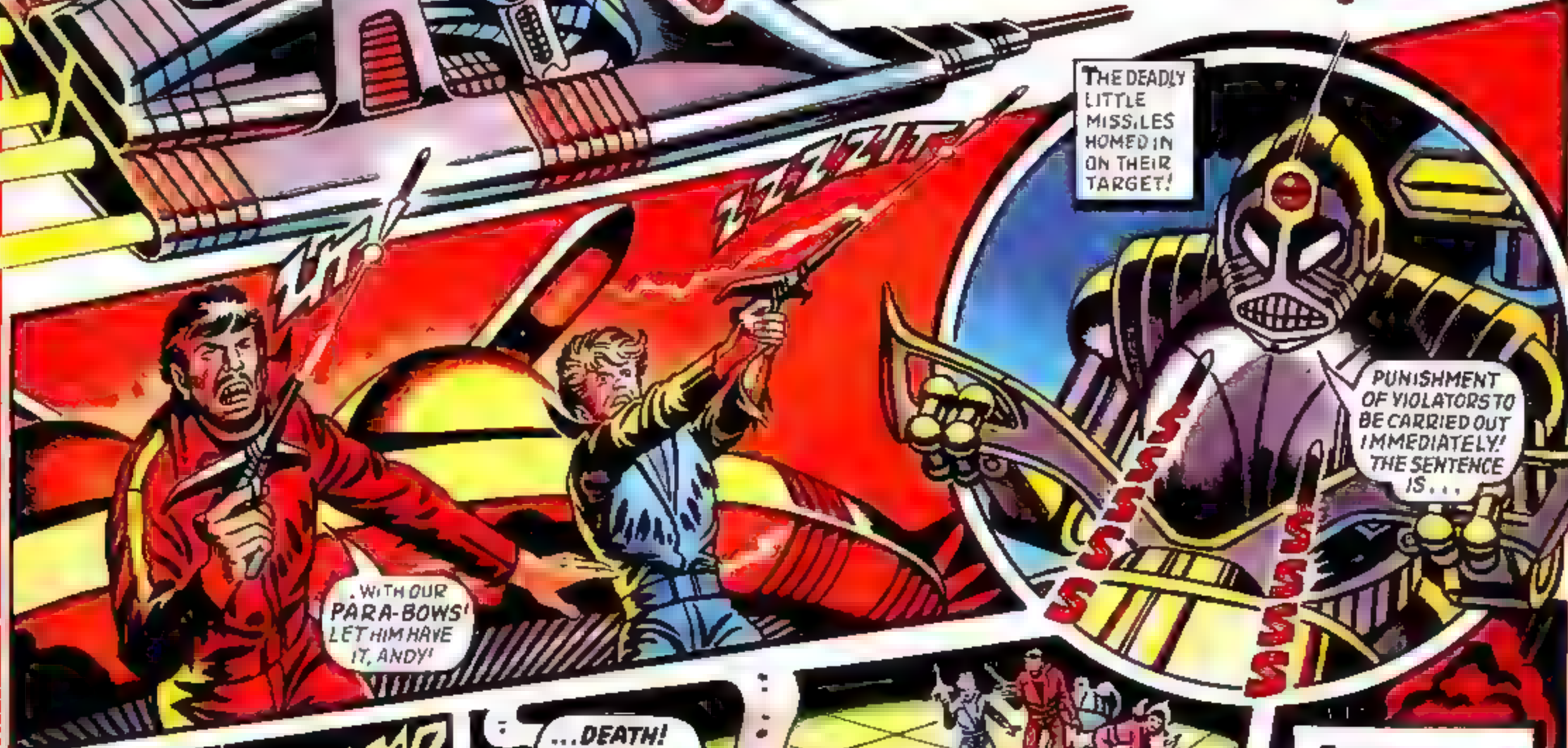
NOT IF WE CAN GET A SHOT IN FIRST GINA



THE DEADLY LITTLE MISSILES HOMED IN ON THEIR TARGET!

PUNISHMENT OF VIOLATORS TO BE CARRIED OUT IMMEDIATELY! THE SENTENCE IS...

WITH OUR PARA-BOWS LET HIM HAVE IT, ANDY!

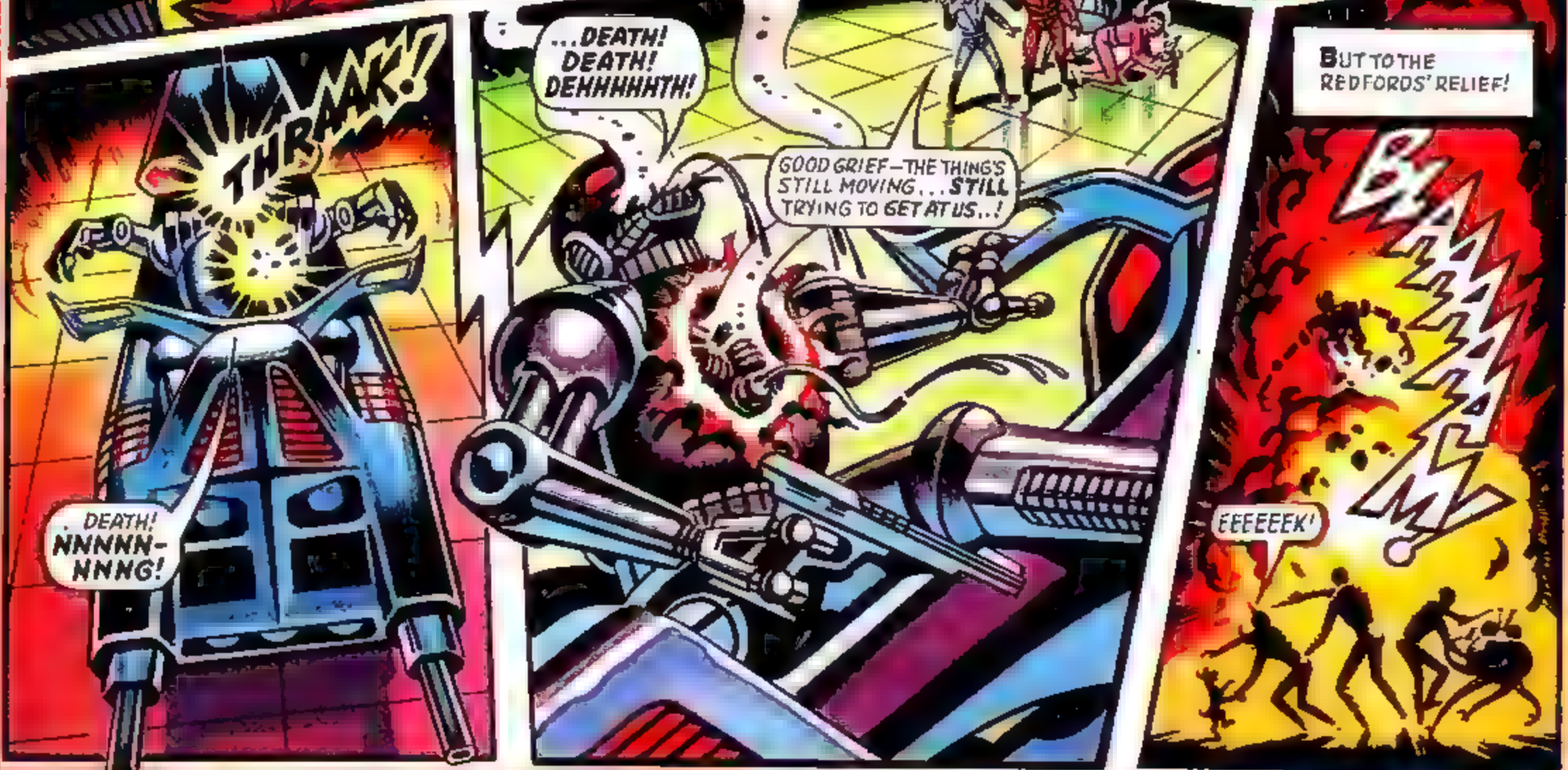


...DEATH! DEATH! DEHHHHH!

GOOD GRIEF—THE THING'S STILL MOVING... STILL TRYING TO GET AT US...

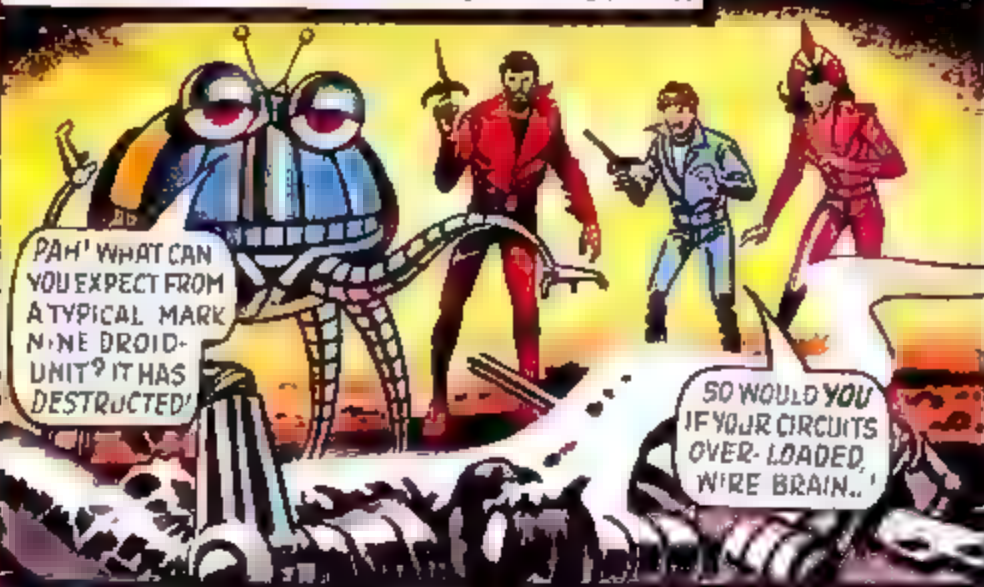
BUT TO THE REDFORDS' RELIEF!

EEEEEEK!





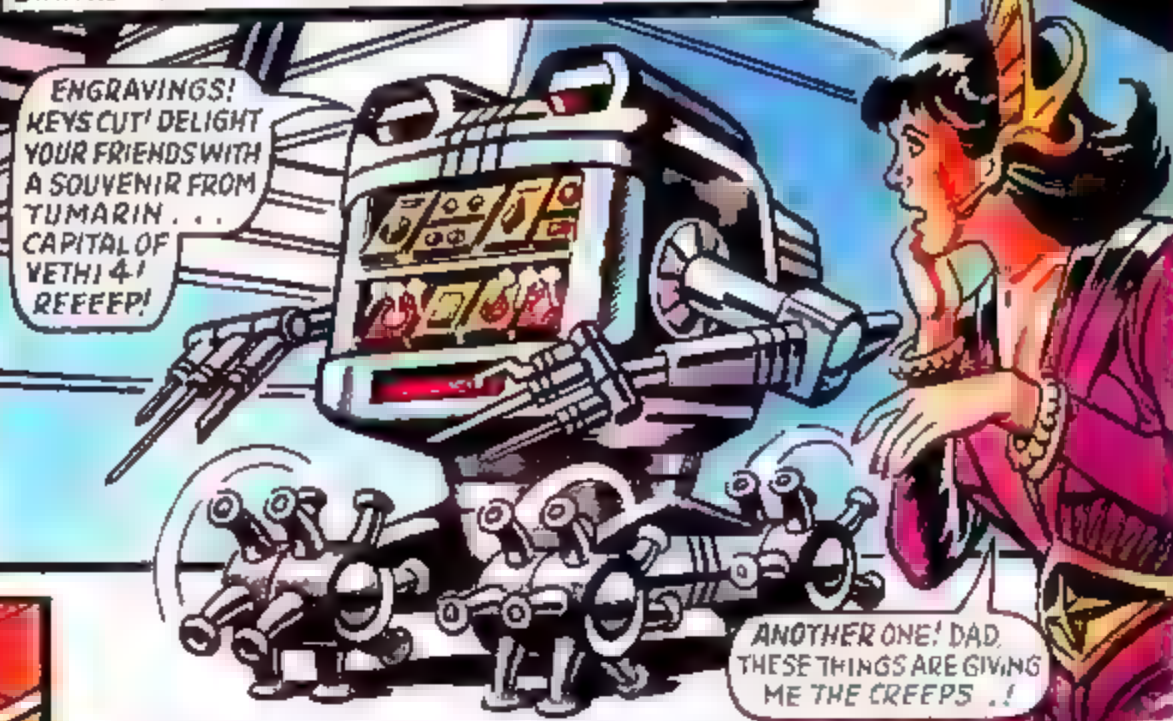
A POMPOUS SNIFF CAME FROM SPIDEY, THE SHIP'S ROBOT!



PAH! WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM A TYPICAL MARK NINE DROID-UNIT? IT HAS DESTROYED!

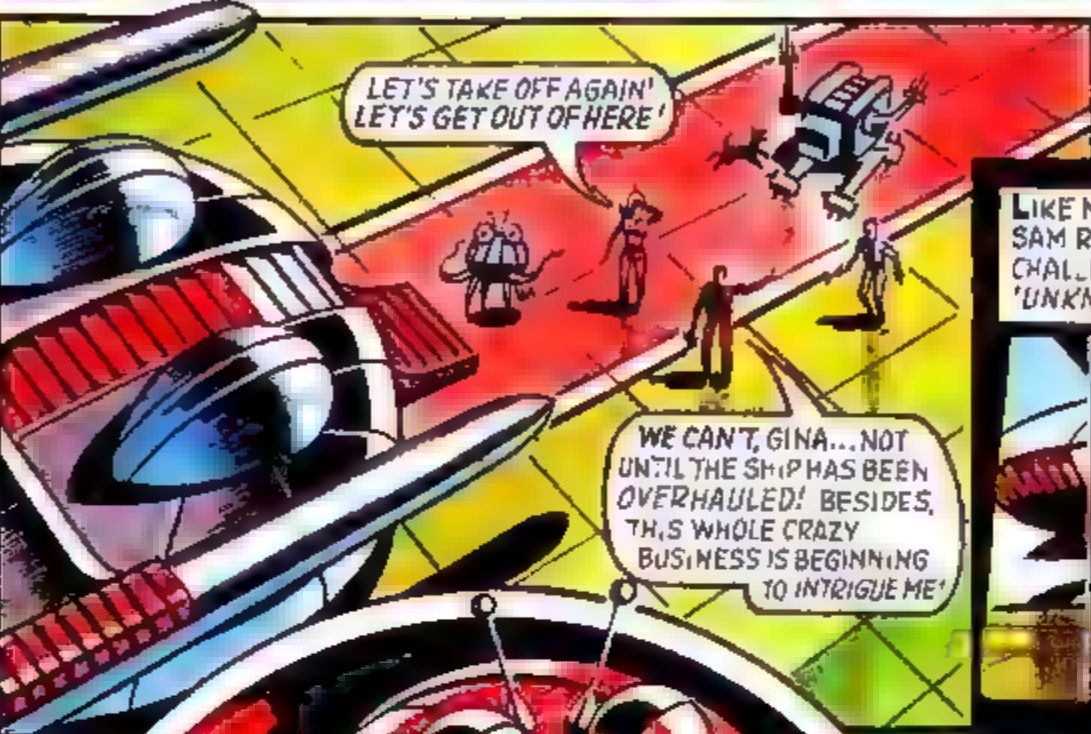
SO WOULD YOU IF YOUR CIRCUITS OVER-LOADED, WIRE BRAIN..

GINA ALMOST SCREAMED AS ANOTHER ROBOT CLATTERED PAST



ENGRAVINGS! KEYS CUT! DELIGHT YOUR FRIENDS WITH A SOUVENIR FROM TUMARIN... CAPITAL OF VETHI 4! REEFEEF!

ANOTHER ONE! DAD, THESE THINGS ARE GIVING ME THE CREEPS..!



LET'S TAKE OFF AGAIN! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WE CAN'T, GINA... NOT UNTIL THE SHIP HAS BEEN OVERHAULED! BESIDES, THIS WHOLE CRAZY BUSINESS IS BEGINNING TO INTRIGUE ME!

LIKE MOST AMATEUR ASTROLOGERS, SAM REDFORD COULDN'T RESIST THE CHALLENGE OF THE 'UNKNOWN'...

THOSE TWO FLESH-AND-BLOOD LOOTERS THAT THE ROBOCOP KILLED... WHY WERE THEY STILL ALIVE, WHEN EVERY OTHER VETHIAN IN SIGHT SEEMS TO BE... DEAD?

HEY, THAT'S A POINT...!

AFTER GINA HAD ARMED HERSELF WITH ANOTHER PARA-BOW...

RIGHT, YOU KIDS... SPREAD OUT! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR ROBOCOPS AND FOR PETE'S SAKE... DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING!

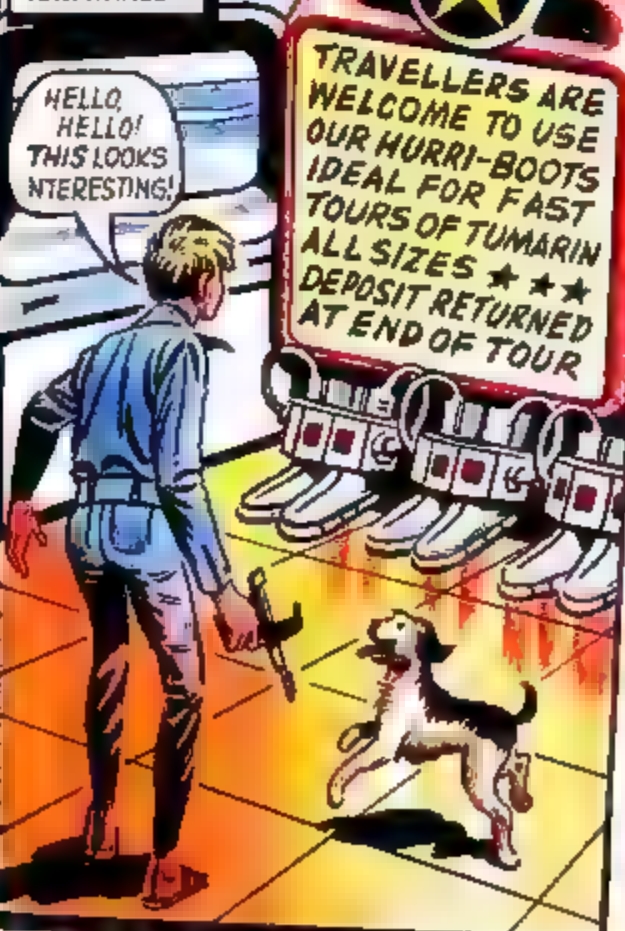
DON'T WORRY! I WON'T..!



THE ANSWER MAYBE RIGHT UNDER YOUR NOSE, REDFORD ONE! I SUGGEST THAT YOU EMBARK ON A SEARCH OF THE SPACE-PORT, WHILE I EXAMINE THE SHIP'S ENGINES!

GOOD IDEA, SPIDEY!

BUT, AS ANDY NEARED ONE OF THE SPACE-PORT TERMINALS...



HELLO, HELLO! THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!

ANDY REDFORD HAD INHERITED HIS FATHER'S CURIOSITY!



HEY, SON... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I'M NOT SURE YET DAD! HANG ABOUT WHILE I FASTEN THIS BELT..!

THEN, AS ANDY'S HAND BRUSHED AGAINST ONE OF THE BELT-STUDS!



What will happen to Andy now? Find out next week!



Super **BLAKE'S SEVEN** Photo — Inside!

# SPEED

12p

9th AUGUST, 1980

EVERY MONDAY

## JOURNEY TO THE STARS

**L**OST IN TIME AND SPACE ABOARD AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP, CAPABLE OF COLOSSAL SPEEDS, THE REDFORD FAMILY WERE FORCED DOWN ONTO THE PLANET VETHI 4, WHERE ONLY ROBOTS SEEMED TO BE LEFT ALIVE. AFTER BEING ATTACKED BY A ROBOCOP, THEY WERE SEARCHING THE SPACE-PORT IN WHICH THEY HAD LANDED, WHEN ANDY TRIED ON A PAIR OF ROBOT BOOTS ... AND ...

WHAT THE--?

DAD,  
I... I CAN'T  
STOP!...

... THESE BOOTS ARE  
RUNNING AWAY  
WITH ME..!

**FRONK**

CONTINUED ON INSIDE COLOUR PAGES...

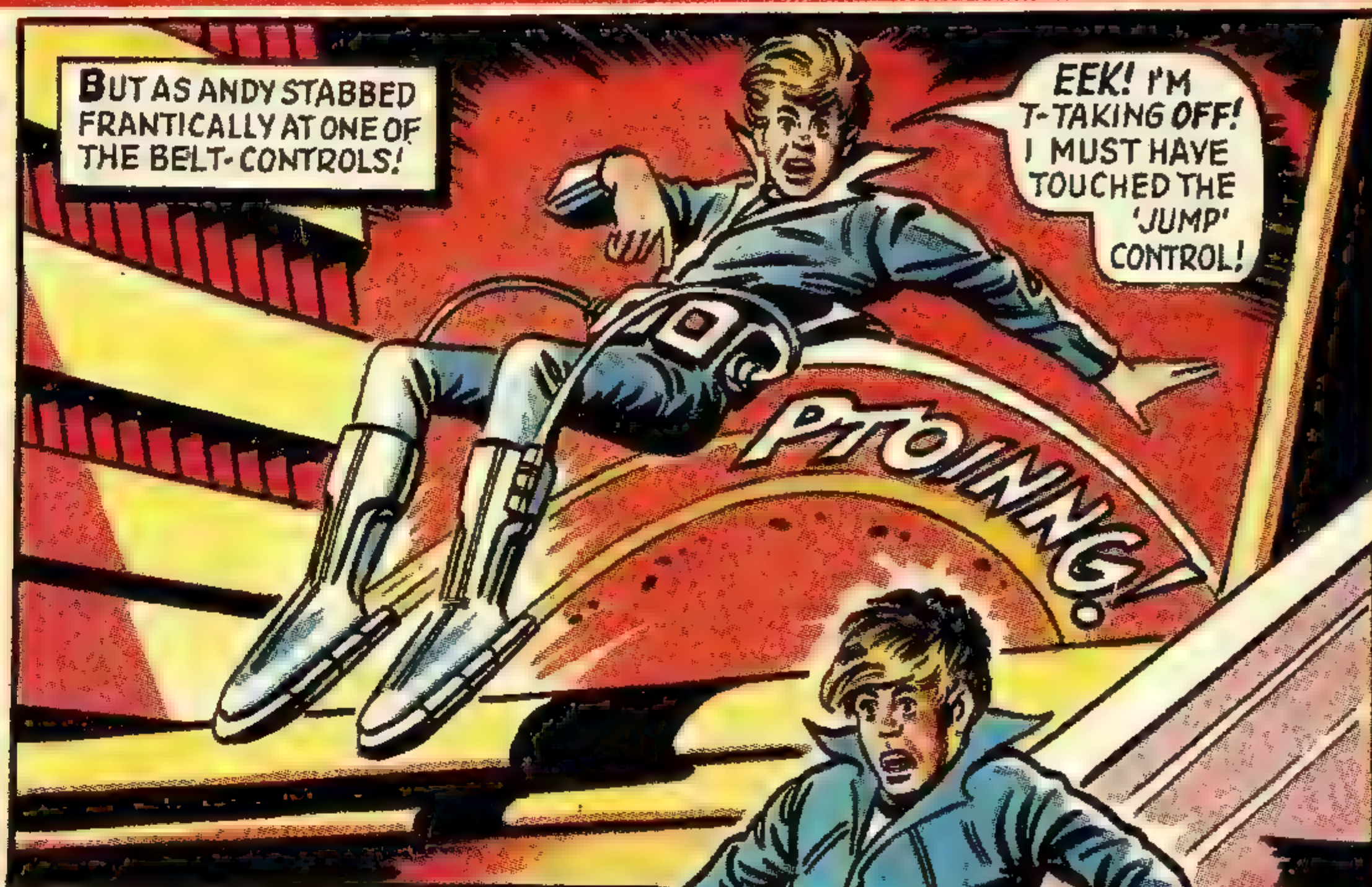


CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER.



ANDY, USE THE CONTROL-BELT! THERE MUST BE A 'STOP' BUTTON!

HEEEAAAAALP!



BUT AS ANDY STABBED FRANTICALLY AT ONE OF THE BELT-CONTROLS!

EEEK! I'M T-TAKING OFF! I MUST HAVE TOUCHED THE 'JUMP' CONTROL!



LANDING IN AN OBSERVATION AREA, ANDY HURTTLED ON!

SOUND-PROOF EAR-PADS! BLEEP! WATCH THE BLAST-OFFS IN COMFORT!

S-SORRY, TIN-RIBS! I CAN'T STOP...



DOWN AN ELEVATOR HE WHIZZED...

TH-THANK THE STARS IT'S CLEAR OF BODIES!

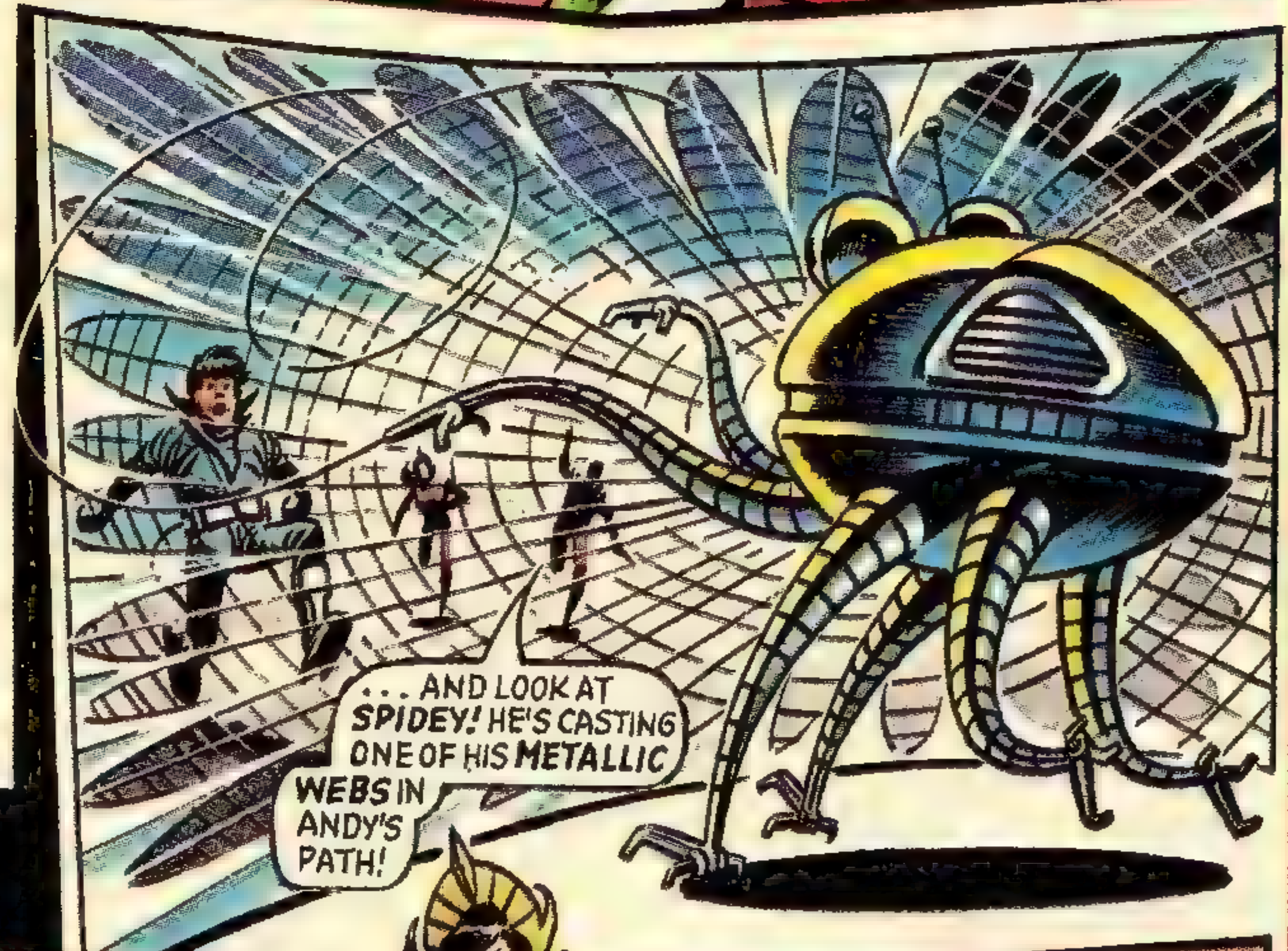


... AND, SECONDS LATER!

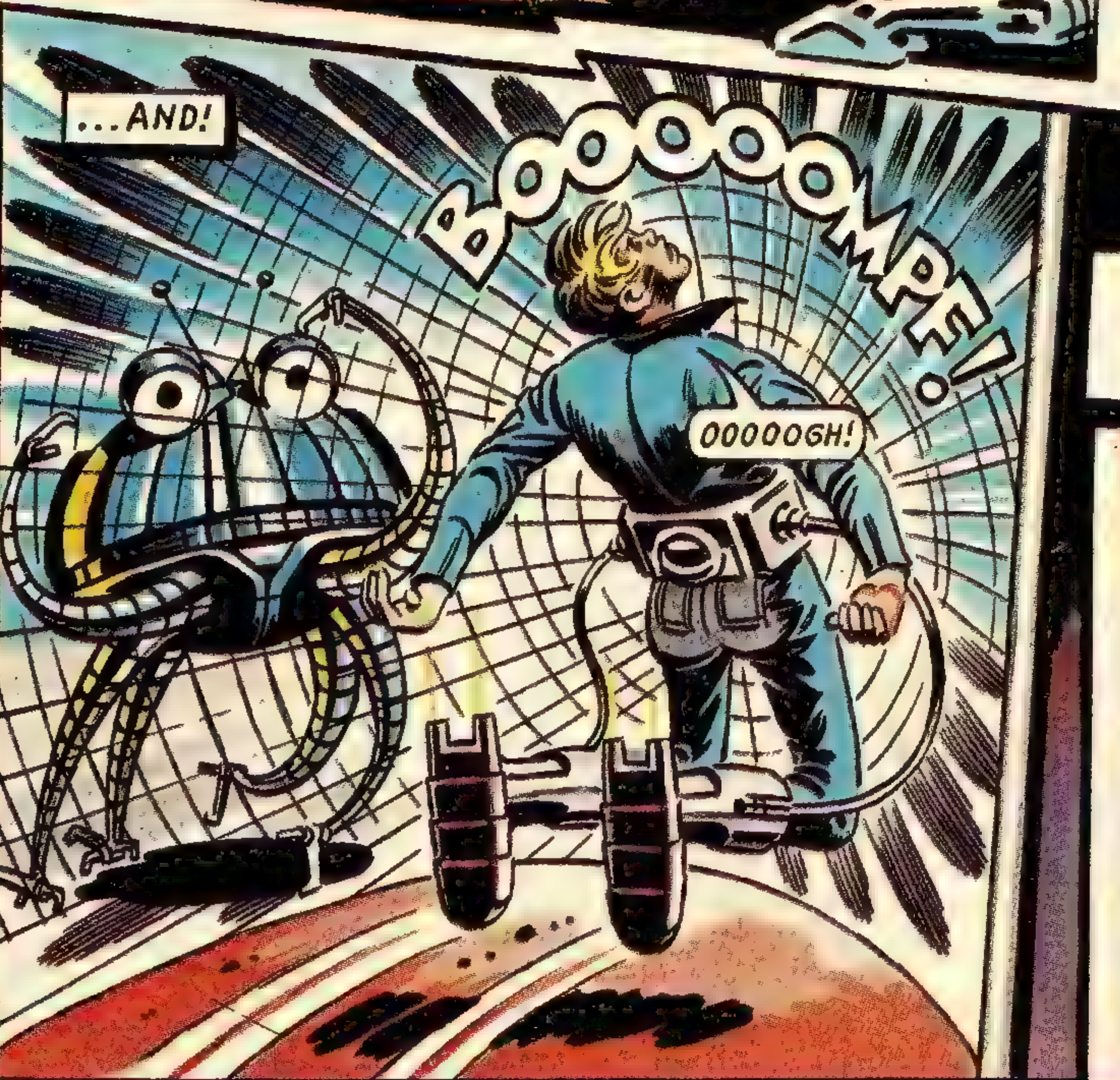
YEEEEEGH!

HERE HE COMES AGAIN, DAD! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE KILLS HIMSELF!

HE'S HEADING TOWARDS THE SHIP!



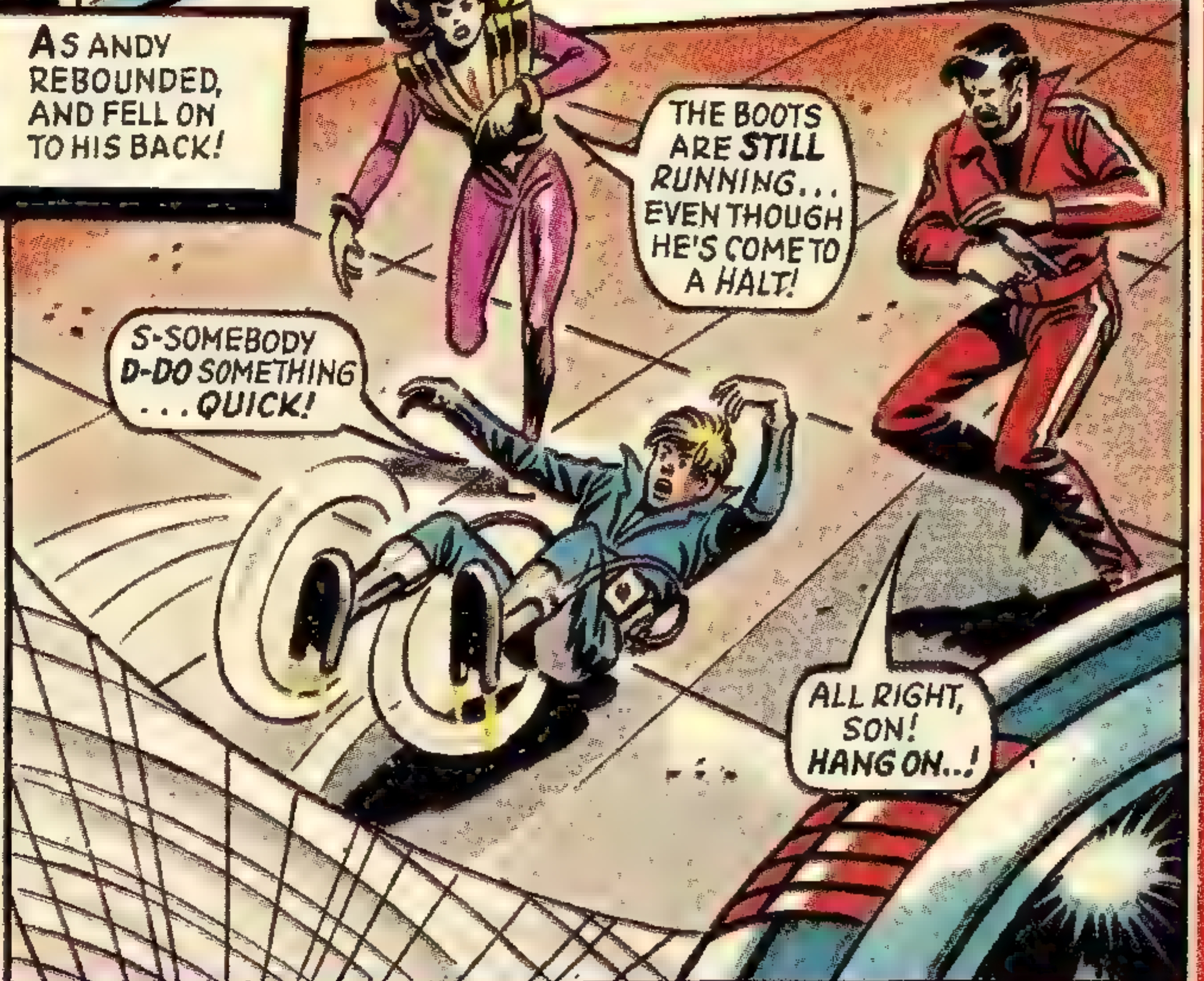
... AND LOOK AT SPIDEY! HE'S CASTING ONE OF HIS METALLIC WEBS IN ANDY'S PATH!



... AND!

BOOOOOOM!

00000GH!



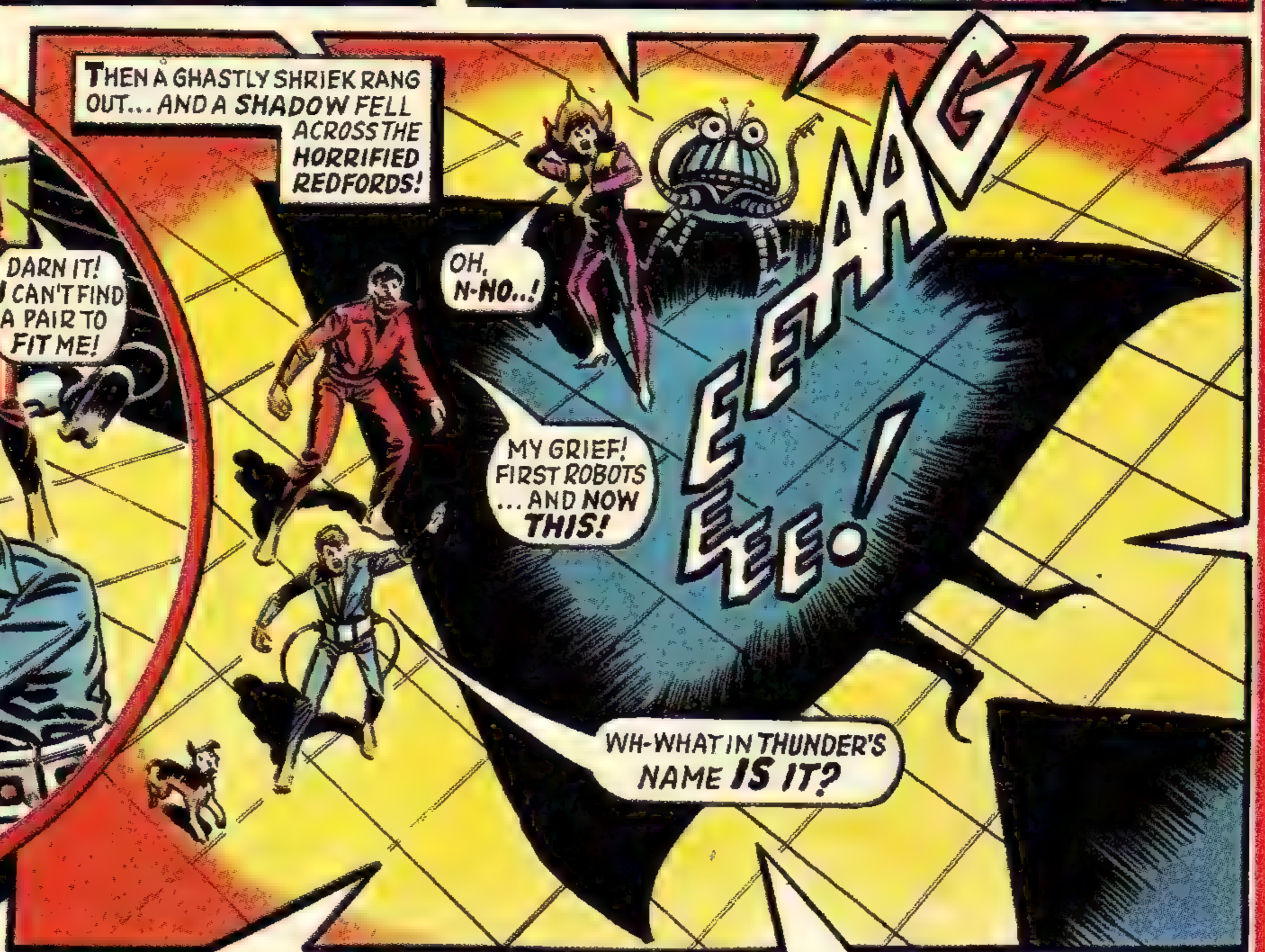
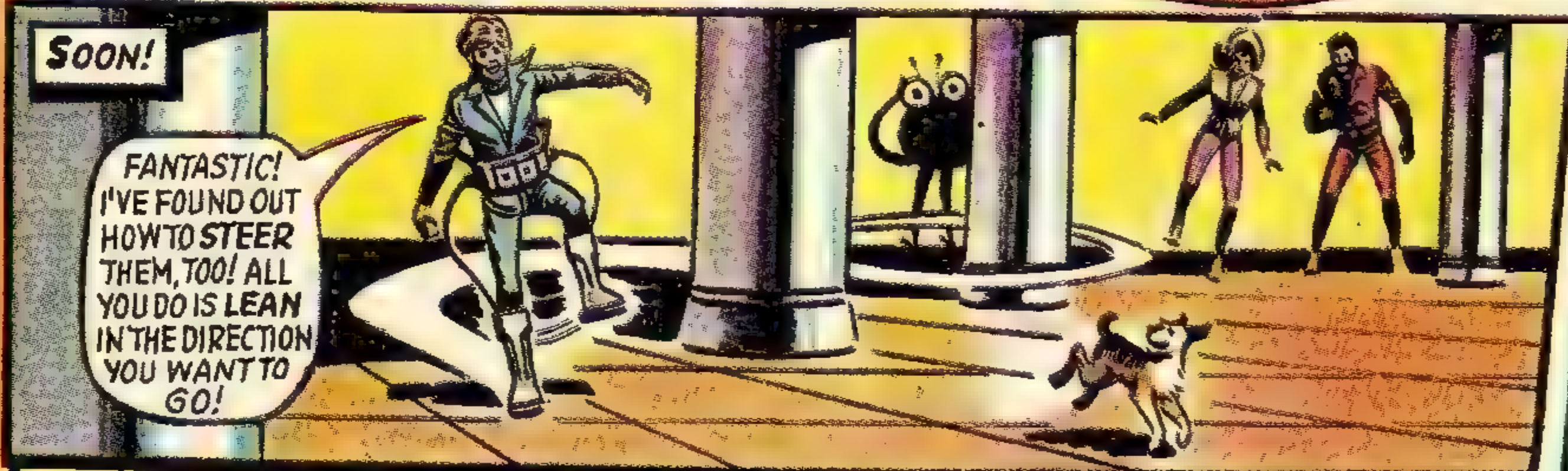
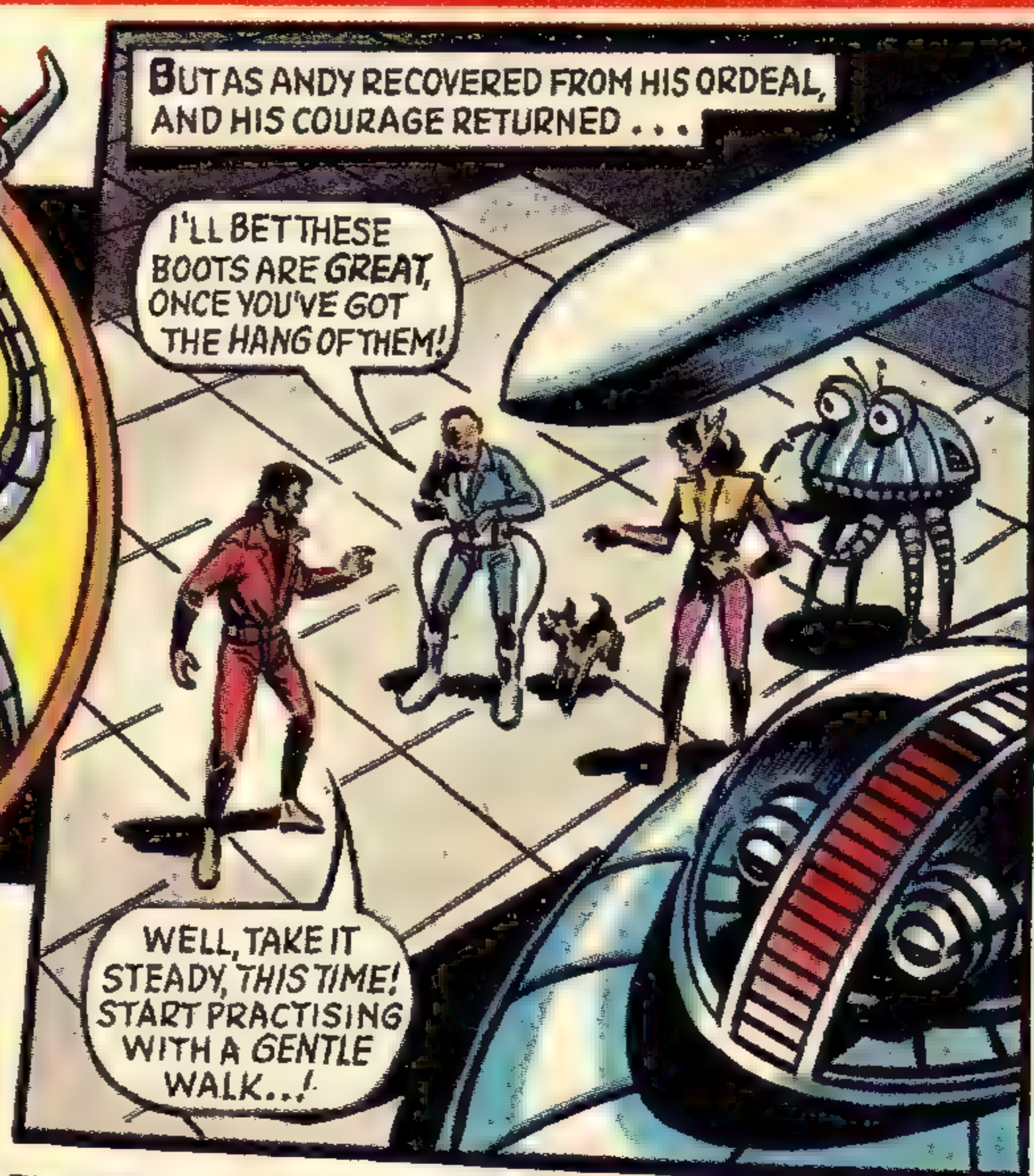
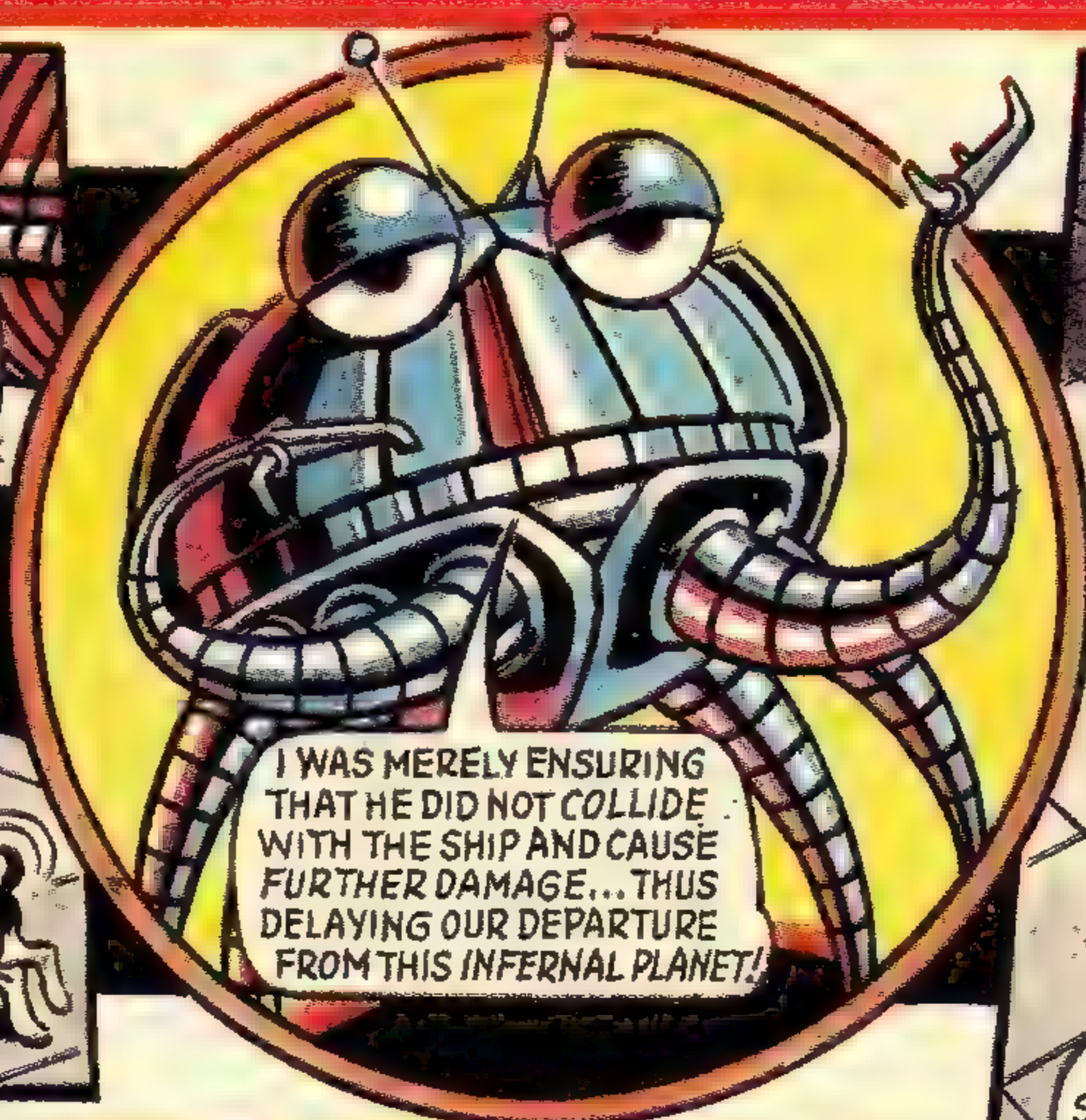
AS ANDY REBOUNDED, AND FELL ON TO HIS BACK!

THE BOOTS ARE STILL RUNNING... EVEN THOUGH HE'S COME TO A HALT!

S-SOMEBODY D-DO SOMETHING... QUICK!

ALL RIGHT, SON! HANG ON..!



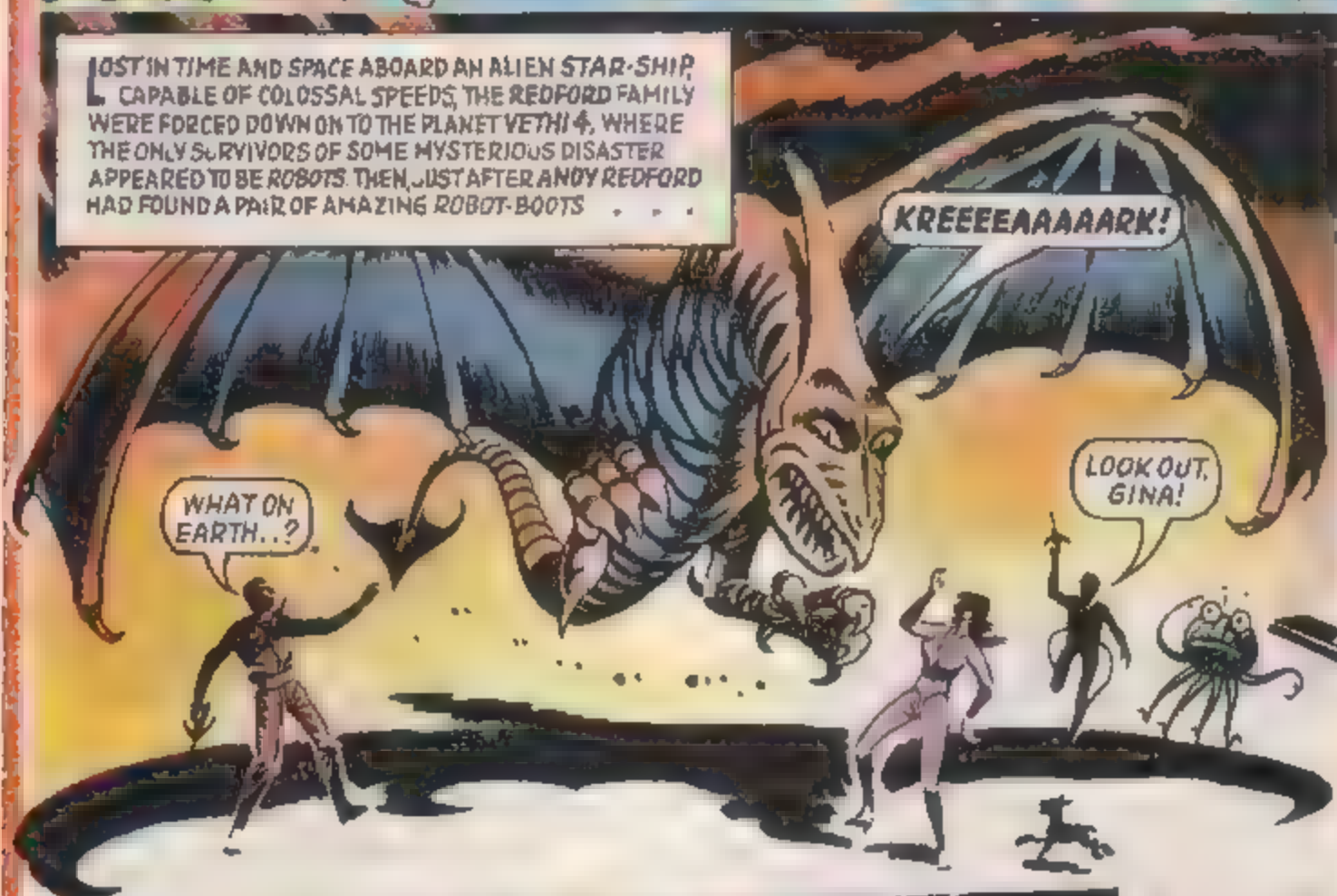


Andy's question will be answered in the next thrilling episode!

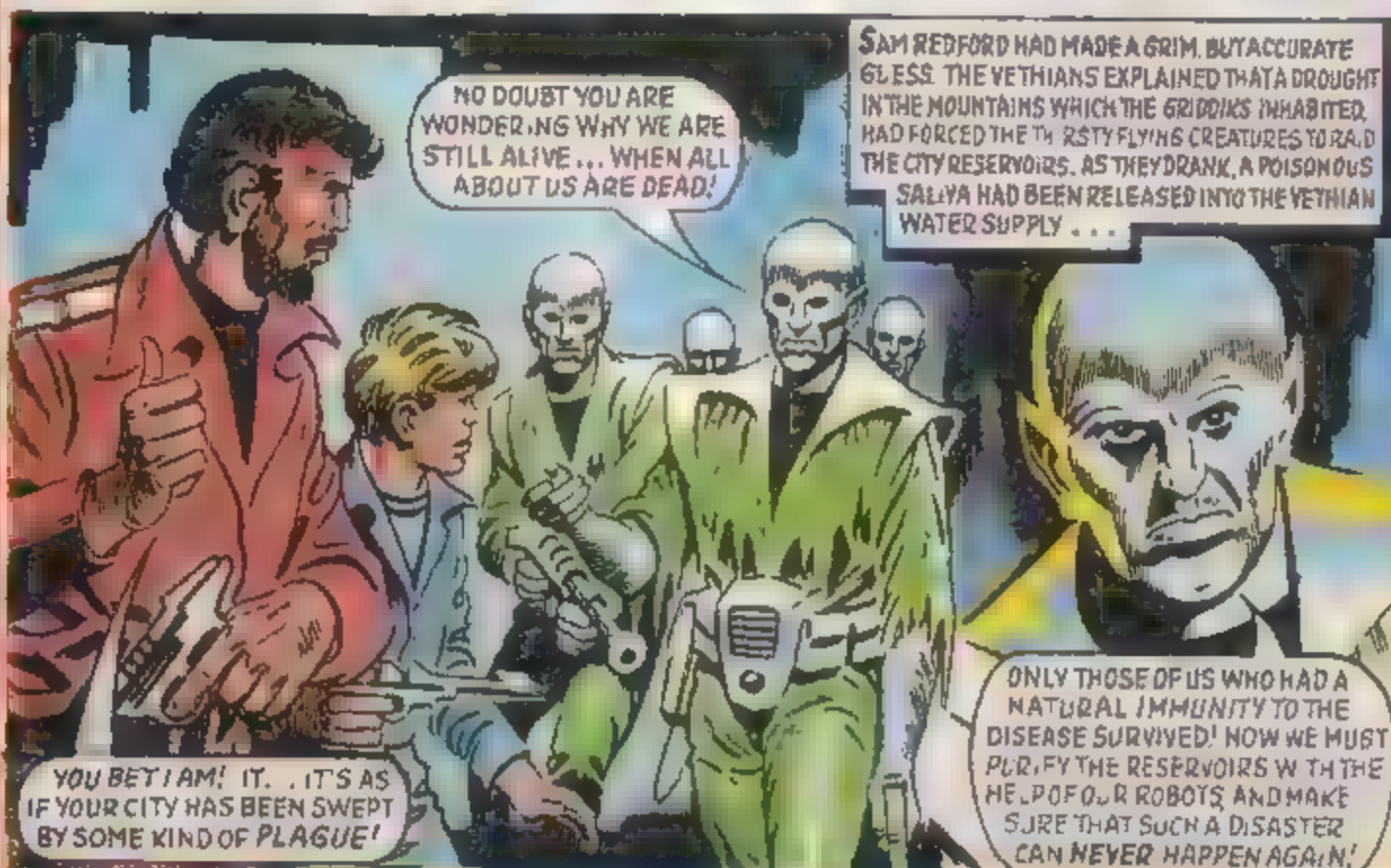
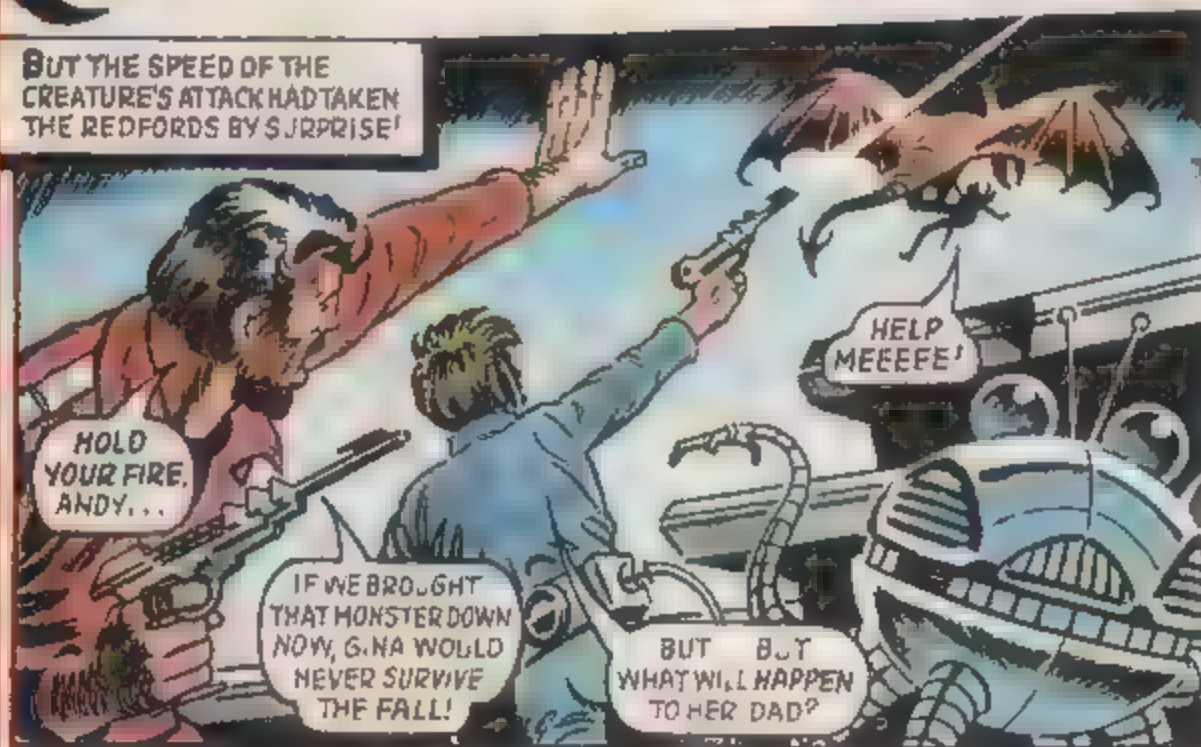


# JOURNEY TO THE STARS

LOST IN TIME AND SPACE ABOARD AN ALIEN STAR-SHIP CAPABLE OF COLOSSAL SPEEDS, THE REDFORD FAMILY WERE FORCED DOWN ON TO THE PLANET VETHI 4, WHERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS OF SOME MYSTERIOUS DISASTER APPEARED TO BE ROBOTS. THEN, JUST AFTER ANDY REDFORD HAD FOUND A PAIR OF AMAZING ROBOT-BOOTS . . .



BUT THE SPEED OF THE CREATURE'S ATTACK HAD TAKEN THE REDFORDS BY SURPRISE!





MOMENTS LATER, WITH 'SPIDEY' THE ROBOT AT THE CONTROLS OF THE SHIP...



DIRECTIONS, PLEASE, REDFORD ONE!

HEAD FOR THE MOUNTAINS TO THE NORTH-EAST, SPIDEY! LOOK FOR SOME TWIN PEAKS AND WE'LL FIND THE GRIDDIKS' NESTING AREA!

AND SOON...

THERE SHE IS... THERE'S GINA! BLAST THOSE GRIDDIKS, DAD!

WE DAREN'T, SON! NOT UNTIL WE'VE GOT YOUR SISTER OUT OF THERE!



AS THE FLYING FROG TOUCHED DOWN



NOW, ANDY... NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD USE OF THOSE ROBOT-BOOTS!

WATCH ME GO, DAD!

ANDY! ANDY!

GET READY TO JUMP ON MY BACK, SIS! I'LL SLOW DOWN AS I PASS THE NEST!

BEFORE THE LUMBERING GRIDDIKS REALISED WHAT WAS HAPPENING



HOLD TIGHT! WE'RE AWAA- AAY!

D-DON'T DRUP ME!

AS ANDY ROCKETED BACK TOWARDS THE SHIP, SAM AND SPIDEY LAID DOWN COVERING FIRE!

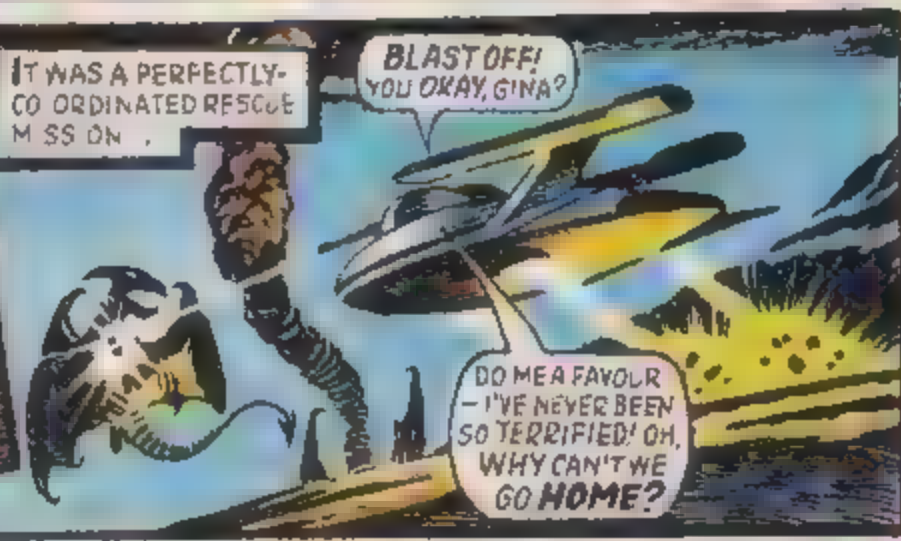


WELL DONE, SON! YOU'RE ALMOST HOME AND DRY!

IT WAS A PERFECTLY- CO-ORDINATED RESCUE MISSION

BLAST OFF! YOU OKAY, GINA?

DO ME A FAVOUR - I'VE NEVER BEEN SO TERRIFIED! OH, WHY CAN'T WE GO HOME?



WE CAN, MY GRL JUST AS SOON AS SPIDEY PROGRAMMES THE NAVIGATION COMPLETE!

YOU MEAN, YOU'VE FOUND OUT HOW IT WORKS? WE CAN HYPER-WHATS T BACK TO THE SOLAR SYSTEM? OUR OWN PART OF THE UNIVERSE?

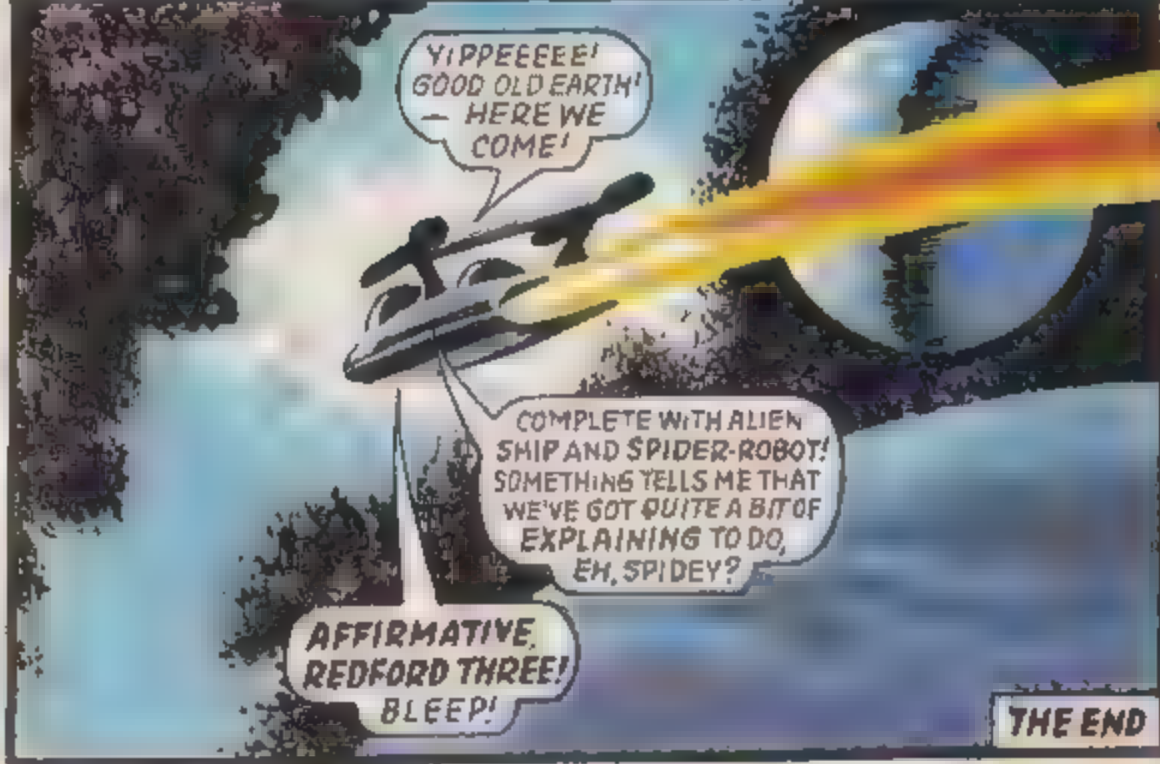
THAT'S RIGHT, GINA!



YIPPEEEEE! GOOD OLD EARTH! - HERE WE COME!

COMPLETE WITH ALIEN SHIP AND SPIDER-ROBOT! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT WE'VE GOT QUITE A BIT OF EXPLAINING TO DO, EH, SPIDEY?

AFFIRMATIVE, REDFORD THREE! BLEEP!



THE END

Don't miss it!



## A special complete story about a young boy's daring rescue bid in a blizzard!

ALISTAIR CORRIE WAS THE SON OF A HILL FARMER IN THE GALLOWAY HILLS OF SOUTH-WEST SCOTLAND. DURING SCHOOL HOLIDAYS HE HELPED HIS FATHER WITH THE SHEEP, LEARNING THE WAYS OF THE SHEPHERD AND TRAINING HIS OWN YOUNG COLLIE.

GOOD  
BOY, LUKE.  
KEEP THEM  
TOGETHER.

IN THE UNCHANGING  
HILLS IT WAS AS IF  
TIME STOOD STILL.  
BUT THE YEAR WAS  
1980, AND PRACTICALLY  
EVERY DAY...

A  
SPECIAL  
SPEED  
COMPLETE  
STORY

# LOW FLIGHT

THE FUTURE THUNDERED  
OVER HIM!

WOW! A  
TORNADO!

DAILY, HE WAS  
TREATED TO A GRAND-  
STAND DISPLAY OF LOW-  
LEVEL FLYING BY THE  
RAF'S NEWEST AND  
MOST POWERFUL  
AIRCRAFT.

HE'S SEEN  
ME, LUKE! HE'S  
WAVING BACK!

I'M GOING TO JOIN  
THE RAF. I'M GOING  
TO FLY ONE OF THOSE  
PLANES, IF IT'S THE  
LAST THING I DO!



BACK AT THE FARM.

DID YOU SEE IT, DAD?  
IT WAS A TORNADO.  
WHAT A SUPER PLANE!

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? THE  
PILOTS HAVE TO LEARN TO FLY  
LOW TO GO UNDER ENEMY  
RADAR. IF THERE'S A WAR,  
YOU'D BE GRATEFUL ENOUGH TO  
THEM THEN.

NEXT DAY, AFTER SCHOOL...

ALISTAIR, WILL YE BRING  
THE SHEEP DOWN FROM  
THE TOP PASTURES? THE  
WEATHER FORECAST SAID  
WE MIGHT BE IN FOR A  
BLIZZARD.

OKAY, I'LL JUST  
GET LUKE.

AYE, I SAW IT... AND HEARD IT. THE SILLY  
BLIGHTER NEARLY TOOK OUR ROOF OFF.  
SCARED THE BLAZES OUT OF THE ANIMALS.  
I'VE A GOOD MIND TO RING UP AND  
COMPLAIN.

THE LAD'S REALLY HOOKED  
ON THE RAF. STILL, I SUPPOSE  
HE'S RIGHT... IN A WAY.

SOON...

SUDDENLY...

LOOKS LIKE THE  
FORECAST WAS  
RIGHT. HEAD OFF  
THOSE STUPID SHEEP,  
LUKE. IF THEY GO ANY  
HIGHER WE'LL NEVER  
GET THEM BACK.

WHAT THE... A  
JAGUAR! WHAT'S  
HE DOING OUT IN  
THESE CONDITIONS?

FUNNY, I NEVER SAW  
HIM CUT DOWN THE  
VALLEY. THE STORM  
MUST HAVE HIDDEN MY  
VIEW, UNLESS...

UNLESS HE  
TURNED THE  
WRONG WAY...  
STRAIGHT INTO  
THE MOUNTAIN!

LEAVE THE SHEEP,  
BOY. COME WITH ME.  
DAD'S GOING TO BE  
MAD IF WE LOSE THEM,  
BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE  
SURE NOTHING  
HAPPENED.

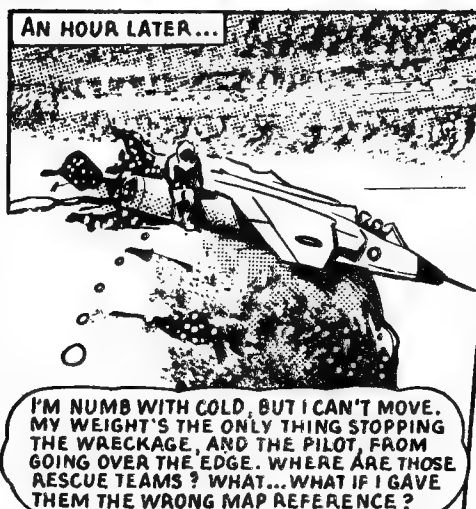
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

IT... IT'S THE TAIL SECTION  
OF A JAGUAR. HE DIDN'T MAKE  
IT, BUT WHERE'S THE REST OF  
IT, AND THE PILOT? LUKE...  
WHAT HAVE YOU SPOTTED?  
WAIT FOR ME!

HE DIDN'T HAVE A  
CHANCE TO EJECT. I...  
I HOPE HE'S STILL  
ALIVE.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





The End

There will be another all-action complete picture-story in the next issue!



**The men of the Pony Express were chosen for their stamina and courage!**

IN APRIL 1860 THE PONY EXPRESS BEGAN ITS FAMOUS HIGH-SPEED MAIL SERVICE BETWEEN SAN FRANCISCO AND ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI. THE ROUTE STRETCHED OVER 2,000 MILES AND COULD BE COVERED IN TEN DAYS BY TRAVELLING NON-STOP. THE STAGECOACH LINES, WHICH TOOK THREE WEEKS TO MAKE THE SAME JOURNEY, COULD NOT COMPETE WITH THESE LONE HORSEMEN WHO WERE CHOSEN, LIKE THEIR MOUNTS, FOR THEIR STAMINA AND COURAGE.

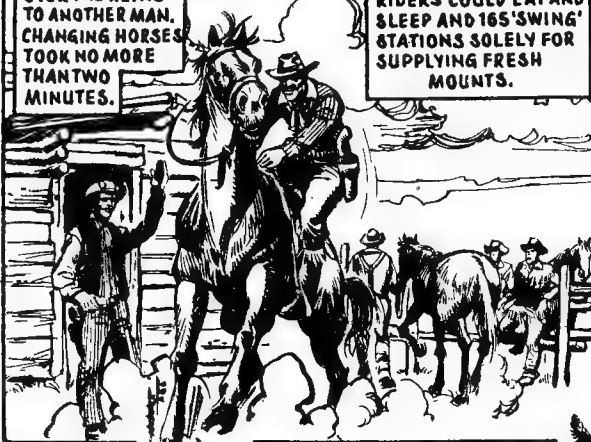
**A SPECIAL  
SPEED  
COMPLETE  
STORY**



# MCCABE of the PONY EXPRESS

RIDERS CHANGED HORSES EVERY 15 MILES AND RODE BETWEEN 30 AND 75 MILES BEFORE HANDING OVER THE REINS TO ANOTHER MAN. CHANGING HORSES TOOK NO MORE THAN TWO MINUTES.

THERE WERE 190 RELAY STATIONS - 25 'HOME' STATIONS WHERE RIDERS COULD EAT AND SLEEP AND 165 'SWING' STATIONS SOLELY FOR SUPPLYING FRESH MOUNTS.



THE RIDERS TRAVELLED LIGHT, WITH ONLY A REVOLVER AND A KNIFE FOR PROTECTION. THEY USED A SPECIAL SADDLE FITTED WITH FOUR POUCHES TO HOLD THE MAIL. THEIR TIGHT TIME-TABLE WAS KEPT ACROSS HARSH DESERTLANDS AND THE FROZEN HIGH COUNTRY.



INDIANS WERE A CONSTANT PROBLEM. WHEN THE PAIUTE TRIBE WENT ON THE WARPATH THEY ATTACKED THE RELAY STATIONS IN NEVADA. "THUNDER CREEK", RUN BY IKE BOONE, HIS SON STEVIE AND THEIR PARTNER SAM, WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO BE HIT!



PA, THEY GOT SAM...

KEEP DOWN, BOY! KEEP DOWN!

JAKE MCCABE, ONE OF THE BEST EXPRESS RIDERS, AND HIS FAVOURITE PONY RUBY, WERE IN THE TERRITORY AT THE TIME...



THERE'S IKE'S STATION NOW, GIRL... BUT THE WHOLE PLACE IS ABLAZE...



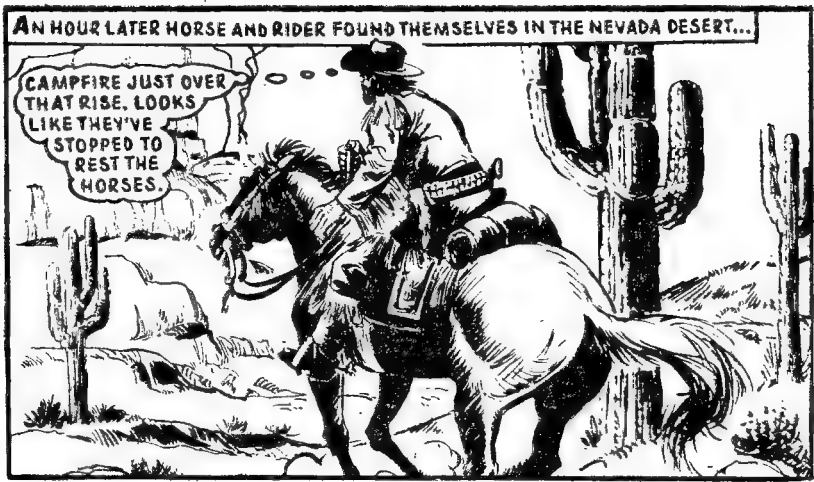
PAIUTE ARROW! IKE AND SAM HAVE BEEN DEAD A COUPLE OF HOURS AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF STEVIE. THEY'VE TAKEN THE STATION BRONCS AS WELL.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





TRACKS SHOW TEN HORSES. THE WAR PARTY MUST'VE TAKEN STEVIE WITH THEM AND THEY'RE HEADING INTO THE DESERT. DRINK YOUR FILL, RUBY... IT'LL BE THE LAST YOU'LL GET FOR SOME TIME.



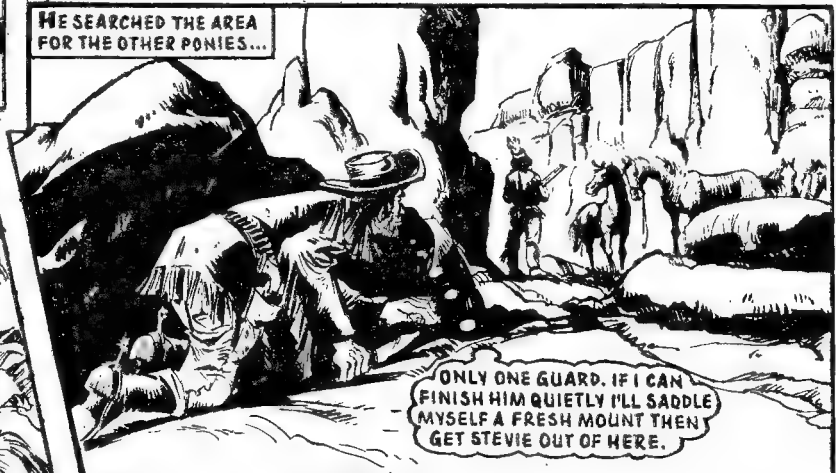
AN HOUR LATER HORSE AND RIDER FOUND THEMSELVES IN THE NEVADA DESERT...

CAMPFIRE JUST OVER THAT RISE. LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE STOPPED TO REST THE HORSES.



FROM HIGH IN THE ROCKS MCCABE SPOTTED HIS QUARRY...

STEVIE LOOKS ALL RIGHT, THANK THE STARS! THEY MUST HAVE TETHERED THE STATION HORSES NEARBY.



HE SEARCHED THE AREA FOR THE OTHER PONIES...

ONLY ONE GUARD. IF I CAN FINISH HIM QUIETLY I'LL SADDLE MYSELF A FRESH MOUNT THEN GET STEVIE OUT OF HERE.



AEEIIIIAH!



DARN IT...THE GUARD'S SHOT WILL ALERT THE OTHERS! NO TIME TO SADDLE ANOTHER BRONC...JUST STAMPEDE THIS BUNCH!



MCCABE RACED THE TERRIFIED ANIMALS THROUGH THE SMALL CAMP, PICKING UP STEVIE AS HE WENT...

HANG ON, STEVIE BOY... OL' JAKE WILL SOON GET YOU OUT OF THIS DARN MESS!



BUT...

THAT ARROW HIT RUBY... BUT THE OLD GIRL'S STILL GOIN' STRONG.



FORTEN MILES MCCABE'S MOUNT MAINTAINED A STEADY SPEED...

THEY CAN'T KEEP UP WITH US, JAKE...

DISCOURAGE 'EM A LITTLE MORE WITH THAT SHOOTING IRON, BOY.

RUBY'S TIRING AN' LOSING A LOT OF BLOOD!

THEN, ON THE EDGE OF A DEEP RAVINE...

UHHNNHH!

THE EXPRESS RIDER BACKED THE HORSE AWAY FROM THE RAVINE AND THEN URGED IT FORWARD AT FULL GALLOP...

WE-WE MADE IT, STEVIE! ONLY THIS BRONG COULD HAVE DONE IT!

THE GALLANT HORSE RESPONDED...

YOU DID IT, JAKE... SHE GOT UP!

STOP JAW-WAGGING, BOY AND CLIMB ABOARD!

HERE THEY COME, JAKE... AND THAT'S MY LAST SHOT!

WE'RE SAFE NOW! THEM SAVAGES WON'T JUMP THE RAVINE ON TIRED HORSES! GOOD GIRL, RUBY!

AT "EAGLE ROCK" RELAY STATION A FRESH HORSE AND RIDER AWAITED MCCABE...

GET READY TO DISMOUNT, SON... THIS SADDLE'S GOT TO BE CHANGED OVER! THE PONY EXPRESS IS RUNNIN' BEHIND SCHEDULE.

EAGLE ROCK

BUT AS THE SADDLE WAS TAKEN FROM THE GALLANT HORSE, ITS SPIRIT FINALLY BROKE...

JAKE, HELP ME GET HER UP! WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER?

IT'S NO GOOD, BOY, SHE'S DEAD. SHE'S RUN THREE TIMES THE DISTANCE ANY OTHER HORSE COULD.

THE PONY EXPRESS RAN FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS BEFORE THE TELEGRAPH LINES FINALLY LINKED THE COASTS OF AMERICA AND THE SERVICES OF THE LONE RIDERS WERE NO LONGER NEEDED...

BUT WITHOUT HER KIND THIS SERVICE COULDN'T OPERATE, SON! RUBY WAS A SPECIAL BREED JUST LIKE THE MEN WHO RIDE THE TRAIL NIGHT AND DAY TO GET THE MAIL THROUGH!

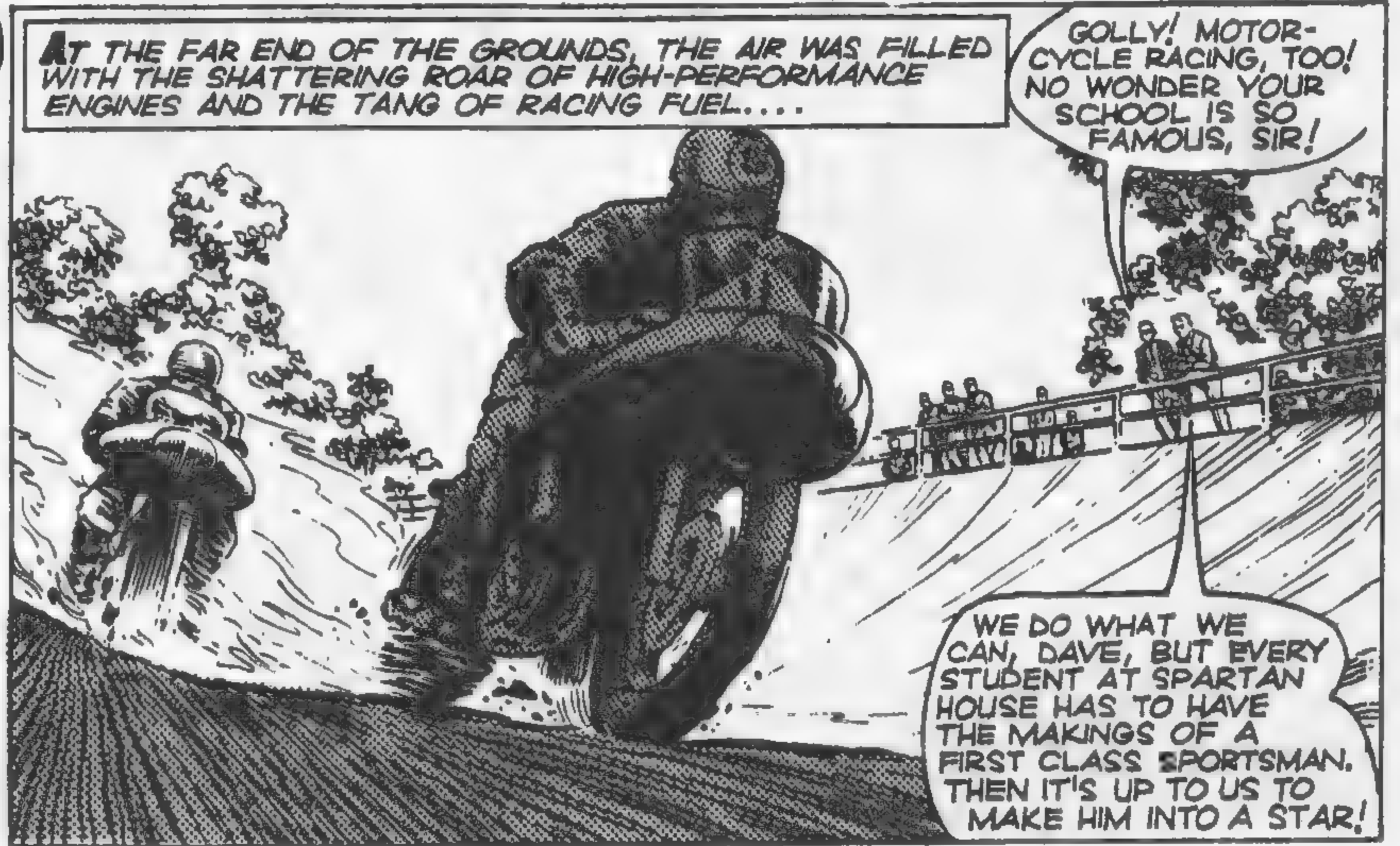
THE END

There'll be another super **SPEED** complete story to enjoy... next week!



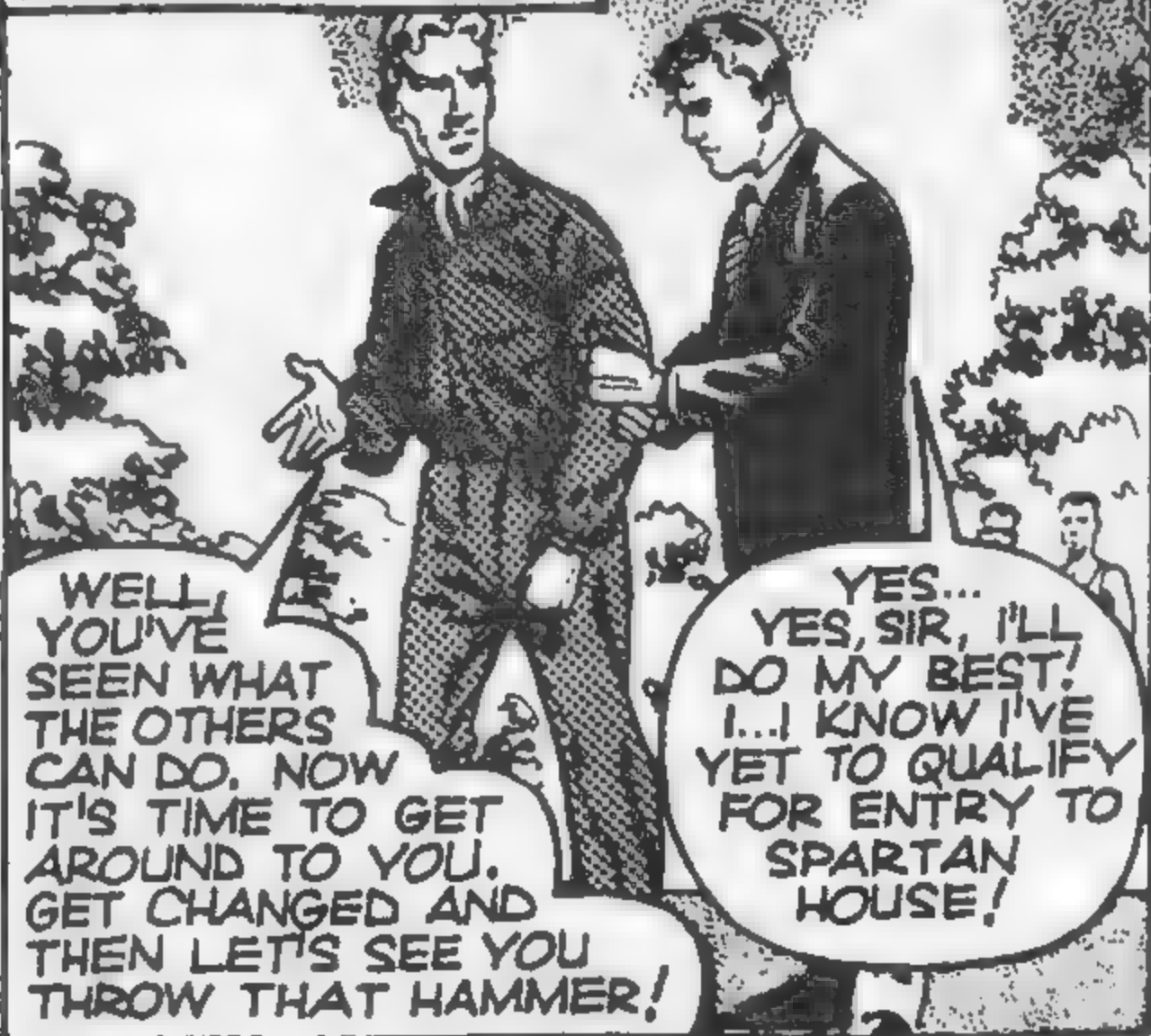
# Paddy Ryan's

# ATHLETES UNLIMITED





AT LAST THE TOUR CAME TO AN END AND PADDY GRINNED AT THE AWED EXPRESSION ON DAVE MACARDLE'S FACE...



WELL, YOU'VE SEEN WHAT THE OTHERS CAN DO. NOW IT'S TIME TO GET AROUND TO YOU. GET CHANGED AND THEN LET'S SEE YOU THROW THAT HAMMER!

YES... YES, SIR, I'LL DO MY BEST. I...I KNOW I'VE YET TO QUALIFY FOR ENTRY TO SPARTAN HOUSE!

BY THE TIME DAVE WAS READY FOR HIS 'ENTRANCE EXAMINATION' A GROWING CROWD OF STUDENTS AND INSTRUCTORS HAD GATHERED...



COME ON, DON'T MISS THIS! MACARDLE'S SON'S GOING TO SHOW HOW IT'S DONE!

A HUSHED SILENCE FELL...ALL EYES WERE UPON THE TALL FIGURE STARTING TO TURN GRACEFULLY



VERY SMOOTH PIVOTING. HE'S GOT FIRST CLASS CO-ORDINATION. HIS FATHER'S OBVIOUSLY TAUGHT HIM A GREAT DEAL!

LOOKS GOOD, DOESN'T HE? THIS THROW SHOULD REALLY BE SOMETHING...



FASTER AND FASTER HE PIVOTED... THEN, AT THE END OF A PERFECTLY-TIMED UPSWING, HE RELEASED...

BEAUTIFUL RELEASE!

HIGH INTO THE AIR THE HEAVY HAMMER SOARED... THEN THUMPED TO THE SOIL BY A WHITE DISTANCE-MARKER...



A HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET..?

WOW! IS THAT ALL?

THE SPARTAN HOUSE ONLOOKERS FELL INTO A STUNNED, EMBARRASSED SILENCE...UNTIL ONE OF THEM LET LOOSE A SNEERING LAUGH....



WHAT A FARCE! I COULD THROW A HAMMER FARTHER THAN THAT! AND I'M A RUNNER!

DAVE MACARDLE 'WOUND UP' IN A DEEP, TENSE SILENCE. HE PIVOTED SMOOTHLY-THEN HEAVED THE 16-POUND HAMMER WITH ALMOST DESPERATE FORCE...



IT LOOKS LIKE A BETTER THROW, THIS TIME! FOR HIS SAKE, I SURE HOPE IT IS...

BUT, AS THE FLYING HAMMER GOUGED EARTH, A STRICKEN GASP FROM THE CROWD CONFIRMED PADDY RYAN'S WORST FEARS..



A HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN FEET..!

GOOD GRIEF! IT ISN'T EVEN AS GOOD AS HIS FIRST THROW..!

THE SPARTAN HOUSE STUDENTS HAD EXPECTED SOMETHING SPECIAL FROM BILL MACARDLE'S SON.



COME ON, LADS! DON'T MAKE IT HARDER FOR THE POOR BLIGHTER BY STARING AT HIM!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BILL MACARDLE'S SON... A FLOP!

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON... I DON'T THINK!

PADDY RYAN'S FACE WAS STILL RUEFUL AS HE WALKED UP TO THE DEJECTED YOUNG ATHLETE...



WELL, DAVE... YOU KNOW THE RULES! YOU SHOULD HAVE THROWN THE HAMMER AT LEAST A HUNDRED AND SIXTY FEET TO QUALIFY FOR A COURSE AT SPARTAN HOUSE! I'M SORRY, BUT-

PLEASE, MR RYAN...! I KNOW I CAN DO BETTER! JUST GIVE ME THE CHANCE TO PROVE IT! YOU'VE GOT TO...FOR MY FATHER'S SAKE!

PADDY RYAN HESITATED. HE KNEW THE DEEP PRIDE BILL MACARDLE MUST HAVE FOR HIS SON. HE NODDED SLOWLY...



ALL, RIGHT, DAVE! WE'LL TRY IT FOR ONE WEEK! I'LL TEACH YOU ALL I KNOW ABOUT THROWING THE HAMMER! BUT AFTER THAT, IF YOU STILL CAN'T REACH THE QUALIFYING MARK...

THEN I'M OUT! THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH, MR RYAN! AT LEAST I'LL HAVE TRIED, ANYWAY..!

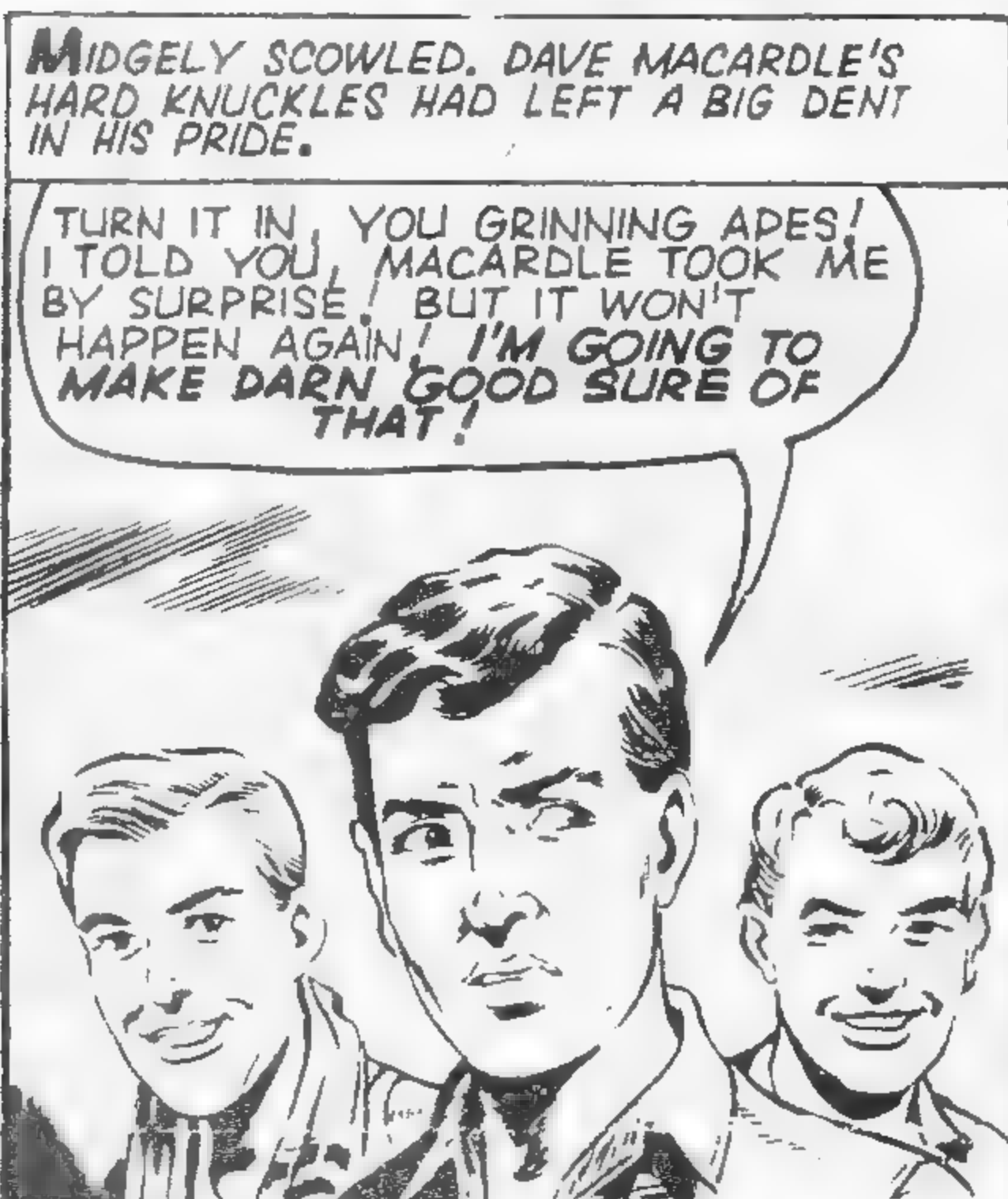
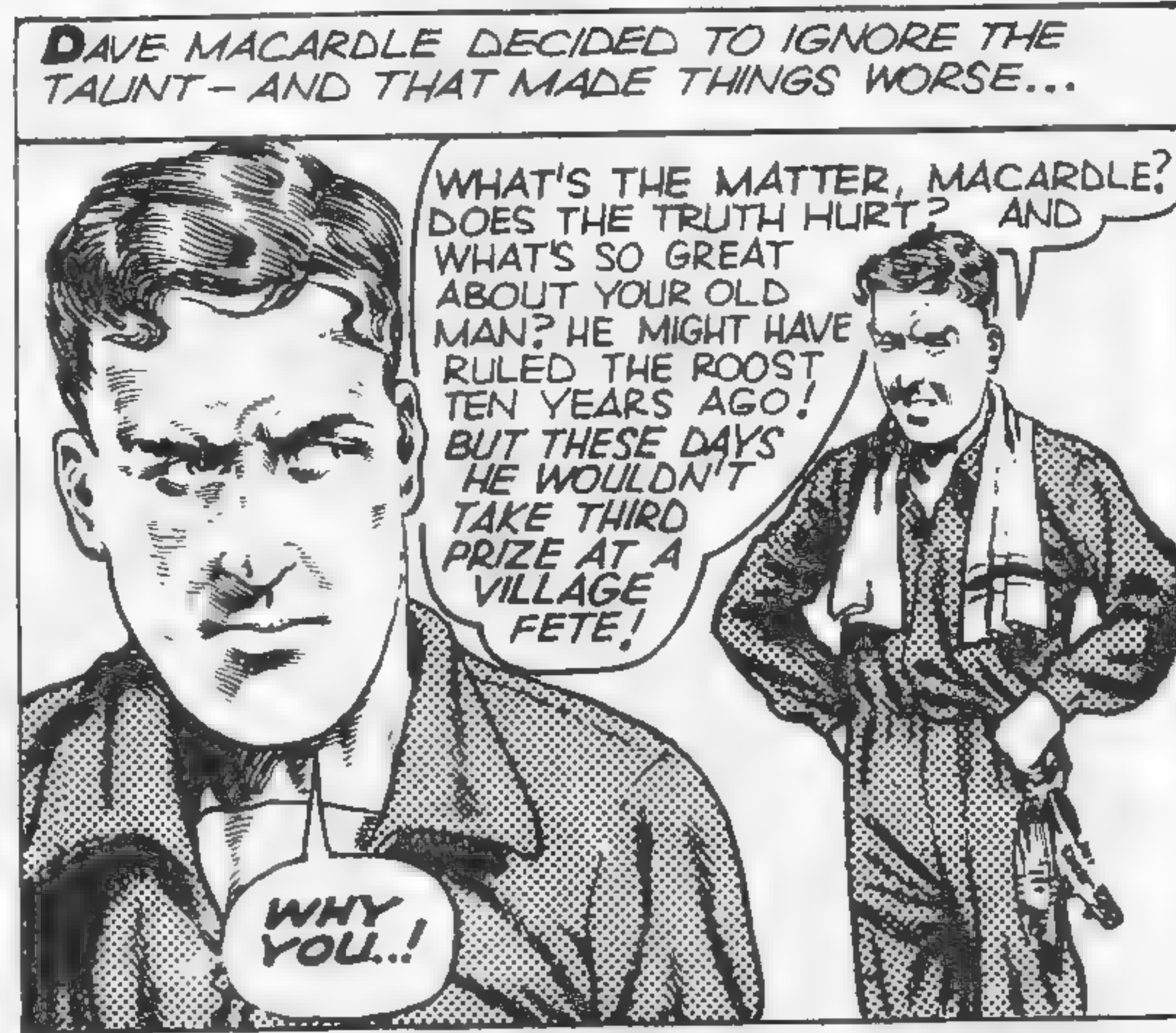
DAVE MACARDLE WAS EAGER TO LEARN. FOR THE NEXT HOUR PADDY WORKED HARD TO PERFECT THE YOUNG ATHLETE'S TECHNIQUE.



...YOU'RE NOT PUTTING YOUR SHOULDERS INTO THE SWING! IT'S THAT FINAL KICK WHICH MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE! NOW TRY IT AGAIN!

OKAY, MR RYAN! I'LL GET THE HANG OF IT! YOU'LL SEE..!







UNAWARE OF MIDGELY'S PLANS, DAVE MACARDLE PUT EVERYTHING HE HAD INTO A FINAL SESSION WITH THE HAMMER THE FOLLOWING EVENING...

I'VE IMPROVED A COUPLE OF FEET SINCE YESTERDAY! BUT I'M STILL A LONG WAY SHORT OF THE DISTANCE REQUIRED TO ENTER THE SCHOOL! AND PADDY'S GIVING ME A FINAL TRY-OUT TOMORROW!



AS DAVE BENT TO RETRIEVE THE HAMMER, HE HEARD THE CRUNCH OF SPIKED TRACK-SHOES. RAY MIDGELY'S VOICE RASPED THROUGH THE DUSK...



STILL AT IT, MACARDLE? WHY DON'T YOU GET WISE TO YOURSELF? YOU'LL NEVER THROW THAT HAMMER LIKE YOUR FATHER! PADDY RYAN'S JUST WASTING HIS TIME! ALL THE TRAINING IN THE WORLD COULDN'T TURN **YOU** INTO A CHAMPION!

SOMEHOW, DAVE RESISTED THE URGE TO SMASH HIS FIST INTO MIDGELY'S FACE. HIS THOUGHTS WERE GRIM AS HE STRODE BACK TO THE SCHOOL

MIDGELY'S A RAT... BUT HE'S RIGHT! I'LL NEVER BE AS GOOD AS DAD, NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRY! IT'D SAVE EVERYONE A LOT OF EMBARRASSMENT IF I CLEARED OUT RIGHT NOW...



IT WAS CLOSE ON MIDNIGHT AS DAVE BEGAN TO PACK HIS POSSESSIONS...

I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO FACE PADDY! HE'D ONLY TRY AND PERSUADE ME TO STAY! I'LL WRITE TO HIM AND EXPLAIN THINGS WHEN I GET BACK TO THE STATES...



THE SCHOOL GATES WERE LOCKED, BUT THE BOUNDARY WALL PRESENTED NO OBSTACLE TO THE FIT YOUNG ATHLETE. FROM THE PARAPET, HE LOOKED BACK ACROSS THE SHADOWY SPORTS FIELDS...



SO LONG, PADDY! I'D GIVE MY RIGHT ARM TO STAY HERE, BUT ONLY THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR SPARTAN HOUSE...

DROPPING NIMBLY TO THE GROUND, DAVE BROKE INTO A SPRINT...



I SHOULD JUST BE IN TIME TO CATCH THE LAST TRAIN TO LONDON. I WANT TO BE WELL AWAY FROM HERE BY DAWN...

IT WAS TEN MINUTES LATER, AS HE WALKED QUICKLY DOWN THE DESERTED, MOON-WASHED ROAD, THAT DAVE HEARD THE PURR OF AN ENGINE...



A CAR! PITY IT'S NOT GOING MY WAY! MIGHT HAVE GOT A LIFT TO RENGATE STATION...

BUT THE APPROACHING SALOON HELD NOTHING BUT MENACE FOR DAVE MACARDLE...

HEY LOOK! THE GUY COMING DOWN THE ROAD... IT'S MACARDLE!



YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT WHAT THE HECK IS HE DOING OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

THE CAR BRAKED SHARPLY. A MERCILESS VOICE GRATED THROUGH THE NIGHT...

WHO CARES? ALL I KNOW ABOUT MACARDLE IS THAT MIDGELY WANTS US TO WORK HIM OVER! SO WE'LL DO IT NOW... WHILE THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TO STOP US!



RAY MIDGELY'S HIRELINGS CLOSED RUTHLESSLY ON THE STARTLED YOUNG HAMMER-THROWER



ALL RIGHT, MACARDLE! THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO! WE'VE GOT ORDERS TO ROUGH YOU UP A LITTLE!

YEAH... AND THERE'S NOT A SOUL AROUND TO STOP US!

DAVE DIDN'T KNOW WHY HE WAS BEING ATTACKED, AND HE DIDN'T STOP TO ASK. AS THE FIRST ROUGHNECK RUSHED IN...



THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU GO, FELLER!

THE YOUNG ATHLETE TURNED TO MEET THE SECOND ATTACK. HIS BUNCHED FIST FLASHED IN THE MOONLIGHT...



YOU STARTED IT, MATE!

OWW!







MEANWHILE, IN PADDY RYAN'S PRIVATE OFFICE AT SPARTAN HOUSE, RAY MIDGELY'S HIRELINGS WERE WORKING SWIFTLY...

THEN, AS THE TWO THUGS SLID QUIETLY FROM THE OFFICE, A SHARP CRY RANG OUT...

AROUSSED FROM HIS BED BY STEALTHY NOISES, PADDY RYAN WAS STILL SLEEPY-EYED. A VICIOUS ATTACK SENT HIM SPRAWLING...



HIS ATTACKERS MELTED AWAY, PADDY SAW THE SHEEN OF SILVER THROUGH A RED HAZE OF PAIN...

BUT, EVEN AS PADDY LURCHED TO HIS FEET, DAVE MACARDLE WAS RUNNING THE LAST FIFTY YARDS OF HIS LUNG-BURSTING SPRINT...

THE CUP-STEALERS WERE DOUBLING TOWARDS THE GATES WHEN A POWERFUL FIGURE LEAPED INTO VIEW!



The treacherous sprinter, Midgely, was cowering in his room when Dave and Paddy found him. His angry denials were useless in the face of Dave's evidence. Thirty minutes later, the police took him away with the two men he had bribed to attack Dave MacArdle. It remained only for Dave to tell Paddy of the bitterness that had caused him to run away from Spartan House—and the savage assault that had made him return!





IN THE SPARTAN HOUSE STADIUM, AN EXCITING ATHLETICS PROGRAMME WAS RISING TO A TREMENDOUS CLIMAX...



LOOK-RENGATE HAVE WON THE POLE-VULT! THAT BRINGS THEM LEVEL ON POINTS WITH SPARTAN HOUSE!

THE CHAMPIONSHIP WILL BE DECIDED ON THE LAST EVENT- THE 440 YARDS RELAY!

YES... BUT WHAT CHANCE HAVE WE GOT WITH MACARDLE RUNNING THE LAST LAP FOR THE SCHOOL? HE'S A HAMMER-THROWER- NOT A RUNNER!

THE BITTER VOICES OF HIS FELLOW-STUDENTS REACHED DAVE MACARDLE AS HE LIMBERED UP BESIDE THE TRACK. HE SPOKE TENSELY TO PADDY RYAN...



MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT, PADDY! MAYBE THIS WHOLE THING IS CRAZY! IF I LET THE SCHOOL DOWN -!

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT, DAVE! YOU'RE GOING TO SURPRISE A LOT OF PEOPLE TODAY! AND AFTER WE'VE PULLED THIS OFF, THERE'LL BE AN EVEN BIGGER SURPRISE FOR YOU..!

DAVE WAS STILL PONDERING PADDY'S LAST WORDS, WHEN THE STARTER'S PISTOL CRACKED. SIX RUNNERS CATAPULTED FROM THEIR BLOCKS...



THEY'RE AWAY!

COME ON, THE SPARTANS!

RACE 'EM, RENEGATE!

THE OPENING LAP WAS A NECK-AND-NECK STRUGGLE. THERE WAS NOTHING IN IT AS THE RUNNERS CAME PANTING TOWARDS THE FIRST CHANGE-OVER. THEN...



OH, MY GOSH! THE SCHOOL'S MUFFED THE BATON-CHANGE!

RENGATE HAVE SNATCHED THE LEAD!

It looked as if Spartan House was out of the race. For, during the next two laps, Rengate increased their lead with smart baton-changing.

Then, as the runners came up for the fourth and final lap, with the school still trailing, a stocky, craggy-faced man breathed a silent prayer...



COME ON, DAVE BOY! IT'S UP TO YOU, NOW! DON'T LET ME DOWN..!

DAVE MACARDLE JUDGED THE BATON-CHANGE PERFECTLY. BUT HE WAS WAY BEHIND AS HE PICKED UP SPEED....



NICE BATON-CHANGE, MACARDLE!

YEAH-BUT HE'S TWENTY YARDS BEHIND THE FIELD! HE HASN'T A CHANCE!

DO YOUR BEST, DAVE!

DAVE MACARDLE DID HIS BEST. THE CROWD ROARED AS HIS FLYING SPIKES BEGAN TO NARROW THE GAP...



WHAT DO YOU KNOW!- HE'S GRINING!

GO IT, DAVE! KEEP IT UP, LAD..!





**FOR THE BEST SPORT**

**TIGER**  
Scorcher  
EVERY MONDAY  
5th JANUARY, 1980  
BILLY'S BOOTS

**FOR THE BEST ADVENTURE**

**SPEED**  
EVERY MONDAY  
29th FEBRUARY, 1980  
FREE SPEED PLANE!  
8 HIGH-SPEED picture stories TO MAKE YOU GASP!

**FOR THE BEST FOOTBALL**

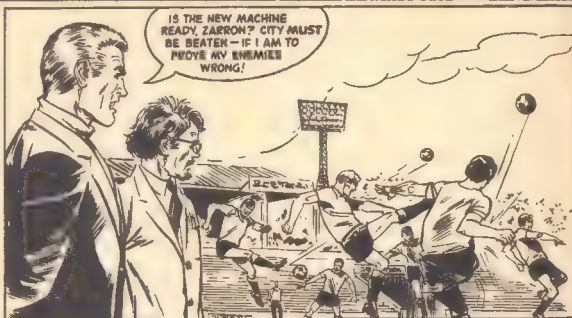
**ROY OF THE ROVERS**  
10th FEBRUARY, 1980  
MICHAEL MOUSE INSIDE!

READ THESE GREAT COMICS EVERY WEEK! THEY'RE THE BEST!



# Paxton's POWER HOUSE

FOOTBALL MANAGER VINCE PAXTON, ONCE SACKED FOR HIS HARSH, RUTHLESS APPROACH TO TRAINING, FORMED HIS OWN FOURTH DIVISION CLUB—POWER MANOR. AIDED BY PROFESSOR ZARRON AND SOME FANTASTIC EQUIPMENT, HE BUILT YOUNG PLAYERS INTO HIS POWER MEN. IT WAS TWO DAYS BEFORE A CUP MATCH AGAINST BURFIELD CITY, AND INSIDE THE TRAINING GROUND AT POWER MANOR...



PAXTON'S VOICE RANG WITH HARSH PRIDE...

I LIVE FOR FOOTBALL... FOR MY POWER MEN! TO MAKE THEM UNBEATABLE—THAT IS NOW MY SOLE AIM!



PROFESSOR ZARRON SPOKE SOFTLY...

THE SKILL-BOOSTER RAY IS ALMOST PERFECTED, MR. PAXTON, BUT THERE MAY STILL BE A FLAW...



IN THE BOARD-ROOM OF RIVAL BURFIELD CITY...

WE COULD REACH THE TOP OF THE DIVISION, BUT ONLY IF WE DEFEAT MANOR! I'VE PERSONAL REASONS TOO, FOR WANTING TO BEAT THAT CRANK PAXTON!

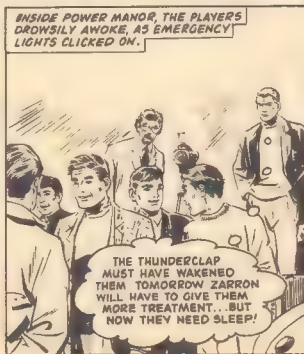
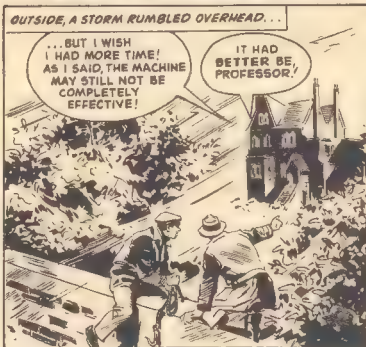
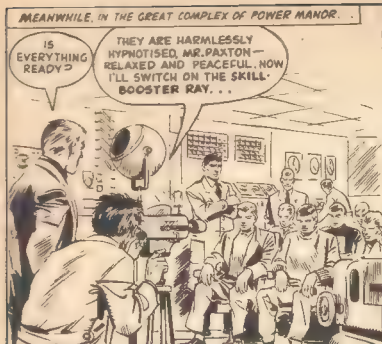


LATER...

POWER MANOR HOLDS PAXTON'S SECRETS. BREAK IN—YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

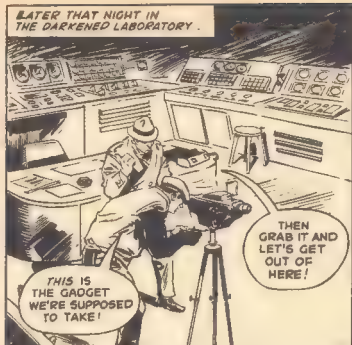








LATER THAT NIGHT IN  
THE DARKENED LABORATORY.



NEXT DAY IN BURFIELD CITY'S  
TREATMENT ROOM...



ZARRON'S AMAZING BOOSTER RAY WAS  
USED ON EACH CITY PLAYER...



WHILST BACK AT THE  
POWER HOUSE...

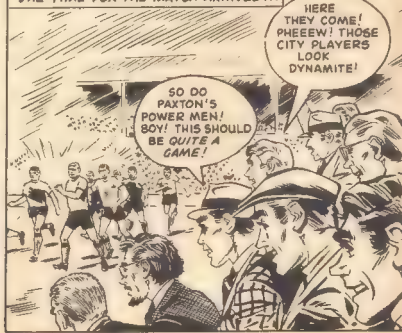


AT LEAST OUR  
POWER MEN WILL  
HAVE HAD SOME  
BENEFIT FROM  
THE RAY...

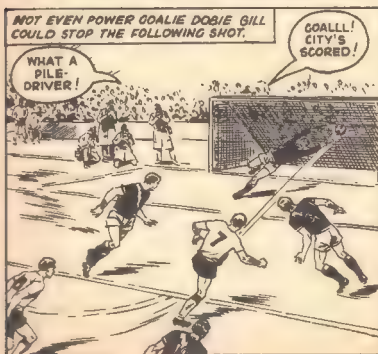
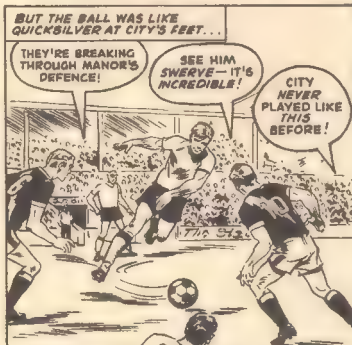
BUT MY ENEMIES  
MAY HAVE USED IT  
ON CITY! SUPPOSING  
THE BOOSTER  
MAKES THEM  
UNBEATABLE! GOOD GRIEF--!



THE TIME FOR THE MATCH ARRIVED...









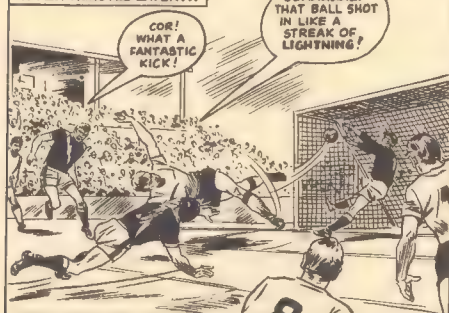
YET NOTHING SEEMED ABLE TO HOLD CITY. A LOFTED CORNER GAVE THEM THEIR NEXT CHANCE...



A THUNDEROUS ROAR SHOOK THE STADIUM...



CITY'S THIRD GOAL CAME A FEW MINUTES LATER...



THE WORDS OF THE CITY FAN REACHED THE EARS OF PROFESSOR ZARRON...

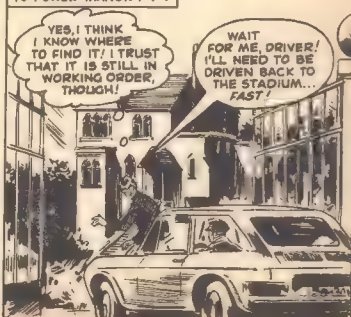


SOMETHING I WORKED ON YEARS AGO, MR. PAXTON!... MY RAIN-MAKER!

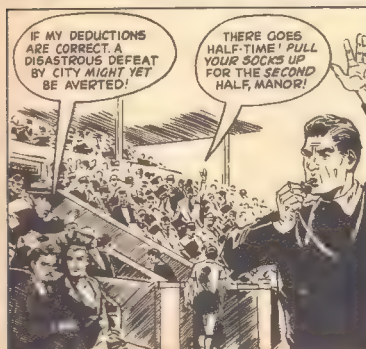
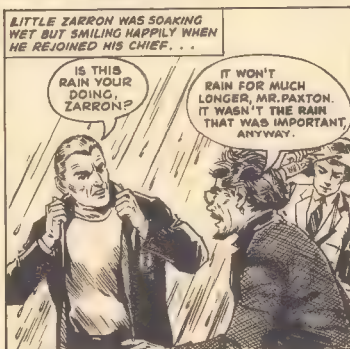
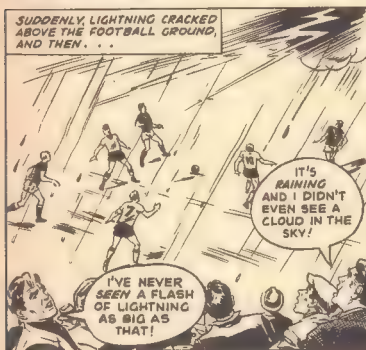
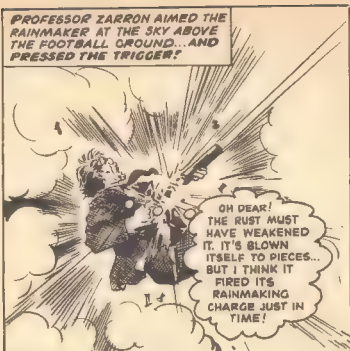
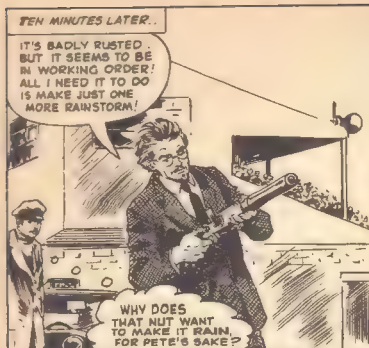
RAIN-MAKER? POOR ZARRON... HE MUST HAVE SUDDENLY GONE OFF HIS ROCKER!



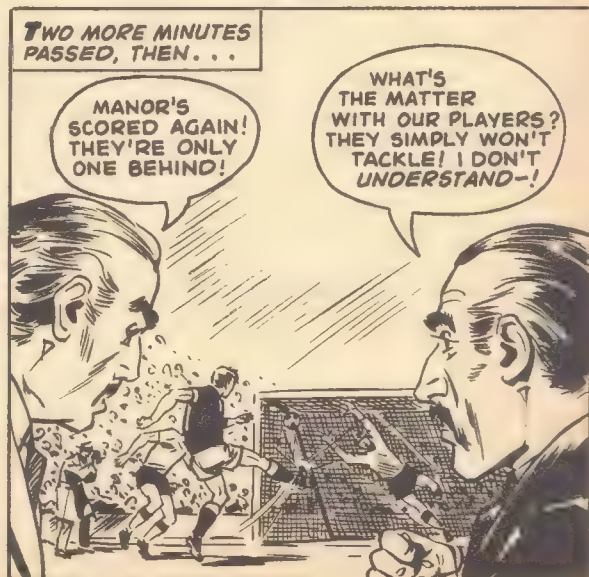
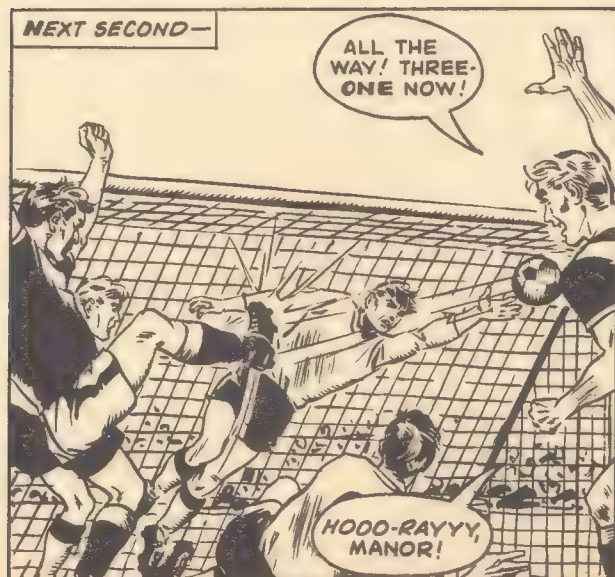
A TAXI HURTLIED ZARRON TO POWER MANOR...













FROM THEN ON, THE WHOLE CITY SIDE WENT TO PIECES.

GOAL—WE'VE EQUALISED! CITY'S PLAYED THEMSELVES OUT!



WHEN MANOR'S FOURTH GOAL CAME...

YOU FOOL! I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE COULD LEAVE IT TO YOU!

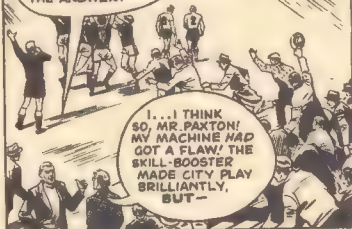
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! SOMEHOW, PAXTON OUTWITTED US... HIS ACCURSED MACHINE SUBTLED US!



FOR ONCE PAXTON WAS ALMOST SMILING...

WE—WE WON! AND I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW! ZARRON, YOU MUST HAVE THE ANSWER.

I... I THINK SO, MR. PAXTON! MY MACHINE HAD GOT A FLAW! THE SKILL-BOOSTER MADE CITY PLAY BRILLIANTLY, BUT—



LIGHTNING CAUSED THE BREAKDOWN OF THE BOOSTER, BECAUSE OF A FLAW IN THE BOOSTER, IT ABSORBED THE EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING INTO THE PATTERN OF ITS MACHINERY. SO WHEN I LET LOOSE ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTNING... THE SAME THING HAPPENED AGAIN!



...LEAVING CITY WITH ALL THEIR ENERGY AND CONFIDENCE USED UP. OUR LADS WEREN'T AFFECTED, BECAUSE THE BOOSTER-RAY HAD ONLY JUST STARTED ON THEM WHEN IT BROKE DOWN...

O.K. ZARRON! IT WORKED OUT ALL RIGHT THIS TIME! BUT THE NEXT TIME YOU INVENT SOMETHING THAT HAS A FLAW IN IT... I'LL HAVE YOUR HIDE!



THE END



Travel to the Old West . . . and meet Luke Cassidy, ace gunfighter!

IN THE OLD WEST, GUN DUELS WERE FREQUENT. GUN FIGHTERS MADE THEIR REPUTATIONS... LIVED AND DIED. THROUGHOUT THE WEST, NO NAME WAS BETTER KNOWN THAN THAT OF **LUKE CASSIDY**. HIS WAS THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST... BUT THERE WERE ALWAYS MEN OUT TO PROVE THAT THEY WERE BETTER!

OKAY, CASSIDY. YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART... WELL, I'M SMARTER! GO FOR YOUR GUN... IT'LL BE THE LAST MOVE YOU EVER MAKE...

DON'T MAKE ME DO IT, HANK. I'M SICK OF KILLING. WALK AWAY FORGET IT...

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

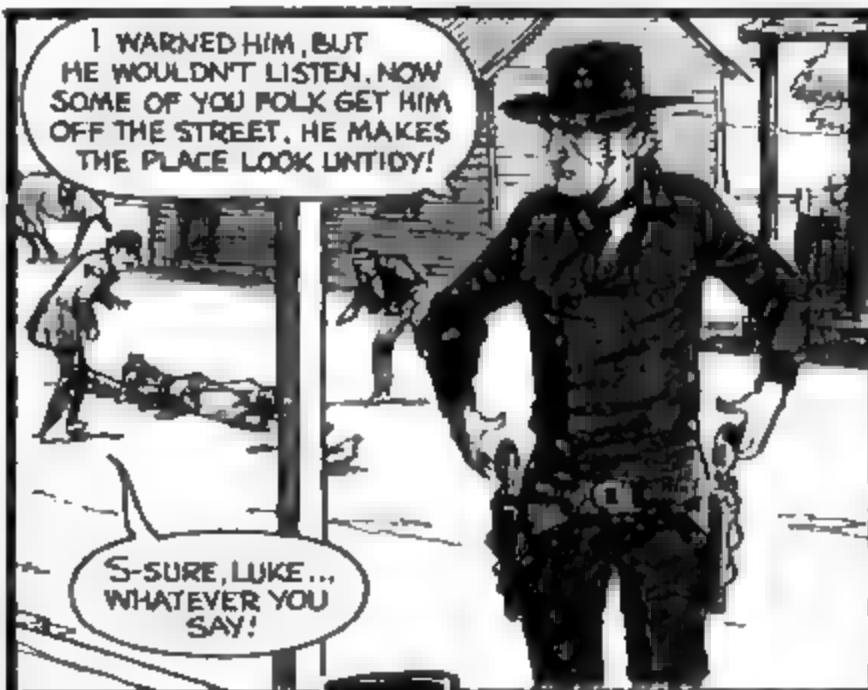
BUT LUKE CASSIDY MOVED WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED.

YOU'RE GETTING OLD, CASSIDY... YOU'RE FINISHED...

YOU'RE... URRGH!

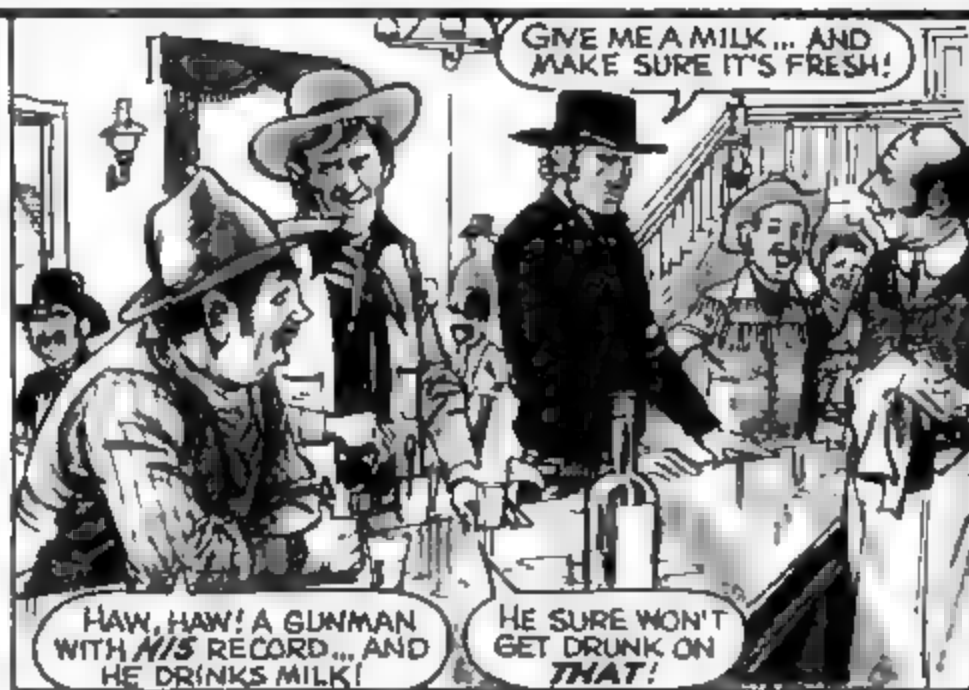
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I WARNED HIM, BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN. NOW SOME OF YOU FOLK GET HIM OFF THE STREET. HE MAKES THE PLACE LOOK UNTIDY!

S-SURE, LUKE... WHATEVER YOU SAY!



GIVE ME A MILK... AND MAKE SURE IT'S FRESH!

HAW, HAW! A GUNMAN WITH HIS RECORD... AND HE DRINKS MILK!

HE SURE WON'T GET DRUNK ON THAT!



YOU CREEPS THINK SOMETHING'S FUNNY? CARE TO SHARE THE JOKE WITH ME?

N-NO LUKE... WE ER... DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING.

WE WERE JUST GOING, ANYWAY WE DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.

TROUBLE SEEMS TO FOLLOW ME WHEREVER I GO. WHATEVER I DO, THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE WANTING TO PROVE HE'S FASTER THAN ME. I'M TIRED OF IT...



BUT TEN MILES AWAY, THERE WAS TROUBLE OF A DIFFERENT KIND! AT A LONELY HOMESTEAD, TRAGEDY HAD STRUCK AT A ONCE-HAPPY FAMILY...

TOO BAD THOSE PEOPLE ARE TOO DEAD TO LEARN THEIR LESSON!

TO REFUSE US FOOD IS LIKE SIGNING YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT!



WE'VE HAD OUR FUN... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

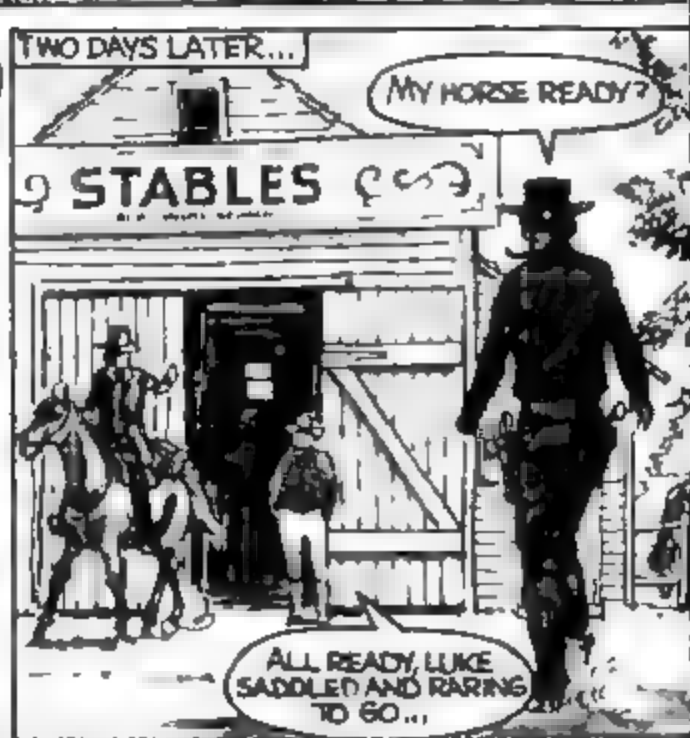


ONLY ONE PERSON HAD BEEN LEFT ALIVE...

MUM... DAD... BOTH DEAD...



I'LL GET THOSE MEN WHO DID THIS, NO MATTER WHAT IT COSTS. I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE...



TWO DAYS LATER...

MY HORSE READY?

STABLES

ALL READY, LUKE SADDLED AND RARING TO GO...



BUT, AS LUKE WAS ABOUT TO LEAD HIS HORSE OUT...

SOMEONE MOVING BEHIND ME...

HE REACHED FOR HIS GUN AND SPUN ROUND, IN ONE LIGHTNING MOVEMENT.

MY... MY NAME'S JOHNNY STORM. I NEED YOUR HELP. TEACH ME HOW TO BE A GUNFIGHTER...

OKAY, WHOEVER YOU ARE, COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

D-DON'T SHOOT...

GET LOST, KID. YOU WERE LUCKY I DIDN'T SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!

BUT YOU **MUST** HELP ME! I'VE GOT TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF MY FAMILY. MY PARENTS WERE MURDERED...

TEACH YOU? I'M NO TEACHER!

KEEP YOUR SOB STORIES FOR SOMEONE ELSE...

THEN I... I'LL MAKE YOU HELP ME. G-GO FOR YOUR GUN!

CRAZY KID!

OKAY, KID... I'LL TEACH YOU, SEEING YOU'RE SO KEEN TO GET YOURSELF KILLED. MAYBE, ONE DAY YOU'LL BE EVEN FASTER THAN ME... IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH!

UUUURGH!

In next week's **SPEED**: Johnny saves a life!



Revenge was Johnny's motive for learning the art of gunfighting!

JOHNNY STORM'S FAMILY HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF THUGS AND THE YOUNG BOY WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE. BUT FIRST HE HAD TO LEARN HOW TO USE A GUN. HE WENT TO THE NEAREST TOWN... AND MET LUKE CASSIDY, THE MAN WITH THE FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST!

YOU'RE GOING?  
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING  
TO TEACH ME TO BE A  
GUNFIGHTER?

QUIT  
YELLING, KID.  
OR I'LL CHANGE MY  
MIND! I'M GOING  
HOME... IF YOU  
WANT TO FOLLOW  
ME, THAT'S UP  
TO YOU!

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

AND SO...

CRAZY  
KID...

I WONDER  
HOW FAR OUT  
OF TOWN HE  
LIVES?

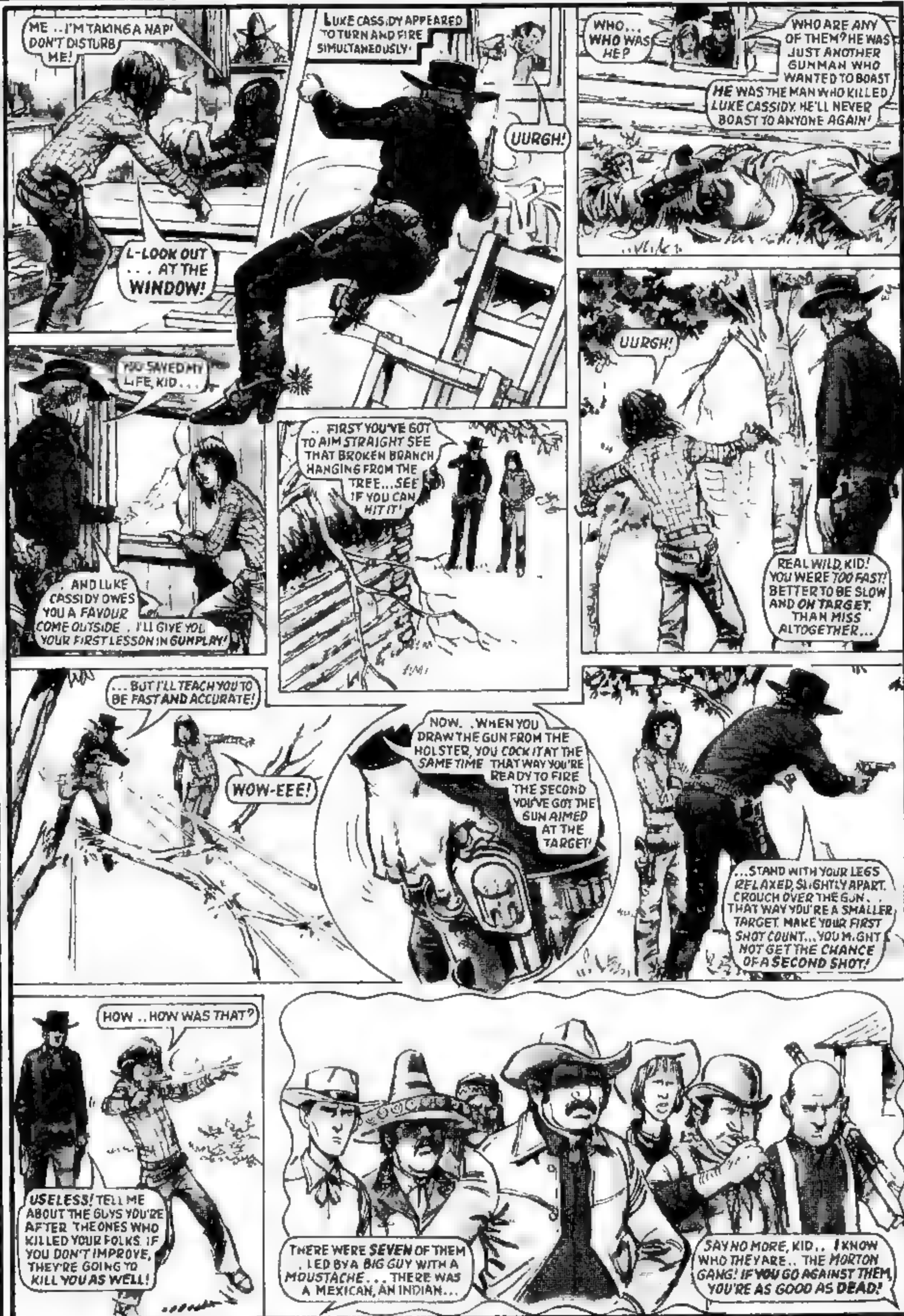
FIVE MILES  
LATER!

AT LAST!  
I WONDER IF HE  
KNOWS I'M FOLLOWING  
HIM? HE DIDN'T LOOK  
ROUND ONCE!

SO YOU FINALLY  
GOT HERE! START  
TO PAY FOR YOUR  
LESSONS RIGHT NOW  
... GET THIS  
PLACE CLEARED  
UP!

S-SURE,  
MISTER  
CASSIDY...  
WHATEVER  
YOU SAY!





ME...I'M TAKING A NAP!  
DON'T DISTURB  
ME!

LUKE CASSIDY APPEARED  
TO TURN AND FIRE  
SIMULTANEOUSLY!

WHO...  
WHO WAS  
HE?

WHO ARE ANY  
OF THEM? HE WAS  
JUST ANOTHER  
GUNMAN WHO  
WANTED TO BOAST  
HE WAS THE MAN WHO KILLED  
LUKE CASSIDY. HE'LL NEVER  
BOAST TO ANYONE AGAIN!

L-LOOK OUT  
... AT THE  
WINDOW!

UURGH!

YOU SAVED MY  
LIFE, KID...

AND LUKE  
CASSIDY OWES  
YOU A FAVOUR  
COME OUTSIDE, I'LL GIVE YOU  
YOUR FIRST LESSON IN GUNPLAY!

... FIRST YOU'VE GOT  
TO AIM STRAIGHT SEE  
THAT BROKEN BRANCH  
HANGING FROM THE  
TREE... SEE  
IF YOU CAN  
HIT IT!

UURGH!

REAL WILD, KID!  
YOU WERE TOO FAST!  
BETTER TO BE SLOW  
AND ON TARGET,  
THAN MISS  
ALTOGETHER...

... BUT I'LL TEACH YOU TO  
BE FAST AND ACCURATE!

WOW-EEE!

NOW, WHEN YOU  
DRAW THE GUN FROM THE  
HOLSTER, YOU COCK IT AT THE  
SAME TIME THAT WAY YOU'RE  
READY TO FIRE  
THE SECOND  
YOU'VE GOT THE  
GUN AIMED  
AT THE  
TARGET!

... STAND WITH YOUR LEGS  
RELAXED, SLIGHTLY APART.  
CROUCH OVER THE GUN.  
THAT WAY YOU'RE A SMALLER  
TARGET. MAKE YOUR FIRST  
SHOT COUNT... YOU MIGHT  
NOT GET THE CHANCE  
OF A SECOND SHOT!

HOW... HOW WAS THAT?

USELESS! TELL ME  
ABOUT THE GUYS YOU'RE  
AFTER THE ONES WHO  
KILLED YOUR FOLKS. IF  
YOU DON'T IMPROVE,  
THEY'RE GOING TO  
KILL YOU AS WELL!

THERE WERE SEVEN OF THEM  
LED BY A BIG GUY WITH A  
MUSTACHE... THERE WAS  
A MEXICAN, AN INDIAN...

SAY NO MORE, KID... I KNOW  
WHO THEY ARE... THE MORTON  
GANG! IF YOU GO AGAINST THEM,  
YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD!

More lightning-fast action with Luke Cassidy next week!



Johnny came face-to-face with one of the men who had killed his parents!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS AND THE YOUNG BOY WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE. BUT FIRST, HE HAD TO LEARN HOW TO USE A GUN. WHEN HE SAVED THE LIFE OF LUKE CASSIDY, A FAMOUS GUNFIGHTER, LUKE RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO TEACH HIM.

YOU KNOW, BOY, YOU'RE SURE SETTING YOURSELF A TARGET. THE MORTON GANG COULD EASILY MAKE MINCEMEAT OF YOU. GO AFTER THEM AND YOU'LL BE SIGNING YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT.

MAYBE SO

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

BUT THEY KILLED MY FOLKS AND I VOWED I'D GO AFTER THEM. IF YOU TEACH ME RIGHT, MAYBE I'LL GET SOME OF THEM, BEFORE THEY GET ME!

OKAY, LET'S SEE IF YOU'VE LEARNED ANY SPEED! PUT ON YOUR GUNBELT AND LET'S TRY SOMETHING.

GREAT!

I WANT YOU TO CLAP YOUR HANDS, BEFORE I BRING MY GUN UP BETWEEN THEM. SOUND EASY ENOUGH?

I I GUESS SO SAY WHEN..

NOW! TOO SLOW, KID!

NOW! THAT WAS FAST! LET ME HAVE A TRY!

BUT WHEN JOHNNY TRIED..

AARGH!

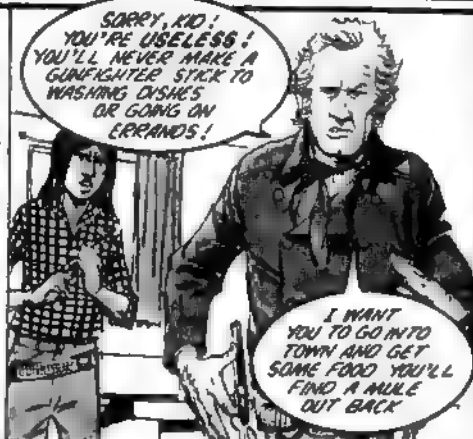
TOO SLOW AGAIN!



EACH TIME THEY TRIED IT, THE RESULT WAS THE SAME



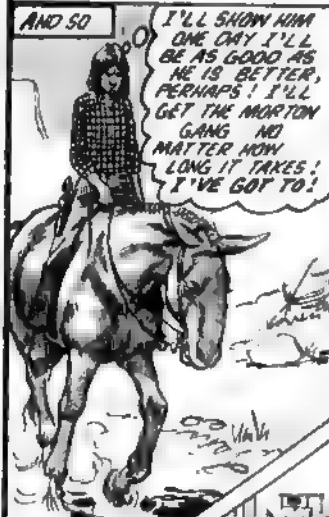
SORRY, KID! YOU'RE USELESS! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A GUNFIGHTER STICK TO WASHING DISHES OR GOING ON ERRANDS!



I WANT YOU TO GO INTO TOWN AND GET SOME FOOD YOU'LL FIND A MULE OUT BACK

AND SO

I'LL SHOW HIM ONE DAY I'LL BE AS GOOD AS HE IS BETTER, PERHAPS! I'LL GET THE MORTON GANG NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES! I'VE GOT TO!



AT THE NEAREST TOWN



AND I WANT SOME BEST BEEF FOR MISTER CASSIDY LUKE CASSIDY

SURE, SON LUKE CASSIDY ALWAYS SHOPS HERE

SUDDENLY, JOHNNY GLANCED OUT OF THE WINDOW!



THAT MAN! IT'S ONE OF THE MEN WHO KILLED MY FOLKS!



HE'S GONE INTO THAT SALOON I'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED!



MOMENTS LATER

HEY, YOU I WANT YOU! UGLY FACE AT THE BAR!

HUH?



GO FOR YOUR GUN! I'M GIVING YOU THE CHANCE TO DRAW FIRST!

HAW, HAW! YOU'RE A BIT GREEN TO CHALLENGE ME, KID! GET LOST!



I, I MEAN IT! DRAW!

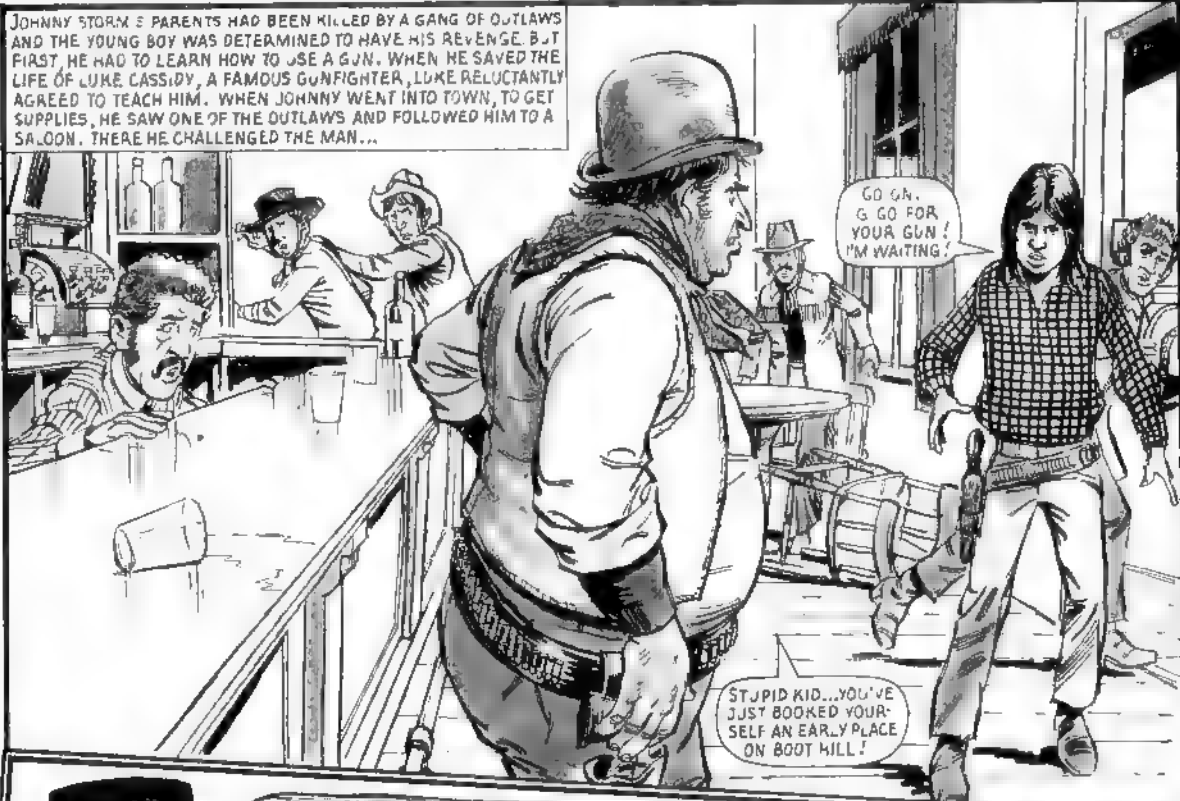
YOU'VE DISTURBED MY DRINK AND I'VE KILLED MEN FOR LESS THAN THAT! IF YOU WANT TO DIE YOUNG, THAT'S OKAY WITH ME!

What will happen to Johnny now? Find out next week!



# Johnny Storm was face-to-face with one of the men who had killed his parents!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS AND THE YOUNG BOY WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE. BUT FIRST, HE HAD TO LEARN HOW TO USE A GUN. WHEN HE SAVED THE LIFE OF LUKE CASSIDY, A FAMOUS GUNFIGHTER, LUKE RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO TEACH HIM. WHEN JOHNNY WENT INTO TOWN, TO GET SUPPLIES, HE SAW ONE OF THE OUTLAWS AND FOLLOWED HIM TO A SALOON. THERE HE CHALLENGED THE MAN...



## QUICK ON THE DRAW

THE OUTLAW'S GUN WAS AIMED AT JOHNNY, BEFORE THE BOY'S GUN HAD EVEN LEFT ITS HOLSTER!

DRAW THAT GUN ANY FURTHER AND I KILL YOU RIGHT NOW!

NOW YOU GOT SOME TALKING TO DO! STRANGERS DON'T CHALLENGE ME TO GUN-FIGHTS WITHOUT GOOD REASON. WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU?

I'M SAYING NOTHING... EXCEPT THAT YOU'RE A MURDERER!

I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE. YOU... HEY!

YOU'D BETTER START TALKING BEFORE I SHOOT YOU TO PIECE BY PIECE!

AARGH!

DON'T GET SMART WITH ME, KID...

JURGH!

IF I CAN JUST GET THAT GUN...









# It was time again for Johnny to set out on his trail of revenge!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS AND THE YOUNG BOY WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE. BUT FIRST, HE HAD TO LEARN HOW TO USE A GUN. WHEN HE SAVED THE LIFE OF LUKE CASSIDY, A FAMOUS GUNFIGHTER, LUKE RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO TEACH HIM. BUT BEFORE HE WAS READY, JOHNNY MET ONE OF THE OUTLAWS... AND LUKE HAD TO SAVE HIM BY KILLING THE OUTLAW. LATER...

WHAT DO YOU KNOW!  
YOU ALMOST DREW FAST-  
AND ACTUALLY HIT SOMETHING!  
YOU'RE IMPROVING...

I WISH I WAS!  
I WAS AIMING FOR  
ONE OF THE  
OTHER CANS!

## QUICK ON THE DRAW

BETTER GIVE UP THIS CRAZY  
IDEA, KID. THERE ARE STILL SIX OF  
THE MORTON GANG ALIVE... AND  
I'M NOT GOING TO BE AROUND  
TO NURSEMAID YOU ALL THE  
TIME!

I'LL GET THEM... NO  
MATTER HOW LONG IT  
TAKES. I'LL GET MY  
REVENGE! AND NEXT  
TIME I FACE THEM  
ALONE!

AND SO, TWO DAYS LATER...

OKAY, KID... TAKE CARE!  
WHEN HE ISN'T RIDING WITH  
THE MORTON GANG, YOU'LL  
FIND RINGO WILLIAMS IN THE  
BORDER TOWN OF EL PARDO.  
WATCH HIM... HE'S A KNIFE  
EXPERT!

I REMEMBER HIM...  
WHEN HE HELPED KILL  
MY FOLKS. I'LL BE  
CAREFUL!

AFTER A FEW HOURS' RIDING...

HOLD IT, KID!  
YOU LOOK TIRED...  
BETTER GET DOWN  
OFF THE MULE!

DO AS HE SAYS...  
HE JUST LOVES TARGET  
SHOOTING!

THESE AREN'T  
MEMBERS OF THE  
MORTON GANG...

JOHNNY WAS ALONE AGAIN... A LONE HUNTER!

I'LL MISS LUKE... BUT  
IT WASN'T HIS FIGHT! THE  
REVENGE HAS GOT TO BE  
ALL MINE!





I'VE NO QUARREL WITH YOU...

NOR US WITH YOU... ONCE YOU HAND OVER THAT GUN, YOUR SUPPLIES, YOUR BOOTS AND YOUR MULE!

EVERYTHING ELSE YOU CAN KEEP! HAW, HAW!

AS SOON AS JOHNNY WAS OUT OF SIGHT...



I'VE GOT TO GO BACK. I NEED THOSE THINGS THEY TOOK! I'LL WAIT UNTIL IT'S DARK...



B-BUT I NEED THOSE THINGS. I...

QUIT SQUAWKING, KID. THINK YOURSELF LUCKY WE LEFT YOU ALIVE!

YEAH... NOW BEAT IT!

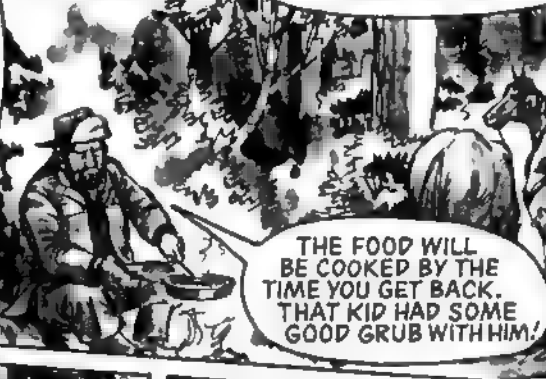


FASTER! AND DON'T STOP RUNNING UNTIL NIGHTFALL!

IF WE SEE YOU AGAIN, YOU'RE DEAD!

THAT EVENING...

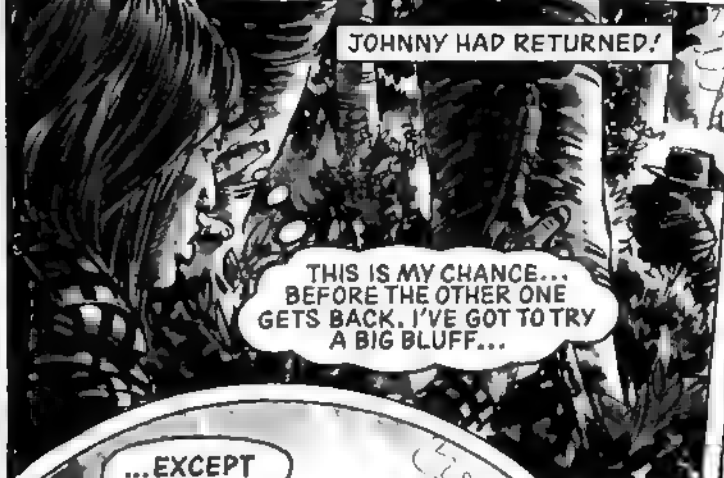
THE FIRE'S GOING DOWN... I'LL GET SOME MORE WOOD!



THE FOOD WILL BE COOKED BY THE TIME YOU GET BACK. THAT KID HAD SOME GOOD GRUB WITH HIM!



JOHNNY HAD RETURNED!



THIS IS MY CHANCE... BEFORE THE OTHER ONE GETS BACK, I'VE GOT TO TRY A BIG BLUFF...



FREEZE, MISTER... OR I'LL BLAST YOU WHERE YOU SIT! I'VE COME FOR THE THINGS YOU STOLE FROM ME!

D-DON'T GET EXCITED, KID. TAKE IT EASY... I WON'T TRY ANYTHING CLEVER...



...EXCEPT THIS!

AAARGH!



WHY, YOU LITTLE BRAT! YOU'RE NOT EVEN ARMED!



NOW SAY GOODBYE TO THE WORLD, KID! YOU'RE DONE FOR!

Don't miss the next exciting instalment of this western story!



The man's chin was a whole lot tougher than Johnny's fist!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS AND THE YOUNG BOY WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE. LUKE CASSIDY, A WELL-KNOWN GUNFIGHTER, TAUGHT JOHNNY HOW TO USE A GUN...BUT WITHOUT ANY GREAT SUCCESS. LUKE KILLED ONE OF THE OUTLAWS AND THEN JOHNNY WENT OFF ALONE...TO SETTLE HIS SCORE WITH THE OTHERS. ON HIS WAY TWO MEN ROBBED HIM OF HIS GUN, HIS HORSE AND HIS SUPPLIES. AT NIGHT, JOHNNY WENT BACK TO THE MEN'S CAMP...AND FOUND TROUBLE!

STUPID KID!  
YOU'VE JUST  
BREATHED YOUR  
LAST!

MAYBE  
NOT...

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

NEXT MOMENT!

YE-AAAARGH!

TAKE THAT  
YOU RAT!

BUT THE MAN'S CHIN  
WAS TOUGHER THAN  
JOHNNY'S FIST!

OOOOGH!  
TH-THAT  
HURT!

YOU'RE NOT  
STRONG ENOUGH  
TO DEAL WITH ME,  
KID. AND I DON'T  
NEED A GUN TO  
DEAL WITH YOU!

YOU—  
YOU'RE  
STILL BIG  
ENOUGH  
TO FALL  
OVER...

UUURGH!

GREAT! HE'S HIT  
HIS HEAD ON THAT  
TREE TRUNK!

WHAT'S  
GOING ON?  
JAKE...ARE  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT?





Order next week's fast-moving issue of **SPEED** . . . now!

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# It was knife-man versus a gun when Johnny met up with Ringo Williams!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS, THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY VOWED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE AND PERSUADED A GUNFIGHTER, LUKE CASSIDY, TO TEACH HIM HOW TO BE QUICK ON THE DRAW... BUT WITHOUT ANY GREAT SUCCESS. LUKE KILLED ONE OF THE OUTLAWS AND THEN JOHNNY SET OFF ALONE... TO SETTLE HIS SCORE WITH THE OTHERS...

THAT'S EL PARDO... THE PLACE WHERE LUKE SAID I'D FIND RINGO WILLIAMS... ONE OF THE MORTON GANG. I REMEMBER, HE WAS THERE WHEN MY FOLKS WERE KILLED...



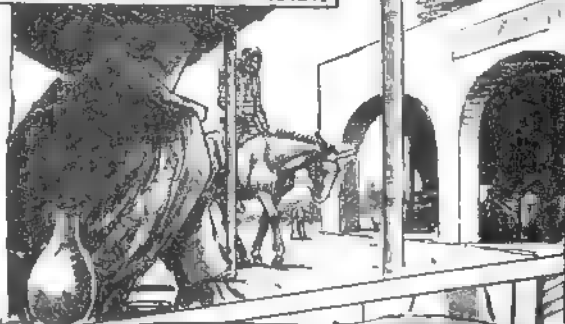
## QUICK ON THE DRAW



HE WAS THERE... AND HE LAUGHED!



EL PARDO WAS QUIET. VERY QUIET!



EXCUSE ME, SENOR. I AM LOOKING FOR A GRINGO NAMED RINGO WILLIAMS. DO YOU KNOW HIM?



S., STRANGER... I KNOW HEEM, BUT I WANT TO STAY ALIVE... I TELL YOU NOTHING!

THEN I'LL FIND HIM MYSELF! SUCH A MAN WILL BE EASY TO FIND...



TAKE CARE, YOUNG ONE... OR MAYBE HE WILL FIND YOU!



LATER, AS JOHNNY WALKED ALONG THE SIDEWALK...



HUH?

HOLD IT  
RIGHT  
THERE,  
KID!

NEWS TRAVELS FAST  
IN THIS TOWN, BOY... I  
HEAR YOU'RE LOOKING  
FOR ME!

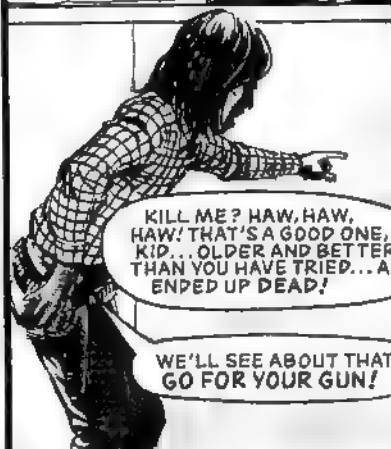
IT'S YOU...  
RINGO WILLIAMS!



FOLKS WHO COME LOOKING  
FOR ME USUALLY END UP ON  
BOOT HILL! WHAT YOU WANT,  
BOY?



YOU'RE ONE OF THE  
MEN WHO HELPED KILL  
MY FOLKS. NOW  
I'M GOING TO  
KILL YOU!



KILL ME? HAW, HAW,  
HAW! THAT'S A GOOD ONE,  
KID... OLDER AND BETTER MEN  
THAN YOU HAVE TRIED... AND  
ENDED UP DEAD!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT...  
GO FOR YOUR GUN!



I DON'T  
NEED A GUN,  
KID...



ARGH!

...A KNIFE'S  
MUCH BETTER!



THINK YOURSELF LUCKY,  
KID. I LET YOU LIVE, BUT DON'T  
DARE COME LOOKING FOR ME  
AGAIN. BECAUSE NEXT TIME,  
YOU'RE DEAD!



I JUST WANT  
MY KNIFE  
BACK...

AAAAARGH!



NOW DON'T  
BOTHER ME  
AGAIN!

I... I CAN STILL GET HIM  
WITH MY OTHER HAND... IF...  
IF I CAN REACH MY GUN...



HOLD IT, BOY. YOU  
WOULDN'T SURVIVE  
A SECOND TIME...  
RINGO WOULD MAKE  
SURE OF THAT!

HUH? WH-WHO'S  
THAT?

Who is the mystery man? The answer's in next week's great issue of **SPEED!**



## Johnny shadowed the vicious killer — waiting for a slip-up!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS, THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY VOWED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE AND PERSUADED A GUNFIGHTER, LUKE CASSIDY, TO TEACH HIM TO BE QUICK ON THE DRAW... BUT WITHOUT ANY GREAT SUCCESS. LUKE KILLED ONE OF THE OUTLAWS AND THEN JOHNNY SET OFF ALONE AND MET UP WITH ONE OF THE GANG, RINGO WILLIAMS. BUT RINGO BEAT JOHNNY TO THE DRAW AND KNIFED HIM IN THE ARM. THEN, AS RINGO WALKED AWAY...

DON'T TRY AGAIN, KID... THAT'S JUST WHAT RINGO WANTS YOU TO DO. NEXT TIME HIS KNIFE WOULD BE AIMED AT YOUR HEART!

ARGH!

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

THAT'S RIGHT, LAWMAN... YOU JUST SAVED THE KID'S LIFE! BUT KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME. IF I EVEN SET EYES ON HIM AGAIN HE'S DONE FOR!

B - BUT HE HELPED KILL MY FOLKS. HE - HE'S ONE OF THE MORTON GANG... YOU'RE THE SHERIFF... ARREST HIM!

EASY, SON... I'VE NO WISH TO DIE WITH MY BOOTS ON. THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO... EVEN IF YOU HAD PROOF, WHICH YOU HAVEN'T!

LISTEN, STUPID KID! RINGO COULD KILL YOU WITHOUT EVEN THINKING ABOUT IT. FORGET YOUR FEUD. GO BACK HOME. YOU'VE YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU

LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

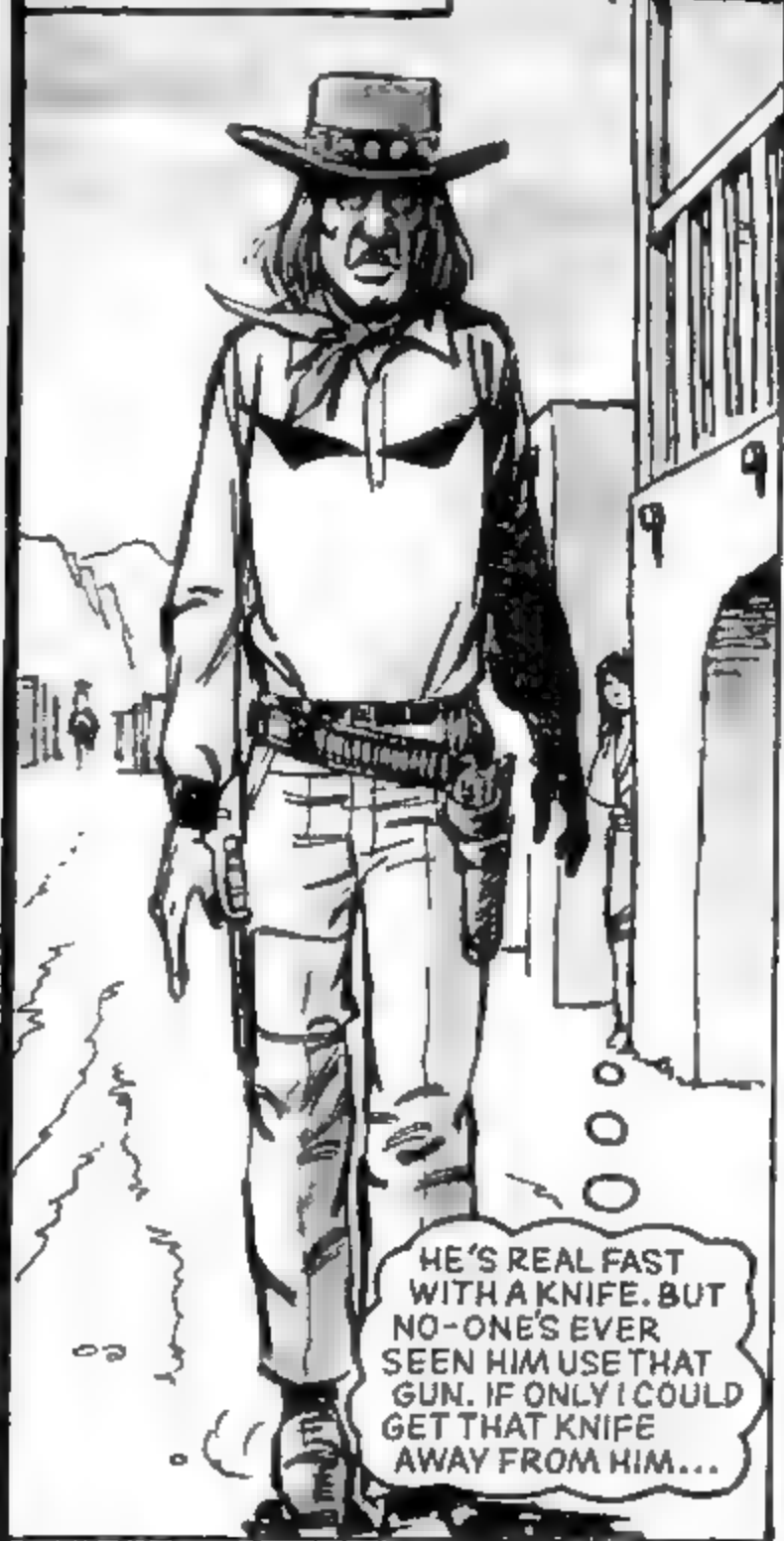
YOU'RE A LUCKY YOUNG MAN. THAT KNIFE MISSED ANYTHING VITAL... JUST TAKE IT EASY WHILE THE WOUND HEALS.

HOW CAN I TAKE IT EASY, WHEN I KNOW RINGO WILLIAMS IS CLOSE BY? I'VE GOT TO HAVE MY REVENGE!

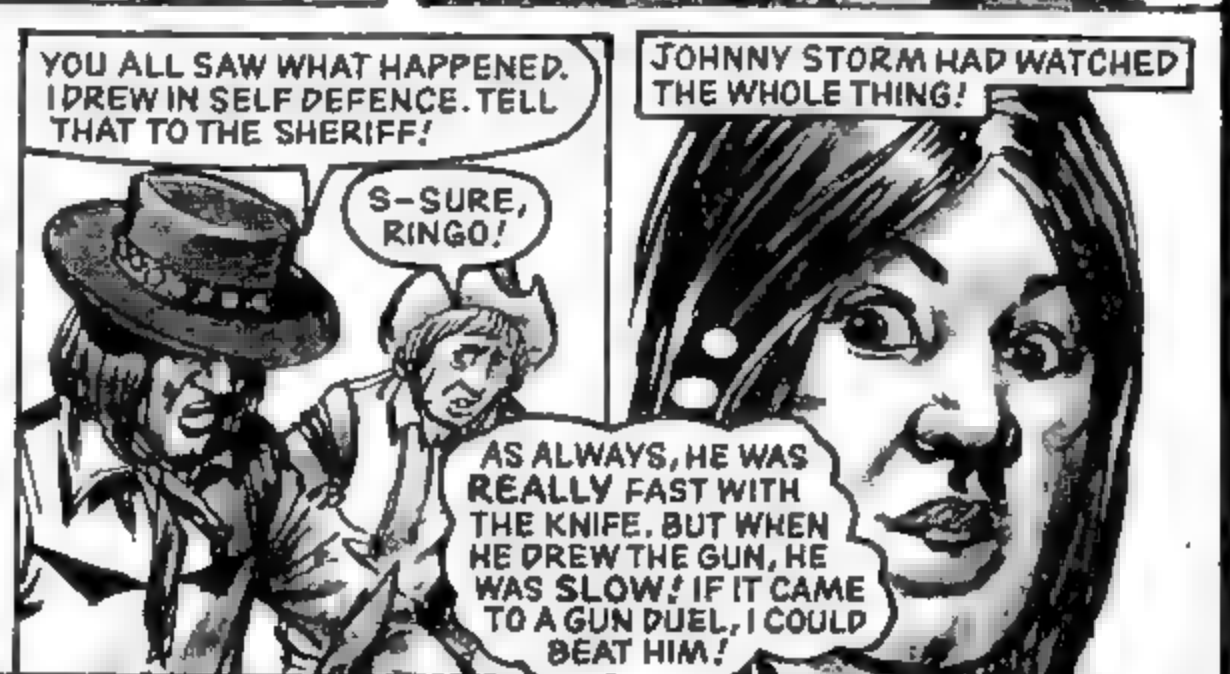
I CAN'T GO BACK HOME... NOT YET. THERE ARE TWO GRAVES THERE THAT HAVE TO BE AVENGED! MA AND PA WON'T REST EASY UNTIL ALL THE MORTON GANG ARE DEAD!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, JOHNNY WATCHED RINGO'S EVERY MOVE...



WHILE HE WAITED FOR HIS ARM TO GET BETTER, JOHNNY TOOK A JOB CLEARING OUT THE LOCAL LIVERY STABLE...



Join Johnny Storm for more wild western action again in the next issue!



## Johnny made a daring entrance into a killer's room!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS, THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY VOWED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE AND PERSUADED A GUNFIGHTER, LUKE CASSIDY, TO TEACH HIM TO BE QUICK ON THE DRAW... BUT WITHOUT MUCH SUCCESS. LUKE KILLED ONE OF THE OUTLAWS AND THEN JOHNNY SET OFF ALONE, AND MET UP WITH ANOTHER OF THE GANG, RINGO WILLIAMS. RINGO WAS AN EXPERT WITH A KNIFE AND INJURED JOHNNY IN THE ARM. WHILE HE WAITED FOR THE WOUND TO HEAL, JOHNNY WATCHED RINGO'S EVERY MOVE!

HE'S REALLY FAST WITH THAT KNIFE... BUT WITH A GUN HE'S NOT SO GOOD. IF I COULD ONLY GET THAT KNIFE AWAY FROM HIM...



RINGO, I HEARD ABOUT THE KILLING... WHEN YOU'RE AROUND A WHOLE LOT OF PEOPLE END UP DEAD!

IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT, SHERIFF... I'VE WITNESSES TO PROVE IT...

...AND CUT OUT THE CLEVER TALK WHEN YOU SPEAK TO ME... OTHERWISE YOU COULD BE THE NEXT GUY TO END UP DEAD!

I... I WAS J-JUST DOING MY JOB!

EVERYONE IN THIS TOWN IS TERRIFIED OF RINGO! BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME... HE WAS ONE OF THE GANG WHO KILLED MY MA AND PA. I'VE GOT TO HAVE MY REVENGE!

DURING THE NEXT FEW WEEKS, JOHNNY'S ARM HEALED AND HE MADE PLANS. LATE ONE NIGHT...

THIS IS WHERE RINGO SLEEPS... IF I CAN JUST GET IN AND GET THAT KNIFE, I MIGHT JUST SURVIVE. BUT IF HE CATCHES ME, I'M DONE FOR...

SO FAR, SO GOOD. HE'S SOUND ASLEEP...





AT THAT MOMENT, RINGO TURNED OVER!

OH, NO... THE KNIFE'S NOT THERE! HIS GUN'S THERE, BUT WHERE'S THE KNIFE?

GR-AACH!

THERE'S THE KNIFE... UNDER THE PILLOW!

GENTLY DOES IT...



SUDDENLY!

HUH? WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHO'S THAT?

AAAARGH! HE'S AWAKE!

I'LL FIX YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE! HEY... MY KNIFE... IT'S GONE!



NEXT MOMENT!

A BULLET WILL STILL STOP YOU...

ONLY ONE THING TO DO...



JOHNNY STORM HAD NEVER MOVED SO FAST!

GAH! MISSED HIM! IF ONLY I HAD MY KNIFE...

PART ONE OF MY PLAN COMPLETE. TOMORROW, STAGE TWO GOES INTO OPERATION... BUT IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, I'M AS GOOD AS DEAD!

Will Johnny's plan work? Find out in the next issue of SPEED!



Johnny had planned things carefully! It was time for the showdown!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS, THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY VOWED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE AND PERSUADED A GUNFIGHTER, LUKE CASSIDY, TO TEACH HIM TO BE QUICK ON THE DRAW... BUT WITHOUT MUCH SUCCESS. LUKE KILLED ONE OF THE GANG AND THEN JOHNNY SET OFF ALONE TO MEET RINGO WILLIAMS, ANOTHER OF THE GANG. RINGO WAS AN EXPERT WITH A KNIFE... BUT JOHNNY STOLE IT. THEN, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

RINGO... AND NOW HE HASN'T GOT A KNIFE THE ODDS ARE EVEN! HE'S GOT A GUN AND SO HAVE I!

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

HEY, RINGO! I'M HERE TO HAVE MY REVENGE FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY MA AND PA!

HUH?

YOU AGAIN, KID... YOU'VE JUST BOOKED YOURSELF A PLOT ON BOOT HILL!

MAYBE THE PLOT'S RESERVED FOR YOU! YOU'RE NOT SO GOOD WITH A GUN... AND I HAD A GOOD TEACHER!

SOME KILLINGS I LIKE, KID... AND THIS IS GOING TO BE ONE OF THEM!

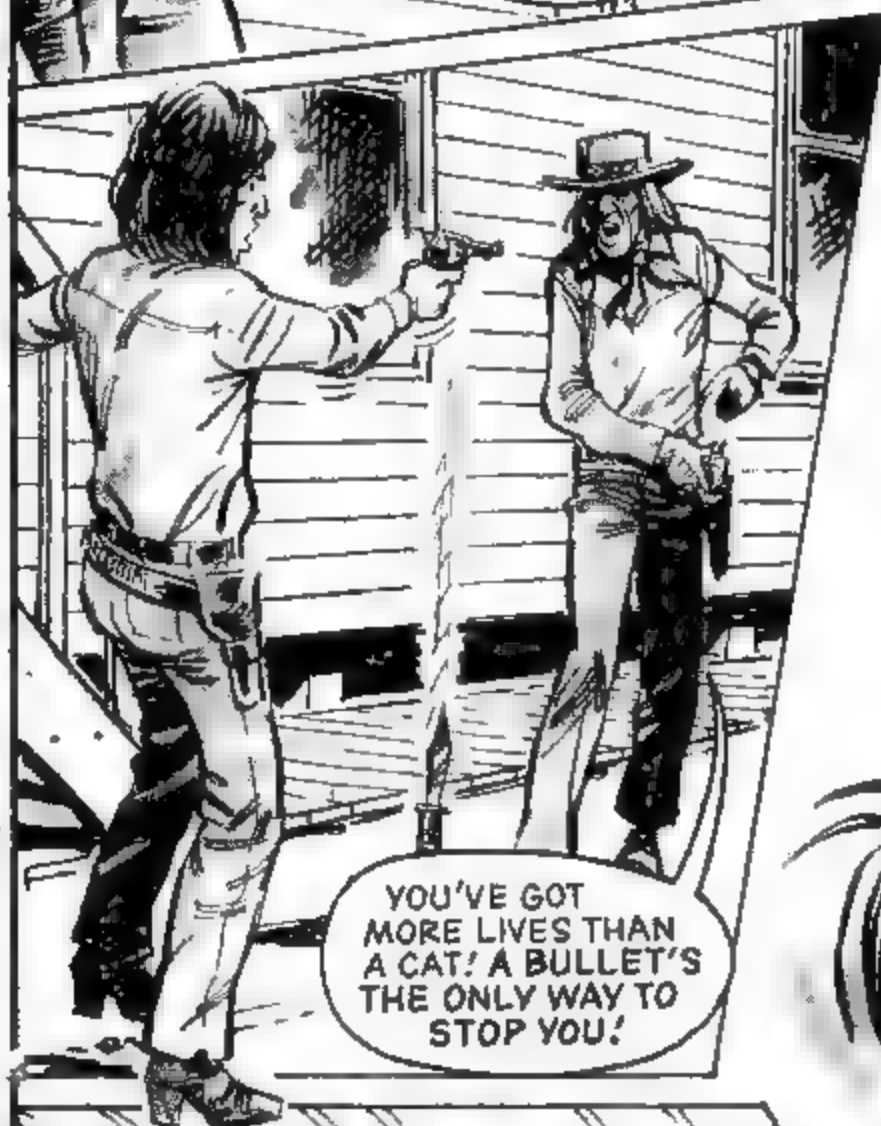
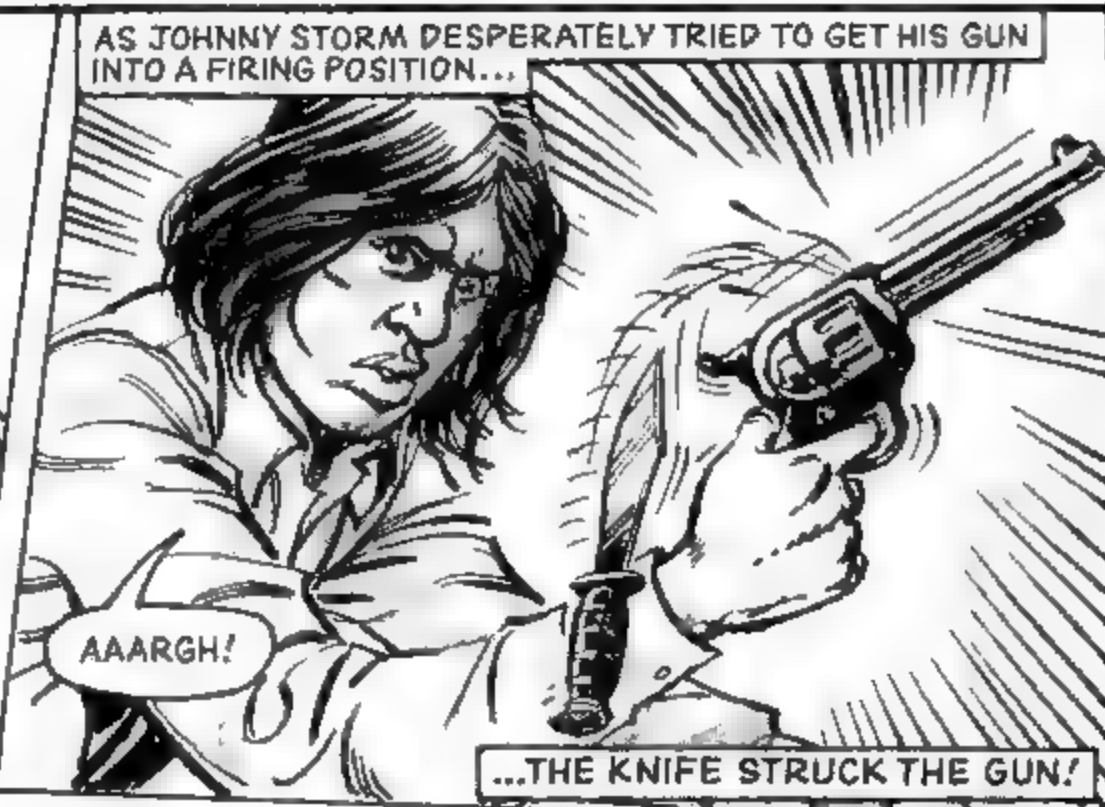
NO GUN, KID... I CARRY A SPARE KNIFE!

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! GO FOR YOUR GUN!





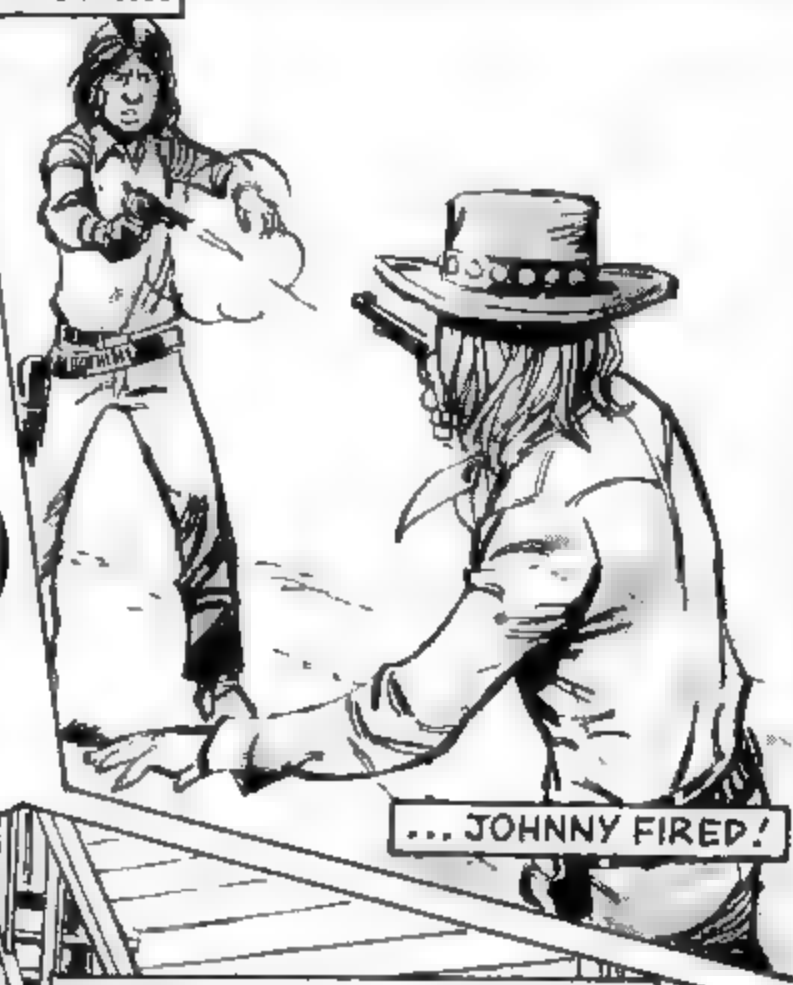
AS JOHNNY STORM DESPERATELY TRIED TO GET HIS GUN INTO A FIRING POSITION...



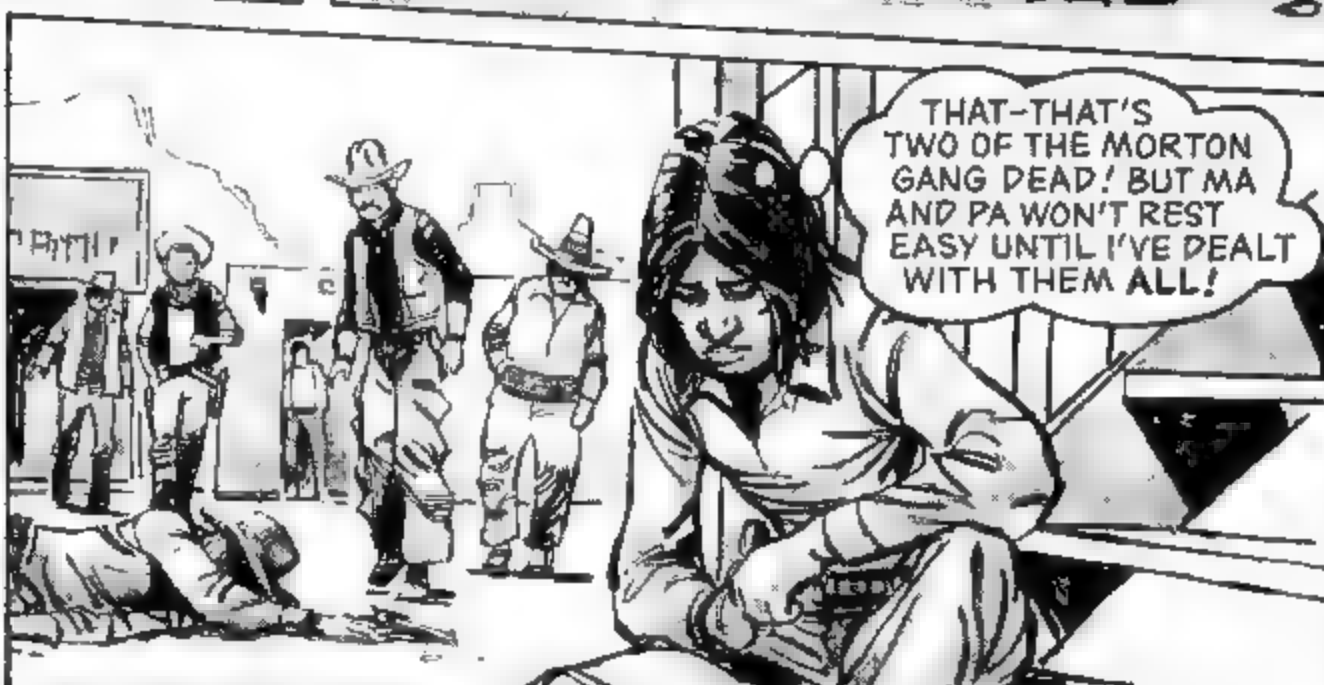
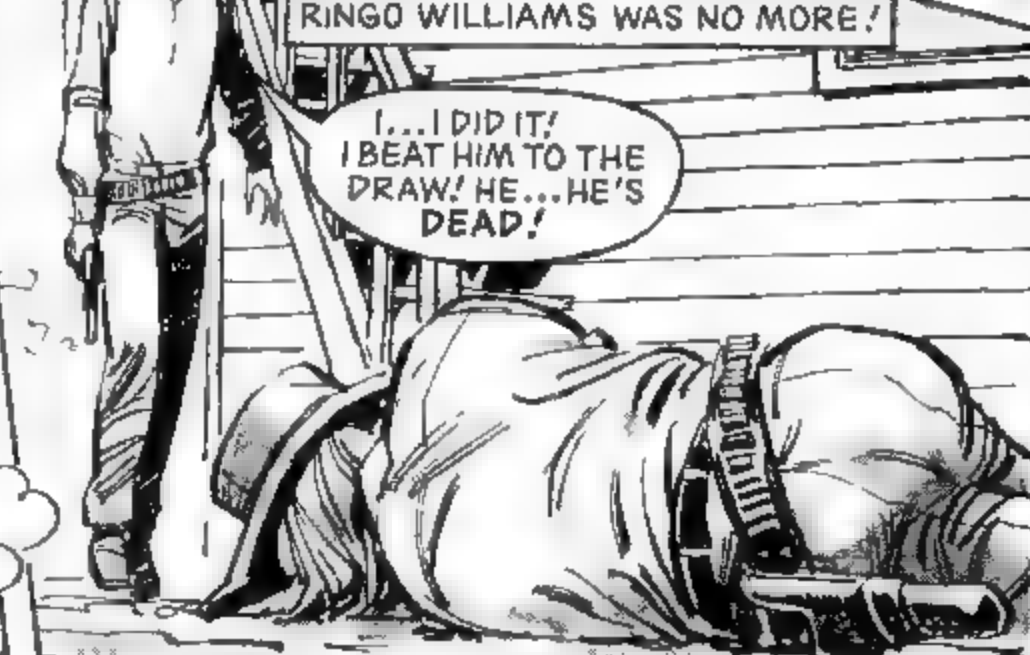
SUDDENLY THE SHOCKED BOY BECAME AWARE OF RINGO'S GUN ... POINTING STRAIGHT AT HIM!



AND EVEN AS RINGO'S FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER...



RINGO WILLIAMS WAS NO MORE!



Now turn the page for an exciting 'Quick on the Draw' feature!



**T**O out-draw an opponent in a gunfight in the Wild West in the 1880's took more than courage and nerves of steel. It took practice and lots of it or you ended up in a grave in Boot Hill — the western nickname for the local cemetery.

# Luke Cassidy's FAST DRAW

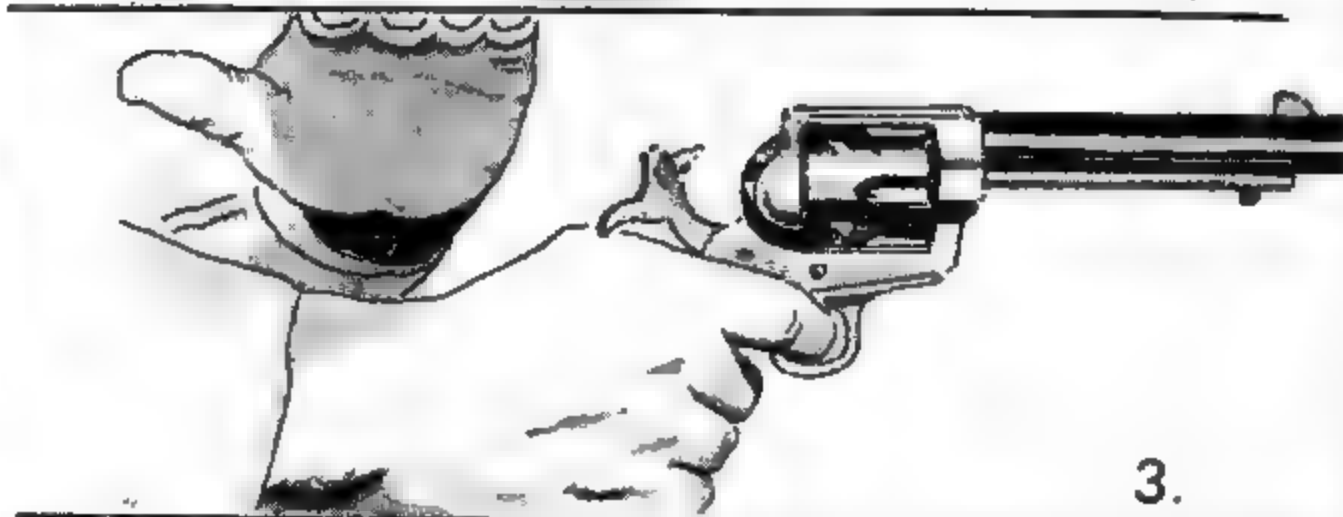


Luke Cassidy from **SPEED's** 'Quick on the Draw' story, wears his holsters, or 'rig' as it was fondly known, low on the hips, but the position varied. Some wore their rig high with the butts of the sixguns tilted slightly forward, others

went in for the cross-draw with the holsters and gun butts facing forward so the gunfighter crossed his arms to draw. Either way, the procedure for clearing the revolver with speed from the holster was the same.

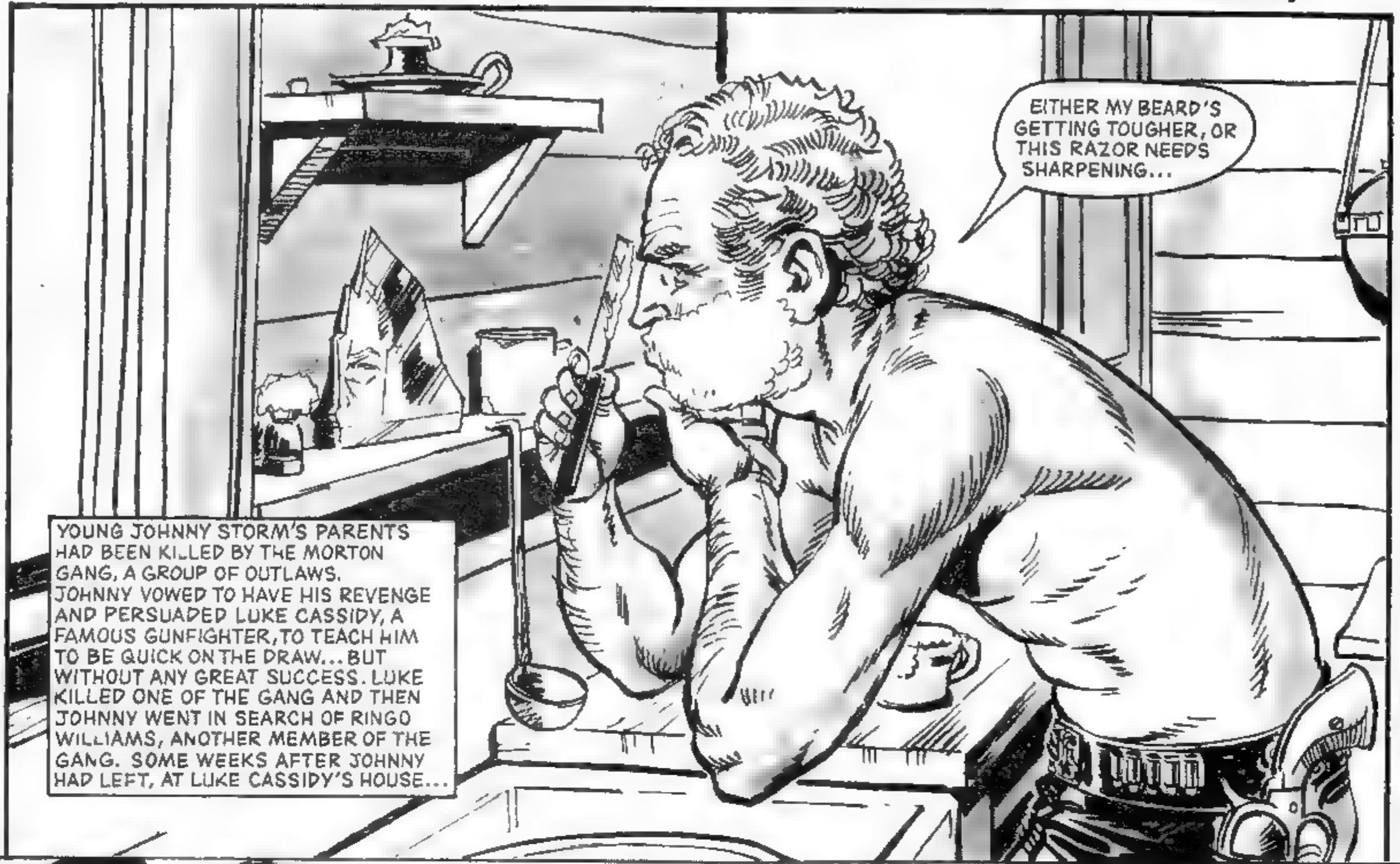
The sixgun was held firmly

by the butt with the thumb over the hammer. As the gun came out of the holster the hammer was cocked and the index finger slipped into the trigger guard (see picture No. 1) so that when the weapon was aimed it was ready to fire instantly. A simple, but less accurate method for rapid fire, was to 'fan' the hammer (see pictures Nos. 2 and 3). The gunfighter kept the trigger in the pulled position then swept the hammer with the palm of his hand to discharge each shot. But the real secret of the successful gunfighter was to be an accurate marksman like Cassidy. If a man couldn't hit his enemy at ten paces with the first shot, he seldom got the chance to fire a second time!





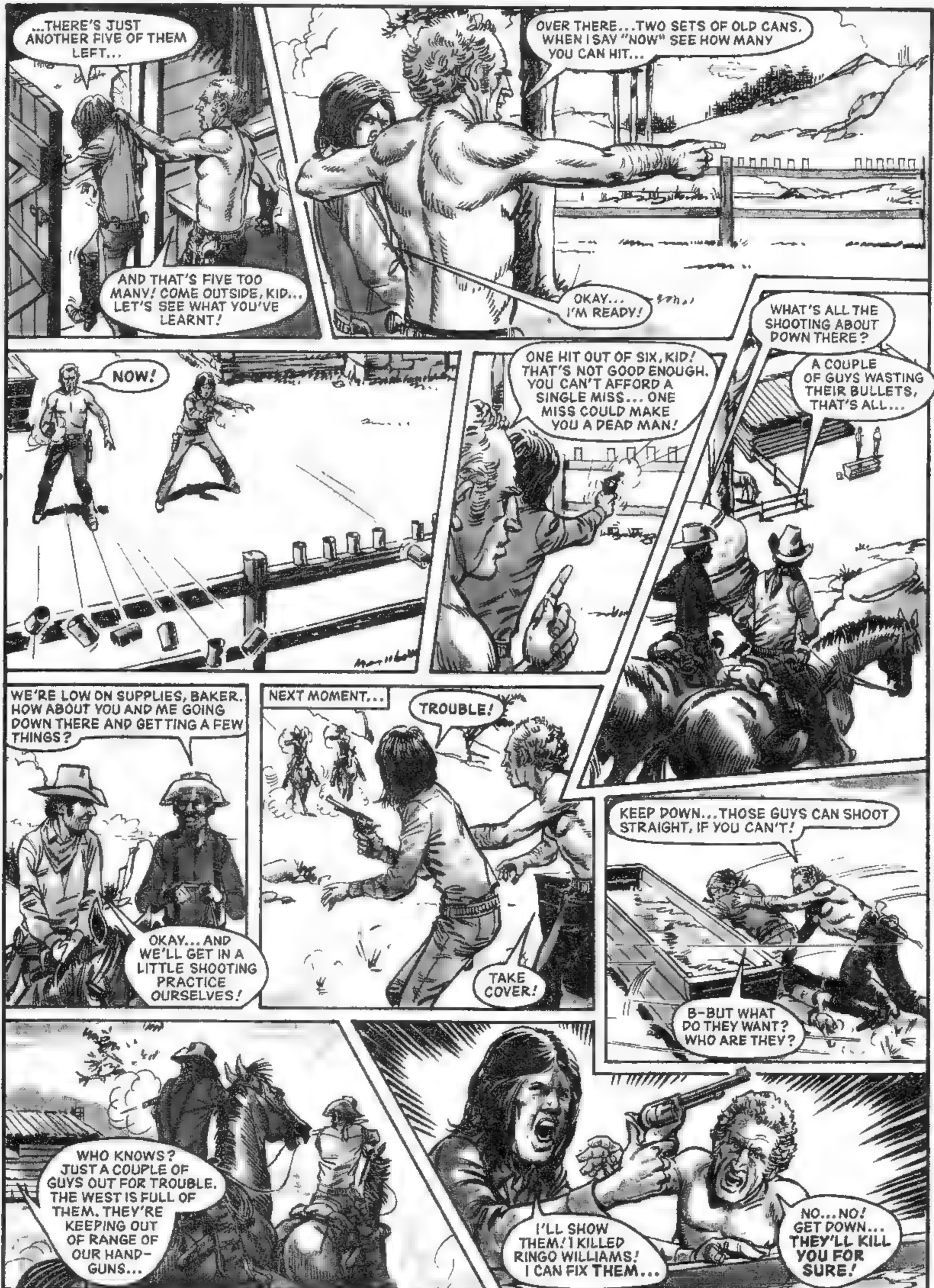
Two drifters suddenly opened fire on Johnny Storm and Luke Cassidy!



# QUICK ON THE DRAW







...THERE'S JUST ANOTHER FIVE OF THEM LEFT...

OVER THERE...TWO SETS OF OLD CANS. WHEN I SAY "NOW" SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN HIT...

AND THAT'S FIVE TOO MANY! COME OUTSIDE, KID... LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE LEARNT!

OKAY... I'M READY!

WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT DOWN THERE?

A COUPLE OF GUYS WASTING THEIR BULLETS, THAT'S ALL...

NOW!

ONE HIT OUT OF SIX, KID! THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH. YOU CAN'T AFFORD A SINGLE MISS... ONE MISS COULD MAKE YOU A DEAD MAN!

WE'RE LOW ON SUPPLIES, BAKER. HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME GOING DOWN THERE AND GETTING A FEW THINGS?

NEXT MOMENT...

TROUBLE!

KEEP DOWN...THOSE GUYS CAN SHOOT STRAIGHT, IF YOU CAN'T!

OKAY... AND WE'LL GET IN A LITTLE SHOOTING PRACTICE OURSELVES!

TAKE COVER!

B-BUT WHAT DO THEY WANT? WHO ARE THEY?

WHO KNOWS? JUST A COUPLE OF GUYS OUT FOR TROUBLE. THE WEST IS FULL OF THEM. THEY'RE KEEPING OUT OF RANGE OF OUR HAND-GUNS...

I'LL SHOW THEM! I KILLED RINGO WILLIAMS! I CAN FIX THEM...

NO...NO! GET DOWN... THEY'LL KILL YOU FOR SURE!

**There's more wild western action in the next issue of "SPEED"!**



## Johnny's recklessness stopped him a bullet!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS...THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY VOWED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE AND PERSUADED LUKE CASSIDY, A FAMOUS GUNFIGHTER, TO TEACH HIM TO BE QUICK ON THE DRAW... BUT WITHOUT ANY GREAT SUCCESS. LUKE AND JOHNNY EACH KILLED ONE OF THE GANG. LATER, TWO MEN ATTACKED LUKE'S HOME, PINNING JOHNNY AND LUKE DOWN WITH ACCURATE RIFLE FIRE...

I KILLED RINGO WILLIAMS, ONE OF THE MORTON GANG! LEAVE THESE TWO STRANGERS TO ME ..

YOU IDIOT GET DOWN!

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

DON'T WORRY, I... URGH!

CRAZY KID! THEY'VE GOT HIM!

OKAY, YOU GUYS, IF YOU WANT TROUBLE... YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT MAN!

JUST LET ME GET WITHIN RANGE ..

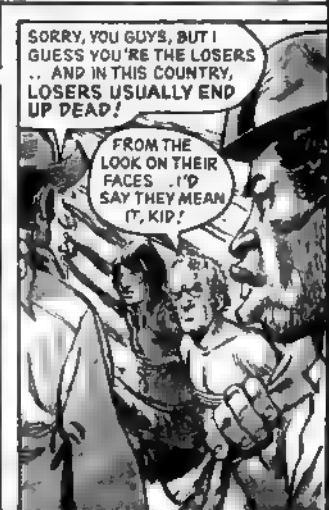
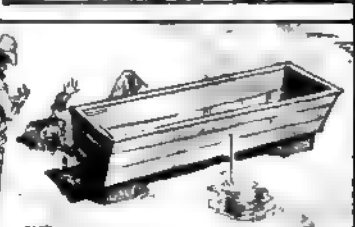
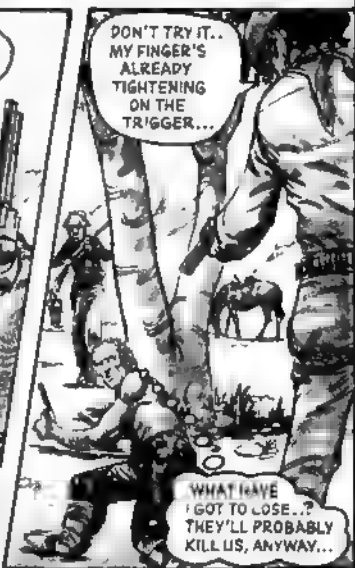
QUICK .. GET HIM!

HE'S WEAVING AROUND..

AAARGH!

THAT SHOULD EVEN THINGS UP...





Is this really the end of Luke and Johnny? Find out next week!



Luke and Johnny received help from an unexpected source!

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY A GANG OF OUTLAWS AND HE VOWED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE ON THE GANG. AN ACE GUNFIGHTER, LUKE CASSIDY, TRIED TO TEACH JOHNNY TO BE QUICK ON THE DRAW, BUT WITHOUT ANY GREAT SUCCESS. TWO MEN ATTACKED LUKE'S HOME AND MADE PRISONERS OF LUKE AND JOHNNY. AFTER STEALING SUPPLIES, THE MEN PREPARED TO LEAVE...

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, YOU GUYS... AS SOON AS WE GET ON OUR HORSES, WE'RE USING YOU TWO FOR TARGET PRACTICE!

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!

BUT LUKE WASN'T BEATEN...

YOU RATS!

AARGH!

GET HIM, HENRY... GET HIM!

STOP FRETTING... HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT...

OUGH!

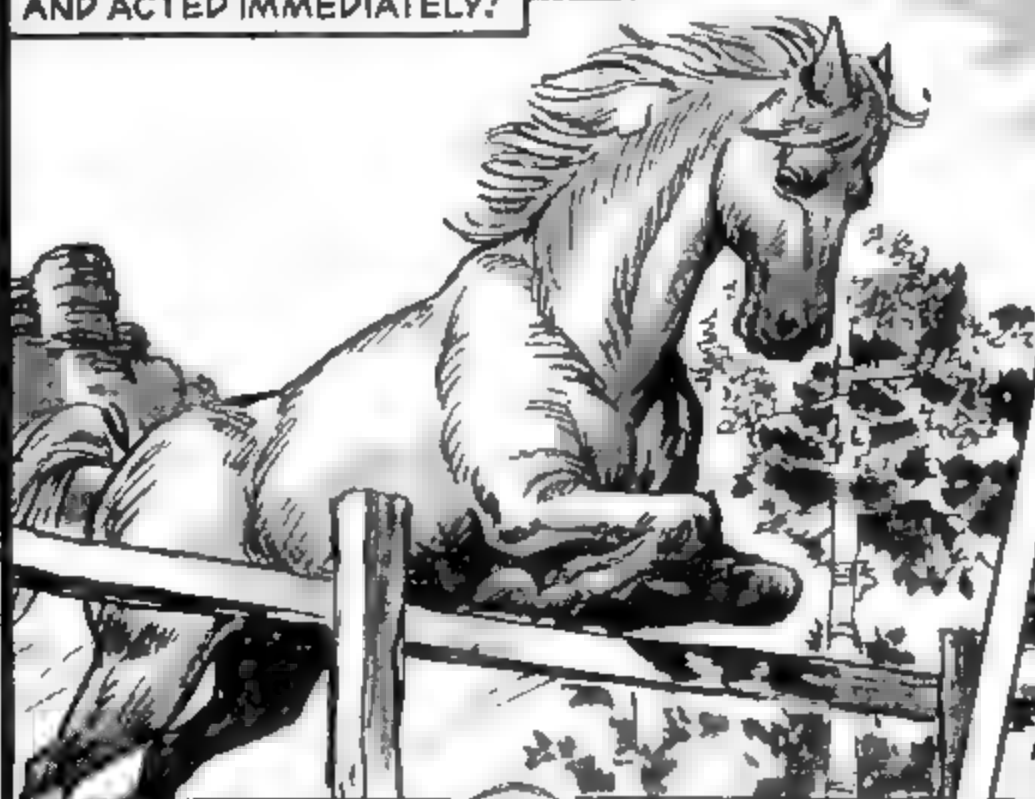
UNTIL...

A SAVAGE STRUGGLE DEVELOPED, BUT WITH THEIR HANDS AND FEET TIED, JOHNNY AND LUKE STOOD LITTLE CHANCE...

LUKE GAVE A LONG, SHRILL WHISTLE...



LUKE'S HORSE HEARD THE WHISTLE...  
AND ACTED IMMEDIATELY!



NEXT MOMENT...

NURGH!



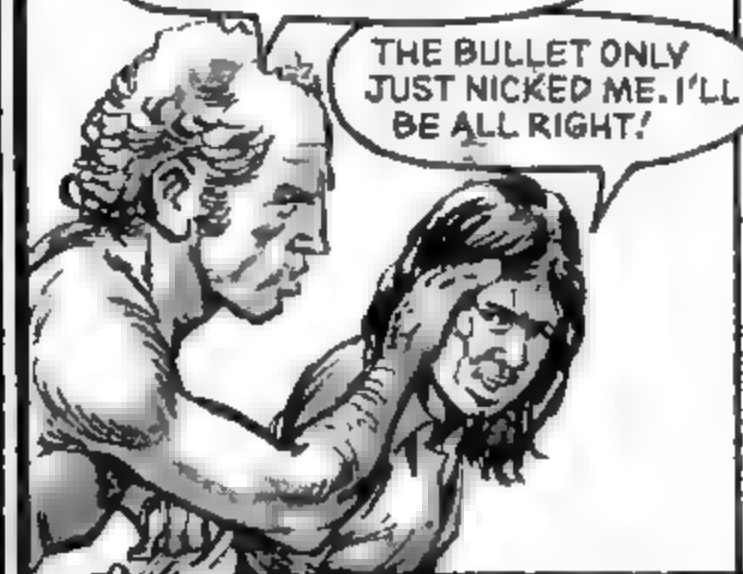
ONCE AGAIN, THE  
HORSE GOT ITS  
MAN!



MINUTES LATER...

HOW ARE YOU, KID...?  
HOW'S THAT BULLET WOUND?  
WE'LL GET IT TREATED WHEN  
WE HAND THOSE TWO GUYS  
OVER TO THE SHERIFF!

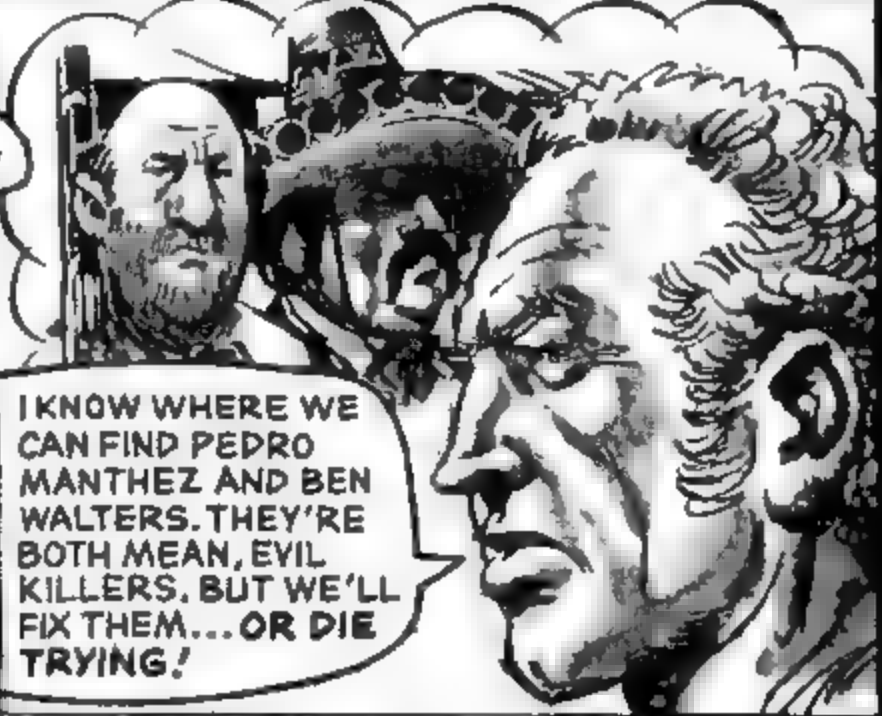
THE BULLET ONLY  
JUST NICKED ME. I'LL  
BE ALL RIGHT!



THAT'S THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE  
SAVED MY LIFE, LAD... AND I REPAY MY  
DEBTS. WHEN YOU GO HUNTING THE MEN  
WHO KILLED YOUR FOLKS, I'LL BE WITH YOU!



I KNOW WHERE WE  
CAN FIND PEDRO  
MANTHEZ AND BEN  
WALTERS. THEY'RE  
BOTH MEAN, EVIL  
KILLERS. BUT WE'LL  
FIX THEM... OR DIE  
TRYING!



GET THEM,  
BOY... GET  
THEM!

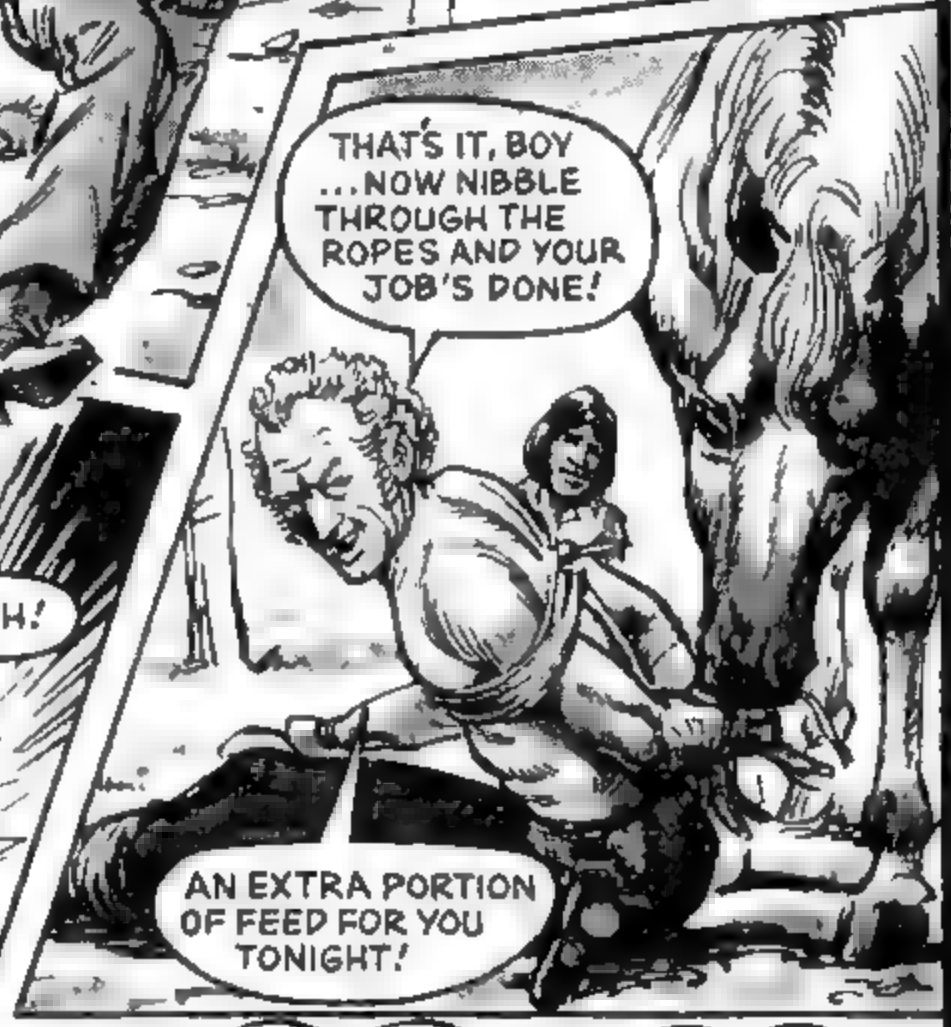
L-LOOK OUT...  
THE HORSE HAS  
GONE CRAZY!

KEEP...  
KEEP IT OFF  
ME! HELP!



THAT'S IT, BOY  
...NOW NIBBLE  
THROUGH THE  
ROPE AND YOUR  
JOB'S DONE!

AN EXTRA PORTION  
OF FEED FOR YOU  
TONIGHT!



AARGH!

The quest to find the killers continues next week!



# Luke played a crafty trick on two escaping gunmen!

WHEN JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY THE MORTON GANG, JOHNNY WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE AND HE PERSUADED LUKE CASSIDY TO TEACH HIM TO BE QUICK ON THE DRAW... BUT WITHOUT ANY GREAT SUCCESS. JOHNNY AND LUKE MANAGED TO KILL TWO OF THE GANG AND THEN SET OFF IN SEARCH OF TWO MORE MEMBERS OF THE MORTON OUTFIT...

YOU SAY YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND PEDRO MANTHEZ AND BEN WALTERS?

THEY'RE HIDING OUT AT A PLACE WE CALL SAFETY CASTLE. IT'S AN OLD SPANISH FORT JUST OVER THE MEXICAN BORDER. THEY FIGURE THEY'RE SAFE THERE... THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES CAN'T GET AT THEM...

BUT WE WILL!

## QUICK ON THE DRAW

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON... AND THEY WERE IN MEXICO!

LUKE, I REALLY APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO DO FOR ME...

YOU SAVED MY LIFE... I OWE YOU FOR THAT!

BUT...

...OR MAYBE THEY CAN'T!

AARGH!

THERE IT IS!

WILL... WILL THEY LET US IN?

SURE THEY WILL... THEY CAN SEE WE'RE NOT LAWMEN!

OKAY, YOU TWO... COME IN WITH YOUR HANDS UP... DON'T TRY ANYTHING CLEVER!

ANY TRICKS AND WE BLAST YOU!





WHO ARE YOU?  
WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

THE NAME'S LUKE  
CASSIDY...THAT'S  
ALL YOU NEED TO  
KNOW!

CASSIDY DOESN'T  
OPERATE IN MEXICO.  
HOW DO WE KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE?

LIKE THIS!

DOES THAT  
ANSWER YOUR  
QUESTION?

IT...IT  
SURE DOES.  
NO-ONE BUT  
LUKE CASSIDY  
COULD DRAW  
AS FAST AS  
THAT!

UURGH!

YOU AND YOUR FRIEND ARE WELCOME  
TO STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU WANT...

WE'RE NOT STAYING HERE LONG.  
JUST UNTIL WE FIND PEDRO MANTHEZ  
AND BEN WALTERS!

EECH! YOU HEAR THAT, AMIGO?

I SURE  
DO...

THE TWO MEMBERS OF THE MORTON GANG  
DECIDED THEY WANTED TO BE SOMEWHERE  
ELSE!

WHY SHOULD  
CASSIDY WANT  
US?

I'M NOT  
WAITING TO  
FIND OUT!

WE'LL HEAD  
SOUTH FOR A  
BIT!

THERE I  
HAVE MANY  
AMIGOS WHO  
WILL HELP  
US!

NEXT MOMENT...

HAH! HAH!  
GET UP THERE!

MOVE, YOU  
USELESS PIECE  
OF HORSE FLESH!

I FIGURED YOU  
TWO RATS WOULD  
MAKE A RUN FOR  
IT, WHEN I ANNOUNCED  
YOUR NAMES.  
NOW I'M TAKING YOU  
BACK OVER THE  
BORDER...TO FACE  
JUSTICE!

BUT AS THEY WENT THROUGH  
THE GATEWAY...

AAAGH!

NUUURGH!

BUT A FEW MILES  
AWAY FROM THE FORT,  
SOMEONE WAS WAITING  
WHO WOULD INTERFERE  
WITH LUKE'S PLANS...  
IN THE MOST SAVAGE  
WAY!



Luke and the two killers fought side-by-side against the Indians!

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY WAS DETERMINED TO HAVE HIS REVENGE AND PERSUADED LUKE CASSIDY, A TOP GUNFIGHTER, TO TEACH HIM TO BE QUICK ON THE DRAW... BUT WITHOUT ANY GREAT SUCCESS. JOHNNY AND LUKE KILLED TWO OF THE MORTON GANG AND THEN WENT IN SEARCH OF TWO OTHER GANG MEMBERS, WHO WERE AT AN OLD FORT, JUST OVER THE MEXICAN BORDER...

H-HELP US, AMIGOS... DO NOT LET HIM TAKE US!

WE'RE TAKING YOU TWO BEAUTIES BACK OVER THE BORDER, TO FACE JUSTICE ... FOR KILLING THIS LAD'S PARENTS!

IT IS YOUR FIGHT, PEDRO... WE DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED!

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

AND, SOON...

OKAY, LET'S GO!

IT'S A LONG JOURNEY BACK TO CIVILISATION... YOU WON'T GET US BACK, THAT I PROMISE!

DON'T TRY ANYTHING, MISTER... OR YOU'LL END UP DEAD!

BUT THE FOURSOME WAS BEING WATCHED!

THEY KILLED MY FOLKS! ... MAYBE WE SHOULD KILL THEM RIGHT NOW!

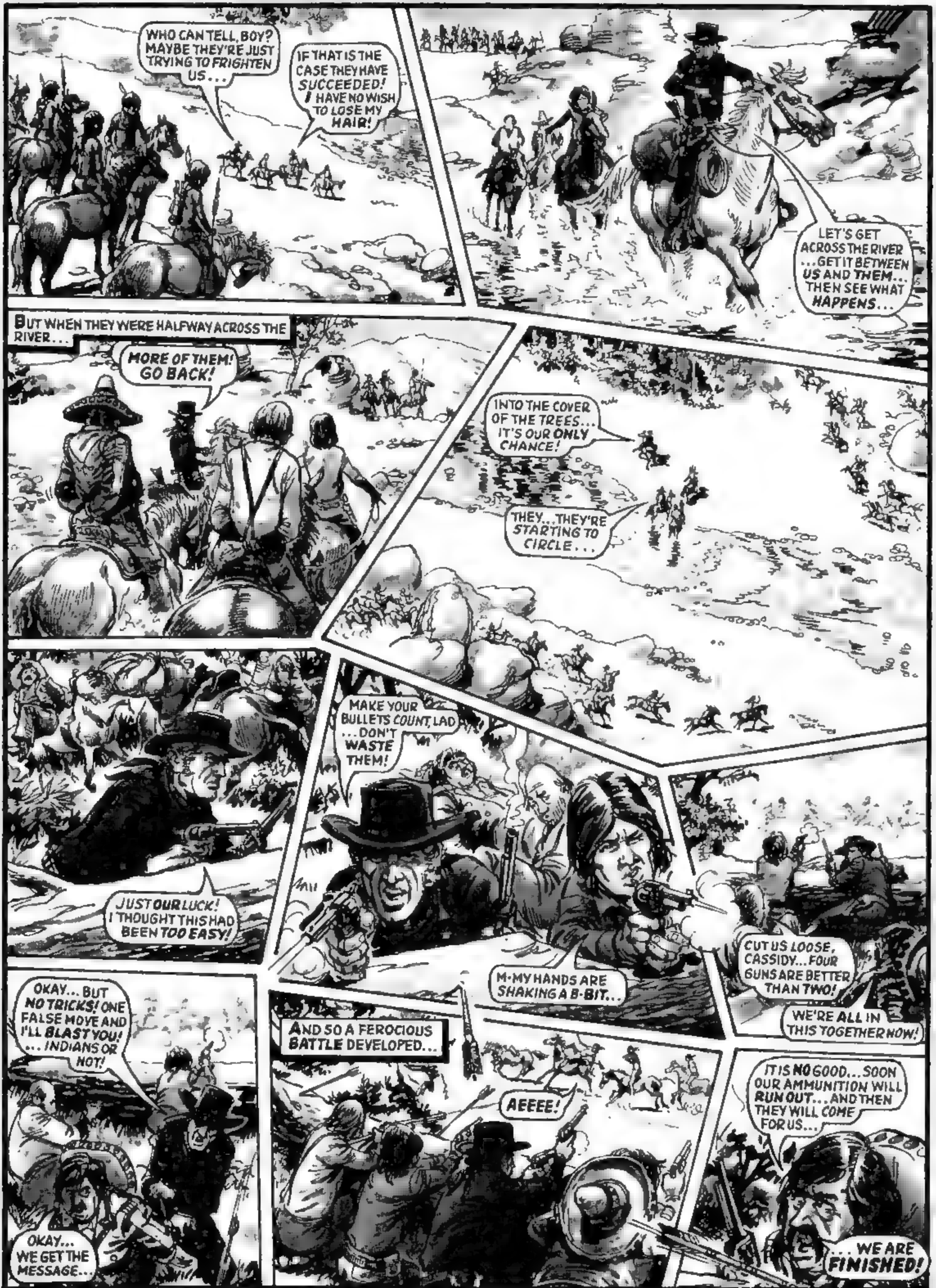
EASY, BOY ... TWO MORE MURDERS WOULDN'T PUT THINGS RIGHT! WE'LL LET THE LAW TAKE CARE OF THEM!

OH, OH! COMPANY!

INDIANS! WE... WE HEARD THAT CHIEF RIVER CLOUD WAS ON THE WARPATH!

WILL WE BE SAFE LUKE?





**Remember . . . part two of our super Treasure Hunt appears next week!**



Darkness fell and the two killers tried to escape!



JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY AND HIS FRIEND, GUNFIGHTER LUKE CASSIDY, CAPTURED TWO OF THE GANG AND WERE TAKING THEM BACK TO STAND TRIAL, WHEN THEY WERE ATTACKED BY INDIANS. HEAVILY OUTNUMBERED, LUKE HAD TO SET THE TWO OUTLAWS FREE... BUT THE ODDS WERE STILL VERY MUCH AGAINST THEM...

IT'S NO GOOD, I TELL YOU! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT...

QUIT YELLING AND KEEP FIRING! THIS IS NO TIME TO BE A COWARD!

# QUICK ON THE DRAW



THE CRAZY FOOL! THAT WAS A STUPID THING TO TRY!

PEDRO WAS NEVER THE BRAVEST OF MEN. YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE ARROW OUT...

THERE... GOT IT!

I'M NOT WAITING HERE TO DIE... I'M UUURGH!

YE-AAAAAARRRRGH!



NO MATTER HOW MANY WE GET, THEY JUST KEEP CIRCLING!

THEY WANT US TO USE UP ALL OUR AMMUNITION! WE'RE GETTING LOW... ONLY FIRE WHEN YOU'RE SURE OF HITTING YOUR TARGET!

BEFORE THEY OVERRUN US, I'M KEEPING ONE BULLET FOR YOU... YOU HELPED KILL MY FOLKS! YOU'LL DIE BY MY HAND, RATHER THAN THEIRS!

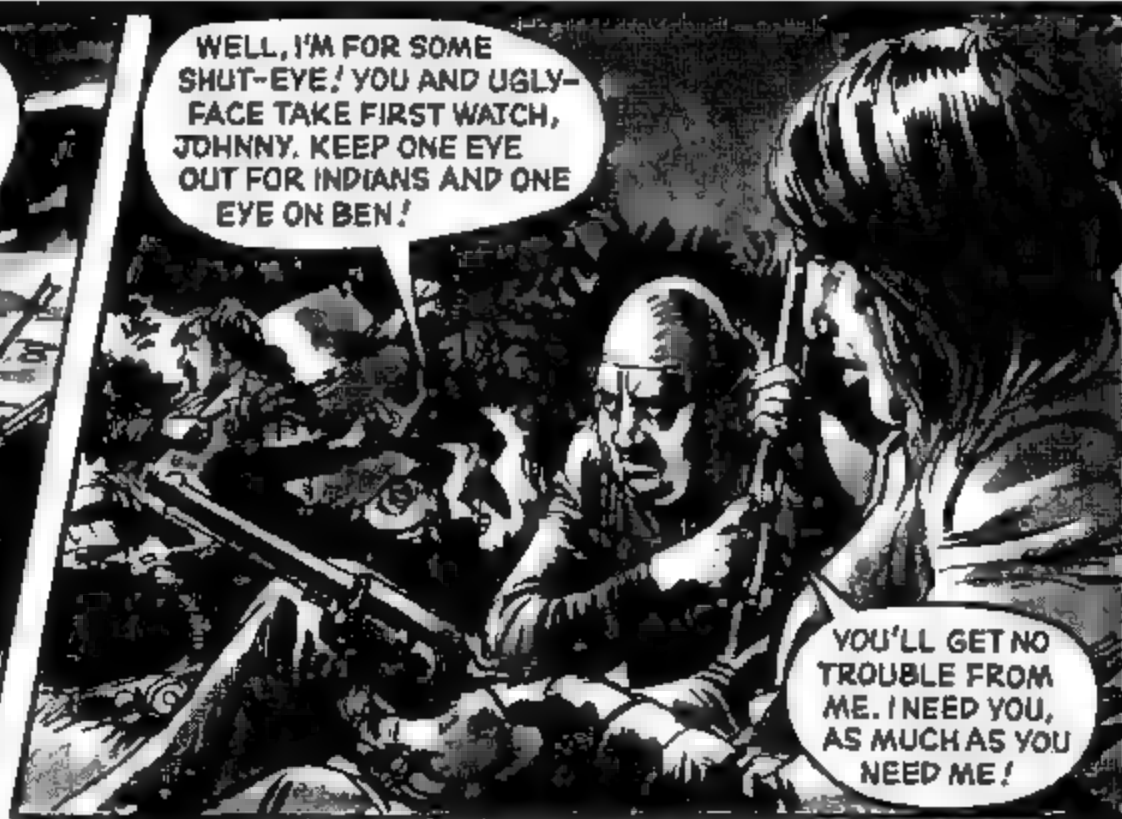
BIG TALK, KID... WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!





IT'S STARTING TO GET DARK...  
THEY'VE BACKED OFF. THEY DON'T  
USUALLY ATTACK DURING DARKNESS.

THEY'LL BE  
BACK AT DAWN  
...AND NEXT  
TIME THEY'LL  
RUSH US FOR  
SURE!



WELL, I'M FOR SOME  
SHUT-EYE! YOU AND UGLY-  
FACE TAKE FIRST WATCH,  
JOHNNY. KEEP ONE EYE  
OUT FOR INDIANS AND ONE  
EYE ON BEN!

YOU'LL GET NO  
TROUBLE FROM  
ME. I NEED YOU,  
AS MUCH AS YOU  
NEED ME!



SEE ANYTHING  
OUT THERE, BOY?

DON'T YOU GET TOO CLOSE TO ME...  
OR I'LL FORGET OUR TRUCE. I SWORE I'D  
SEE ALL THE MORTON GANG KILLED...  
AND I WILL!



THIS IS A CRAZY  
SITUATION! IF THE  
REDSKINS DON'T  
GET PEDRO AND  
ME, CASSIDY AND  
THE KID WILL. I  
GOT TO DO SOME-  
THING ABOUT IT!



AND...

THAT'LL KEEP  
YOU QUIET FOR  
A BIT!

UHH!



LUKE CASSIDY GOT THE SAME TREATMENT...

H-HUH? WHAT  
IS HAPPENING?

WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE,  
THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING!



AND SO...

THERE'S A GUARD  
...SO FAR HE HASN'T  
SEEN OR HEARD US!



BUT WHAT  
ARE WE GOING  
TO DO?

MOST OF THOSE INDIANS WILL BE EITHER  
SLEEPING OR HOLDING A BIG POW-WOW.  
WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND TRY TO CREEP  
THROUGH ANY GUARDS THEY'VE LEFT  
OUT.



BUT THEN...

HEEEEE-AAAARGH-  
HOOOKHAAAAAY!

EEEEEEK!

**What will happen now? Find out in next week's exciting episode!**



Luke carried out a desperate trick to fool the Indians!



JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY AND HIS FRIEND, GUNFIGHTER LUKE CASSIDY, CAPTURED TWO OF THE GANG AND WERE TAKING THEM TO FACE JUSTICE. BUT THE GROUP WAS ATTACKED BY INDIANS. THE TWO MEMBERS OF THE MORTON GANG KNOCKED LUKE AND JOHNNY UNCONSCIOUS AND TRIED TO ESCAPE. BUT THEY FOUND TROUBLE...

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

BUT THE R RETREAT WAS CUT OFF.



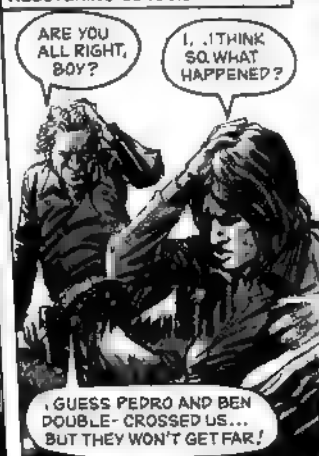
IT'S NO GOOD... WE'VE HAD IT!

DO S-SOMETHING! I... I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!

I...I SUPPOSE WE'LL SOON BE G-GETTING THE SAME TREATMENT...

DON'T BET ON IT, KID. WHILE THERE'S LIFE, THERE'S HOPE!

MEANWHILE, LUKE AND JOHNNY WERE RECOVERING CONSCIOUSNESS...



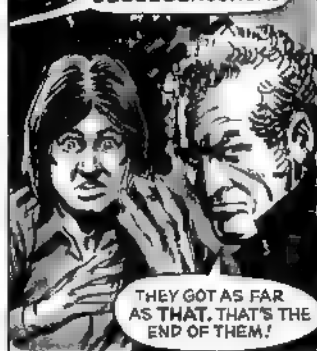
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BOY?

I... I THINK SO. WHAT HAPPENED?

I GUESS PEDRO AND BEN DOUBLE-CROSSED US... BUT THEY WON'T GET FAR!

YE-AAAAARGH!

UUUUUUURCCHGH!



THEY GOT AS FAR AS THAT. THAT'S THE END OF THEM!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA. IF I'M NOT BACK WITHIN HALF AN HOUR, TRY TO MAKE YOUR OWN WAY OUT OF HERE...



GOOD LUCK...



LUKE FOUND THEIR HORSES NEARBY.

SO FAR, SO GOOD.  
THIS HAD BETTER  
WORK, IT'S OUR  
ONLY CHANCE...

TEN MINUTES LATER...

NOW I JUST SET  
THE DEAD BRANCHES  
ALIGHT... AND GET  
READY TO RUN!

NEXT MOMENT,

THIS SHOULD  
CAUSE SOME  
CONFUSION.

HI-YAAAH!  
GO ON, GET  
OUT OF HERE!

LUKE... WHAT'S  
GOING ON?

I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.  
WE'VE GOT A FEW MINUTES  
BEFORE THOSE REDSKINS  
REALISE THEY'VE BEEN  
TRICKED. COME ON!  
HEAD FOR THE  
RIVER!

QUICK, BOY... GRAB  
ONE OF THOSE REEDS  
IT'LL BE YOUR BREATHING  
TUBE WHEN WE GO  
UNDERWATER...

LUKE'S PLAN STARTED TO WORK. THE INDIANS WERE NOT  
SURE WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

B-BUT I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...

WE LIE AT THE BOTTOM  
OF THE RIVER... BREATHE  
THROUGH THE REEDS. WE  
STAY SUBMERGED UNTIL  
THE REDSKINS FINISH  
SEARCHING FOR US.  
NOW... GET DOWN!

SOON THE SEARCH WAS ON!

THERE ARE NO SIGNS  
OF THE OTHER WHITE  
EYES!

SEARCH BY THE  
RIVER. THEY CAN'T  
BE FAR AWAY...

OH, NO... ONE OF THE  
REDSKINS IS COMING  
THIS WAY. IS HE  
GOING TO SPOT  
US?

**Don't miss the final 'Treasure Hunt' rules in next week's issue!**



A battle of nerves between Luke and the Indians!



JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY AND HIS FRIEND, GUNFIGHTER LUKE CASSIDY, CAPTURED TWO OF THE MORTON GANG... BUT THEY WERE THEN ATTACKED BY HOSTILE INDIANS. AFTER THE TWO MEMBERS OF THE GANG ESCAPED, LUKE AND JOHNNY HID BENEATH THE SURFACE OF A RIVER, BREATHING THROUGH HOLLOW REEDS...



IF THAT REDSKIN GETS ANY NEARER, WE'RE GOING TO BE DISCOVERED...

ANY SIGN OF THE WHITE EYES?

NO TRACKS... NOTHING! THEY MUST HAVE ESCAPED IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!



AFTER A FEW MINUTES...

NO SIGN OF THEM. I GUESS THEY THINK WE'RE MILES AWAY BY THIS TIME!



COME MY BROTHERS... WE WILL CONTINUE THE SEARCH. THEY WILL NOT GET FAR!

UP YOU COME, BOY... YOUR SCALP'S SAFE FOR A BIT!

GROUCH! TH-THAT WAS A GREAT IDEA OF YOURS, LUKE. WHAT NOW?



WE TRY TO FIND THE HORSES...



GLORY BE! I THINK WE'VE MADE IT!

THEY SEEM TO HAVE GONE...



BUT FIRST THEY FOUND SOMETHING ELSE!

IT'S THE TWO GUYS FROM THE MORTON GANG. THEY DIDN'T GET FAR!

I FEEL NO SORROW FOR THEM. THEY HELPED KILL MY FOLKS. NOW THEY'VE PAID FOR THEIR CRIME!

THEY WERE SOON OVER THE BORDER IN THE SMALL TOWN OF EL DRAGO...

WHEN ARE WE GOING AFTER THE REST OF THE MORTON OUTFIT, LUKE?

"WE"? WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT **WE**? I THINK I'VE REPAID MY DEBT. YOU SAVED MY LIFE... I SAVED YOURS BACK THERE. I FIGURE WE'RE EVEN. FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

NEXT MOMENT...

UURGH!

THEY SOON FOUND TWO HORSES... TIME TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THOSE REDSKINS RETURN...

GOSH, LUKE! NOW THERE ARE ONLY THREE MEMBERS OF THE MORTON GANG LEFT!

WHY NOT FORGET YOUR REVENGE NOW, BOY? ENOUGH PEOPLE HAVE DIED! LET IT REST.

I... I CANT. I SWARE TO HAVE MY REVENGE ON **ALL** THE GANG. I WON'T REST EASY UNTIL I DO!

AND SO...

LUKE'S RIGHT... IT'S **NOT** HIS FIGHT. I'LL SEARCH OUT THE REST OF THE GANG. I'VE LEARNT A LOT ABOUT FIGHTING... MAYBE I'LL EVEN SURVIVE!

BUT SOMEONE WAS WATCHING JOHNNY STORM!

THAT'S IT, KID... KEEP COMING. A FEW MORE SECONDS AND YOU'RE DEAD!

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

IT'S THE YOUNG KID WHO JUST WENT OUT... **HE'S BEEN SHOT!**

WHAT?

JOHNNY!

IT'S TOO LATE, MISTER... I THINK HE'S DEAD!

Is this really the end of Johnny? Find out next week!



Johnny's would-be killer had suddenly become a hunted man!



WHAT  
HAPPENED?

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY THE MORTON GANG. JOHNNY AND HIS FRIEND, GUNFIGHTER LUKE CASSIDY, DEALT WITH SOME OF THE GANG AND THEN LUKE SAID JOHNNY HAD TO FACE THE REST OF THE GANG HIMSELF AS HE HAD PAID HIS DEBT FOR WHEN JOHNNY HAD SAVED HIS LIFE. MOMENTS LATER, JOHNNY WAS GUNNED DOWN!

SOMEONE WAS  
WAITING FOR HIM!  
GUNNED HIM DOWN  
IN COLD BLOOD!

I THINK HE'S  
DEAD...

# QUICK ON THE DRAW



HE'S STILL ALIVE.  
SOMEONE GET A  
DOCTOR...

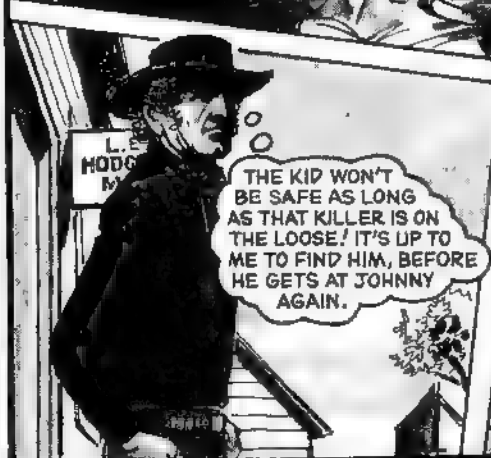
I KNOW WHO  
DID THIS...

ONE OF THE MORTON  
GANG MUST HAVE BEEN  
SET TO AMBUSH THE LAD...  
THEY HEARD HE WAS OUT  
FOR REVENGE AND DECIDED  
TO GET HIM FIRST!

AN HOUR LATER...

HOW IS HE, DOC?  
IS HE GOING TO BE  
ALL RIGHT?

HE'S A LUCKY  
YOUNG MAN!  
THE BULLET  
MISSED ANYTHING  
VITAL! IN A FEW  
WEEKS, HE'LL BE  
AS RIGHT AS RAIN!



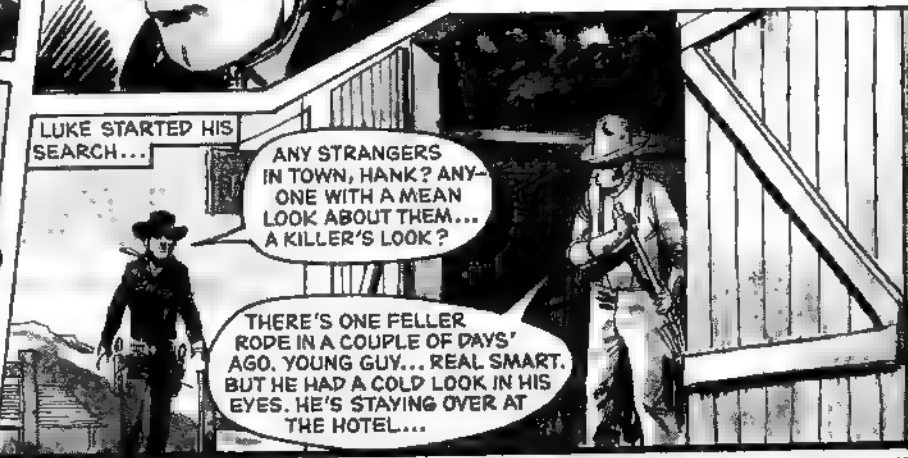
L. E.  
HODGE

THE KID WON'T  
BE SAFE AS LONG  
AS THAT KILLER IS ON  
THE LOOSE! IT'S UP TO  
ME TO FIND HIM, BEFORE  
HE GETS AT JOHNNY  
AGAIN.

LUKE STARTED HIS  
SEARCH...

ANY STRANGERS  
IN TOWN, HANK? ANY-  
ONE WITH A MEAN  
LOOK ABOUT THEM...  
A KILLER'S LOOK?

THERE'S ONE FELLER  
RODE IN A COUPLE OF DAYS'  
AGO. YOUNG GUY... REAL SMART.  
BUT HE HAD A COLD LOOK IN HIS  
EYES. HE'S STAYING OVER AT  
THE HOTEL...





SUDDENLY...

HEY, MISTER... I CAN HELP YOU. I KNOW WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE MAN WHO SHOT YOUR FRIEND!

WHOSE VOICE IS THAT?

I'D - DON'T KNOW. DON'T RECOGNISE IT...

COME INSIDE... WE CAN TALK BETTER IN HERE.

WHERE ARE YOU?

A SLIGHT SOUND CAME FROM THE DARKNESS... AND LUKE HURLED HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE... JUST IN TIME!

LUKE RETURNED THE FIRE.

COWARDLY RAT!

BUT HIS ATTACKER HAD ALREADY GONE...

ARE YOU OKAY, LUKE?

AND SO, JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER...

ACCORDING TO THE REGISTER, THE STRANGER'S IN ROOM NUMBER FIVE. IF HE'S NOT BACK YET, I'LL BE THERE TO WELCOME HIM...

SURE... I'VE GOT MORE LIVES THAN A DOZEN CATS! I'M GOING TO THE HOTEL... IT'S TIME FOR A SHOWDOWN WITH THAT CREEP!

BUT INSIDE THE ROOM, IT SEEMED THAT LUKE WAS THE ONE WHO WAS GOING TO BE SURPRISED!

QUIETLY DOES IT... IF OUR FRIEND'S INSIDE, I WANT TO SURPRISE HIM...

**More of this great story... plus Booklet pages... next week!**



**A deadly trap had been set — and Luke was the target!**

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY MEMBERS OF THE MORTON GANG. WITH THE HELP OF GUNFIGHTER LUKE CASSIDY, JOHNNY HAD DEALT WITH SOME OF THE GANG. THEN JOHNNY WAS GUNNED DOWN, BUT NOT SERIOUSLY INJURED. LUKE WENT IN SEARCH OF THE MAN WHO DID IT, GUESSING HE WAS ONE OF THE MORTON GANG. LUKE WAS ABOUT TO BURST INTO THE MAN'S HOTEL ROOM... BUT INSIDE A TRAP HAD BEEN SET! AS SOON AS THE DOOR WAS OPENED, THE RIFLE WOULD FIRE... AT WHOEVER STOOD IN THE DOORWAY!

AND LUKE CASSIDY WAS THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR!

JUST IN CASE SOMEONE'S IN THERE WITH A RECEPTION COMMITTEE, I'LL OPEN THE DOOR THIS WAY...

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

NEXT MOMENT...

PHIEW... THAT WAS CLOSE! WHOEVER I'M AFTER IS FULL OF LITTLE TRICKS... I CAN'T WAIT TO MEET HIM!

ONE THING'S FOR SURE, OUR FRIEND ISN'T HERE NOW!



BUT JUST OUTSIDE THE HOTEL...

YOU WON'T  
ESCAPE ME A  
THIRD TIME,  
CASSIDY...

THAT WAS TOO NEAR FOR  
COMFORT! NOT ONLY DID THAT  
BULLET NEARLY KILL ME, IT'S  
RUINED A NEW HAT! I'VE HAD  
ENOUGH...

AARGH!

TIME TO  
GO ON THE  
ATTACK!

THERE  
GOES THE  
RAT... IN FULL  
FLIGHT. HE WON'T  
GET AWAY THIS  
TIME...

AS THE FUGITIVE  
STOPPED AND  
TURNED...

LUKE RACED TO  
THE EDGE OF THE  
BUILDING...

OKAY, YOU HOLD IT RIGHT  
THERE! STOP AND TURN  
ROUND, IF YOU WANT TO  
STAY LIVING!

**KILLER KID  
MACBANE...**  
I SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN. YOU'RE  
MURDEROUS  
ENOUGH TO DO  
ANYTHING!

SURE IT'S ME! I HAD TO MOVE  
IN AND TRY TO ELIMINATE YOU  
AND THE BOY... BEFORE  
YOU GOT **ME!**

LUKE PUT HIS  
GUNS BACK  
IN THEIR  
HOLSTERS...

OKAY, KID... GO FOR YOUR GUN  
ANY TIME YOU WANT...

DON'T RUSH  
ME, CASSIDY...  
I WANT TO MAKE  
THIS MOMENT  
LAST... **DON'T  
BE IN A  
HURRY  
TO DIE...**

YOU WEREN'T VERY SUCCESSFUL! BUT I'M  
GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE YOU NEVER GAVE US...  
THE CHANCE TO OUTDRAW ME, IN A FAIR GUNFIGHT!

**There's more wild western excitement in next week's instalment!**



## Gunfighter Luke Cassidy took on the last remnants of the Morton gang

JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS HAD BEEN KILLED BY MEMBERS OF THE MORTON GANG. WITH THE HELP OF GUNFIGHTER LUKE CASSIDY, JOHNNY HAD DEALT WITH SOME OF THE GANG. THEN JOHNNY WAS BUNNED DOWN, BUT NOT SERIOUSLY INJURED. LUKE WENT IN SEARCH OF THE MAN WHO DID IT, GUESSING HE WAS ONE OF THE MORTON GANG. THE TWO MEN WERE EVENTUALLY FACE TO FACE...

OKAY, CASSIDY... THIS IS WHERE YOU GET IT! WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE TO BE ABOUT TO DIE?

DON'T BE SO SURE THAT IT'S *ME* WHO'S GOING TO DIE!

SUDDENLY LUKE KNEW WHY KID MACBANE WAS GRINNING!

THIS IS WHY I'M SURE... I'VE GOT HELP!

TWO MORE OF THEM... AND THAT'S BART MORTON HIMSELF!

# QUICK ON THE DRAW

GO FOR YOUR GUNS, CASSIDY... WE WANT SOME FUN!

WE'LL TEACH YOU TO TRY AND HUNT US DOWN... LIKE ANIMALS.

YOU ARE ANIMALS! I HEARD HOW YOU KILLED JOHNNY STORM'S PARENTS...

TWO BULLETS STRUCK HOME...

GARGH!

UURGH!

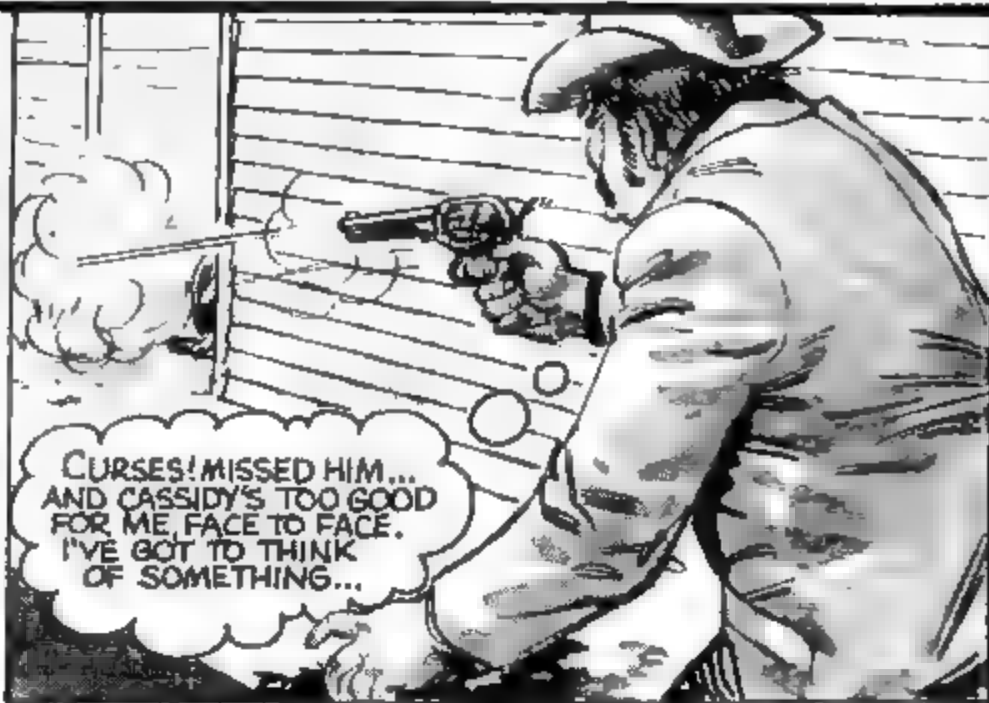
... AND THIS IS WHERE YOU START TO PAY...



LUKE CONTINUED TO ROLL OVER...



CURSES! MISSED HIM... AND CASSIDY'S TOO GOOD FOR ME, FACE TO FACE. I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING...

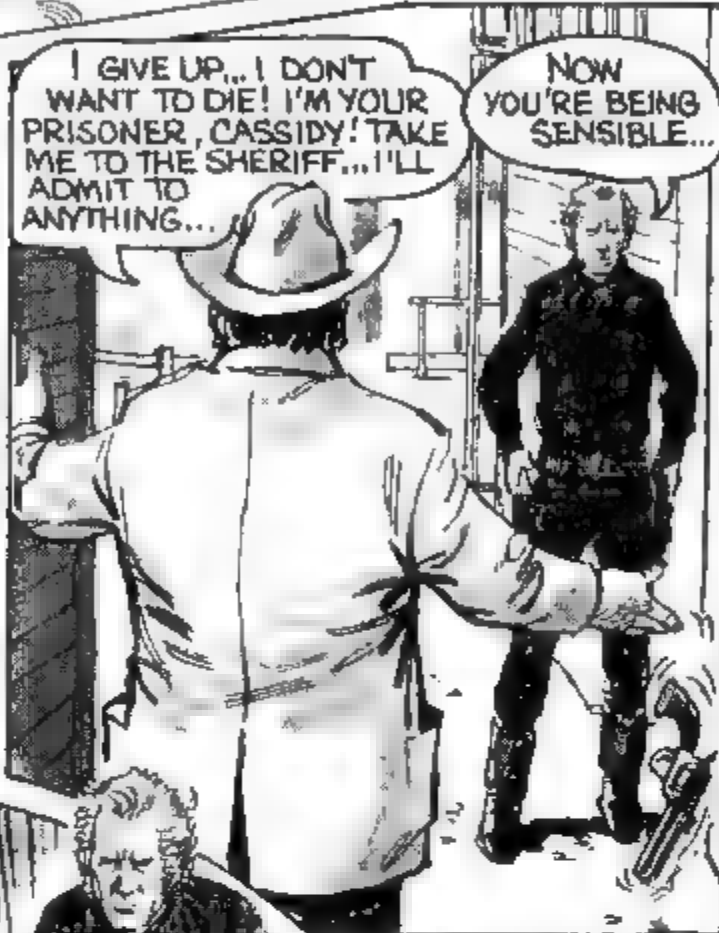


IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US, MORTON. WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE?

NOW, HOLD ON, CASSIDY... I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO A GUNFIGHT WITH YOU!

I GIVE UP... I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I'M YOUR PRISONER, CASSIDY! TAKE ME TO THE SHERIFF... I'LL ADMIT TO ANYTHING...

NOW YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE...



BUT AS LUKE STEPPED FORWARD...

SUCKER! THIS IS GOING TO FINISH YOU FOR GOOD...



LUKE CASSIDY MOVED AT LIGHTNING SPEED...

MAYBE NOT!

AARRGH!

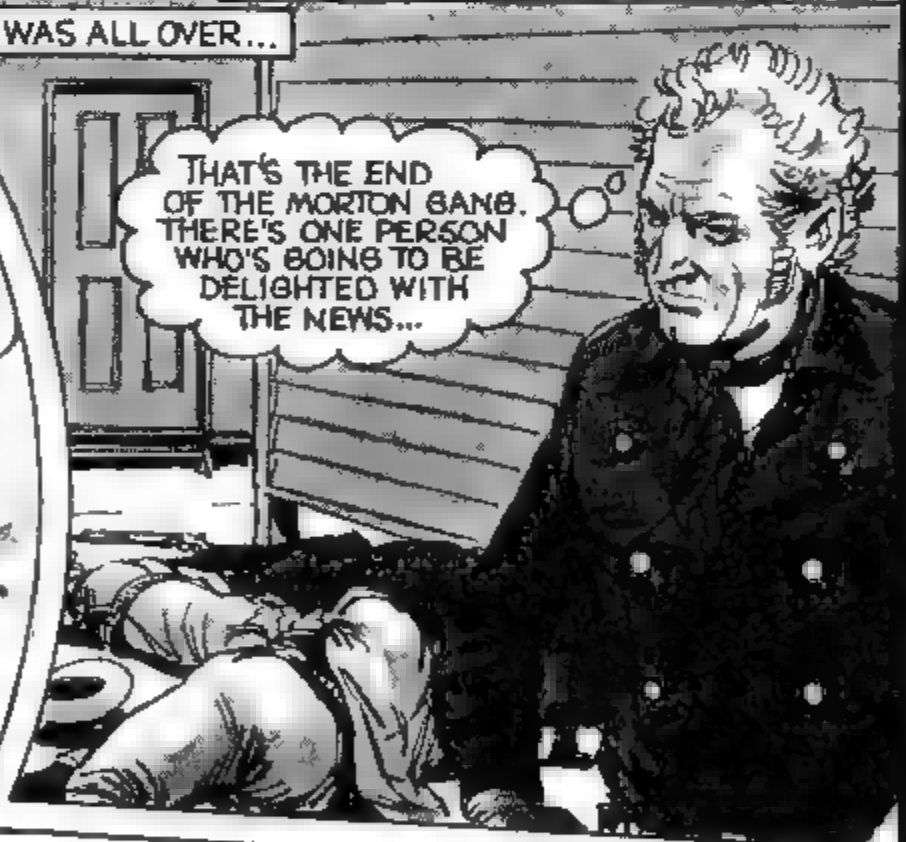
JOHNNY STORM WAS PLEASED!

SO MY FOLKS ARE AVENGED AT LAST. THANKS FOR ALL YOUR HELP, LUKE. WITHOUT YOU I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, KID. IN THE END, YOUR BATTLE BECAME MY BATTLE!

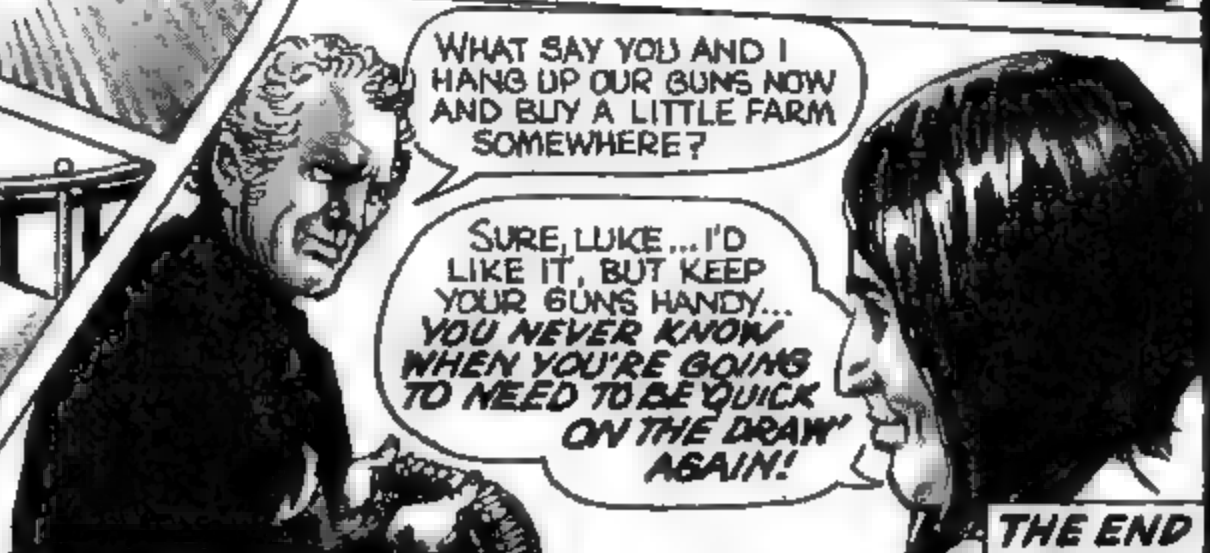
IT WAS ALL OVER...

THAT'S THE END OF THE MORTON GANG. THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO'S GOING TO BE DELIGHTED WITH THE NEWS...



WHAT SAY YOU AND I HANG UP OUR GUNS NOW AND BUY A LITTLE FARM SOMEWHERE?

SURE, LUKE... I'D LIKE IT, BUT KEEP YOUR GUNS HANDY... YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO BE QUICK ON THE DRAW AGAIN!



THE END

Next week meet a great new super hero... "Supersmith"!



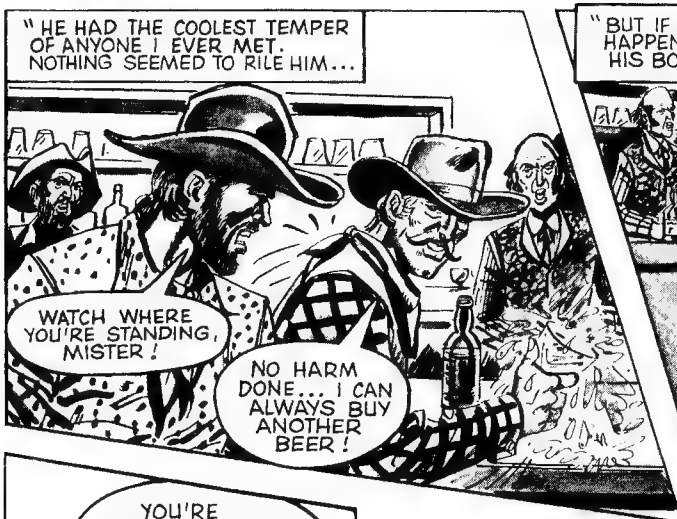




"DOZENS OF CLEVER GUYS  
THOUGHT THEY COULD OUTDRAW  
HIM. BUT HE BEAT THEM ALL!"



"HE HAD THE COOLEST TEMPER  
OF ANYONE I EVER MET.  
NOTHING SEEMED TO RILE HIM..."



WATCH WHERE  
YOU'RE STANDING,  
MISTER!

NO HARM  
DONE... I CAN  
ALWAYS BUY  
ANOTHER  
BEER!

"BUT IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENED TO  
HIS BOOTS..."



STRANGER, YOU  
JUST MESS'D UP  
MY FOOTWEAR!

YOU  
SHOULDN'T  
HAVE SUCH  
BIG FEET...

YOU'RE  
GOING TO REGRET  
I'VE GOT BIG FEET.  
I WANT MY BOOT  
CLEANED RIGHT  
NOW. **LICK  
IT CLEAN!**



"NO-ONE ARGUED WITH BART,  
WHEN THEY LOOKED DOWN THE  
MUZZLE OF HIS GUN... OR SAW  
THE MEAN LOOK IN HIS EYE!"



"THE GUY WHO'D DONE THE  
LICKING DIDN'T FORGET WHAT  
HAD HAPPENED. NEXT TIME  
HE CAME TO TOWN, HE  
BROUGHT SOME HELP..."







"BART HAD TO FACE FOUR OF THEM!"

"I'M BACK, JAMES... BACK TO MAKE YOU LICK MY BOOTS! IF YOU DON'T, YOU'LL BE TASTING HOT LEAD!"

"BIG AND TOUGH NOW YOU'VE GOT THREE OTHER GUNS TO HELP YOU. NO MATTER..."



"FOUR CAN DIE AS EASILY AS ONE!"



"GUYS WHO MISS DON'T GET SECOND CHANCES..."

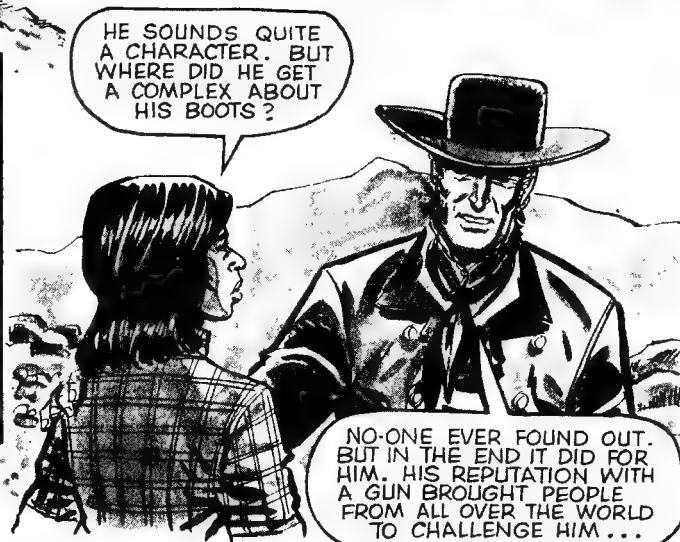


"... SEE WHAT I MEAN!"

"ARGH!"



"I'M SICK OF KILLING... WHY DON'T FOLKS LEAVE ME ALONE?"



"HE SOUNDS QUITE A CHARACTER. BUT WHERE DID HE GET A COMPLEX ABOUT HIS BOOTS?"

"NO-ONE EVER FOUND OUT. BUT IN THE END IT DID FOR HIM. HIS REPUTATION WITH A GUN BROUGHT PEOPLE FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO CHALLENGE HIM..."

"BUT HE BEAT THEM ALL!"



"THEN ONE DAY HE CAME UP AGAINST A BRAGGING YOUNGSTER NAMED COLT WILLIAMS..."

"OKAY, BART JAMES... I'VE TRAVELLED FIVE HUNDRED MILES TO PROVE I CAN OUTDRAW YOU. GO FOR YOUR GUN!"

"BEAT IT, KID... I'VE NO QUARREL WITH YOU!"





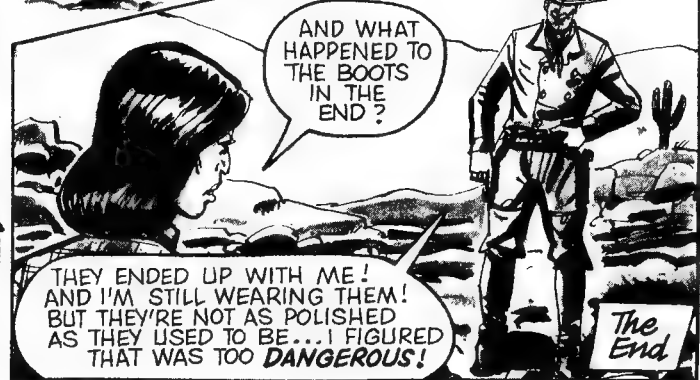
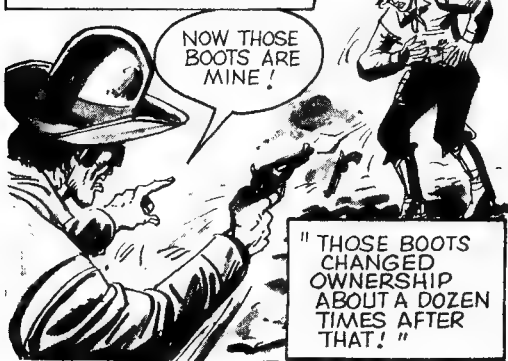
"BUT AS HE STOPPED, BART'S BOOTS WENT INTO A PUDDLE..."



"BART HAD BEEN THINKING SO MUCH ABOUT HIS BOOTS, HE TOOK HIS MIND OFF THE KID. IT WAS A FATAL MISTAKE!



"BUT HIS FAME DIDN'T LAST. HE HIMSELF WAS KILLED JUST ONE DAY LATER!



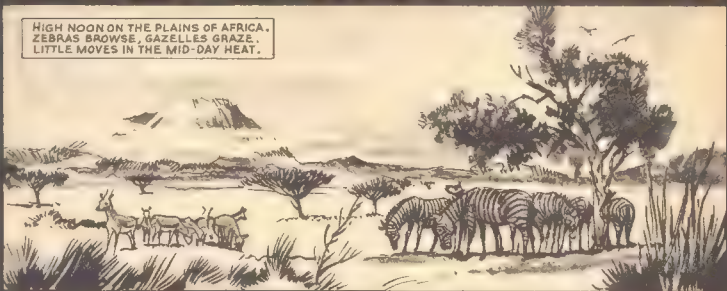


BORN TO BE FAST. BORN TO BE FREE. THE STORY OF...

# SLEEKSWIFT the CHEETAH



HIGH NOON ON THE PLAINS OF AFRICA.  
ZEBRAS BROWSE, GAZELLES GRAZE.  
LITTLE MOVES IN THE MID-DAY HEAT.



UNTIL...



A SHADOW MOVES AND BECOMES A SHAPE...



A TAWNY BLUR OF SPEED! IT IS SHABEL THE CHEETAH... HUNTING TO KILL!

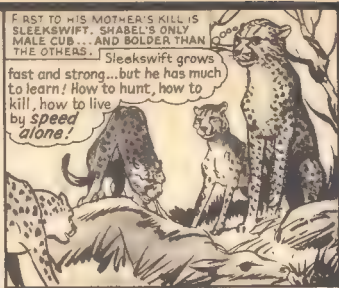


One buck breaks away! That buck is mine!



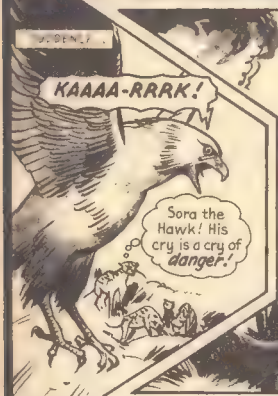


Now! Sever the jugular and Kill!



FIRST TO HIS MOTHER'S KILL IS SLEEKSWIFT. SHABEL'S ONLY MALE CUB... AND BOLDER THAN THE OTHERS.

Sleekswift grows fast and strong...but he has much to learn! How to hunt, how to kill, how to live by *speed alone!*



KAAAA-RRRK!

Sora the Hawk! His cry is a cry of danger!



**FIRE!** With me, young ones! Turn and run! *Speed is our survival!*

BUT, FAST THOUGH THEY RUN, THE FIRE IS FASTER! SPREADING... ENVELOPING!



No escape to the south! Turn north to the woodland and beyond!

BUT, ONCE AGAIN, THE FLAMES ARE FASTER!



Mother she-cat... the tree!



**RARRRRGGG!**

ONLY SLEEKSWIFT IS UNHURT. HIS SISTERS ARE DEAD, HIS MOTHER DYING.

IN THE CHEETAH'S MIND, FEAR IS BORN... AND WITH IT COMES THE MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER'S WARNING...

Go, young one...  
save yourself.  
Speed is survival...  
survival is speed!  
Run! Run!

In times of  
danger, break  
and run!

Speed is survival...  
and survival is speed!

*Champion*

THREE HUNDRED METRES...  
FOUR HUNDRED! THEN, ON  
THE DUST-BLOWN BREEZE  
COMES...

SLEEKSWIFT IS YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED. HE  
DOES NOT KNOW IT IS THE SCENT OF A NEW AND  
DEADLY ENEMY...

**THE SCENT OF HATED MAN!**

A scent!  
Strong, strange!  
Filling my nostrils,  
clogging my  
throat!



THE TWO AFRICANS ARE POACHERS... AND IT IS THEY WHO HAVE STARTED THE FIRE...

ELEPHANT TRACKS! THE FLAMES HAVE DRIVEN THE MAIN HERD TOWARDS THE WATERHOLE.

YES, JUST AS WE PLANNED! KEEP LOW AND KEEP DOWNWIND!

THERE'S A SMALL FORTUNE IN IVORY OUT THERE!

THOSE THREE BIG BULLS WILL GIVE US THE MOST PROFIT! ZERO IN AND TAKE AIM!

SENSING EVIL, SLEEKSWIFT LIES STILL! AND THEN...

FIRE!

RAARRRR!

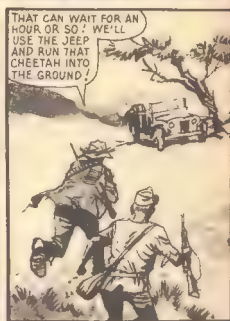
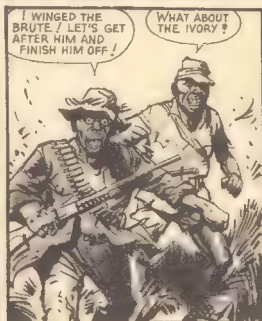
HOOOUUURRR!

New danger! A crack of sound that brings the smell of death!

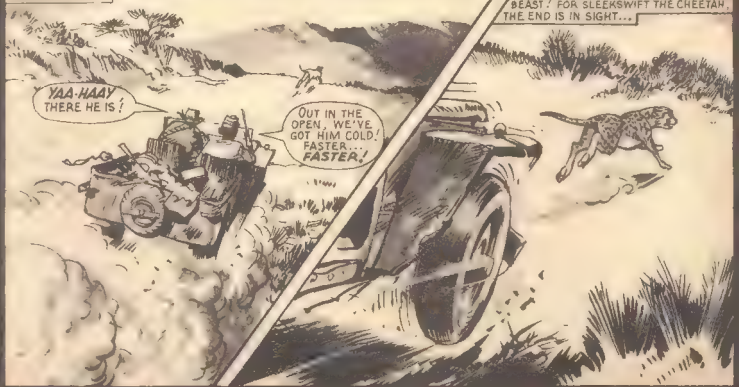
AAAH? WHAT-?

Run, Sleekswift! Escape through speed!





SECONDS LATER...





UNTIL, SUDDENLY...

One last hope...  
one final burst of  
speed!

...then jump!

RAVINE  
AHEAD!  
BRAKE,  
FOR G—

GRAIEEEEE!

ONLY SLEEKSWIFT THE CHEETAH KNOWS  
THE TRUTH... BUT HE IS MANY MILES  
AWAY...

TWO DAYS GO BY  
...AND THE DEAD  
MEN ARE FOUND  
BY A DISTRICT  
GAME WARDEN...

IT'S THOSE  
POACHERS WE'VE  
BEEN LOOKING FOR,  
ALL RIGHT! BUT HOW  
DID THEY DIE LIKE  
THIS? WHAT  
HAPPENED?

ONE OF AFRICA'S  
MYSTERIES, WARDEN!  
I THINK IT IS ONE THAT  
WILL NEVER BE SOLVED!

... RUNNING ALONE AND RUNNING FAST.  
A SURE-FOOTED SURVIVOR IN THE HARSH  
AND HOSTILE WORLD  
OF AFRICA!

**THE END**



Schoolboy Timothy Barlow had devoted his life to record-breaking!





AND SO...

HERE I GO...WISH ME LUCK...

YOU JUST MIND YOU DON'T FALL... AND MIND THE ROAD!

SUDDENLY... AARGH...

CLEAR THE WAY...HERE COMES SOMEONE WHO'S REALLY FAST... ME!

WOW...HE IS FAST! I'VE GOT TO GET SOME ROLLER SKATES LIKE THOSE...THEN NO-ONE WILL OVERTAKE ME!

GANGWAY, I'M IN A HURRY!

LOOK OUT...IT'S CRAZY TIM BARLOW!

HE'S ALWAYS RACING EVERYWHERE!

AT SCHOOL, GUESS WHO WAS FIRST INTO THE CLASSROOM!

FIRST AGAIN!

HUH! WHO WANTS TO BE FIRST INTO LESSONS?

RIGHT! YOU ALL HAVE THE TEN TEST QUESTIONS I GAVE YOU YESTERDAY. ANSWER THEM CAREFULLY AND NEATLY. START NOW...

I'M GOING TO BE FIRST TO FINISH...

BATTLE OF HASTINGS...FOURTEEN TWENTY-THREE CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA...SYDNEY, A VERB IS A WORD WHICH DESCRIBES THINGS...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



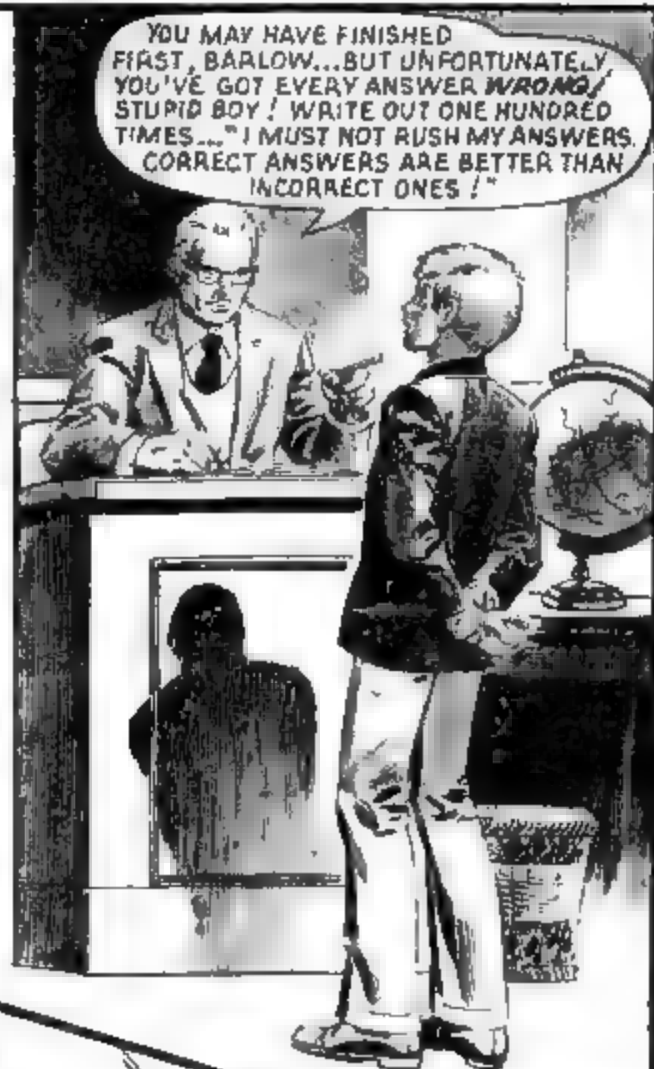
FIVE MINUTES LATER...

FINISHED ALREADY, BARLOW. THAT'S REALLY QUICK!

I ALWAYS LIKE TO BE FIRST, SIR!



YOU MAY HAVE FINISHED FIRST, BARLOW... BUT UNFORTUNATELY YOU'VE GOT EVERY ANSWER *WRONG*! STUPID BOY! WRITE OUT ONE HUNDRED TIMES... "I MUST NOT RUSH MY ANSWERS. CORRECT ANSWERS ARE BETTER THAN INCORRECT ONES!"



HAW, HAW! YOU'LL BE FIRST FINISHING THOSE LINES, TIM... BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE HAVING TO DO THEM!

SERVES HIM RIGHT FOR ALWAYS SHOWING OFF!



ROLLER SKATES... THAT'S WHAT I NEED TO BUY. I'VE GOT SOME POCKET MONEY SAVED UP...

FIRST OUT OF SCHOOL... WAS TIM BARLOW!

I'LL RIP HOME, GRAB MY SAVINGS AND GET DOWN TO THE SHOPS BEFORE THEY CLOSE...



AND SOON... LATEST RACING CYCLES

SPECIAL OFFER!

£5 OFF ROLLER SKATES

TERRIFIC! I'M GOING TO HAVE SUPER FUN WITH THOSE!



BUT THE SKATES WOULD ALSO BE BRINGING TIM LOTS OF TROUBLE!

Make a date to meet Timothy every week. Order a copy of **SPEED** today!



Tim set out to beat the world's roller-skating record!

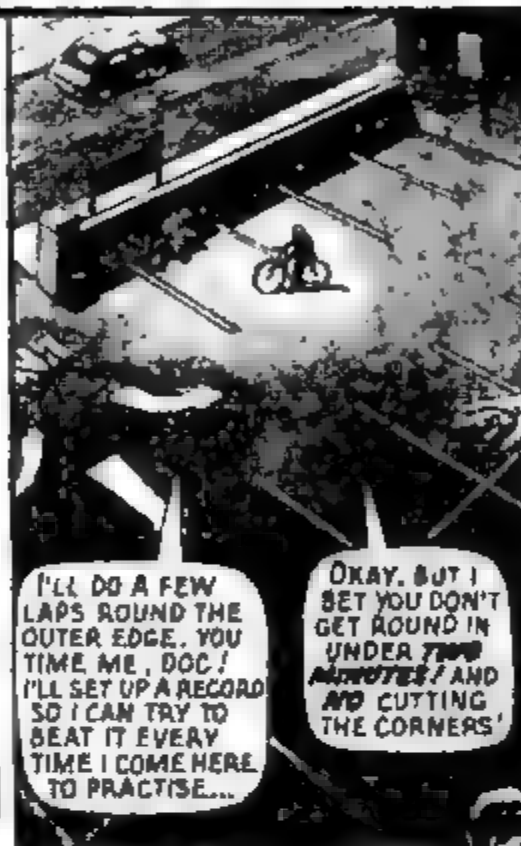


TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND! HE HAD TO BE FIRST... HE HAD TO BE FAST! TO MAKE HIMSELF MORE MOBILE, AND CUT DOWN HIS TRAVELLING TIME, HE BOUGHT A NEW PAIR OF ROLLER-SKATES AND WAS GOING TO TRY THEM OUT WHEN HIS PAL, DOC, DAWLISH, CAME UP TO HIM...



Hi, Tim, what have you got there?

Hi, Doc! A new pair of roller-skates. I'm just going up to the car park behind the high street to try them out.



I'll do a few laps round the outer edge. You time me, Doc! I'll set up a record so I can try to beat it every time I come here to practise...

Okay, but I set you don't get round in under **TWO** minutes! And no cutting the corners!



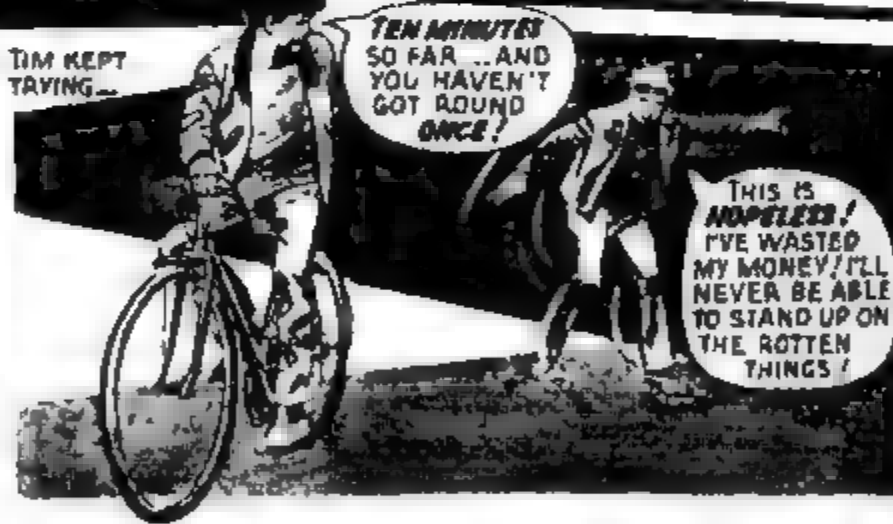
Tim stood up, and...  
WOOOOOEEEEAAAAA!



Don't say you've never been on roller-skates before!

N-no, haven't! I thought it would be easy!

Tim kept trying...



Ten minutes so far... and you haven't got round once!

This is hopeless! I've wasted my money! I'll never be able to stand up on the rotten things!



I've got the idea already! And the bruises to prove it!

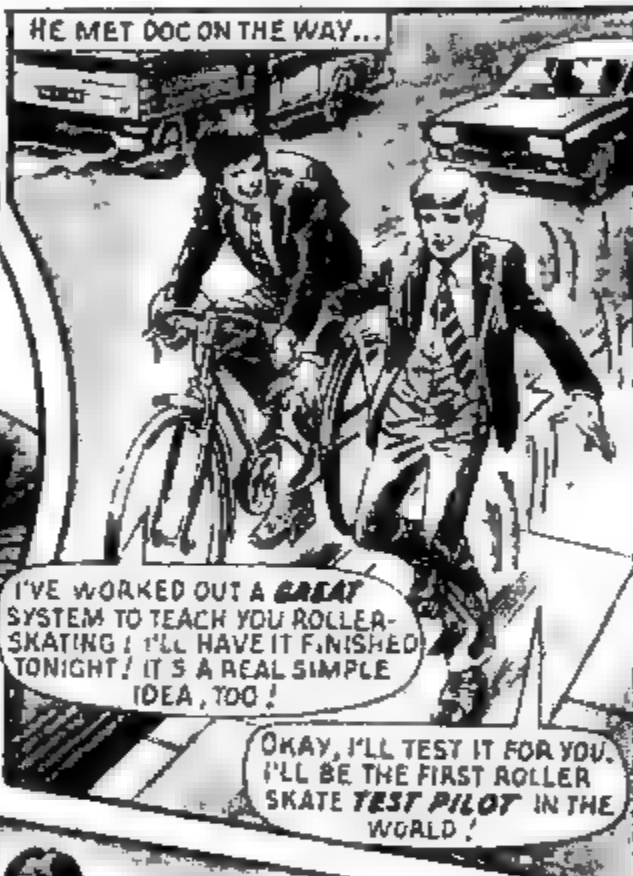
Hang on the back... I'll tow you home! You'll get the idea...



Hey, this isn't bad! Go a bit faster, Doc!

You just hang on well! Work up a bit more speed when you can skate properly! And we must never try this on a road!





Will Tim be able to keep his promise? Read on next week!



There was a basketful of trouble in store for Tim Barlow!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND! HE HAD TO BE FIRST... HE HAD TO BE FAST! TO MAKE HIMSELF MORE MOBILE AND CUT DOWN HIS TRAVELLING TIME, HE BOUGHT HIMSELF A PAIR OF ROLLER-SKATES. FORGETTING HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO SKATE! AND MUCH TO THE AMAZEMENT OF HIS BEST PAL, BOB DANLISH, WHEN HE WENT TO SCHOOL ON THEM, HIS SPEED WAS CUT TO A CRAWL.



MADE IT!

NOT BAD FOR YOU, TIM! YOU ONLY FELL OVER EIGHT TIMES!

FROM HOME TO SCHOOL, TOOK ME TWENTY MINUTES, EIGHT SECONDS! THAT'S OVER FIVE MINUTES LONGER THAN I CAN DO IT WITHOUT SKATES! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG!

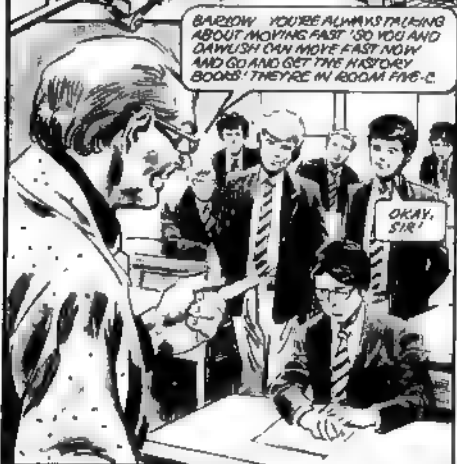
IT'S YOUR FOOTEN GRATING THAT'S WRONG!



PLEASE, SIR, WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY HISTORY BOOKS!

AFTER YOU WE HAD A FEW LESSONS ON MY NEW SKATING-TEACHING MACHINE YOU'LL EASILY KNOW FIVE MINUTES OFF YOUR TIME!

I'VE GOT TO DO BETTER THAN THAT! I'VE GOT TO KNOW SEVEN MINUTES OFF!



BARLOW, YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT MOVING FAST! SO YOU AND DANLISH CAN MOVE FAST NOW AND GO AND GET THE HISTORY BOOKS! THEY'RE IN ROOM FIVE-C.

OKAY, SIR!



IN ROOM 5-C

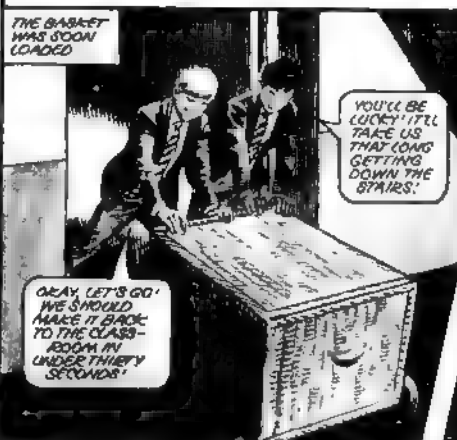
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE ABOUT TEN TRIPS, IT'LL TAKE AGES!

WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO? WE'VE GOT TO CARRY THEM SOMEHOW...

WHY NOT PUT THEM IN HERE AND TAKE THEM ALL IN ONE GO?



GOOD THINKING, 'SPEED BOY'! SOMETIMES YOU SEEM TO HAVE BRAINS, TOO!



THE BASKET WAS SOON LOADED

YOU'LL BE LUCKY! IT'LL TAKE US THAT LONG GETTING DOWN THE STAIRS!

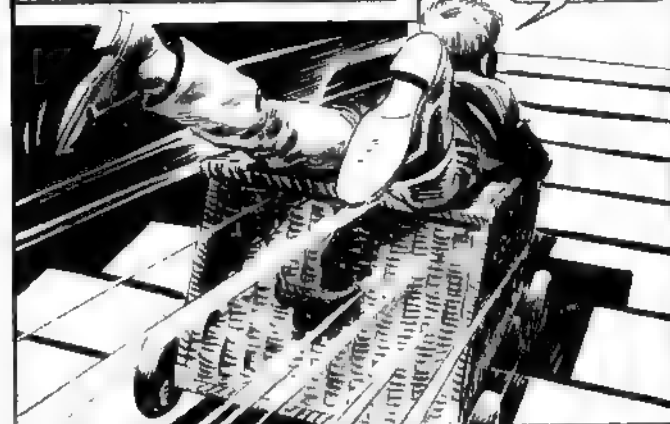
OKAY, LET'S GO! WE SHOULD MAKE IT BACK TO THE CLASS-ROOM IN UNDER THIRTY SECONDS!



THEN LET'S GET A MOVE ON!

HEY DON'T FORGET TO STOP FOR THE STAIRS!





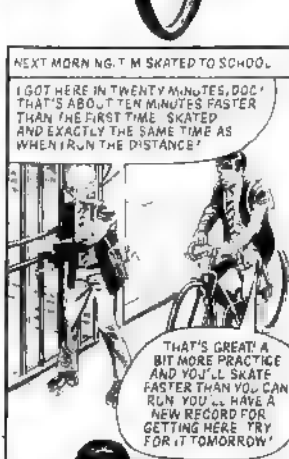
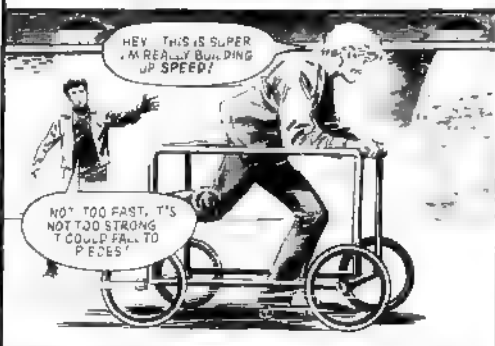
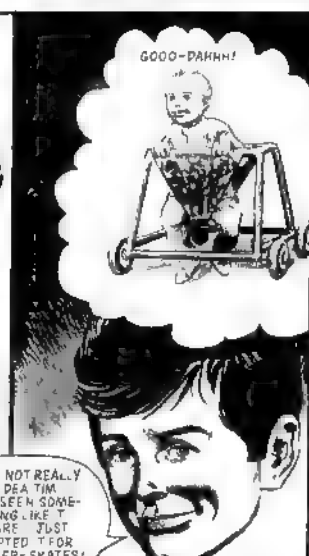
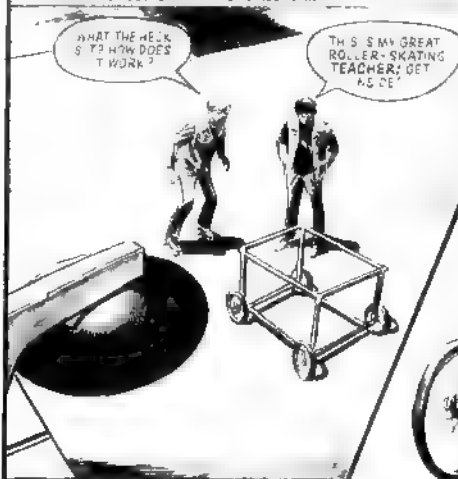
Is Tim right? Find out in next week's exciting instalment!



Tim challenged the record for going to school . . . by sledge!



"M. BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND HE HAD TO BE FIRST AND HE HAD TO BE FAST! TO MAKE HIMSELF MORE MOBILE AND CUT DOWN HIS TRAVELLING TIME HE BOUGHT HIMSELF A PAIR OF ROLLER-SKATES BUT FIRST HE HAD TO LEARN HOW TO SKATE AND HIS PAL "DOC" PAWELSKI WANTED SOME TRAINING FOR HIM."







There's more lightning-fast action with Speedboy next week!



Tim found that ski-ing wasn't as easy as he had expected!



**T**IM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND HE HAD TO BE FIRST... AND HE HAD TO BE FAST! HIS PAL, "DOC" DAWLISH, HAD AN UNCLE WHO OWNED SKIS AND WHEN IT SNOWED, TIM AND DOC BORROWED THEM.

HEY, HOW DO YOU FIX THESE SKIS ON?

YOU NEED SPECIAL SKI-BOOTS, TIM! HERE, CATCH HOLD OF THESE!

HEY, THIS IS GOOD! I BET YOU CAN WORK UP QUITE A SPEED ON THESE!

YOU'LL GO A LOT FASTER WHEN YOU REACH THE DOWNHILL PART..

IT WASN'T AS EASY AS HE EXPECTED!

AND THERE WAS A LOT OF HARD WORK GETTING BACK UPHILL...

IT'S EASIER WALKING UP!

TIM COULD IMAGINE HIMSELF AS AN EXPERT.

AND HERE COMES YOUNG TIM BARLOW! HE'S ONLY BEEN SKI-ING FOR A FEW WEEKS, BUT ALREADY HE'S CHALLENGING FOR THE TITLE OF THE FASTEST BOY ON SKIS!

AARRRRGH! TH-THAT WAS SUDDEN!

I'D LIKE TO GET GOOD AT THIS LARK... DO IT PROPERLY!

TIM KEPT ON PRACTISING UNTIL...

OLD TIM'S A WORKER! YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO HIM! HE'S GETTING QUITE GOOD!

CAN WE HAVE ANOTHER GO TOMORROW?

OF COURSE WE CAN - IF THE SNOW'S STILL HERE, ANYWAY. SEE YOU AT SCHOOL IN THE MORNING



TIM'S WAY HOME WAS ALL DOWNHILL!



IT WAS HALF-PAST SEVEN, EXACTLY, WHEN I LEFT DOC'S PLACE! LET'S SEE HOW FAST WE CAN GET HOME!



GET OUT OF IT, YOU GREAT IDIOT! SOME DOGS HAVE GOT NO SENSE!



AND SEVEN-FORTY AND TEN SECONDS THAT'S A NEW TIM BARLOW RECORD! IT WOULD HAVE TAKEN ME TWICE THAT LONG WALKING!



TIM TOLD HIS SCHOOL-MATES ABOUT HIS SKI-ING

YOU'RE ALWAYS SAYING YOU CAN GO FASTER THAN ANYONE ELSE!

YOU CAN'T SKI!

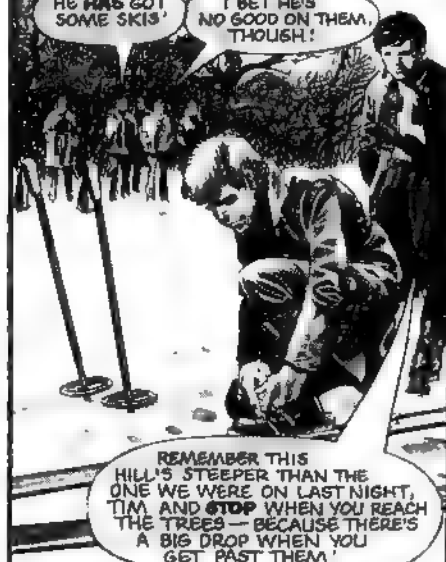
SNOW US HOW YOU DO IT, THEN!

ALL RIGHT! TONIGHT... AFTER SCHOOL... ON HATCHER'S HILL!

DOC BORROWED HIS UNCLE'S SKIS AGAIN.

HE HAS GOT SOME SKIS!

I BET HE'S NO GOOD ON THEM, THOUGH!



REMEMBER THIS HILL'S STEEPER THAN THE ONE WE WERE ON LAST NIGHT, TIM! AND STOP WHEN YOU REACH THE TREES - BECAUSE THERE'S A BIG DROP WHEN YOU GET PAST THEM!



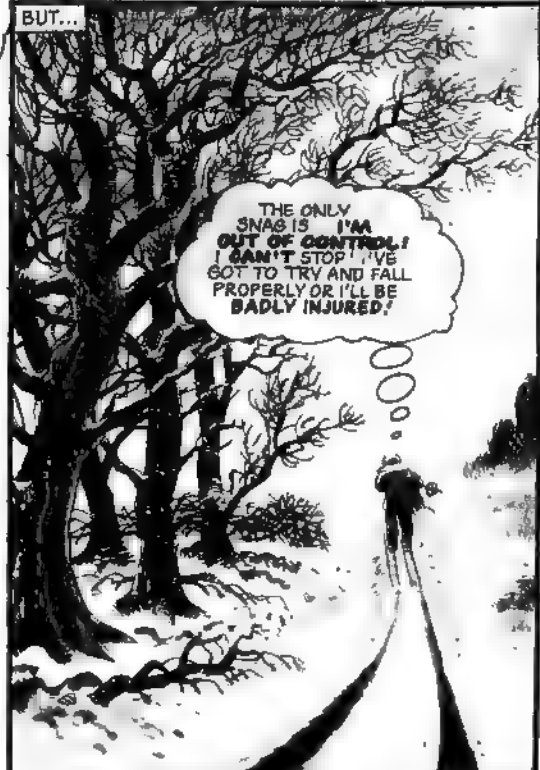
HEY-LOOK AT THAT! HE CAN SKI!

HE'S NIPPING ALONG A BIT FASTISH, TOO!



THIS IS FAST! IT'S GOT TO BE A RECORD FOR ME!

BUT...



THE ONLY SNAG IS I'M OUT OF CONTROL! I CAN'T STOP! I'VE GOT TO TRY AND FALL PROPERLY OR I'LL BE BADLY INJURED!

**There's more lightning-fast action with Speedboy again next week!**



Tim Barlow — about to become the boy on the flying umbrella skis!



TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND! HE HAD TO BE FIRST... AND HE HAD TO BE FAST! HIS PAL, DOC DAWLISH HAD AN UNCLE WHO OWNED SKIS AND WHEN IT SNOWED, TIM AND DOC BORROWED THEM. BUT WHEN TIM TRIED A RECORD-BREAKING RUN... HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO STOP!

HERE WE GO! I MUST HIT THE GROUND WITH MY SHOULDER... AND BE RELAXED! JUST LET MYSELF GO!

IT WASN'T THE BEST WAY TO STOP... BUT IT WORKED!

OHNNNNNNNNNN!

OH, NO... HE'LL GO OVER THE EDGE! I WARNED HIM THERE WAS A STEEP DROP AT THE END!



BUT...

YOU WERE RIGHT, DOC... THERE IS A STEEP DROP! IT'S A GOOD JOB I STOPPED!

STOPPED? YOU-YOU... FELL OVER, THAT'S WHAT YOU DID!

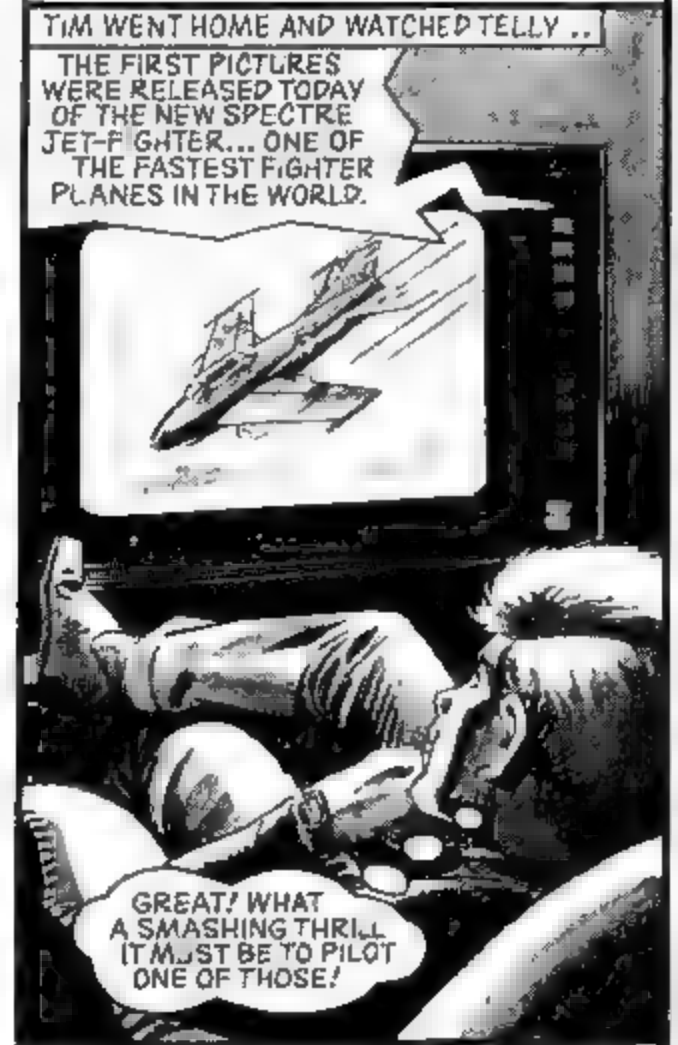
STILL, YOU CAN SKI, BARLOW... I'LL SAY THAT FOR YOU!



THEY TOOK THE SKIS BACK TO DOC'S HOUSE...

CAN WE HAVE THE SKIS AGAIN AFTER SCHOOL TOMORROW, DOC? YOUR UNCLE WON'T MIND, WILL HE?

HE'LL MIND IF YOU SMASH THEM UP! SO YOU'D BETTER BE MORE CAREFUL ON THEM!



TIM WENT HOME AND WATCHED TELLY...

THE FIRST PICTURES WERE RELEASED TODAY OF THE NEW SPECTRE JET-FIGHTER... ONE OF THE FASTEST FIGHTER PLANES IN THE WORLD.

GREAT! WHAT A SMASHING THRILL! IT MUST BE TO PILOT ONE OF THOSE!

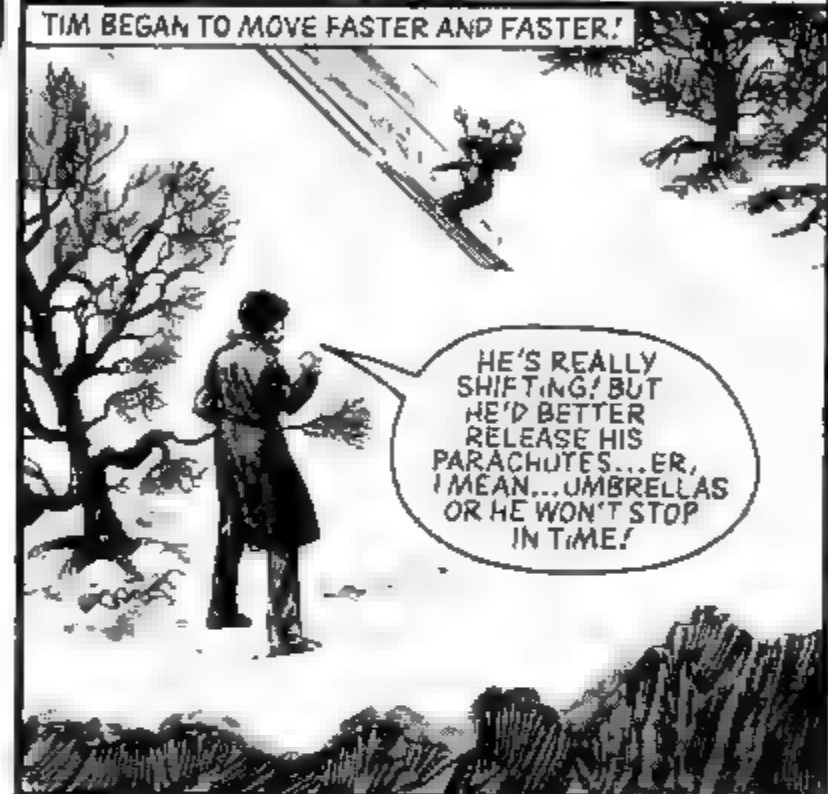
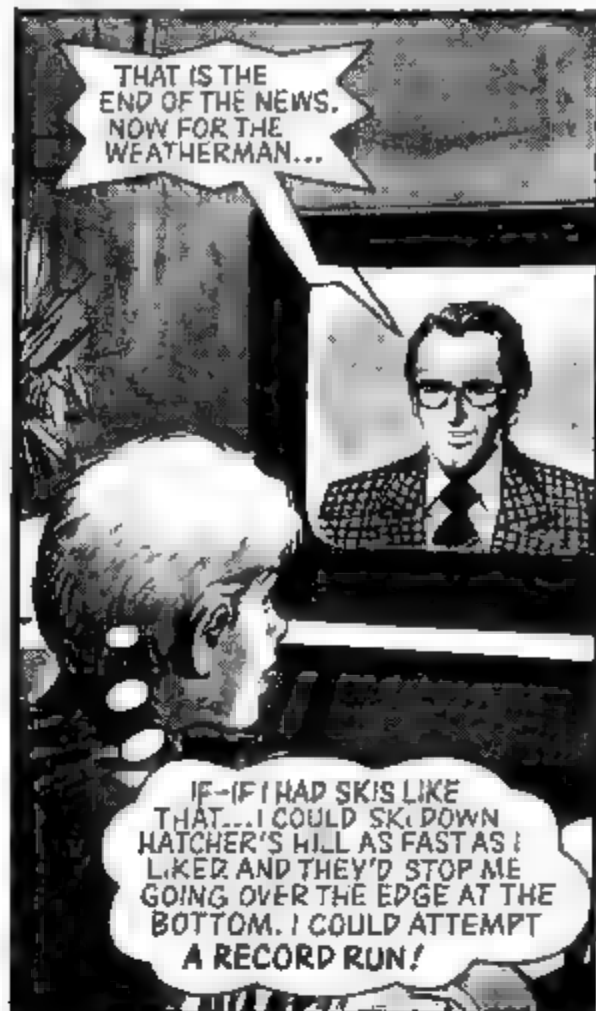


TO ASSIST IN BRAKING AS THE FIGHTER LANDS... THE PILOT RELEASES THREE PARACHUTES FROM THE TAIL SECTION...



... AND THE 'CHUTES BRING THE AIRCRAFT SAFELY TO A H.A.T! IT IS EXPECTED MANY SPECTRE AIRCRAFT WILL BE BUILT IN THE NEAR FUTURE!





BUT THE IMPROVISED PARACHUTES  
WORKED TOO WELL!



What will happen to Tim now? Find out next week!



Tim embarked on one of his strangest-ever speed challenges!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND! HE HAD TO BE **FIRST**... AND HE HAD TO BE **FAST**! HIS PAL, 'DOC' DAWLISH HAD AN UNCLE WHO HAD SKIS AND WHEN IT SNOWED, TIM TRIED A SPEED RUN ON A STEEP SLOPE WHICH HAD A BIG DROP AT THE END. TIM RIGGED UP SOME UMBRELLAS TO GIVE HIM PARACHUTE BREAKING - LIKE A FIGHTER-PLANE. BUT THINGS DIDN'T QUITE GO ACCORDING TO PLAN.

IT'S WORKING  
I'MA **FLOATING**! I'M GOING  
DOWN, THOUGH

WATCH IT  
TIM YOU'RE  
**DROPPING**  
REALLY  
FAST

TIM HIT THE GROUND WITH A THUMP

TIM  
ARE YOU  
OKAY?

N-NO THING  
BROKEN. NOT  
EVEN A SKI!

LATER

WHAT  
WAS THE TIME  
FOR THE RUN,  
DOC? BET IT  
WAS THE  
**FASTEST**  
EVER

YOU EASILY BROKE  
YOUR OWN RECORD BUT  
YOU NEARLY BROKE MY  
UNCLE'S SKIS TOO YOU  
WOULD REALLY HAVE  
COPPED, IF YOU HAD!

EDITOR'S NOTE: **WARNING!** SOME  
OF TIM'S STUNTS ARE DANGEROUS.  
NEVER TRY TO COPY HIM!

BUT TIM DIDN'T GET A CHANCE  
TO BORROW THE SKIS...

**RAIN!** WELL, THAT'S THE  
END OF THE SKI-ING. SHAME! I  
WAS GETTING THE HANG OF IT.  
I RECKON IF I'D PRACTISED AND  
PRACTISED WAS A CERT FOR  
THE NEXT OLYMPICS!

LET'S HAVE ANOTHER GO  
TOMORROW EVENING NOW I  
KNOW I CAN GO OVER THAT DROP  
WITH THE UMBRELLAS TO HOLD  
ME UP. I CAN GO **REALLY**  
FAST.

IF YOU WANT MY UNCLE'S  
SKIS AGAIN THEN YOU CAN  
ASK HIM FOR THEM. I'D BET  
THE BLAME IF YOU BROKE THEM!

WHEN THEY WENT TO SCHOOL

YOU'RE BEHIND  
SCHEDULE, TIM! NO  
ROLLER SKATING  
RECORD FOR THE RUN  
FROM HOME TO  
SCHOOL TODAY

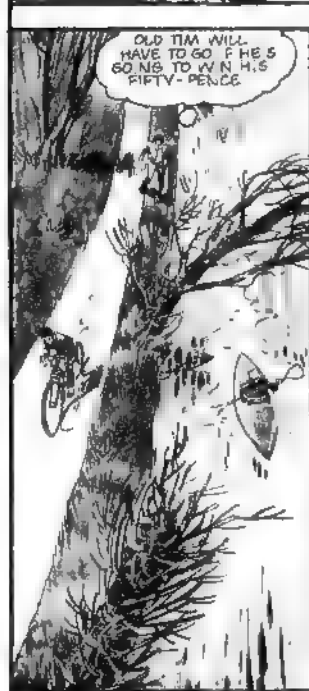
IT'S ALL  
THE RAIN. THE  
PAVEMENT'S TOO  
WET FOR REAL  
SPEED!

AT THE BRIDGE

LOOK AT  
THE RIVER,  
IT'S GOING REALLY  
FAST. IT'S ALL THE  
RAIN AND THE  
MELTED SNOW!

I BET  
YOU'D REALLY  
MOVE ON THAT  
IN A  
CANOE!





**Look out for more action with Tim Barlow again next Saturday!**



Tim's canoe had to pass through the bridge upside-down!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FIRST ... AND HE HAD TO BE FAST! HE VOWED HE WOULD BEAT GAVIN WALKER IN A RACE BY RIVER FROM CANSET BRIDGE TO HARLEY. GAVIN WOULD GO BY ROAD ON HIS BIKE ... AND TIM WOULD GO BY RIVER IN A CANOE! BUT THE RIVER WAS SWOLLEN WITH FLOOD-WATER AND IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO GET UNDER THE ARCHES OF CANSET BRIDGE. SO...

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET THROUGH HERE... UPSIDE DOWN!

TIM SEEMED TO HOLD HIS BREATH FOR AGES!

I-I'VE GOT TO BE THROUGH SOON. I CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH FOR MUCH LONGER!

\* Editor's note: WARNING! SOME OF TIM'S STUNTS ARE DANGEROUS! NEVER TRY TO COPY HIM!

YEE-HOOOO! DONE IT! BIG-HEAD GAVIN WALKER HASN'T GOT A CHANCE OF BEATING ME NOW!

BUT I CAN'T HANG ABOUT, THOUGH! I'VE GOT TO REALLY GET THIS OLD CANOE MOVING!

TIM'S PAL, "DOC" DAWLISH, WAS TRAVELLING BY ROAD WITH GAVIN WALKER. AND WALKER WAS HAVING HIS TROUBLES, TOO!

YOU'RE LOSING TIME, GAVIN!

WHO CARES? TIM BARLOW WILL NEVER GET DOWN THAT RIVER! I DOUBT IF HE'LL EVEN GET UNDER CANSET BRIDGE... THE WATER WILL BE TOO HIGH!

LATER...

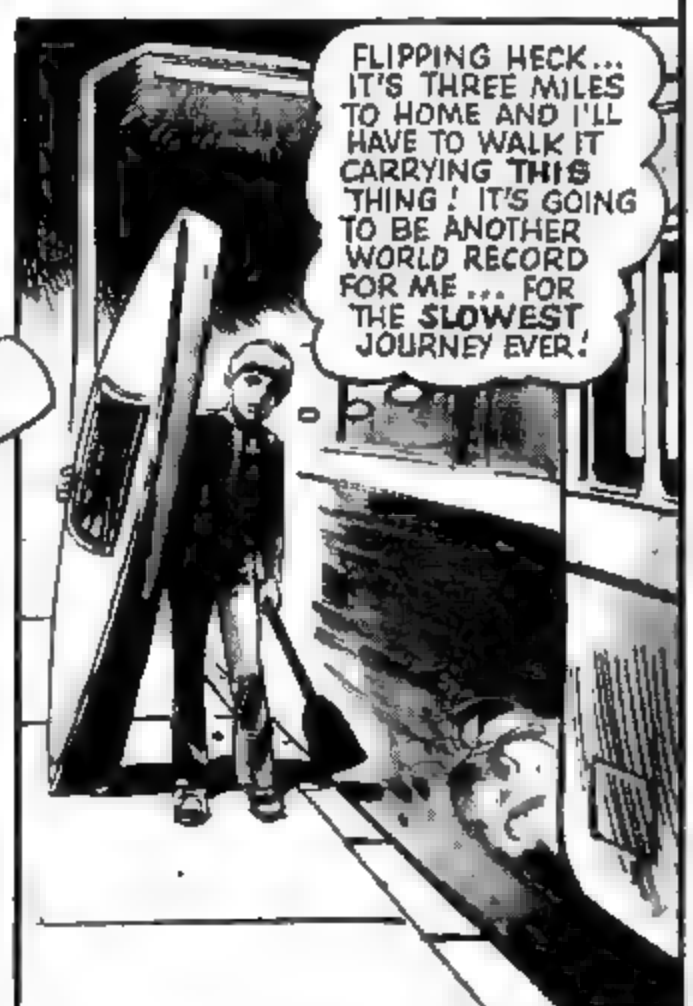
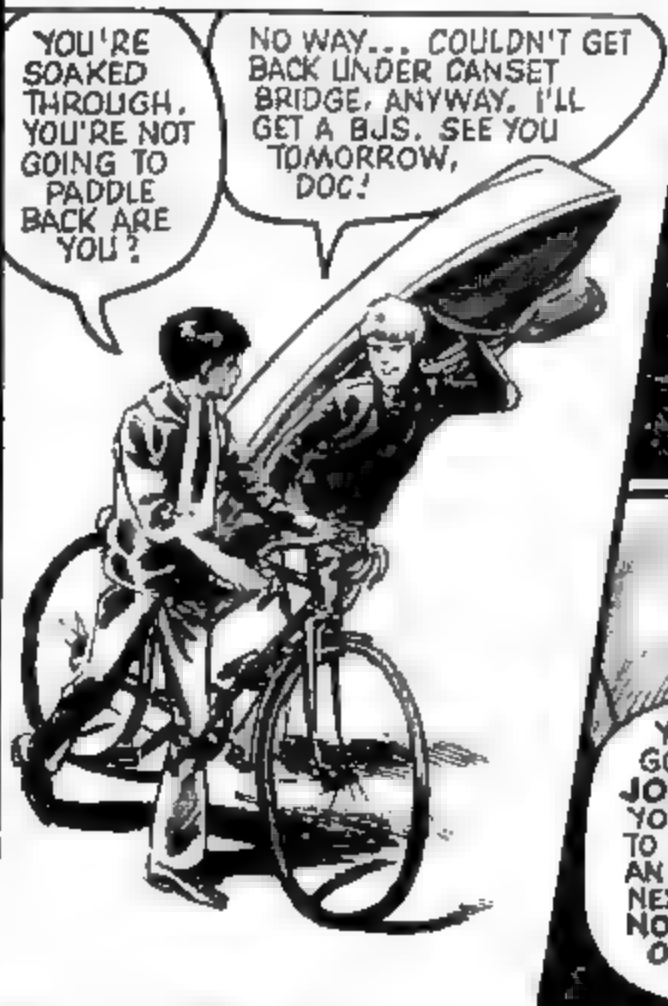
OH, NO!

STILL THINK YOU'LL WIN? I BET TIM'S STEAMING ALONG!

AT HARLEY, TIM FACED ONE MORE HAZARD...

GOT TO BE CAREFUL HERE... DON'T WANT TO GET SWEEP PAST AND HAVE TO PADDLE BACK AGAINST THE CURRENT!





Tim tries to set up another record in the next great issue of **SPEED!**



Tim set out to travel around the county — on buses!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FIRST ... AND HE HAD TO BE FAST! ONE DAY HE HAD A GREAT IDEA... TO BECOME A FAST RECORD-HOLDER! HE TOLD HIS PAL, 'DOC' DAWLISH ...



I READ ALL ABOUT IT IN 'SPEED' WEEKLY A LITTLE WHILE AGO. DOC... IT GAVE ME THE IDEA!

WHAT IDEA? YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME YET!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE MONEY TO GO ON AEROPLANES!

I KNOW! SO I'M GOING TO DO IT ON BUSES! BET I'M THE FIRST ONE EVER TO TRY THAT!



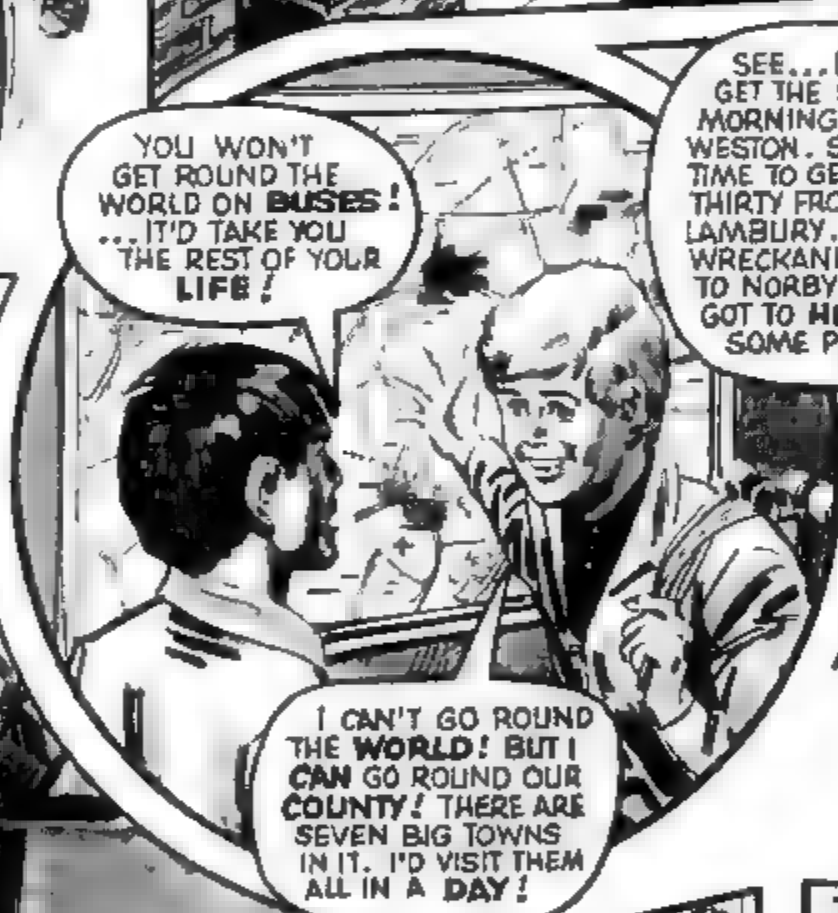
TAKE THOSE ROLLER-SKATES OUT!

OKAY, JUST GOING. AND I WANT TO BORROW THESE BUS TIME-TABLES, TOO! GOT MY TICKETS, SOMEWHERE ...



THIS MAN WENT ALL ROUND THE WORLD IN RECORD TIME... TRAVELLING ON PASSENGER AEROPLANES. HE HAD TO CHANGE AT VARIOUS CITIES. I'M GOING TO DO THE SAME!

OH, YEAH?



YOU WON'T GET ROUND THE WORLD ON BUSES! ... IT'D TAKE YOU THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!

I CAN'T GO ROUND THE WORLD! BUT I CAN GO ROUND OUR COUNTY! THERE ARE SEVEN BIG TOWNS IN IT. I'D VISIT THEM ALL IN A DAY!

SEE... I COULD GET THE SIX-THIRTY MORNING BUS TO WESTON. SO I'D BE IN TIME TO GET THE EIGHT-THIRTY FROM THERE TO LAMBURY... ON TO WRECKAND... THEN TO NORBY... I'VE GOT TO HURRY IN SOME PLACES!

YOU'RE BARMY!



I'LL BE A PIONEER! AND I'LL DO IT SO FAST... NO-ONE WILL EVER BEAT ME! YOU CAN COME, TOO, IF YOU LIKE, DOC!

ME? YOU RECKON I'M AS DAFT AS YOU?



THEY WERE ON THEIR SCHOOL EASTER HOLIDAYS. SO, TWO DAYS LATER ...

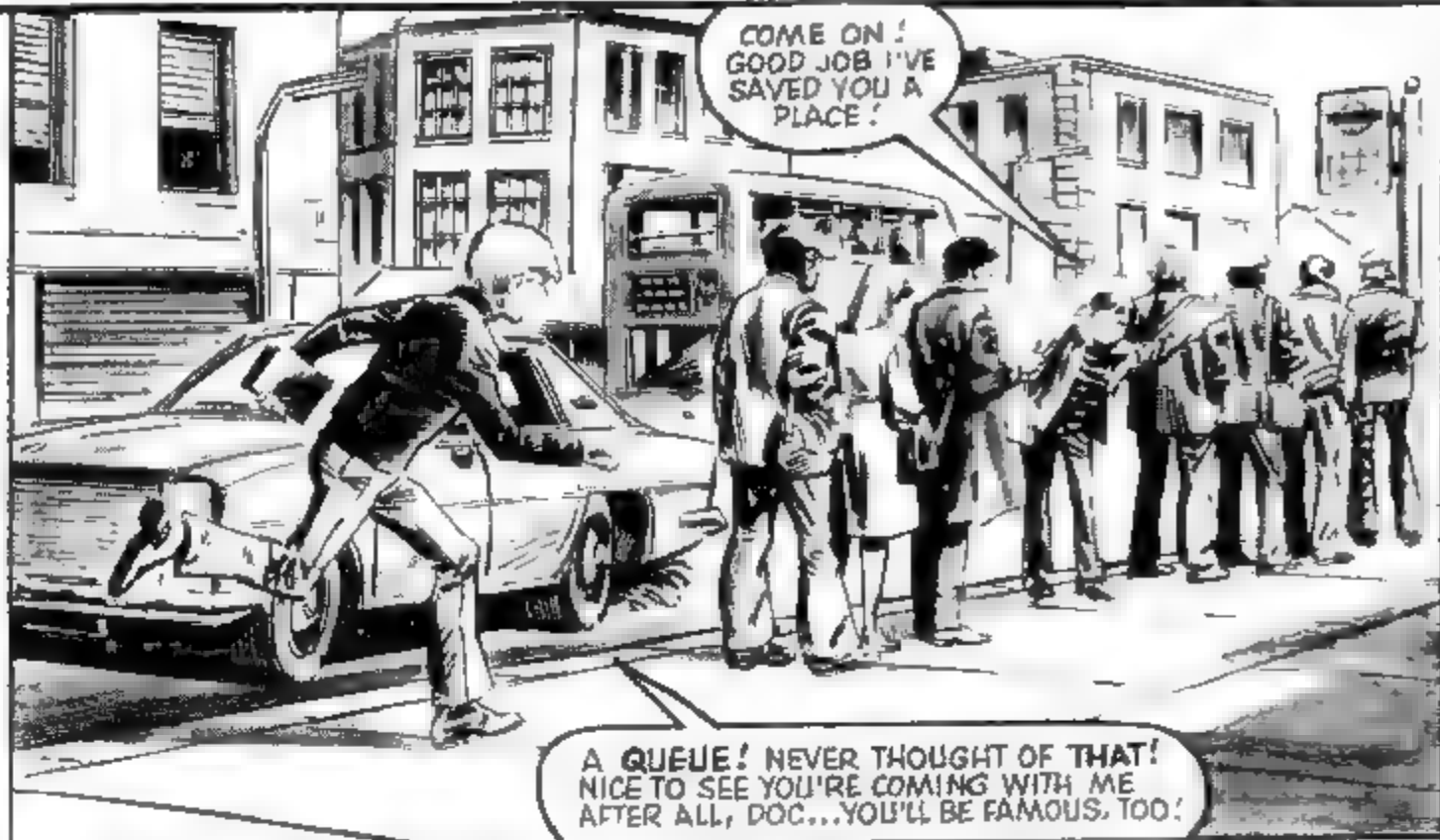
RIIINNNGGGGG!

URGGHH! IT FEELS LIKE THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. DOC'S RIGHT! I MUST BE MAD TO GET UP AT THIS TIME IN THE MORNING!





BUT... TEN MINUTES FOR BREAKFAST... FIVE MINUTES TO GET TO THE BUS STOP FOR THE SIX-THIRTY TO WESTON. THE START OF THE GREAT JOURNEY!



COME ON! GOOD JOB I'VE SAVED YOU A PLACE!

A QUEUE! NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! NICE TO SEE YOU'RE COMING WITH ME AFTER ALL, DOC... YOU'LL BE FAMOUS, TOO!



THEY ONLY JUST GOT ABOARD...

THAT'S ALL! FULL UP NOW! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THE NEXT ONE!

IT WON'T HALF THROW OUR SCHEDULE OUT IF WE MISS A BUS!

YOU THOUGHT IT'D BE EASY, DIDN'T YOU? WELL IT WON'T!



FARES, PLEASE...

TWO HALVES TO WESTON, PLEASE...

I'LL BUY THE NEXT LOT, DOC. NOW, AS SOON AS WE'RE AT WESTON, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO MARLEY STREET TO CATCH A THIRTY-EIGHT BUS TO LAMBURY. WON'T BE MUCH TIME TO SPARE...



AT WESTON...

COME ON, DOC... THE THIRTY EIGHT BUS LEAVES ANY MINUTE.

CRAZY KIDS!



WE'VE HAD IT ALREADY! IT'S GOING!

HEY, MATE... WAIT FOR US!



THE BUS DIDN'T WAIT!

WELL, WHAT NOW?

IF WE CUT THROUGH THE MARKET PLACE... WE CAN CATCH IT UP AT THE HIGH STREET. IT GOES ALL ROUND THE HOUSES BEFORE IT GETS THERE!



WE'VE GOT THREE MINUTES!

HEY - WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

SOMEONE AFTER 'EM, I BET! GIVE FRED A WAVE AT THE END! HE'LL STOP 'EM!

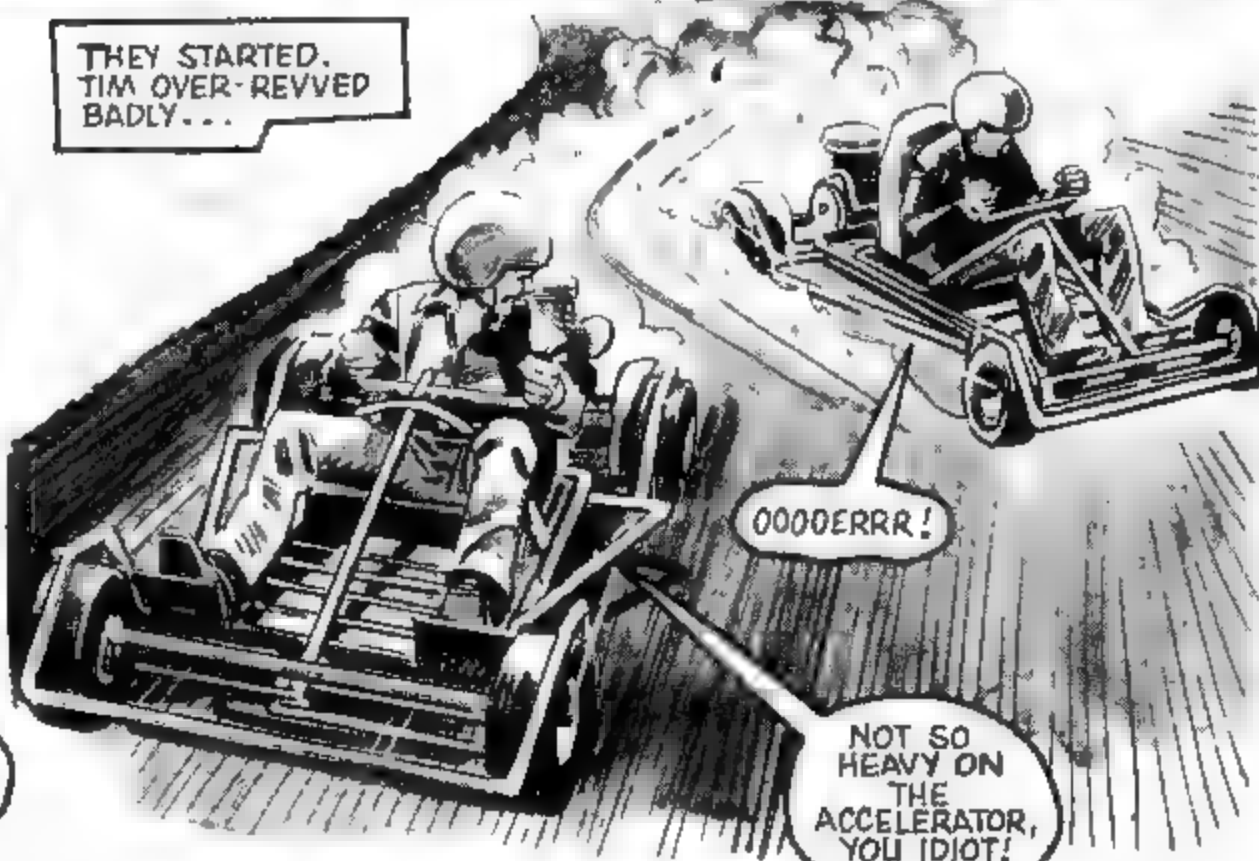
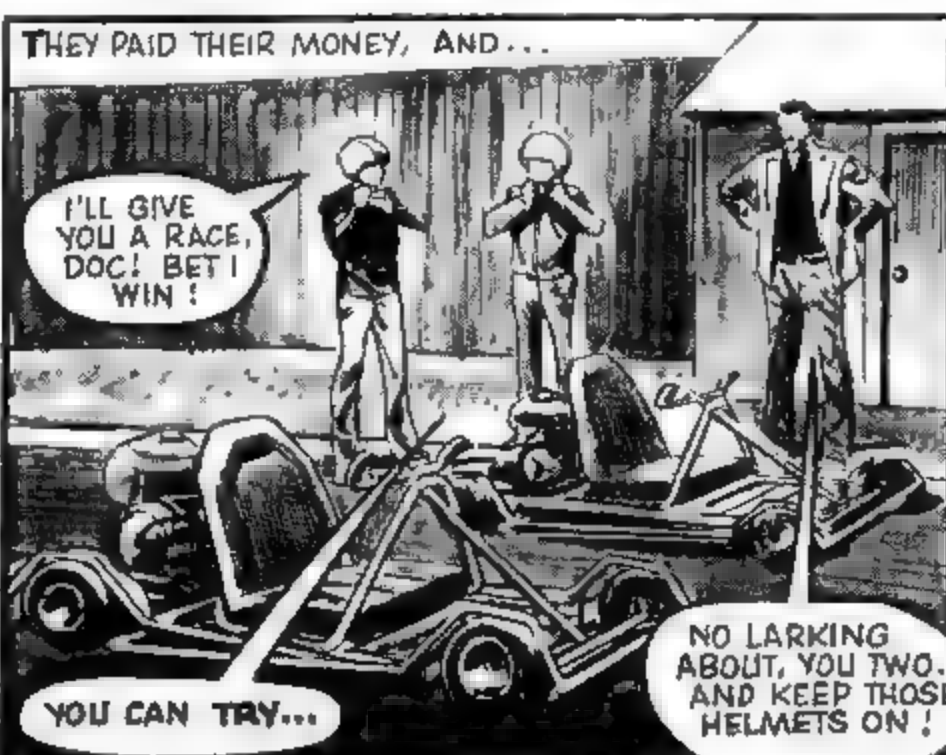
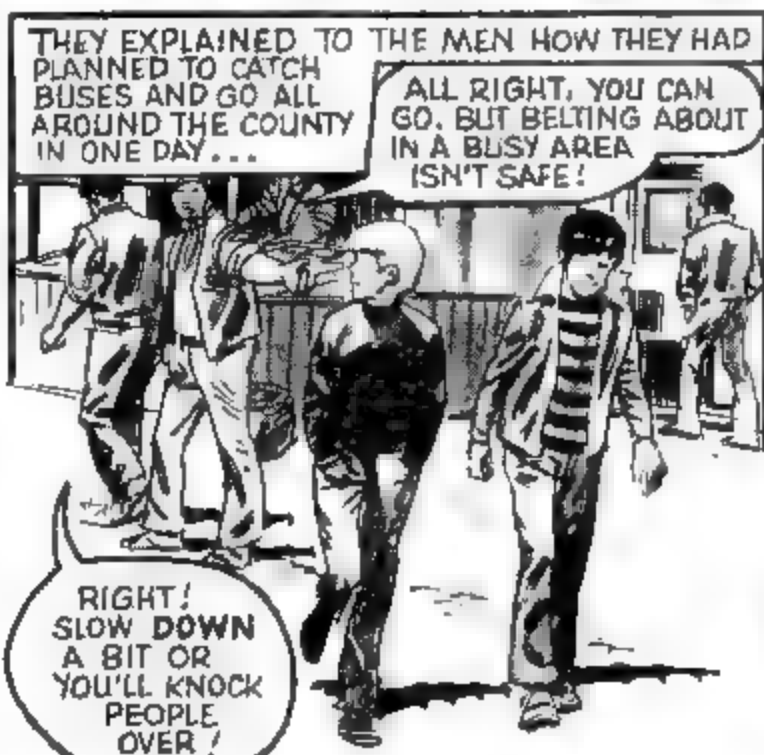
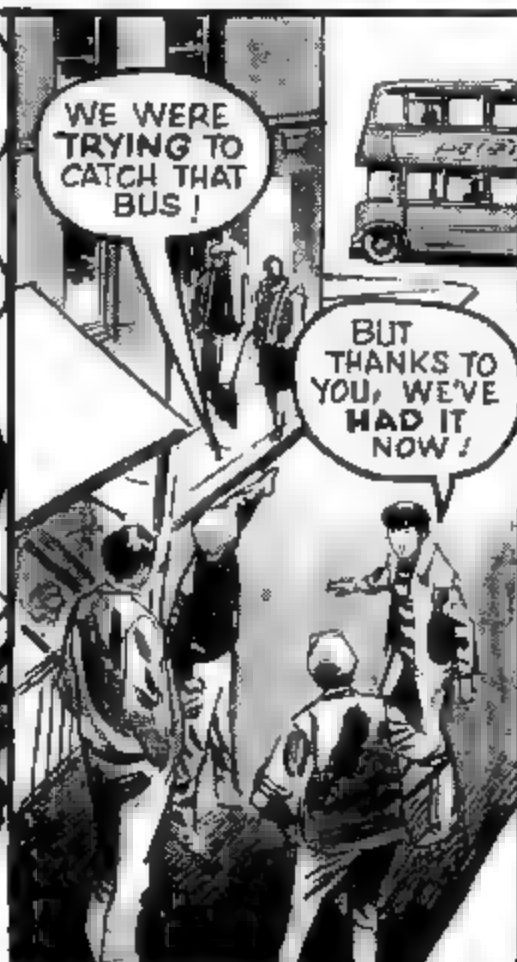
**Join Tim for more high-speed action in the next super issue!**



The speeding boys had attracted the wrong kind of attention!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FIRST... AND HE HAD TO BE FAST! ONE DAY HE HAD A GREAT IDEA ON HOW TO BECOME A RECORD-HOLDER. HE WANTED TO BE THE FIRST BOY TO TRAVEL ALL AROUND THE COUNTY IN ONE DAY... BY BUS! HIS PAL 'DOC' DAWLISH WENT WITH HIM... BUT THEY HAD TROUBLE MAKING THEIR FIRST BUS CONNECTION...



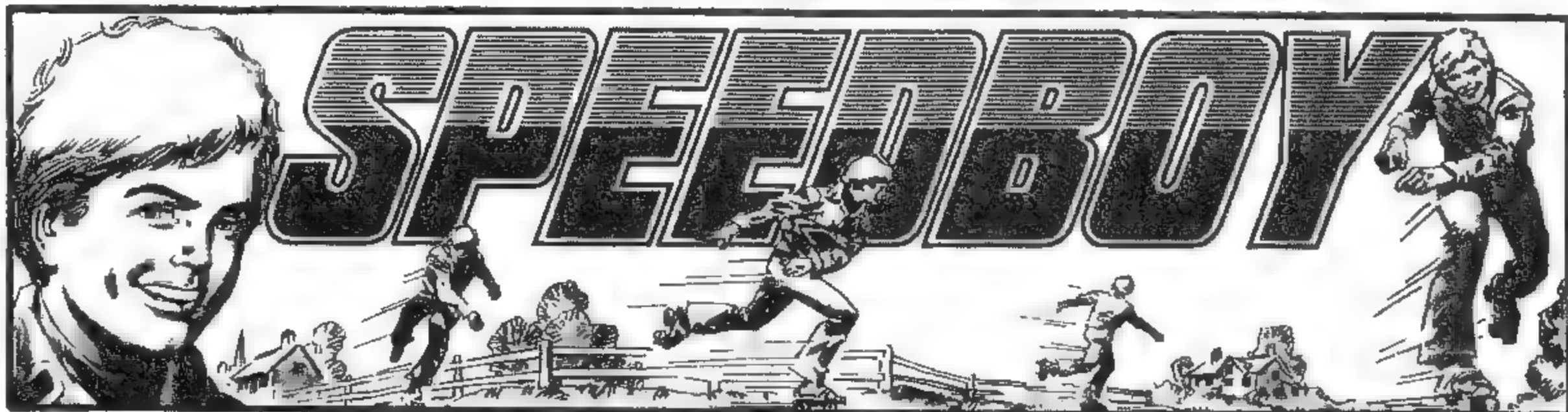




**Tim never jokes about speed! Order a regular copy!**



Tim set out to be the fastest winger his school had ever seen!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND! HE HAD TO BE **FIRST**... AND HE HAD TO BE **FAST**! HE HAD AN IDEA OF DRIVING A KART.. AND HIS PAL, "DOC" DAWLISH, THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO MAKE ONE...



DOC!  
HOW'S THE KART  
GOING? HAVE YOU  
STARTED ON IT  
YET?

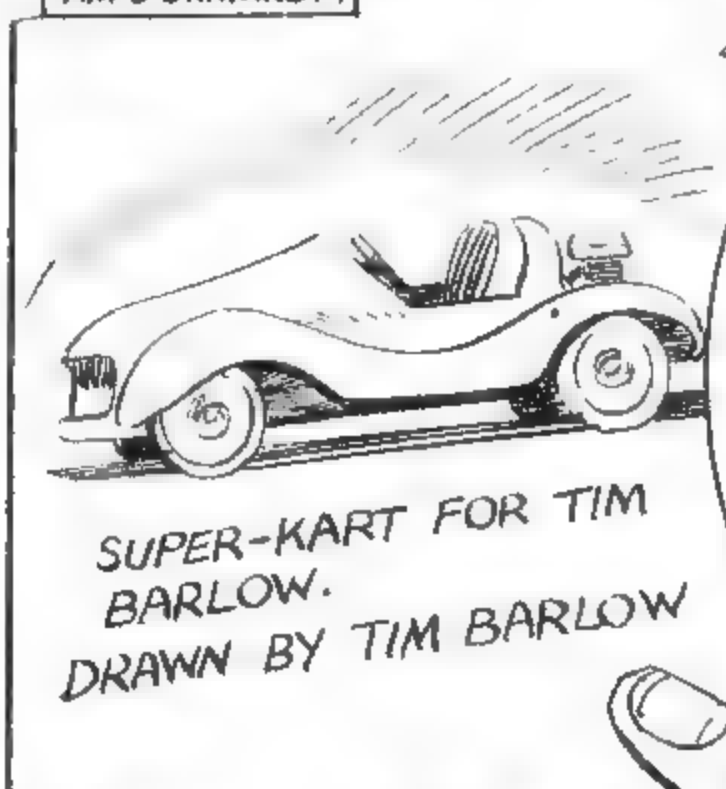
GIVE ME  
A CHANCE.. WE  
WERE ONLY TALKING  
ABOUT IT SATURDAY!  
AND KEEP YOUR VOICE  
DOWN OR OLD  
SIMMONS WILL  
HEAR YOU...



I'VE  
DRAWN A PICTURE  
OF THE SORT OF  
THING WE NEED!  
TAKE A LOOK

A PICTURE?

TIM'S DRAWING..



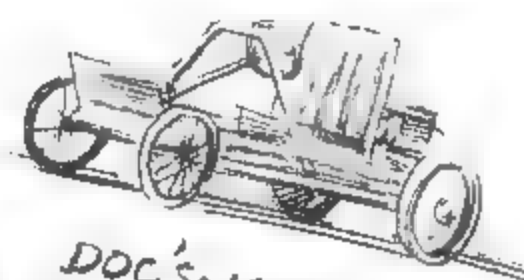
SUPER-KART FOR TIM  
BARLOW.  
DRAWN BY TIM BARLOW

DOC QUICKLY MADE  
A SKETCH HIMSELF.



WHAT DO  
YOU  
THINK?

NOT  
A BAD DRAWING...  
BUT MY IDEA  
IS MORE LIKE  
**THIS!** HAVE A  
LOOK!



DOC'S KART.  
DRAWN BY DOC.  
YOURS WOULD COST  
A FORTUNE, DOPE!



THIS  
LOOKS MORE LIKE  
A STUPID OLD SOAP-  
BOX JOB! I'LL NEVER  
WIN A RACE IN THIS!  
IT'S JUST OLD  
IRON!

IT'S  
BETTER THAN  
NOTHING, MATE.  
ESPECIALLY WITH  
THE FINANCES  
WE'VE GOT!



YOU'VE  
BEEN CHATTERING  
EVER SINCE THE  
LESSON BEGAN, BARLOW.  
YOU WILL STAY BEHIND  
AFTER SCHOOL AND  
WRITE FIFTY TIMES...  
**"I MUST NOT  
TALK IN  
CLASS!"**

OH!  
ER... YES, SIR...  
SORRY...

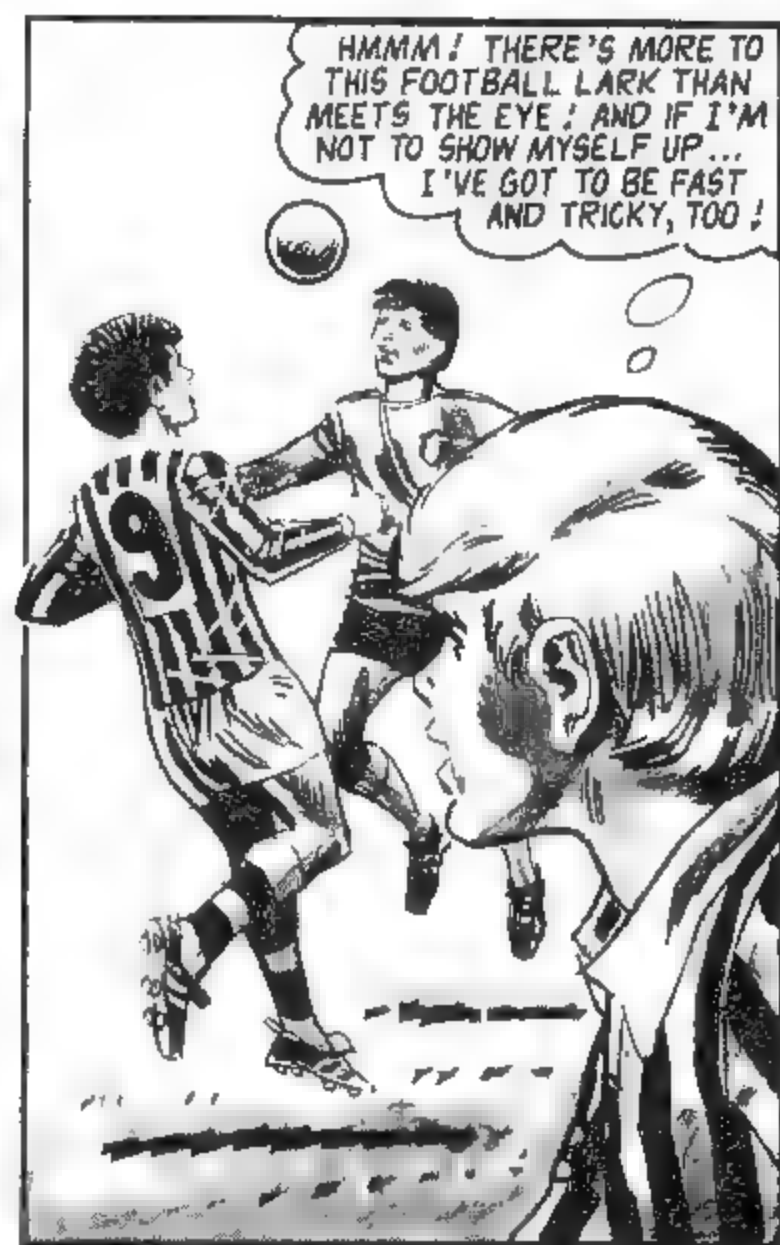


IN THE MORNING..

HEY!  
HAVE YOU SEEN  
THIS, TIM? YOU'VE  
BEEN SELECTED  
FOR THE SCHOOL  
FOOTBALL  
TEAM!

ME?  
THEY'VE FOUND  
OUT HOW **BRILLIANT**  
I AM AT LAST!





Next week: Speedboy . . . Wonder winger?



Football's a difficult game when no-one gives you a pass!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE **FIRST**. AND HE HAD TO BE **FAST!** WHEN HE WAS CHOSEN TO PLAY IN HIS SCHOOL'S SOCCER TEAM T.M. PLAYED ON THE WING WHERE HE THOUGHT HIS SPEED WOULD TELL. BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, TIM WASN'T ALL THAT GOOD AT FOOTBALL.



TIM WON THE RACE. BUT...



BUT A LITTLE LATER...



AT HALF-TIME...



TIM CHATTED TO HIS PAL, 'DOC' DAWLISH...



WHEN YOU KICK THE BALL, KEEP YOUR **TOE** DOWN! THAT'LL STOP THE BALL GOING TOO HIGH. OR USE THE **INSIDE** OF YOUR FOOT. YOU'LL LOSE A BIT OF POWER BUT YOU'LL BE ABLE TO PLACE IT BETTER.



AREN'T YOU GOING TO STAY AND WATCH THE REST OF THE MATCH, DOC?



THE GAME CONTINUED...







Join Tim for more lightning-fast action in the next super issue!



Tim rushed all the way to school . . . and found it empty!



YOUNG TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FIRST... AND HE HAD TO BE FAST! ONE MORNING, HE WOKE UP AND REALISED HE WAS GOING TO BE LATE FOR SCHOOL IF HE DIDN'T HURRY!



HALF PAST EIGHT! CRIKEY, MUM'S OVER-SLEPT AND I'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!

GOT TO DO A WORLD RECORD IF I'M GOING TO GET TO SCHOOL ON TIME! FANCY MUM OVER-SLEEPING LIKE THAT! SHE'S NOT EVEN UP NOW...



EIGHT FORTY-THREE! IF I'M THERE BY NINE... IT'LL BE THE FASTEST TIME I'VE EVER DONE!



DON'T LIKE TREACLE SANDWICHES MUCH... WISH I HADN'T BOTHERED! THREE MINUTES TO NINE... A GOOD TIME...



CAN'T BE NINE YET... I'D HAVE HEARD THE BELL! MUST BE A WORLD RECORD FROM MY HOUSE TO SCHOOL. UNDER FIFTEEN MINUTES. FANTASTIC!



WHAT'S UP? EVERYONE CAN'T HAVE GONE IN!



HEY, YOU, CLEAR OFF OUT OF IT! I HAVE ENOUGH OF YOU KIDS ALL WEEK WITHOUT YOU HANGING AROUND HERE ON SATURDAYS, TOO! HOPIT!

SATURDAY? OH, NO!



TIM WENT HOME... A LOT SLOWER!

FLIPPING HECK! FANCY FORGETTING IT WAS SATURDAY...

I THOUGHT I HEARD YOU RUSHING ABOUT LIKE A MAD THING. COME AND SIT DOWN AND HAVE BREAKFAST!

NOW YOU'RE HOME... YOU CAN HELP ME CUT THE GRASS!





HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO CUT IT, DAD?

ABOUT AN HOUR! A LOT OF TIME IS TAKEN UP WITH CARRYING THE GRASS-CUTTINGS DOWN TO THE RUBBISH DUMP AT THE BOTTOM...



LET'S TRY TO DO IT IN THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR, DAD! SPEED THINGS UP... SET UP A NEW RECORD SO'S WE CAN BEAT IT NEXT WEEK!

COOL IT, SON! THERE'S NO HURRY... ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD...

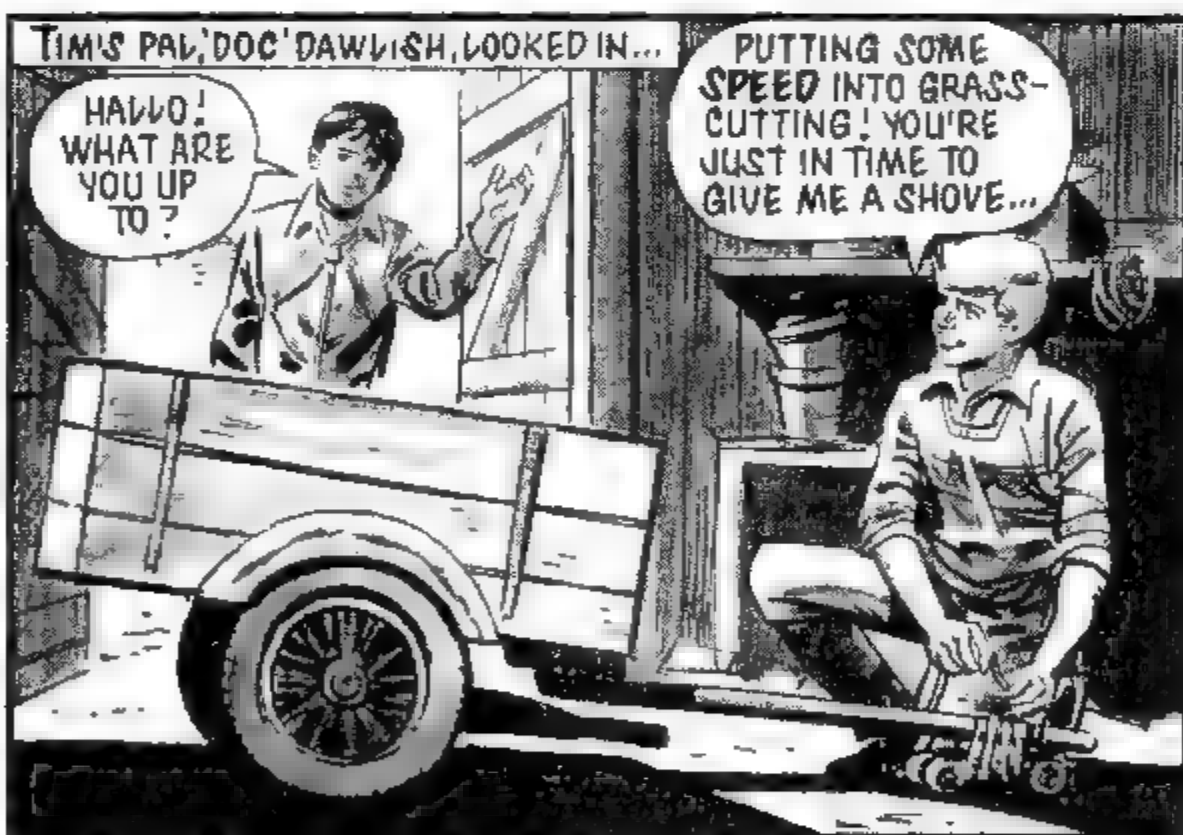


TIM WENT INTO THE BIG SHED...

WHAT WE NEED IS SOMETHING ON WHEELS... TO CART THE GRASS-CUTTINGS AWAY! BET WE CAN SAVE TEN MINUTES ON THAT ALONE!



THIS WILL DO! I-I'LL FIX ONE OF MY ROLLER-SKATES UNDER THE TOWING-ARM TO PREVENT IT DRAGGING AND SLOWING ME DOWN...



TIM'S PAL, DOC DAWLISH, LOOKED IN...

HAYO! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

PUTTING SOME SPEED INTO GRASS-CUTTING! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO GIVE ME A SHOVE...



JUMP ON... I'LL GIVE YOU A RIDE!

RIGHT! HERE WE GO!



HEY, YOU'RE REALLY MOVING, TIM! BETTER BRAKE A BIT!

CRUIKEY-I FORGOT! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY BRAKES!



AND... I-I WON'T STOP UNTIL I HIT THE FENCE AT THE BOTTOM... OR GO THROUGH IT!

For lightning-fast thrills read Speedboy in SPEED every week!



Even cutting grass had to be done at speed by Speedboy!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FIRST ... AND HE HAD TO BE FAST! ONE DAY HE HELPED HIS DAD MOW THE BACK GRASS... AND DECIDED TO CUT DOWN THE TIME IT TOOK. BUT THINGS WENT SLIGHTLY WRONG...



HE DECIDED TO STAY WITH THE TRAILER...



TIM'S PAL 'DOC' DAWLISH AND TIM'S DAD ARRIVED...



TIM FILLED THE TRAILER ... AND WENT BACK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN...



TIM RUMMAGED IN THE GARDEN SHED, AND...





TIM TIED A ROPE FROM THE TRAILER TO THE WASHING MANGLE...

DOC! A LOAD COMING DOWN! JUST TIP IT OUT...

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO NOW?

OKAY!

GREAT! IT WORKS A TREAT!

THEN...

WHEN I DO IT BY MYSELF... I CUT THE GRASS IN ONE HOUR...

YOU'VE ALREADY TAKEN AN HOUR AND TEN MINUTES!

AHHH! BUT WE HAD TO MAKE ALL THE EQUIPMENT, DIDN'T WE? YOU WAIT 'TIL NEXT TIME... POW! HALF AN HOUR! I HOPE!

AT LAST...

WE'LL KEEP ALL THESE THINGS READY FOR NEXT WEEK. NOW, DOC... WHAT ABOUT THAT KART YOU WERE MAKING READY YET?

THAT'S WHAT I CAME ROUND ABOUT IN THE FIRST PLACE. THE KART'S READY FOR A TRIAL. DO YOU WANT TO DRIVE IT?

WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A KART, DOC? I'D LIKE TO SEE IT MYSELF!

IT'S IN THE FIELD BEHIND MY HOUSE, MISTER BARLOW...

COME AND WATCH ME DRIVE, DAD...

AND...

WILL THAT THING... GO?

WELL, THE ENGINE WORKS. I'VE HAD IT GOING...

STAND BACK AND LET THE TEST-DRIVER GET AT IT...

WHAT'S IT GO ON... PETROL?

POP-POP BANG!

YUP! THERE'S A ONE GALLON TANK THERE...

OKAY... WE'RE OFF! NOW FOR A BIT FASTER...



THE YOUNGEST WORLD CHAMPION KART DRIVER... TIM BARLOW!

...THIS COULD BE THE START OF SOMETHING BIG!

**Don't forget our sensational Treasure Hunt starts next week!**

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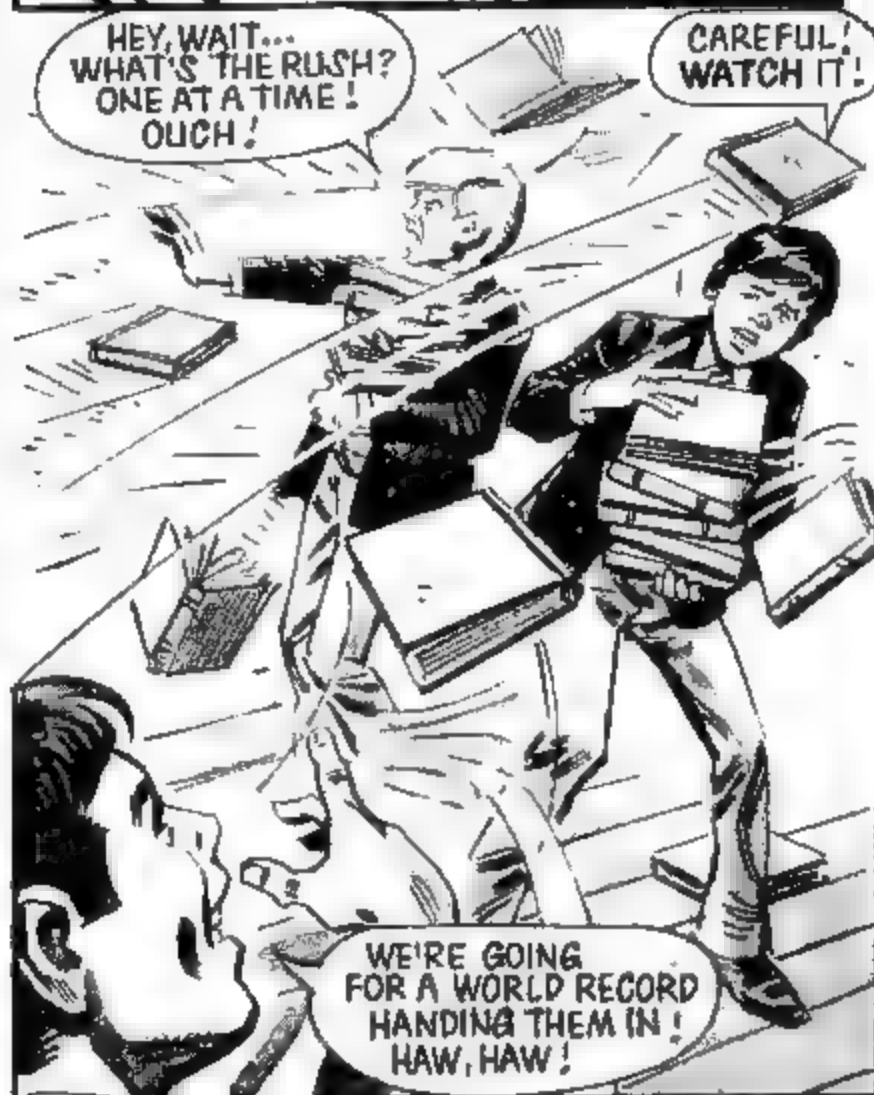
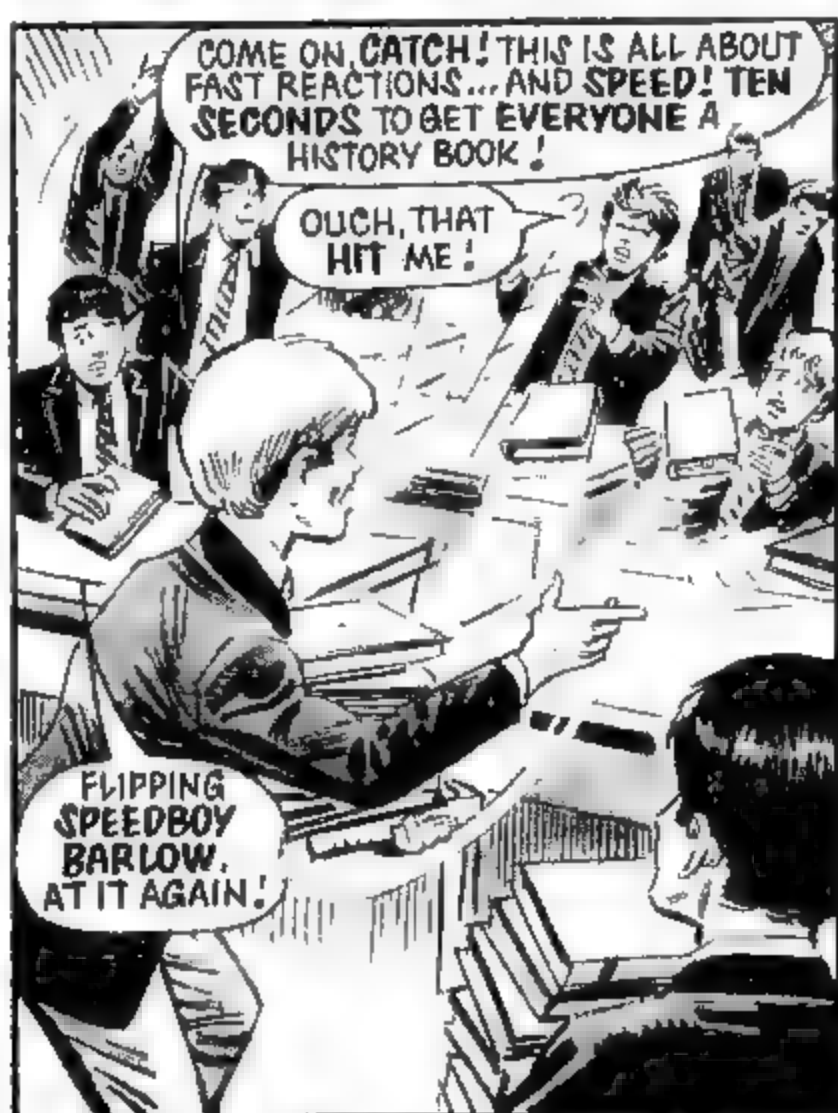
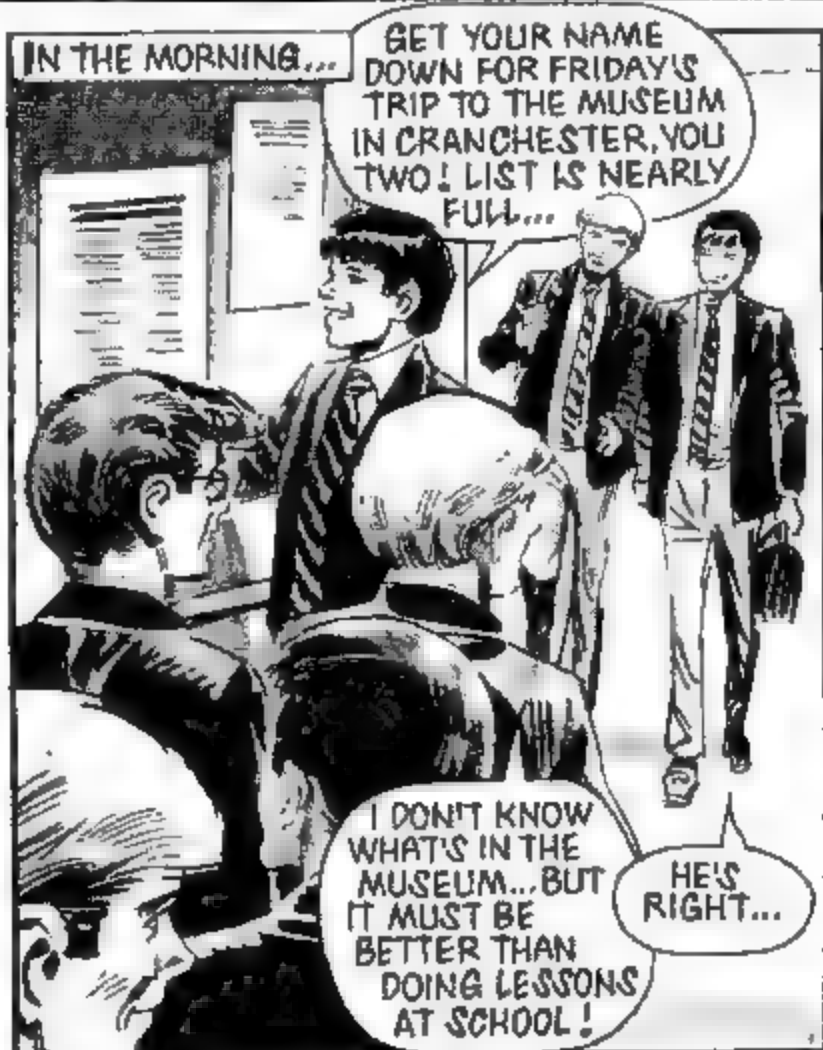
Tim handed out the schoolbooks — Speedboy style!



YOUNG TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FIRST... AND HE HAD TO BE FAST! HIS PAL 'DOC' DAWLISH MADE A KART... WITH AN ENGINE... AND TIM'S DAD WAS THERE WHEN TIM TRIED IT OUT...







**Look out for the second part of our great Treasure Hunt next week!**



A couple of bullies played a dirty trick on Tim and 'Doc'!

# SPEED BOY

YOUNG TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE **FAST**... AND HE HAD TO BE **FIRST**. WITH HIS PAL, DOC DAWLISH HE ARRIVED FIRST AT HIS SCHOOL TO BOARD THE COACH WHICH WAS TO TAKE THE SCHOOL BOYS FOR AN OUTING TO CRANCHESTER MUSEUM...



I TOLD YOU IF WE RAN ALL THE WAY WE'D BE **FIRST** AND GET THE BEST SEATS! WE CAN WATCH THE DRIVER... SEE HIM CHANGE GEAR AND EVERYTHING.

I MISSED HALF MY BREAKFAST BECAUSE OF YOU...



HOP IT, YOU TWO... THERE'S ROOM AT THE BACK FOR YOU!

THAT'S IT, HERBIE... GET THEM OUT!



WE WERE HERE **FIRST**!

BEAT IT, BARLOW... OR YOU'LL GET THIS FIRST IN YOUR TEETH!

AW, COME ON, TIM... IT'S NOT WORTH FIGHTING ABOUT!



THAT HERBIE RATSON'S A RIGHT **BULLY**! I'LL HAVE HIM ONE DAY!

YEAH... AND HE'S TWICE YOUR SIZE, TOO! HEY, THEY'VE GOT A... **WORLD RECORDS BY BRITISH MEN AND WOMEN... ROOM AT THE MUSEUM. WE'VE GOT TO SEE THAT!**



AT THE MUSEUM...

YOU CAN GO WHERE YOU LIKE IN THE MUSEUM... BUT YOU **MUST** VISIT THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ROOM. YOU'LL BE ASKED QUESTIONS ON IT AT SCHOOL TOMORROW! BE BACK HERE AT FIVE WHEN THE MUSEUM CLOSES!

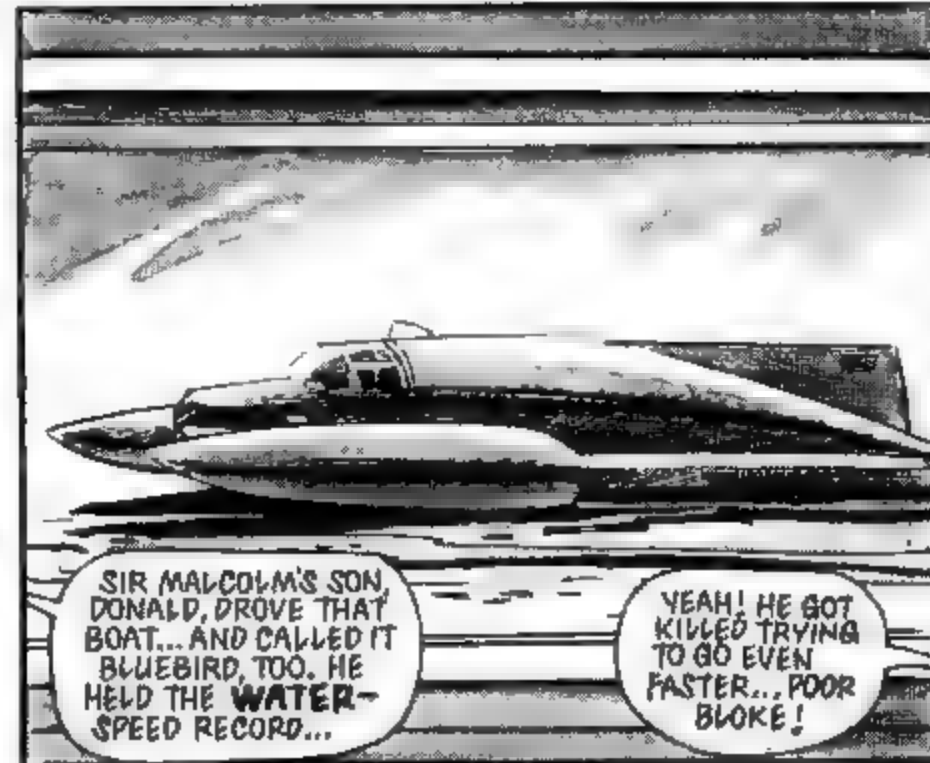


TIM AND DOC'S FIRST CALL WAS TO THE RECORDS' ROOM...

THIS IS **SMASHING**!

JAMES HUNT

LOOK HERE... THAT'S THE **BLUEBIRD**. SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL WAS THE FIRST MAN TO GO OVER THREE-HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR ON LAND IN THAT!



SIR MALCOLM'S SON, DONALD, DROVE THAT BOAT... AND CALLED IT **BLUEBIRD**, TOO. HE HELD THE **WATER-SPEED** RECORD...

YEAH! HE GOT **KILLED** TRYING TO GO EVEN **FASTER**... **POOR BLOKE!**



AT LUNCH-TIME...

SMASHING IN THAT RECORDS' ROOM, WASN'T IT? DID YOU SEE THAT ABOUT CONCORDE? TWICE THE SPEED OF SOUND! THAT'S REALLY FAST!

YEAH! WISH I COULD FLY IN IT... OR-OR TRY FOR A LAND-SPEED RECORD...

TIM DOZED OFF...

GOOD LUCK, TIM...

YOUR HELMET, TIM...

OKAY, WE'RE ALL SET! LET'S GO!

EIGHT HUNDRED...NINE... ONE THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR! TIM BARLOW IS APPROACHING MAXIMUM SPEED...

THEY WERE STILL IN THE EGYPTIAN ROOM AT TEN MINUTES TO FIVE...

THOSE TWO HAVE LEFT IT LATE. BET THEY HAVEN'T MADE ANY NOTES OR ANYTHING!

TIM IS IN TROUBLE... BIG TROUBLE! HE'S LOST A WHEEL. HE'S STILL DOING ONE THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR... AND HE'S KEEPING CONTROL!

THEN...

HEY... WAKE UP! YOU'VE BEEN SNORING! COME ON WE HAVEN'T SEEN THAT EGYPTIAN ROOM YET... AND WE'VE GOT TO!

EH? WHAT? OH... CRUMBS, I WAS IN A BIT OF TROUBLE THERE...

HEY... LET'S LOCK THEM IN! IT'S NEARLY CLOSING TIME!

EVERYONE OUT OF THAT ROOM, SON? I WANT TO LOCK UP!

ER, YES, MISTER. WE'VE GOT TO GET ON OUR COACH NOW...

EGYPTIAN ROOM

HEY, THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT!

IT'S TIME WE WENT OUT, TOO!

HEY, THE DOOR WON'T OPEN! WE'RE LOCKED IN!

HEY, I-I DON'T FANCY SPENDING THE NIGHT IN HERE! THESE OLD EGYPTIANS PUT CURSES ON THINGS!

Don't miss the third part of our great Treasure Hunt next week!



Doc raised the alarm — and the bullies got a shock!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FAST... AND HE HAD TO BE FIRST! HE AND HIS PAL, DOC DAWLISH, WENT TO CRANCHESTER MUSEUM ON A SCHOOL OUTING AND TIM'S ENEMY, HERBIE RATSON, LOCKED THEM IN THE EGYPTIAN ROOM.



OUTSIDE IN THE CAR-PARK.



THE COACH MOVED OFF...



THE SAME IDEA HAD OCCURRED TO DOC...



DOC DID THINK OF SOMETHING!



AT THE FIRE STATION...





THE MUSEUM ATTENDANT RUSHED TO THE SCENE, TOO...

IT'S THE EGYPTIAN ROOM ALARM THAT'S SOUNDING!

EGYPTIAN ROOM

GET THE DOOR OPEN THEN... AND LET'S SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING...

WHAT THE...?

S-SORRY TO CALL YOU OUT. BUT—WE WERE LOCKED IN!

THREE-AND-A-HALF MINUTES FROM THE MOMENT WE SOUNDED THE ALARM! WOW! THAT IS **SPEED!**

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, SIR... BUT WE COULDN'T THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE!

OUR COACH HAS GONE, TOO. WE'LL HAVE TO WALK!

HAVE YOU BOYS EVER RIDDEN ON A FIRE ENGINE?

AND...

YOU—YOU DIDN'T MIND US SOUNDING THE ALARM, SIR?

YOU COULDN'T STAY IN THE MUSEUM ALL NIGHT, COULD YOU? YOUR PARENTS WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY WORRIED!

CLANG-CLANG-CLANG!

EVERYONE SOON GETS OUT OF THE WAY, DON'T THEY?

IT'S IMPORTANT TO LET THE ENGINE THROUGH AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

ON THE SCHOOL COACH...

WONDER HOW DAWLISH AND BARLOW ARE GETTING ON? BET THEY'RE SCARED STIFF!

CRYING THEIR EYES OUT MORE LIKE IT!

BUT...

SO YOU LOT HAVE GOT HERE, THEN? WHAT KEPT YOU?

THEY—THEY'RE BACK ALREADY!

HOW DID THEY DO IT?

ER... HOW'D YOU GET OUT, THEN?

HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE LOCKED IN? BET YOU TWO DID IT!

D-DON'T BE DAFT... WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

THEY LOCKED US IN ALL RIGHT! GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY! I'LL GET EVEN SOMEHOW FOR THEIR DIRTY TRICK!

YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL, T.M. RATSON'S A BULLY WHO'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN THUMPING US BOTH! AND I DON'T FANCY THAT!

**There's more excitement with Speedboy in next week's instalment!**



Two of Tim's enemies planned a shocking surprise for him!



YOUNG TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FAST... AND HE HAD TO BE FIRST! SOMETIMES HE LIKED TO GO TO SCHOOL ON HIS ROLLER-SKATES, AND HE HAD HIS ROUTE TIMED TO THE LAST SECOND!

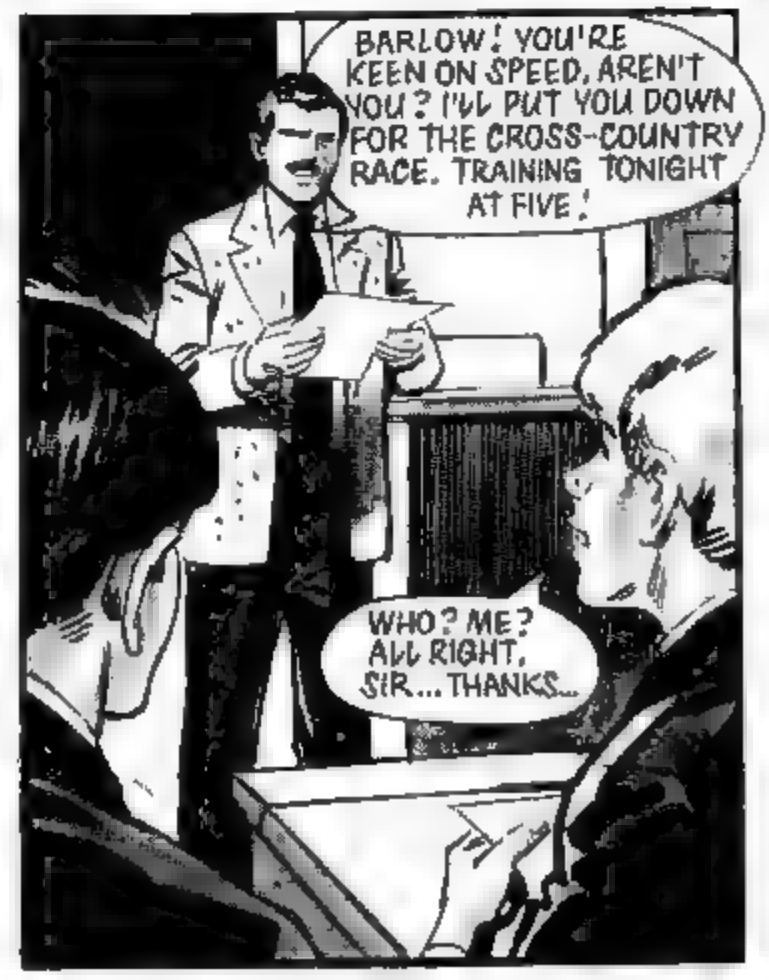
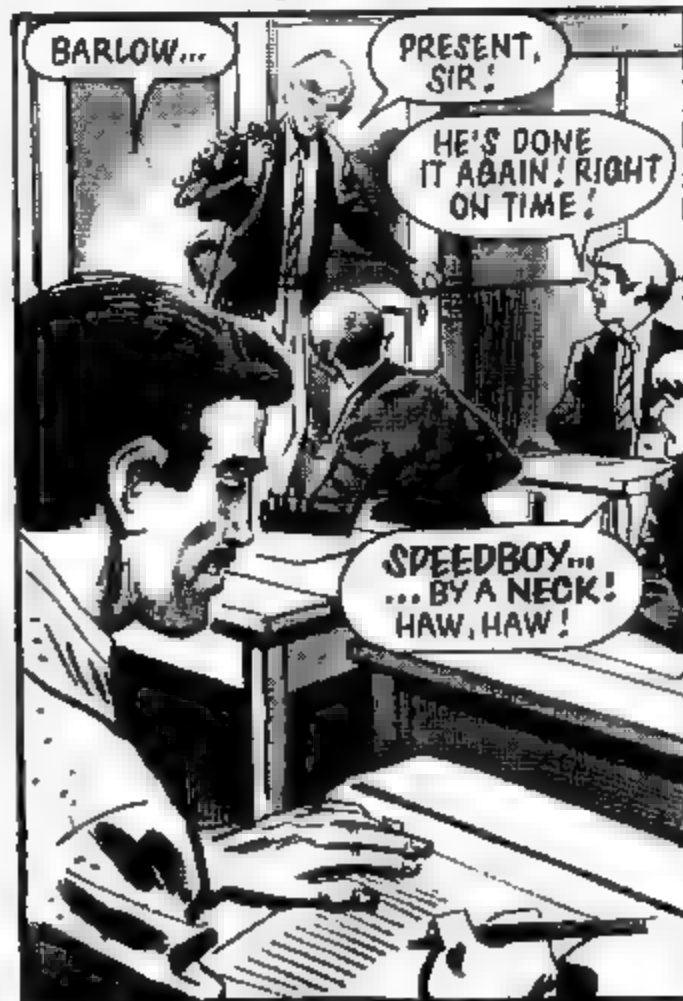
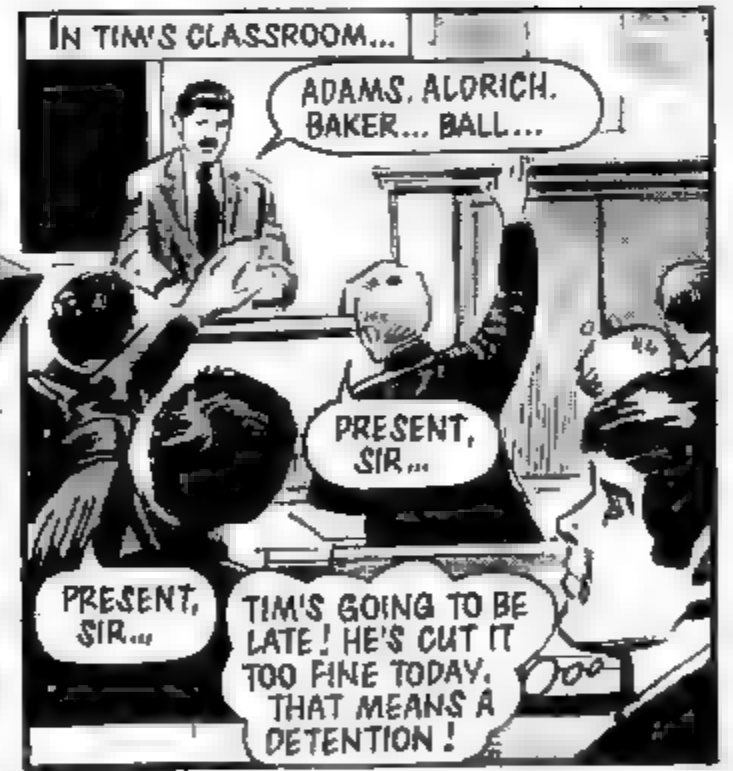
YOU'RE GOING TO BE LATE FOR SCHOOL, TIM. YOU SHOULD HAVE LEFT HALF AN HOUR AGO!

NOT TO WORRY, DAD! I'VE STILL GOT ONE MINUTE-TWENTY-THREE SECONDS LEFT BEFORE I LEAVE! PLENTY OF TIME TO FINISH MY CORNFLAKES!

ONE MINUTE TWENTY-FOUR SECONDS LATER...

TAKE CARE! AND LOOK OUT FOR OTHER PEOPLE!

IT'S ALL UNDER CONTROL, DAD!





AND SO, THAT EVENING...



I'LL BE A BIT LATE, DOC. YOU GO HOME AND ASK MY DAD FOR THE WHEELS. WE WANT TO GET THE KART FINISHED...

OKAY, GOOD LUCK WITH THE RUNNING. YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF STAMINA... YOU SHOULD WIN!

BUT HERBIE RATSON AND HIS MATE PERCY SWEET WERE DETERMINED THAT TIM WOULDN'T DO WELL!

BET BARLOW RECKONS HE'S GOING TO WIN AND GET PICKED FOR THE SCHOOL TEAM. HE'S A BIG-HEAD!



WELL HE WON'T WIN, WILL HE? BECAUSE WE'LL SEE THAT HE DOESN'T!

YOU ALL RUN OUT AS FAR AS CARRINGTON FARM GATE... AND TURN ROUND THERE. NOW GET READY...

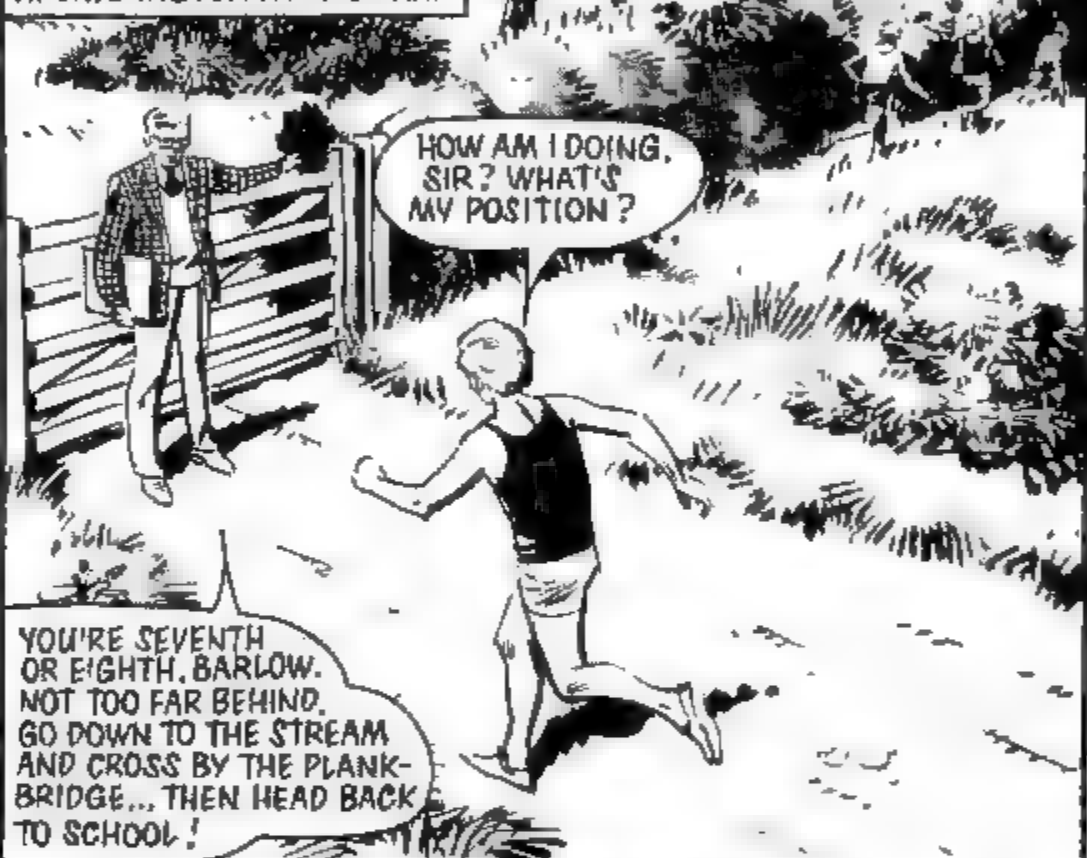


NO USE RUSHING OFF LIKE A MAD THING AT FIRST. THIS SORT OF RACE HAS TO BE TIMED! I NEED TO SAVE SOME SPEED FOR A FINISHING BURST!



THEY MIGHT BE GOING A SHORTER WAY... BUT IT'S HARD GOING IN THAT LONG GRASS! I'LL SAVE MY STRENGTH ON THE MORE EVEN GROUND...

AT CARRINGTON FARM GATE...



HOW AM I DOING, SIR? WHAT'S MY POSITION?

YOU'RE SEVENTH OR EIGHTH, BARLOW. NOT TOO FAR BEHIND. GO DOWN TO THE STREAM AND CROSS BY THE PLANK-BRIDGE... THEN HEAD BACK TO SCHOOL!



HERBIE RATSON AND PERCY SWEET WERE TWO OF THE BOYS AHEAD OF TIM...

HERE HE COMES! PULL WHEN I SAY SO...

HE WON'T HALF GET WET!



HE WON'T BE FIRST NOW... HE'LL BE LAST!

SPEEDBOY BITES THE WATER! HAW, HAW!

**There's more lightning-fast action with Speedboy in the next issue!**



Tim was determined to get his revenge after a ducking!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FAST... AND HE HAD TO BE FIRST! HE ENTERED THE SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY RACE AND HERBIE RATSON AND PERCY SWEET, WHO DIDN'T LIKE TIM VERY MUCH, PULLED A PLANK BRIDGE FROM UNDER HIM AS HE PASSED...



THAT'S FIXED BARLOW! NOW LET'S SCARPER!



I DON'T THINK HE SAW US, DO YOU?

NOT A CHANCE! HE WAS TOO BUSY WONDERING WHERE HE WAS GOING!



SO THAT'S HOW IT WAS DONE, ROPE AROUND THE PLANK AND THEY YANKED IT AWAY AS, WENT ACROSS! WELL... THEY CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD! I'LL CATCH THEM, WHOEVER THEY ARE!



SPEEDBOY! HE'S CATCHING US!

HE WON'T DO ANYTHING! I TELL YOU... HE DIDN'T SEE US!

SO IT WAS THOSE TWO! IT WAS JUST THE SORT OF TRICK THEY WOULD PLAY!



MISTER HOLLOWAY WANTS TO SEE YOU TWO! HE SAW YOU PULLING THE PLANK AWAY FROM ACROSS THE STREAM. SAID YOU'RE TO GO BACK AND REPORT TO HIM!



MISTER HOLLOWAY COULD HAVE SEEN US! I MEAN, HE WAS UP BY CARRINGTON'S FARM GATE! BETTER GO BACK, HERBIE...

YEAH, ALL RIGHT, THEN! WE'LL SAY WE WERE TRYING TO PUT IT BACK! WE'LL SAY WE FOUND IT LYING IN THE WATER...



HAW, HAW! DAFT PAIR! THEY'VE FALLEN FOR IT THEY'VE GONE BACK. WELL, I'LL GET A SHIFT ON AND TRY TO WIN... THAT WILL REALLY UPSET THEM!



QUICKEST WAY BACK... IS A STRAIGHT LINE! BETTER THAN FOLLOWING A PATH THAT TWISTS AND TURNS ALL OVER THE PLACE...





**Will Tim hit the tape first? Find out next week!**



Tim thought his go-kart was travelling at 75 miles an hour!

# SPEED BOY

YOUNG TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE WANTED TO BE **FAST**... AND HE WANTED TO BE **FIRST**! HE ENTERED THE SCHOOL CROSS-COUNTRY RUN AND THOUGHT HE HAD TIMED HIS RACE TO PERFECTION AS HE SPRINTED FOR THE LINE, CATCHING UP ON THOSE AHEAD OF HIM...



SUDDENLY...



WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SPEED-BOY? MAKING A PIT STOP? HAW, HAW!

YOU SIT THERE... AND YOU'LL BE LAST!

AWW, SHUT UP! MY SHOE CAME OFF, DIDN'T IT? THAT WAS BECAUSE I WAS TRAVELLING SO FAST!



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM...

GOOD RUN, WATSON. I'LL ENTER YOUR NAME AS THE SCHOOL'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE COUNTY CROSS-COUNTRY RACE...



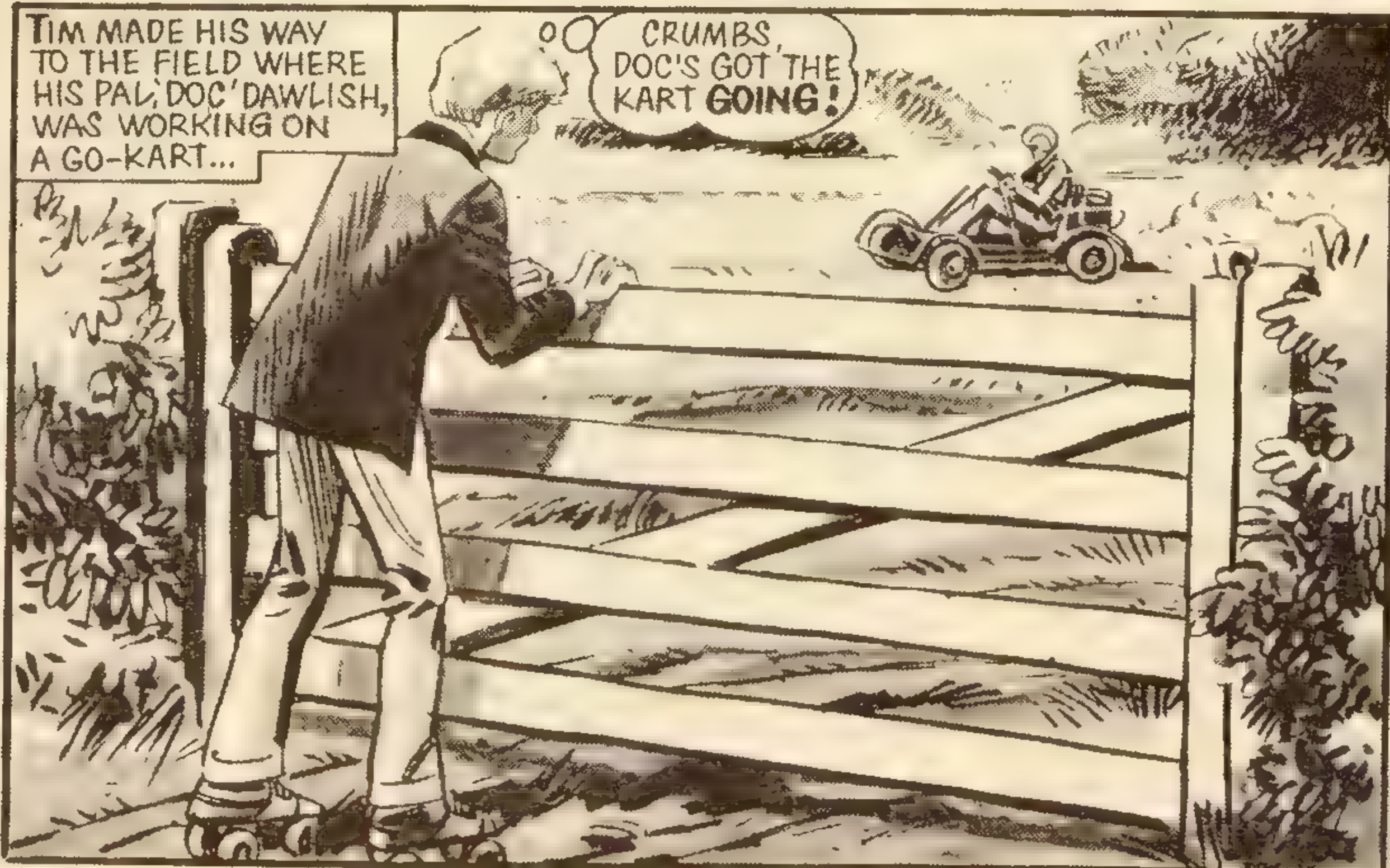
LATER, HERBIE RATSON AND HIS PAL, PERCY SWEET, TWO BULLIES IN TIM'S YEAR AT SCHOOL, WATCHED SPEEDBOY...

THERE HE GOES! LET'S FOLLOW HIM... I'M NOT LETTING HIM GET AWAY WITH MAKING TWITS OUT OF US!



TIM MADE HIS WAY TO THE FIELD WHERE HIS PAL, DOC 'DAWLISH, WAS WORKING ON A GO-KART...

CRUMBS, DOC'S GOT THE KART GOING!

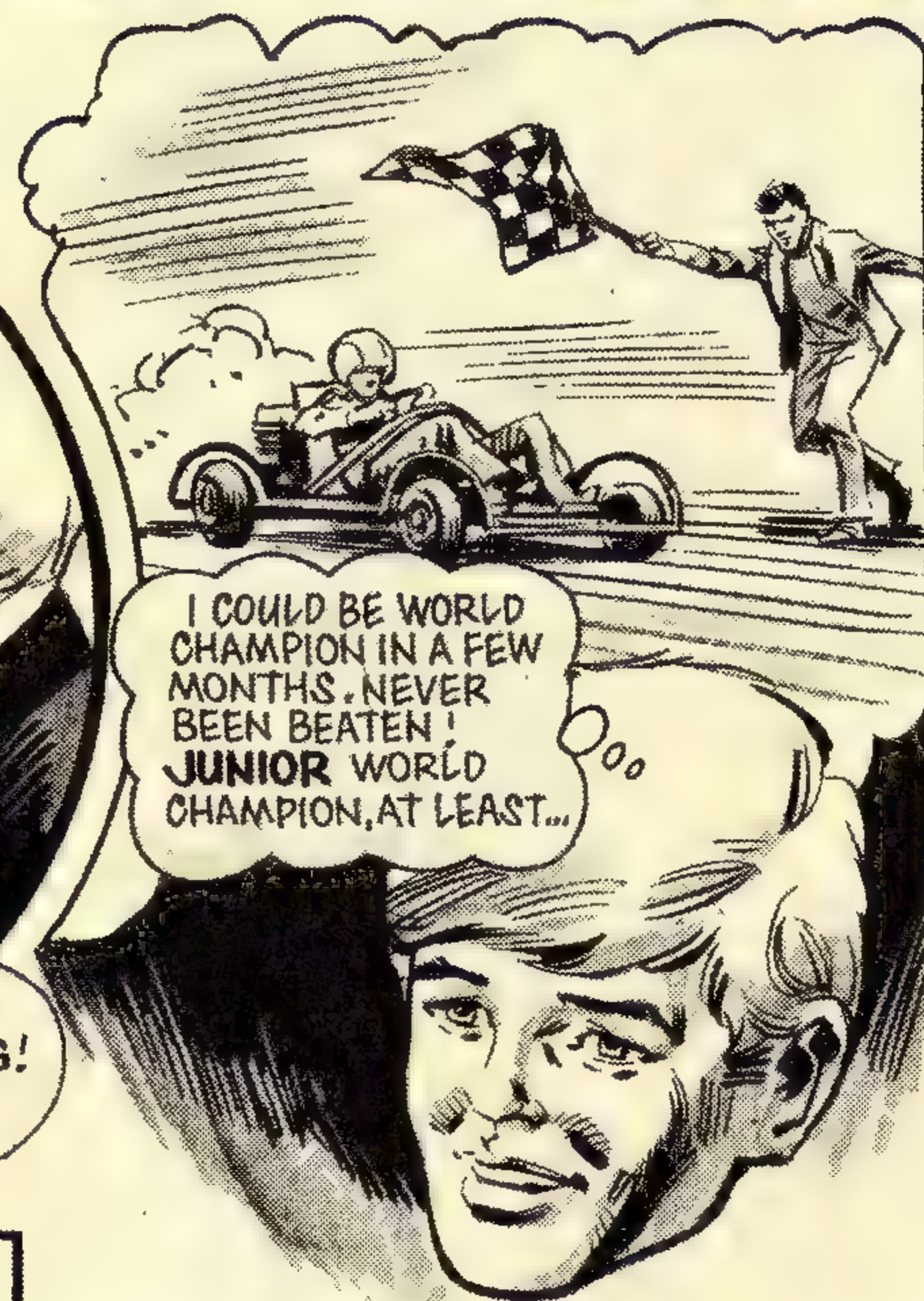
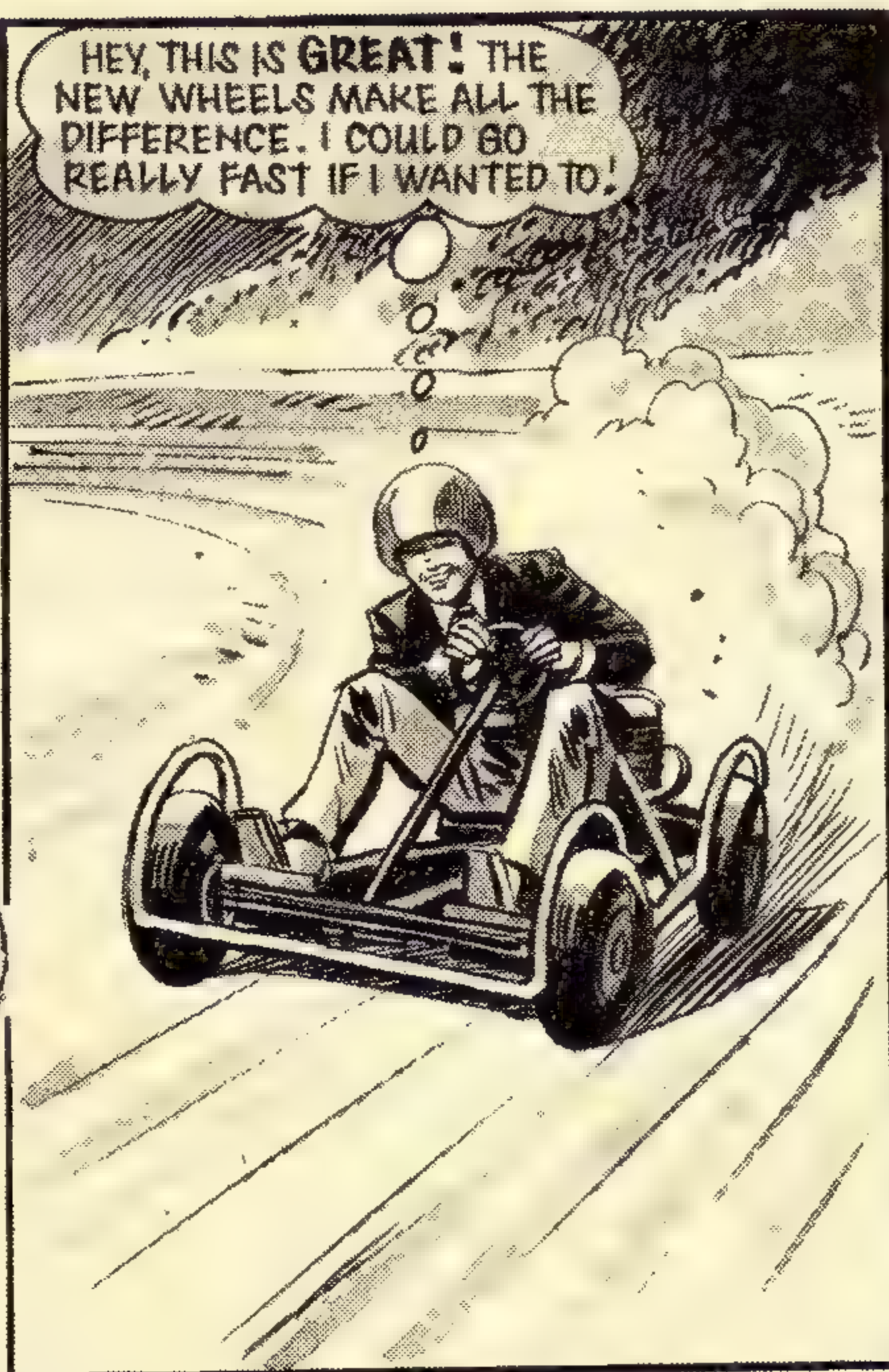


I'VE FIXED THE NEW WHEELS AND AXLE YOUR DAD GAVE US. IT GOES A REAL TREAT NOW. WANT A TRY?

YOU BET!







**Don't miss next week's BIG NEWS issue!**

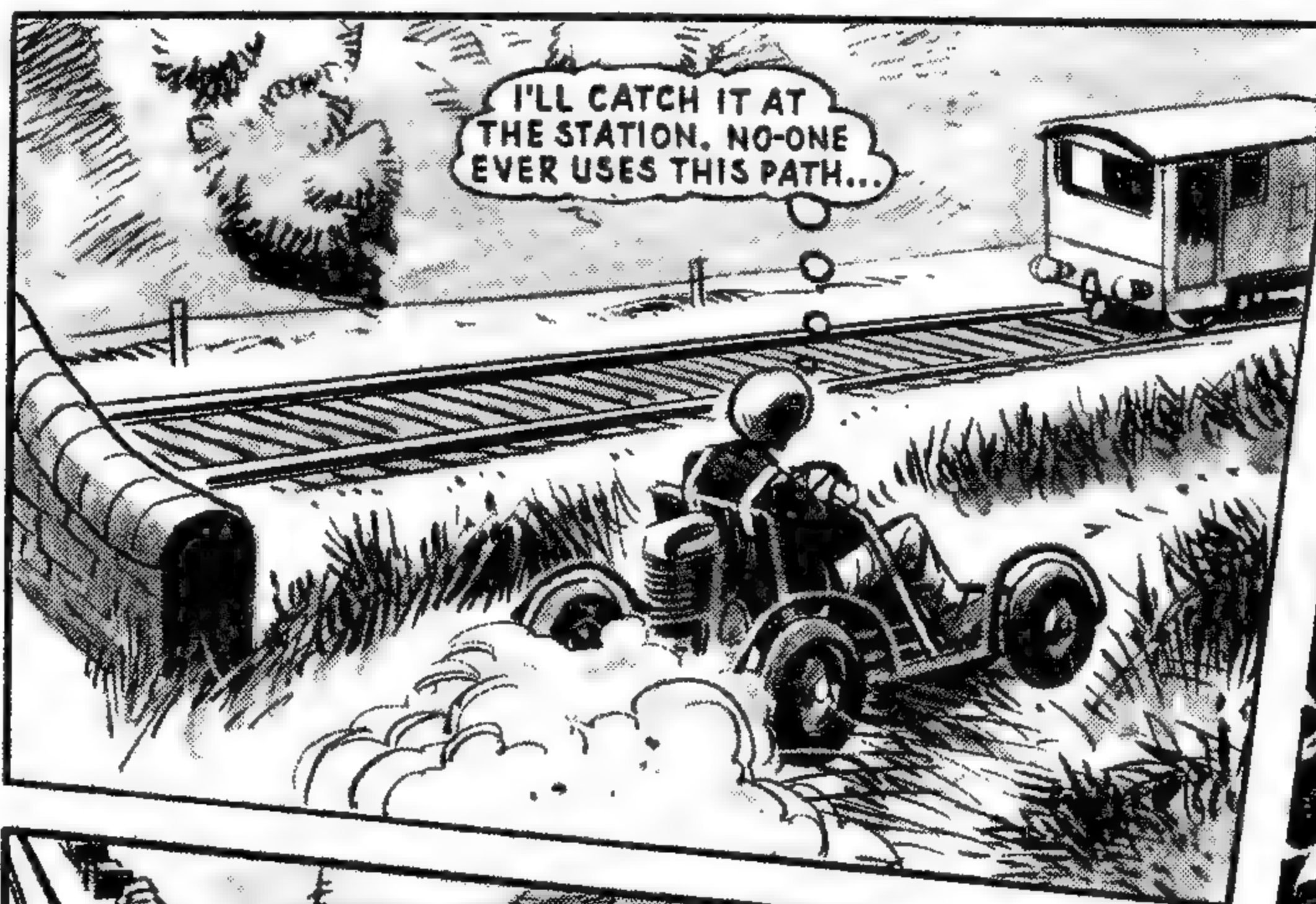


Tim Barlow needed all his speed to chase after a train!

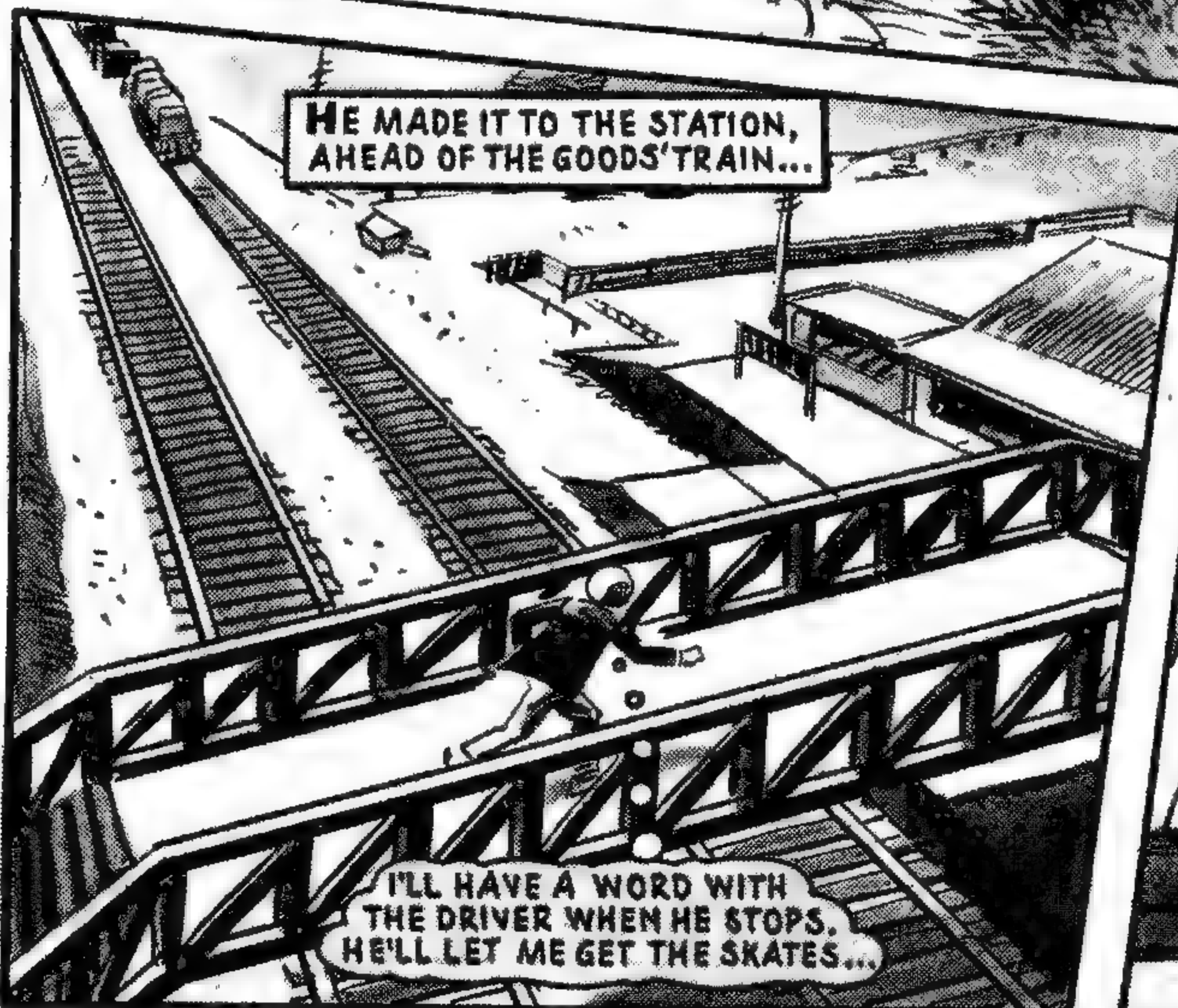


IF RATSON AND SWEET  
THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY  
FROM ME...THEY'RE WRONG!  
I-I'LL MAKE THEM SORRY  
THEY PINCHED MY  
ROLLER-SKATES!

TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE WANTED TO BE FAST...AND HE WANTED TO BE FIRST. HIS PAL, 'DOC' DAWLISH, WITH HELP FROM TIM'S FATHER, BUILT A GO-KART. BUT WHILE TIM WAS TESTING THE GO-KART, TWO BOYS FROM HIS SCHOOL, HERBIE RATSON AND PERCY SWEET, STOLE TIM'S ROLLER-SKATES. TIM GAVE CHASE...IN THE GO-KART!



I'LL CATCH IT AT  
THE STATION. NO-ONE  
EVER USES THIS PATH...



HE MADE IT TO THE STATION,  
AHEAD OF THE GOODS' TRAIN...

I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH  
THE DRIVER WHEN HE STOPS.  
HE'LL LET ME GET THE SKATES...



AND, AHEAD...

SPEEDBOY'S  
GOING TO CATCH  
US, HERBIE! HE  
LOOKS REAL MAD!

I'LL THROW HIS  
ROTTEN ROLLER-SKATES  
OVER THE BRIDGE! THAT'LL  
MAKE HIM STOP!



SECONDS LATER...

THEY FELL INTO  
ONE OF THE TRUCKS  
ON THE GOODS' TRAIN!  
I'VE GOT TO GET  
AFTER THEM!



CRUIKEY...I'M NOT  
SURPRISED NO-ONE  
EVER COMES ALONG  
HERE! IT'S LIKE  
A JUNGLE!



BUT...

OH, NO...  
IT HASN'T  
STOPPED!



TIM SPOKE TO THE PORTER...

THAT GOODS TRAIN WILL STOP AT THE DEPOT FOR A FEW HOURS, SON... THEN MOVE ON. IT'S DUE IN MANCHESTER TOMORROW... YOU MIGHT BE LUCKY AND CATCH IT AT THE DEPOT.

THANKS. IT'S WORTH TRYING...



TIM DROVE BACK AND TOLD DOC DAWLISH ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED.

WE CAN'T DRIVE TO THE DEPOT IN THE GO-KART... IT'S NOT ALLOWED ON THE ROADS. BUT WE COULD GET A BUS!



COME ON THEN, WE'LL GO TOGETHER! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!

THEY PUT THE GO-KART AWAY AND WENT TO THE BUS STOP. BUT...

I THINK WE MAY HAVE JUST MISSED ONE, TIM!

AND THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER FOR AGES. I'M NOT WAITING... I'M GOING TO RUN. IT'S ONLY ABOUT THREE MILES TO THE DEPOT! I WANT MY SKATES BACK!



TIM LEFT THE ROADS, CLIMBING FENCES...



...AND PUSHING THROUGH 'JUNGLE' COUNTRY!

UNTIL...

HALLO, YOU LOOK EXHAUSTED, SON! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?



MY SKATES... THEY'RE ON THAT GOODS TRAIN!

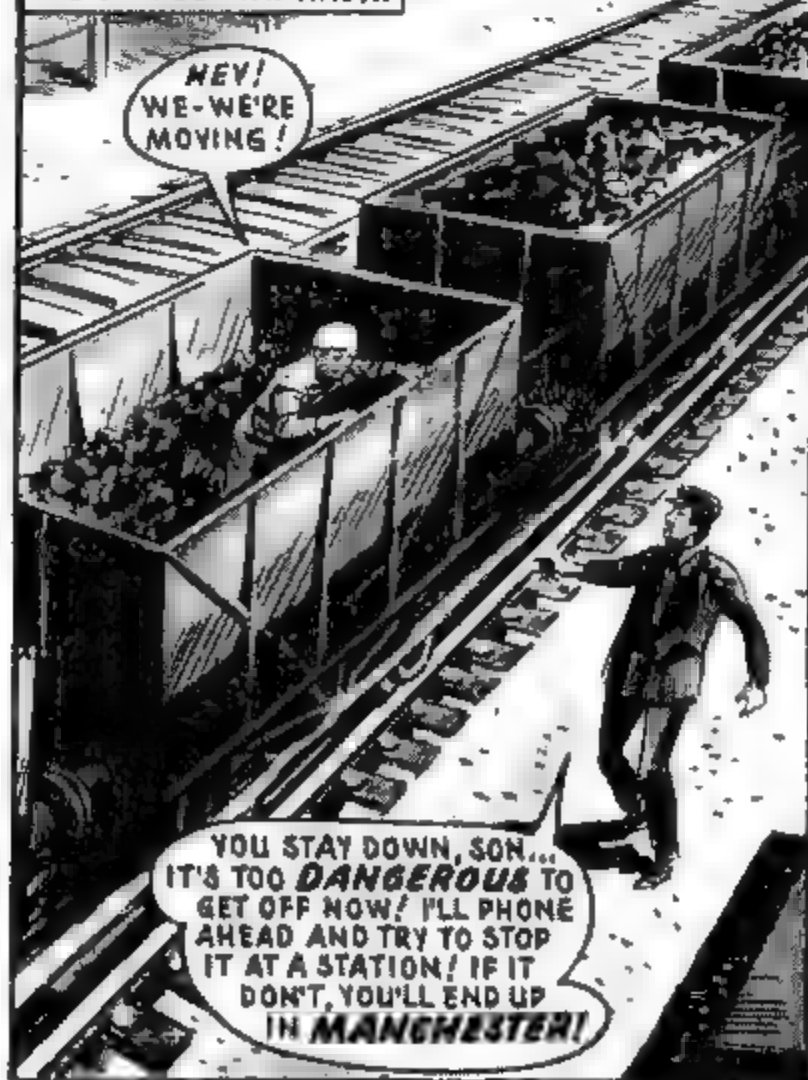
YOU'RE DAFT, SPEEDBOY! I'LL GET THERE BEFORE YOU ON THE BUS!



NO YOU WON'T... NOT THE WAY I'LL GO! I KNOW ALL THE SHORT CUTS!

HE CLIMBED IN. AND...

HEY! WE-WE'RE MOVING!



YOU STAY DOWN, SON... IT'S TOO DANGEROUS TO GET OFF NOW! I'LL PHONE AHEAD AND TRY TO STOP IT AT A STATION! IF IT DON'T, YOU'LL END UP IN MANCHESTER!

THERE THEY ARE!



THEY'RE IN A COAL TRUCK. I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE, THOUGH...



I'LL HELP YOU SEARCH, BUT WE'D BETTER HURRY, THIS TRAIN'S DUE OUT ANY TIME NOW...

**What will happen to Tim now? Read on in next week's instalment!**



Tim was apprehended by the police and driven home in a police car!

# SPEED BOY

TIM BARLOW WAS SPEED MAD HE HAD TO BE FAST... AND HE HAD TO BE FIRST. WHEN TWO OF HIS ENEMIES AT SCHOOL THREW HIS ROLLER SKATES OVER A BRIDGE INTO A GOODS' TRAIN TRUCK, TIM WENT WITH A RAILWAY MAN TO LOOK FOR THE SKATES BUT JUST AS TIM FOUND THEM THE TRAIN STARTED. AND THE RAILWAYMAN TOLD TIM TO STAY WHERE HE WAS UNTIL HE COULD PHONE THROUGH AND HAVE THE TRAIN STOPPED...



CRUMBS, IT'S REALLY MOVING NOW! MUST BE DOING OVER FORTY! NOT A BAD SPEED FOR A GOODS' TRAIN!

TIM WAS QUITE ENJOYING HIS RIDE!

MUST HAVE GONE ABOUT TWENTY MILES BY NOW. IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG ROLLER-SKATE BACK HOME! WONDER HOW LONG IT'LL TAKE ME TO SKATE TWENTY MILES? HOPE THERE'S SOME DOWN-HILL BITS!



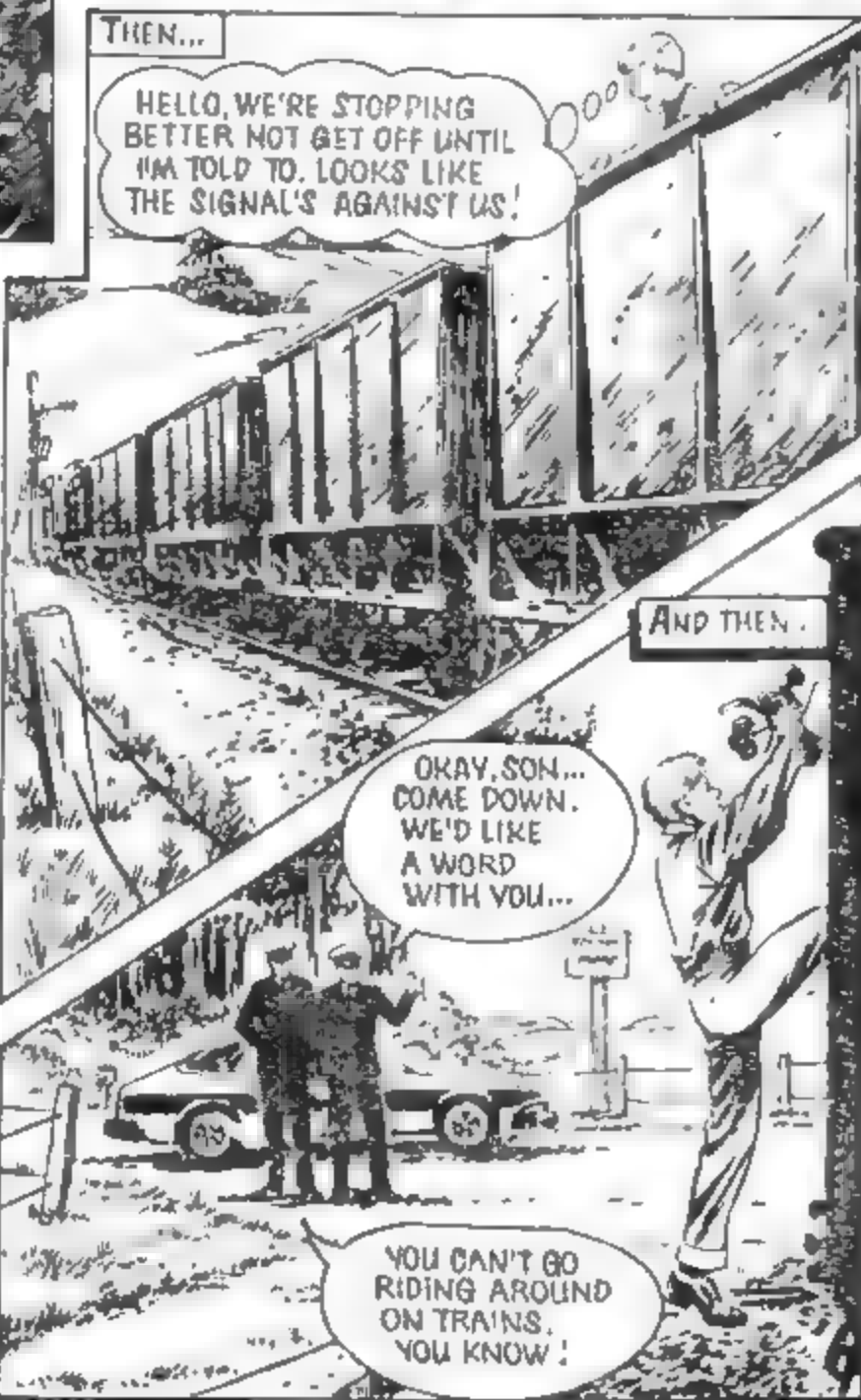
MEANWHILE THE RAILWAYMAN HAD REACHED A TELEPHONE...

THE TABLE

HELLO, ALF! THERE'S A BOY ON THE MANCHESTER-BOUND GOODS' TRAIN. CAN YOU STOP THE TRAIN AT YOUR SIGNAL AND GET HIM OFF?

THEN...

HELLO, WE'RE STOPPING BETTER NOT GET OFF UNTIL I'M TOLD TO. LOOKS LIKE THE SIGNAL'S AGAINST US!



LEAVE HIM TO ME, SID... I'LL GET HIM OFF AND GET THE POLICE TO DEAL WITH HIM!

NO! I TOLD HIM TO GET ON THE TRAIN, ALF! IT'S ALL RIGHT AND I'LL... OH, HECK! HE'S HUNG UP!



THEY TOOK TIM TO THE R PATROL CAR

PRIVATE PROPERTY



HEY, I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG! I WAS LOOKING FOR MY SKATES! THEY WERE IN THE COAL TRUCK. A RAILWAYMAN SAID I COULD LOOK!

OH, HE DID, DID HE? WELL, LET'S FIND HIM, SHALL WE?

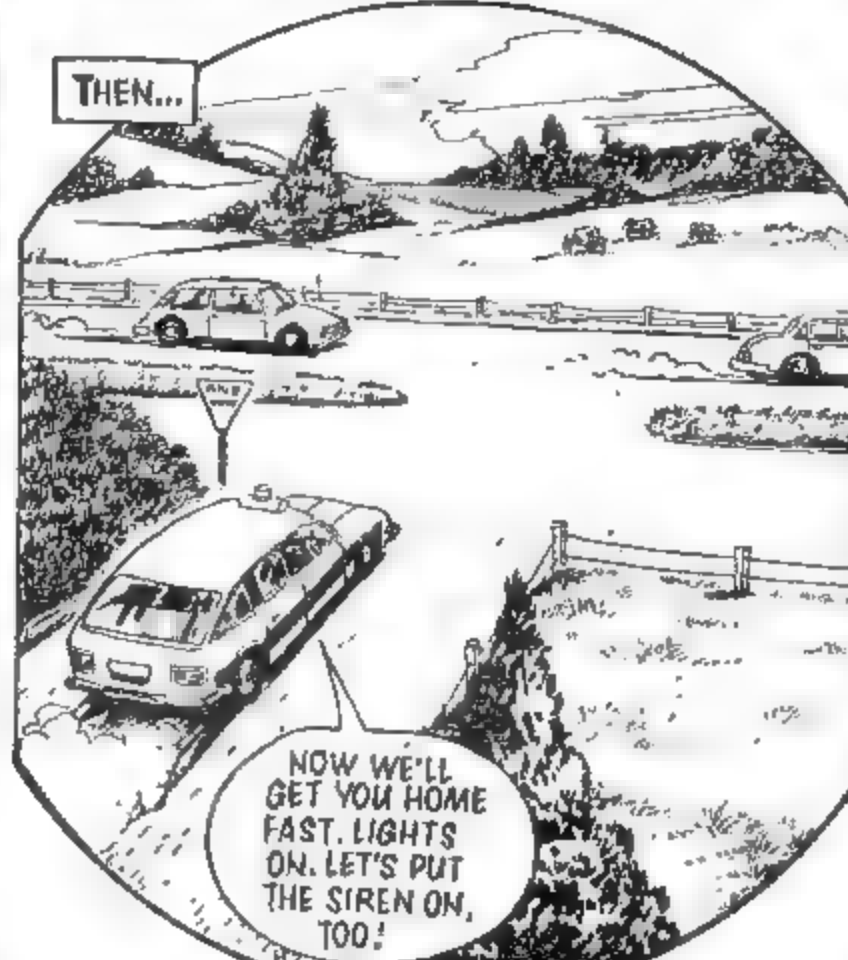
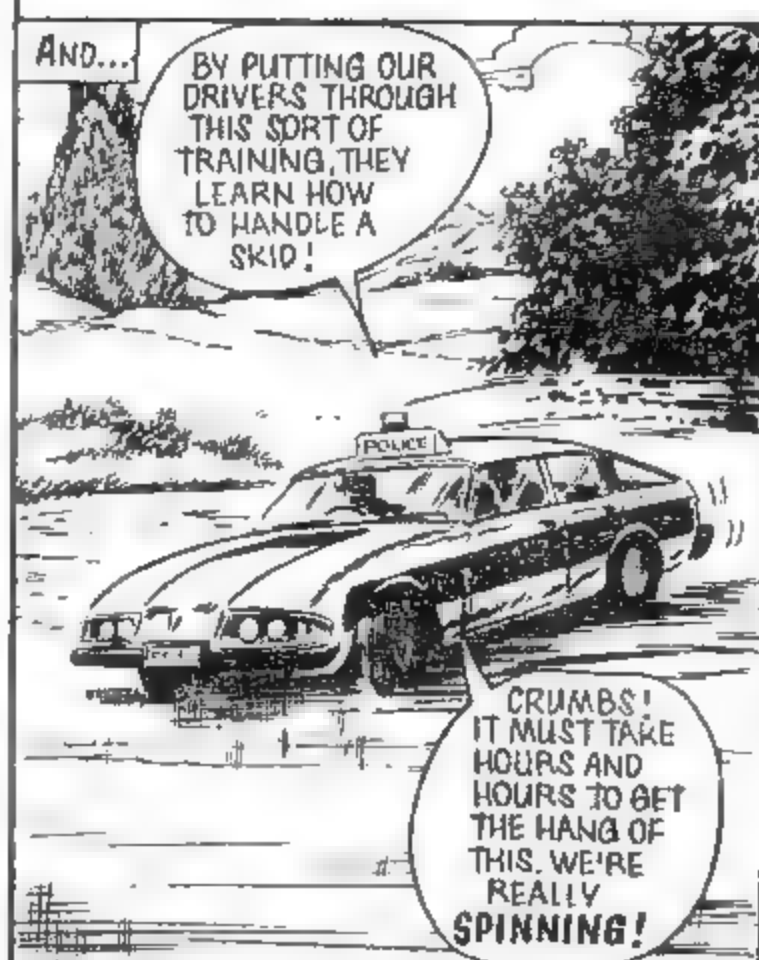
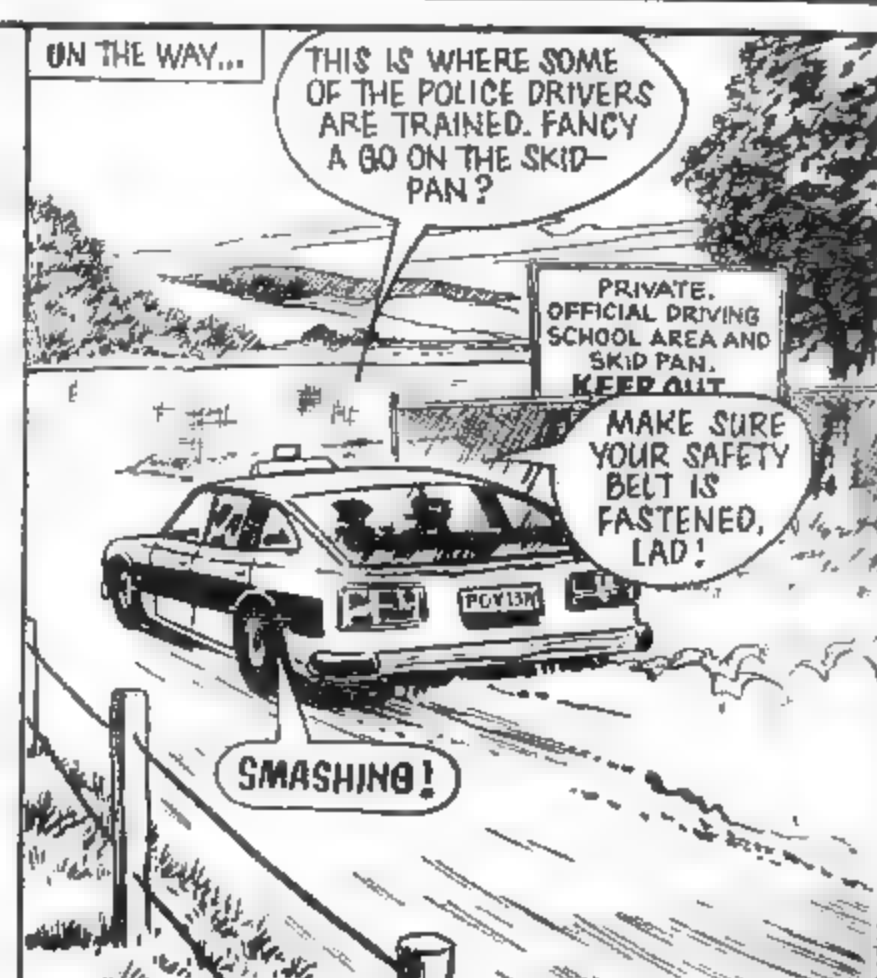
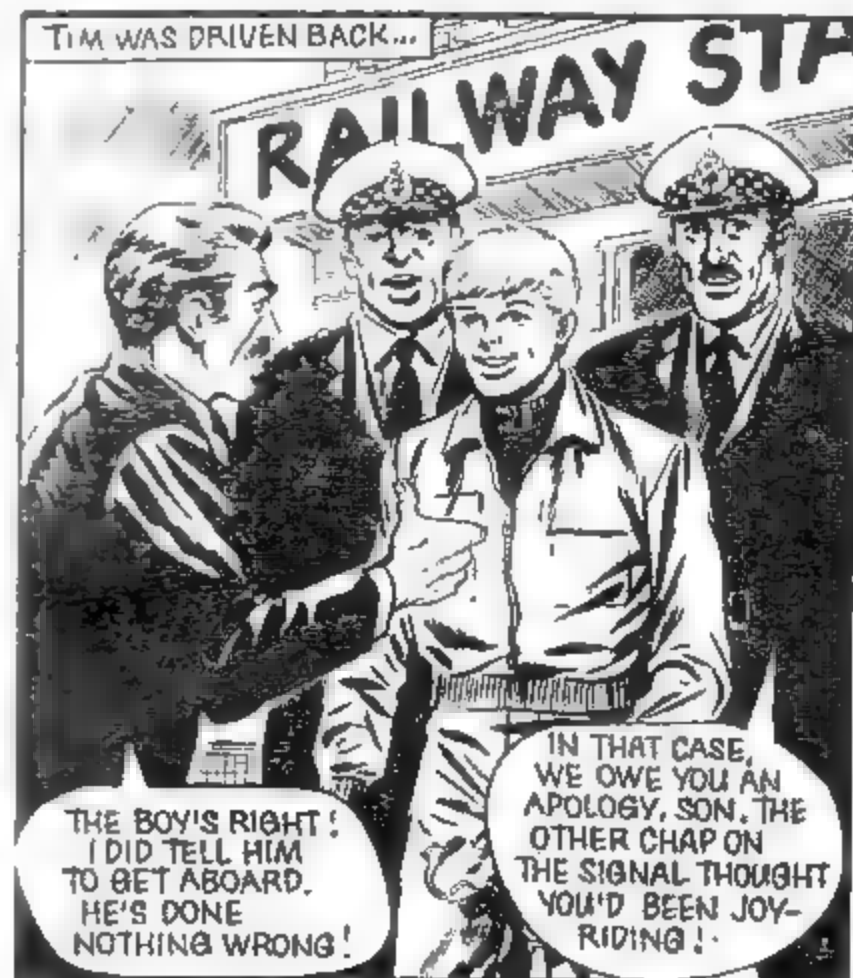
IF YOU'RE LYING, SON... YOU'LL BE IN WORSE TROUBLE!

AND THEN...

OKAY, SON... COME DOWN. WE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU...

YOU CAN'T GO RIDING AROUND ON TRAINS, YOU KNOW!

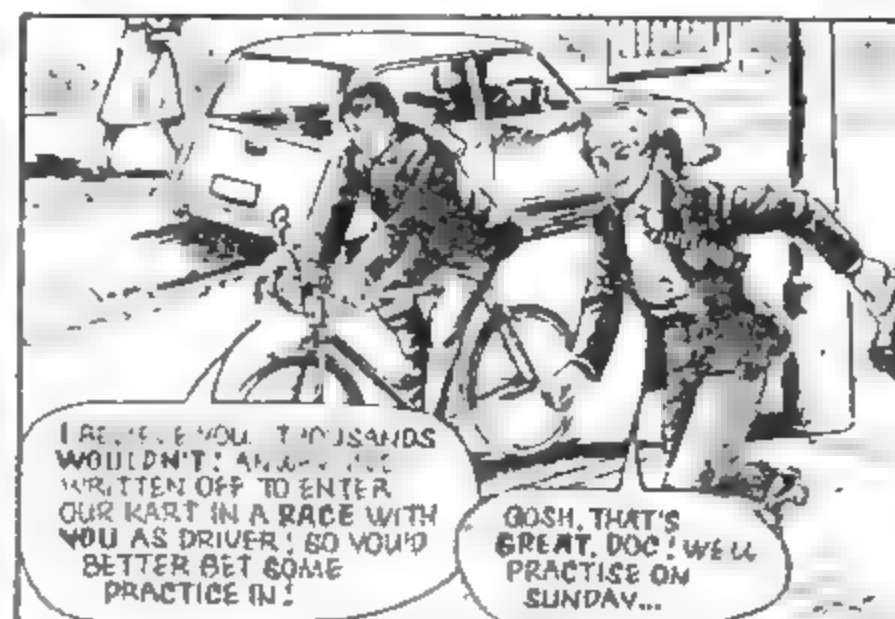




**Fast-moving Tim returns for more action in next week's SPEED!**



Speedboy had visions of being another Ian Botham!





DURING LESSONS, TIM THOUGHT ABOUT THE CRICKET PRACTICE HE HAD TO TAKE PART IN...



THEY SAY YOU ARE THE FASTEST BOWLER IN ENGLAND, TIM. IS THAT SO?

I SUPPOSE SO. I'VE TAKEN FIFTY WICKETS THIS SEASON SO FAR... ALL CLEAN BOWLED...

AFTER SCHOOL...



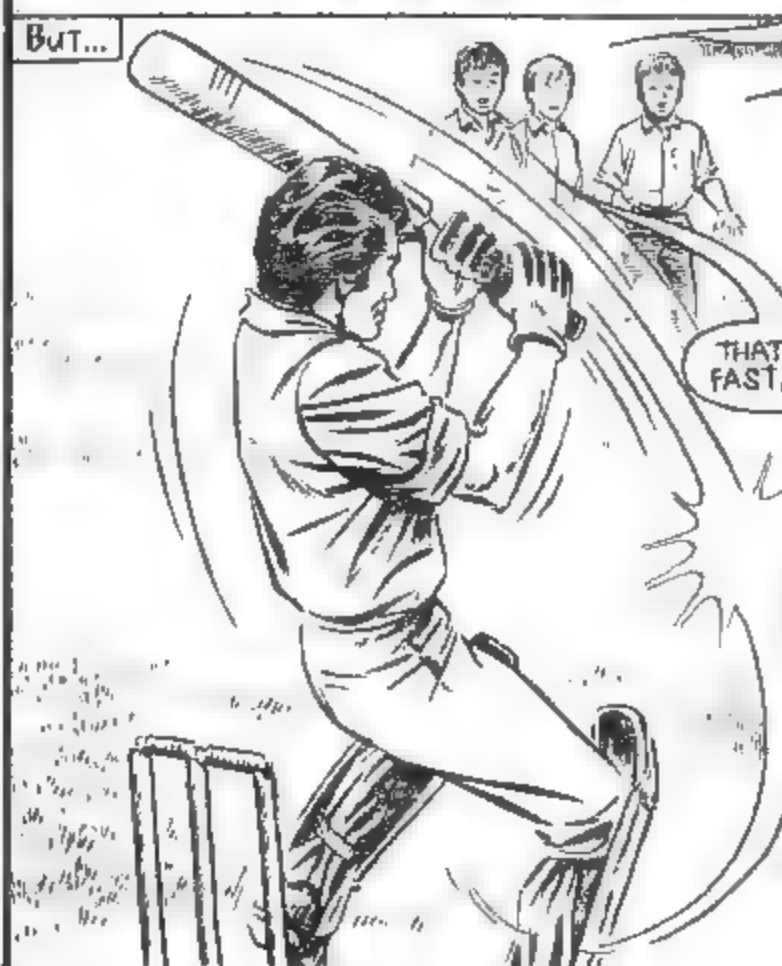
HERE'S BARLOW, SIR... OUR NEW DEMON FAST BOWLER! LOOK OUT IAN BOTHAM!

SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO THEN, BARLOW...

I'LL TEACH THEM TO TAKE THE MICKEY OUT OF ME! I'LL BOWL THIS ONE SO FAST, HE WON'T EVEN SEE IT. I'LL KNOCK HIS MIDDLE STUMP OUT!



BUT...



MISTER HAWKINS HAS REALLY WHACKED THAT ONE!

BARLOW CAN'T BOWL. HE'S ALL TALK!

THAT WAS FAST, THOUGH...



EEEEK! IT'S GOING TO HIT ME!



I SAY! WELL HELD, BARLOW!

GREAT CATCH, TIM!

HOW DID YOU SEE IT? IT WAS GOING LIKE A BULLET!

I-ER-I'VE GOT QUICK REACTIONS, I SUPPOSE...



I THINK WE CAN PUT YOU IN SATURDAY'S TEAM, BARLOW. WE NEED A BOWLER LIKE YOU. HERE... SHOW US HOW YOU BAT!

I CAN'T BOWL! CATCHING IT LIKE THAT WAS JUST LUCK!



I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT BATTING, EITHER... BUT I DO KNOW A CRICKET BALL'S HARD AND HURTS LIKE HELL IF IT HITS YOU! AND YOU CAN BET EVERYONE WILL BE BOWLING AS FAST AS THEY CAN TO GET SPEEDBOY OUT!

**What will happen to Tim now? You can see next week!**



Tim's bowling turned the cricket match into a shambles!

# SPEED BOY



TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE WANTED TO BE FAST... AND HE WANTED TO BE FIRST! HE WAS CHOSEN FOR HIS SCHOOL CRICKET TEAM... AS A FAST BOWLER... BUT HE ALSO HAD TO BAT. AND, IN THE NETS, EVERYONE WANTED TO BOWL FAST AT TIM!

GO ON, JIMMY... SHOW SPEEDBOY SOME REAL SPEED!

SHOW HIM WHAT FAST BOWLING'S ALL ABOUT!

I BET HE DOESN'T EVEN SEE THIS ONE!

TIM WENT HOME WITH HIS PAL, 'DOC' DAWLISH...

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE ANY GOOD AT CRICKET, TIM! I HEAR YOU'RE IN THE SCHOOL TEAM!



THEY'RE HARD UP FOR PLAYERS, THAT'S ALL. IT'S ONLY ONE GAME, ANYWAY. WE'LL ALL BE ON HOLIDAY AFTER THAT...

DOC DAWLISH WENT IN-DOORS AND...



HEY, TIM! WAIT! I'VE GOT A LETTER... FROM THE KART RACE PEOPLE!

MAYBE THEY'VE ACCEPTED US!



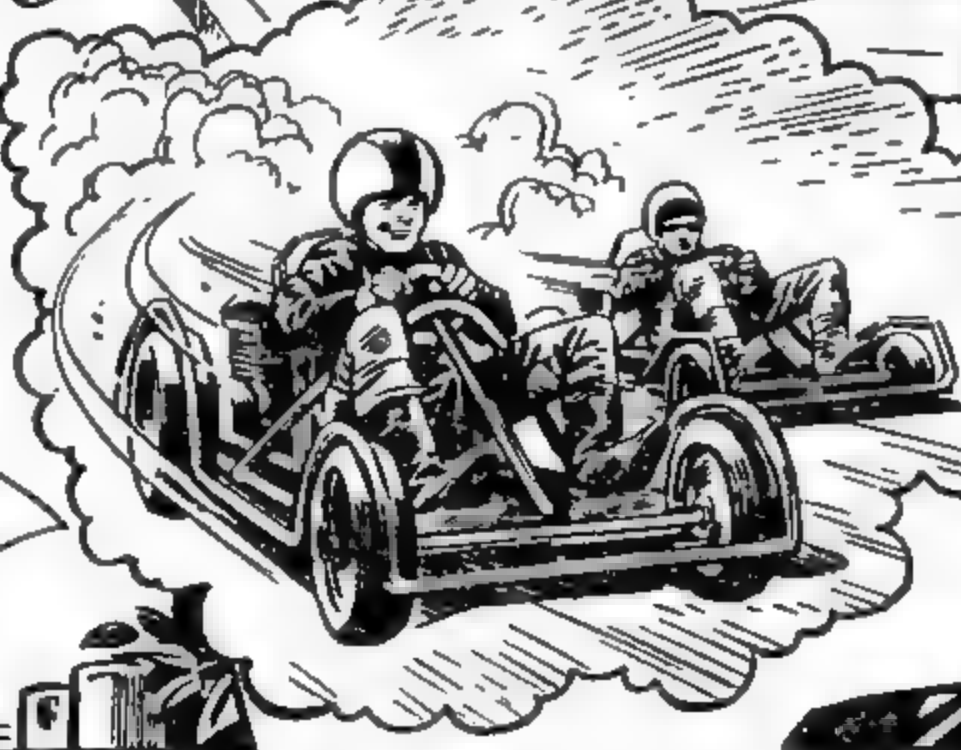
BUT... YOU'RE NO BATSMAN, BARLOW... BUT I'LL PUT YOU DOWN AS A BOWLER. ELEVEN-O'CLOCK SATURDAY MORNING. DON'T BE LATE!

IF I WANTED TO PLAY... I BET I COULDN'T GET IN THE TEAM!



WE'VE BEEN ACCEPTED AT THE BOSHAM KART MEETING... NEXT MONTH! IN A NOVICE RACE! THAT MEANS... IT'S FOR BEGINNERS!

I KNOW WHAT NOVICE MEANS... I'M NOT COMPLETELY DAFT! GOOD NEWS, THOUGH. WE'LL HAVE TO GET IN PLENTY OF TRAINING, DOC!



ONCE I GET ON THAT TRACK... I'LL PASS EVERYONE!

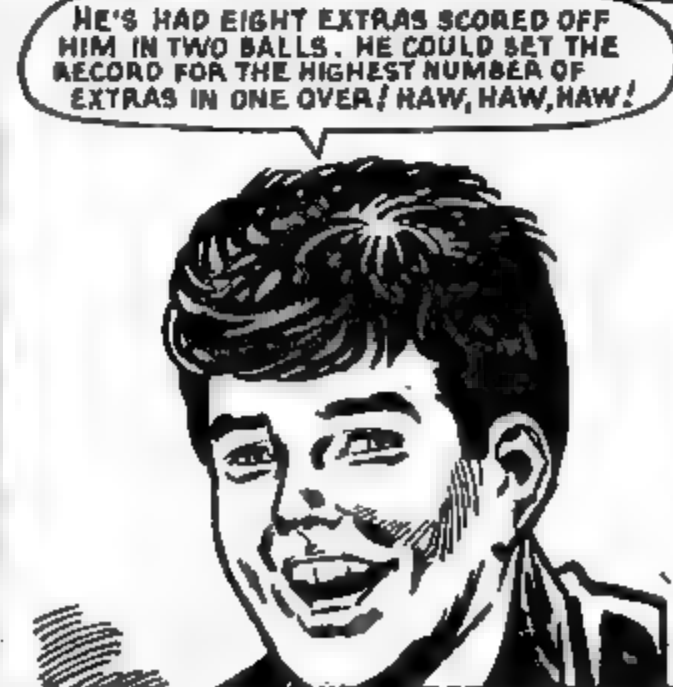
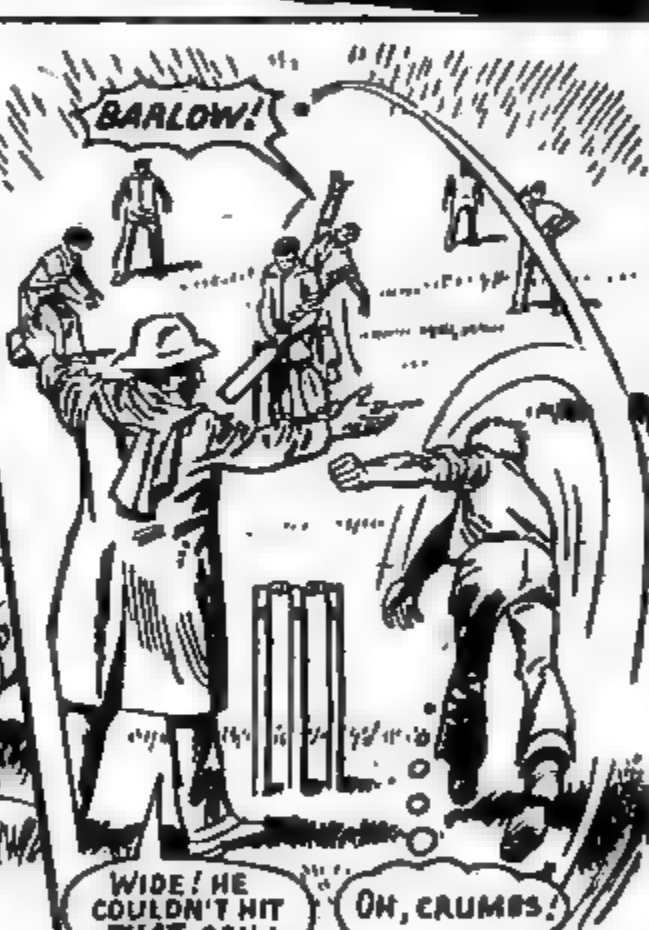
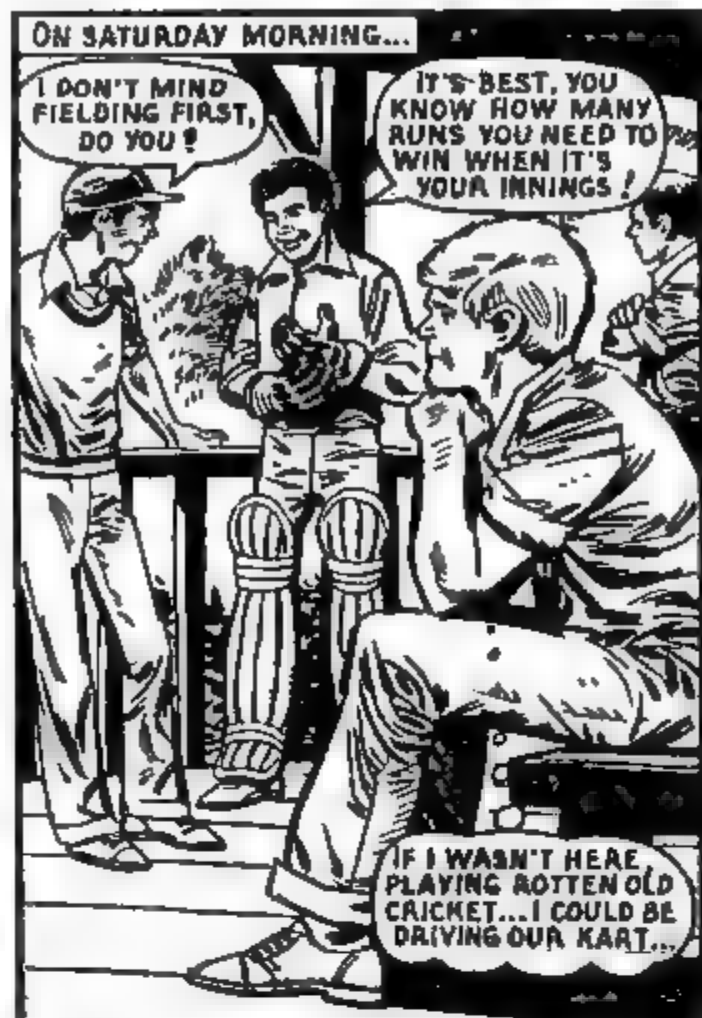


TIM DID SEE THE BALL... BUT TOO LATE!

I DIDN'T WANT TO PLAY CRICKET ANYWAY! MAYBE THEY'LL DROP ME FROM THE TEAM NOW!

WHAT'S UP, SPEEDBOY? BIT TOO FAST FOR YOU WAS IT?



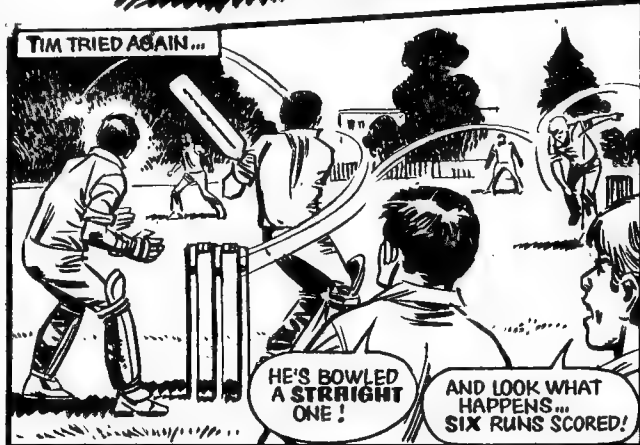
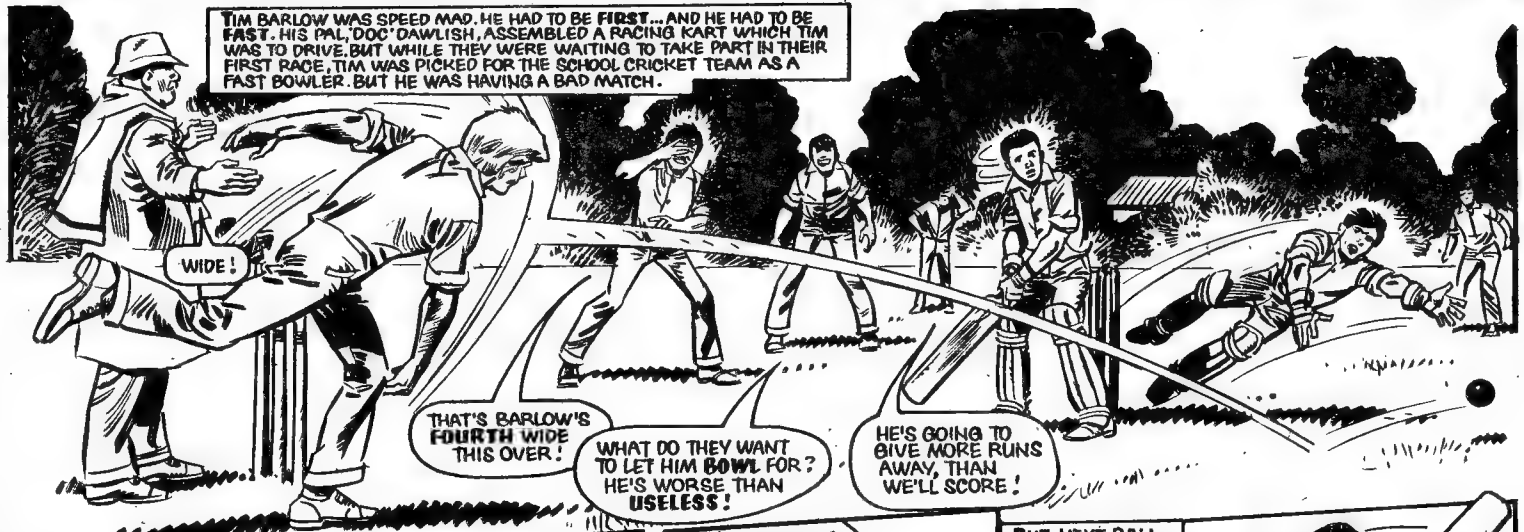


See what happens to Speedboy in the next issue of **SPEED!**



Even Tim realised he'd never be a top notch cricketer!

# SPEED BOY





**GLOBE**

**ROLLER SKATING MARATHON RACE**  
**FIRST PRIZE £100!**  
**ENTRY FEE £1.**  
**ALL WELCOME.**

IF YOU COULD WIN THAT... YOU COULD BUY LOTS OF GEAR FOR THE KART RACE!

YEAH! A SET OF LEATHERS. I'LL NEED THOSE...

A MARATHON RACE WILL REALLY TAKE SOME DOING ON SKATES, THOUGH!

HEY, WATCH IT, TIM... THEY'VE SLOGGED THE BALL OUT THIS WAY!

BUT...

BARLOW! STOP IT!

HE'S TALKING TO SOMEONE! NOT EVEN WATCHING!

COME ON, SPEEDBOY... SHOW THEM HOW YOU CAN RUN!

I CAN GET THAT... IF I PUT ON A BIT OF SPEED!

GOT IT!

GREAT PLAY, BARLOW!

GOOD SAVE!

NOT SO DAFT AM I? SAVED A CERTAIN FOUR THERE!

YOU WANT TO BET? IF YOU'D LET IT GO IT WOULD ONLY HAVE BEEN FOUR! AS IT IS... THEY RAN FIVE!

CAN'T DO ANYTHING RIGHT, CAN I?

DON'T WORRY... YOU WON'T BE IN THE TEAM NEXT WEEK. THEY WON'T WANT YOU! WHICH WILL LEAVE YOU FREE FOR THE EXCITING ROLLER-SKATING RACE!

**Tim returns as Speedboy in the next issue of SPEED!**



Tim took part in the first stage of a one hundred mile roller-skating race!



BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE WANTED TO BE FAST... AND HE WANTED TO BE FIRST. HIS PAL 'DOC' DAWLISH, BUILT A RACING KART AND TO RAISE SOME CASH TO BUY PROPER RACING CLOTHES, TIM ENTERED A HUNDRED-MILE ROLLER-SKATING RACE... WITH A FIRST PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS!

I DON'T RECKON THESE WHEELS WILL LAST A HUNDRED MILES, DOC. I'M GOING TO NEED SPARES!

I'VE ALREADY GOT SOME, AND I'VE ALSO GOT A TENT... WE WON'T BE ABLE TO AFFORD TO STAY NIGHTS IN HOTELS.

THE RACE IS IN TWO GROUPS, UNDER SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE... AND OVER! SO YOU WON'T BE TAKING ON A LOT OF MEN! DON'T FORGET TO WEAR BRIGHT CLOTHES... AND TO GET YOUR OFFICIAL NUMBER!

WHAT IF SOME OF THEM JUST KEEP GOING... ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT? I DON'T THINK I COULD DO THAT... IT'S TOO FAR!

DON'T WORRY... YOU'RE ONLY ALLOWED TO DO TWENTY-FIVE MILES PER DAY! YOU'RE TIMED OVER EACH TWENTY-FIVE MILES... AND THEN THE TIMES ARE ADDED TOGETHER. BEST TIME OVERALL WINS!

THEY WENT TO PAY TIM'S ENTRY FEE...

**ROLLER-SKATING MARATHON 100 FOR ONE HUNDRED MILES**

MANY ENTERED FOR THIS RACE, MISTER?

QUITE A FEW, SON. ABOUT SIXTY-FIVE SO FAR... AND WE EXPECT ANOTHER TWENTY OR SO BEFORE THE DAY ENDS!



ON THE DAY OF THE RACE...



I'VE GOT ALL WE'LL NEED FOR SLEEPING OUT TONIGHT. GOOD LUCK, TIM... AND I'LL SEE YOU WHEN YOU GET TO CASTLEFORD. DON'T FORGET TO GO TO THE CHECK-POINT FIRST.

BETTER STEP ON IT, DOC... OR I'LL BE THERE BEFORE YOU! I'M NOT GOING TO HANG ABOUT... I'M GOING TO MOVE!

AT THE STARTING LINE...

**MARATHON ROLLER-SKATING RACE START**



CRUISEY... I RECKON SOME OF THESE BLOKES ARE PROFESSIONALS! LOOK AT THEIR SKATES... BOOTS AND ALL!

THE MARATHON BEGAN... AND TIM KNEW HIS HOME TOWN BETTER THAN SOME OF THE OTHERS...



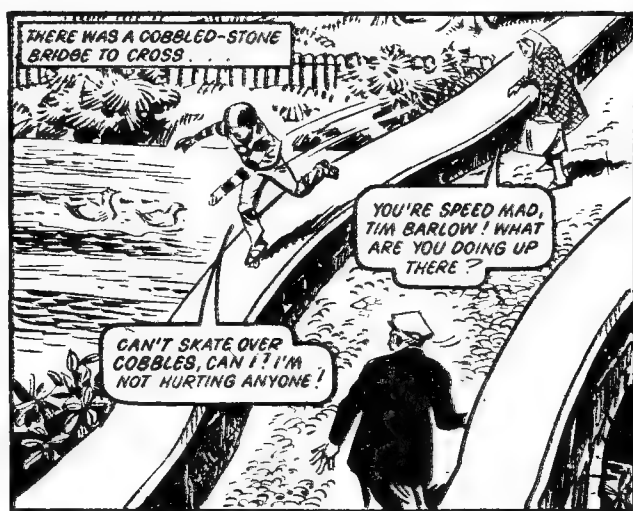
DON'T KNOW WHY THEY'RE ALL GOING DOWN THERE! I CAN GET OUT ON TO THE CASTLEFORD ROAD A LOT MORE QUICKLY THIS WAY...





CLEAR OFF, ROVER! I CAN DO WITHOUT A RUGGER TACKLE FROM A DOG BEFORE I'VE GONE FIFTY METRES!

RUFF... RUFF... RUFF!



THERE WAS A COBBLED-STONE BRIDGE TO CROSS.

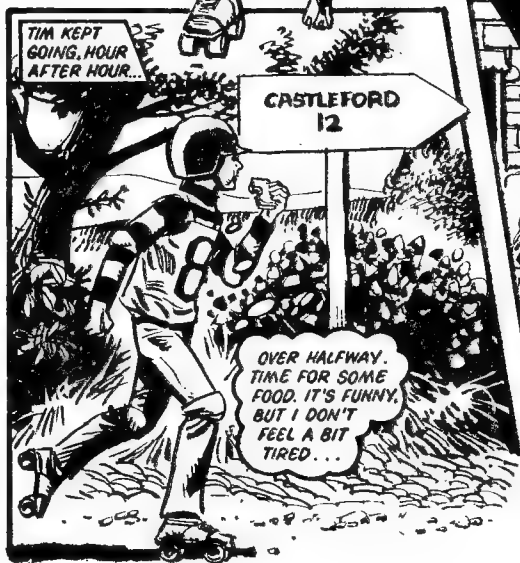
YOU'RE SPEED MAD, TIM BARLOW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?

CAN'T SKATE OVER COBBLES, CAN I? I'M NOT HURTING ANYONE!



WHEN TIM MET THE MAIN ROAD AGAIN...

I'VE WHACKED THEM ALL! MUST BE MILES AHEAD OF THE OTHERS IF THEY WENT THROUGH THE HIGH STREET! SPEEDBOY STRIKES AGAIN!



TIM KEPT GOING, HOUR AFTER HOUR...

CASTLEFORD 12

OVER HALFWAY. TIME FOR SOME FOOD. IT'S FUNNY, BUT I DON'T FEEL A BIT TIRED...



ON THROUGH A SMALL VILLAGE...

HOW FAR FROM HERE TO CASTLEFORD, KIDS?

FIVE MILES! YOU'RE IN THE LEAD. WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE ELSE!

BET YOU WIN! NUMBER EIGHT'S MY LUCKY NUMBER!



DOC WAS ALREADY AT THE FIRST STAGE STOP.

TIM SHOULD BE ARRIVING SOON. I'LL GO AND MEET HIM. BET HE'S WHACKED OUT!



IN THE HIGH STREET...

DID YOU CALL AT THE CHECK-POINT? HOW DID YOU GET ON?

I WAS FIRST! AND MY FEET ARE KILLING ME! ALL I WANT TO DO IS SIT DOWN...



DOC HAD EVERYTHING READY...

YOU'LL LIKE THIS, I HOPE. BEANS, SPUDS AND BACON. AND A NICE HOT CUP OF TEA. HOW DO YOUR FEET FEEL? I THINK THAT COLD WATER WILL DO THEM GOOD...



HE'S ASLEEP! HE'S GOING TO FIND IT TOUGH GOING TOMORROW! MAYBE SPEEDBOY WENT TOO FAST ON THE FIRST DAY?

Zzzzzzz!

Join Tim Barlow, alias SPEEDBOY, for more fast-moving thrills again next week!



Desperately tired, Tim was determined to continue with the roller-skating race!



TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE WANTED TO BE FAST... AND HE WANTED TO BE FIRST! HIS PAL, 'DOC' DAWLISH, BUILT A RACING KART AND TO RAISE CASH TO BUY PROPER RACING CLOTHES WHEN HE DROVE THE KART TIM ENTERED A ONE-HUNDRED-MILE ROLLER-SKATING RACE... WITH A FIRST PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. THE RACE WAS IN FOUR TWENTY-FIVE MILE STAGES AND, ALTHOUGH TIM LED THE FIRST STAGE, THE EFFORT HAD TIRED HIM...

TIM! YOU AWAKE?  
I'VE JUST BEEN CHECKING  
UP! YOU'VE GOT AN  
EIGHT-MINUTE LEAD  
AFTER THE FIRST  
STAGE. GREAT, EH?

URGH! I  
FEEL HALF  
DEAD!

THE NEXT TWENTY-  
FIVE MILES TAKES  
US TO CHADWELL.  
I'LL CYCLE ON  
AHEAD AND WAIT  
FOR YOU, OKAY?

DON'T EXPECT  
ME TO BE FIRST  
THIS TIME. I FEEL  
WHACKED OUT  
ALREADY. I DIDN'T  
EXPECT IT TO  
BE THIS TOUGH!

BUT, TIM WAS  
THERE AT THE  
START OF THE  
SECOND STAGE...

READY...  
STEADY...  
GO!

SEE THAT BOY  
IN FRONT... HE'S  
THE LEADER SO  
FAR!

ROLLER-SKATING MARATHON START!  
STAGE 2

BUT LET'S  
HOPE I CAN  
KEEP IN  
FRONT!

TIM KEPT GOING WELL  
FOR THE FIRST HOUR...

DOESN'T  
SEEM SO BAD  
ONCE YOU  
GET STARTED...

BUT...

I-I WENT TOO  
FAST ON THE FIRST  
STAGE. SHOULD-  
HAVE SAVED SOME ENERGY...  
CAN'T KEEP UP...

HE RESTED ON THE  
DOWN-HILL STRETCHES...

I'M LOSING GROUND  
ALL THE TIME. WISH  
MY LEGS DIDN'T  
FEEL SO TIRED...



THAT EVENING, DOC  
WAITED IN CHADWELL...

## KOLLER-SKATING MARA FINISH! 2<sup>ND</sup> STAGE.

HERE  
THEY  
COME!

THEY LOOK  
TIRED  
OUT!

WONDER HOW  
TIM GOT ON? HE  
WAS EXHAUSTED  
BEFORE HE  
STARTED!

THE LEADERS SWEEP  
OVER THE FINISHING  
LINE...

HURRAHHH!

NO SIGN  
OF TIM,  
YET!

EIGHT MINUTES SINCE  
THE LEADERS CAME IN.  
THAT MEANS TIM'S LOST  
ALL HIS LEAD... AND  
HE'S STILL NOT IN  
SIGHT!

FIVE MINUTES  
LATER...

SOMETHING  
MUST HAVE  
HAPPENED!  
I'M GOING  
OUT TO FIND  
HIM...

DOC MET TIM A MILE  
OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE...

YOU'RE ABOUT TEN  
MINUTES BEHIND  
EVERYONE, TIM!  
I THOUGHT YOU'D  
FALLEN OVER OR  
SOMETHING!

SORRY! DID MY  
BEST, DOC! I'LL  
PUT IN A BURST...  
FINISH FAST!

COME ON, SPEEDBOY...  
YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP  
GOING! RACING ISN'T  
EASY... YOU KNEW  
THAT BEFORE YOU  
STARTED!

AND...  
WELL DONE,  
SON!

YOU STARTED EIGHT  
MINUTES UP... AND  
YOU'VE FINISHED  
TEN MINUTES DOWN.  
THAT'S NOT TOO  
BAD!

POOR KID...  
HE LOOKS  
ALL IN!

THEY WENT OUT TO WHERE DOC HAD  
PITCHED THEIR TENT...

WE'VE GOT TO FIND  
A ROUTE WHICH  
AVOIDS THE HILLS,  
DOC. THAT'S  
WHAT SLOWS ME  
DOWN!

I'LL LOOK  
AT THE MAP...  
YOU TAKE  
IT EASY...

IF YOU GO THROUGH  
SANDYFORD... THERE'S ONLY  
ONE UP-HILL BIT, BUT THERE'S A  
VERY STEEP DOWN-HILL  
SECTION. IT COULD BE DANGEROUS!

I'VE GOT TO GO THAT WAY!  
I'LL RISK IT JUST TO  
WIN THE PRIZE-  
MONEY!

Join Tim Barlow for more speed thrills and excitement in the next issue!



Stage three was lucky for some – especially Speedboy!

# SPEEDBOY

## ROLLER-SKATING MARATHON 3<sup>rd</sup> STAGE START

TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE WANTED TO BE FIRST... AND HE WANTED TO BE FAST! HIS PAL, DOC DAWLISH, BUILT A RACING-KART AND, TO RAISE CASH TO BUY PROPER RACING CLOTHES, TIM ENTERED A ONE-HUNDRED-MILE ROLLER-SKATING MARATHON... WHICH HAD A FIRST PRIZE OF ONE-HUNDRED POUNDS. THE RACE WAS IN FOUR TWENTY-FIVE MILE STAGES AND AFTER FIFTY MILES, TIM WAS VERY TIRED. FOR THE THIRD STAGE, DOC MAPPED OUT A ROUTE WHICH HAD ONLY ONE HILL IN IT. AND...

THEY DO GO FAST, DON'T THEY?

NOT A BAD PRIZE, THOUGH... A HUNDRED POUNDS!

WOULDN'T FANCY SKATING TWENTY-FIVE MILES A DAY!

DOC TRACKED TIM ON HIS BIKE... AND GAVE HIM REFRESHMENTS...

KEEP GOING... YOU'RE WELL UP ON TIME!

ORANGE JUICE? JUST WHAT I CAN DO WITH. THANKS, DOC!

LATER... I'LL PUSH ON NOW. SEE YOU AT THE END OF THE STAGE. GOOD LUCK!

TIM REACHED THE HILL LATE IN THE AFTERNOON...

I'LL NEVER SKATE UP THERE. MIGHT AS WELL WALK UP. IT'LL BE QUICKER!

CHEERS! ONLY ONE HILL TO GO UP... AND ONE TO GO DOWN! I'LL BE IN AMONG THE LEADERS THIS TIME!

WE FOUND A PIECE OF FENCING...

IT'S LIKE GOING DOWN ONE OF THOSE OLYMPIC SKI-JUMPS! WELL... IT'S GOT TO BE FACED! HERE WE GO!

AT THE TOP...

CRUMBS! IT'S EVEN MORE STEEP GOING DOWN. I'M GOING TO NEED SOME SORT OF BRAKE... OR I'LL GET OUT OF CONTROL!

OH, CRUMBS! IT'S ALMOST LIKE A SHEER DROP!





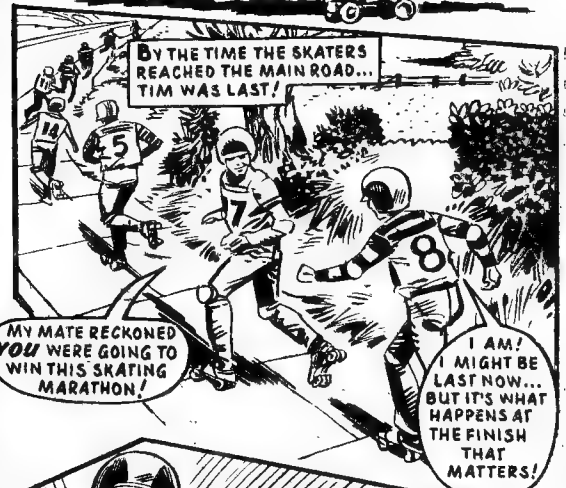
**Next week – Part 2 of your ROCKET MISSILES Poster – DON'T MISS IT!**



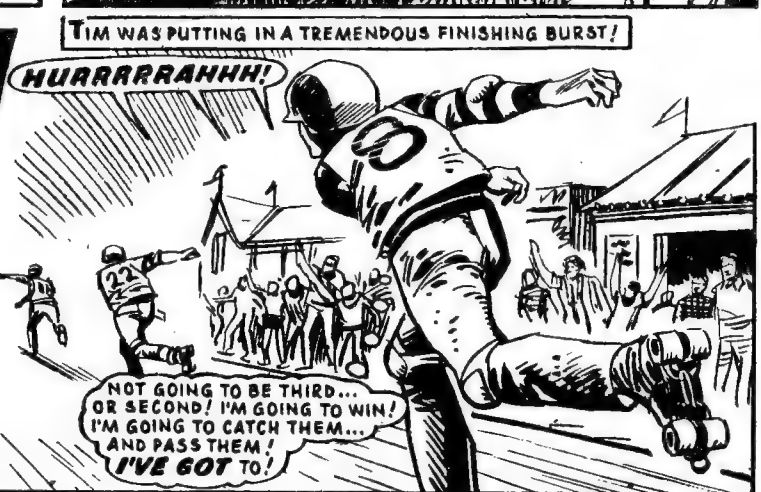
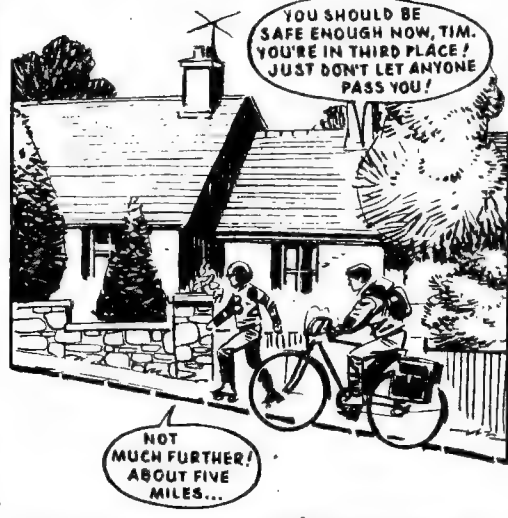
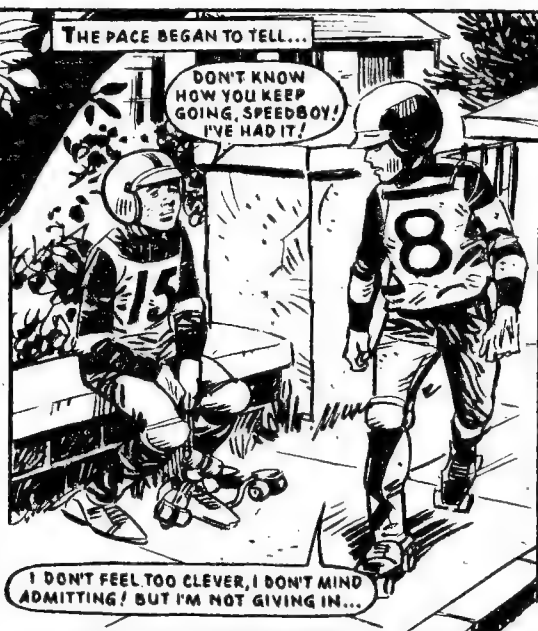
The much-needed prize-money spurred Speedboy on!



TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE WANTED TO BE FIRST... AND HE WANTED TO BE FAST. HE ENTERED A HUNDRED-MILE ROLLER-SKATING MARATHON WHICH HAD A FIRST PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. THE RACE WAS IN FOUR TWENTY-FIVE MILE STAGES AND TIM WAS WELL UP WITH THE LEADING TIMES AT THE START OF THE FOURTH AND FINAL STAGE...







Look out for Part 3 of our **ROCKET MISSILES** Poster in next week's **SPEED!**



Speedboy and his two rivals raced hard for the finishing line!

# SPEED BOY

TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE WANTED TO BE FIRST...AND HE WANTED TO BE FAST! HE ENTERED A HUNDRED-MILE ROLLER-SKATING MARATHON RACE WHICH HAD A FIRST PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS. TWO HUNDRED METRES FROM THE FINISH, TIM CHALLENGED FOR THE LEAD!

LOOK AT NUMBER EIGHT—HE'S COME FROM NOWHERE TO CHALLENGE FOR THE LEAD!

HE'S GOING TO OVER-TAKE THEM! HE'S GOING TO WIN!

SKATING MARATHON FINISH

IT'S GOING TO BE A THREE-WAY DEAD-HEAT!

I- I'VE CAUGHT THEM! NOW...TO GET IN FRONT!

BUT...  
OHHHHHHH!  
HE'S DOWN!

POOR KID... HE WAS REALLY TRYING!

SKATING FINISH

GO ON, SON... YOU CAN DO IT!

GODD JOB I WAS WEARING KNEE-PADS!

COME ON, SON... DON'T SIT THERE... OR YOU'LL LOSE THIRD PLACE!

AT THE PRESENTATION, TIM WAS JOINED BY HIS PAL, 'DOC' DAWLISH...

I SHOULD HAVE HAD THAT!

I'M PLEASED TO PRESENT THE CUP AND A CHEQUE FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO THE FIRST SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD... OR UNDER... COMPETITOR!

YEAH! HARD LUCK, WASN'T IT?

BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING FOR TIM...

FOR THE UNLUCKY LAD... WHO NEARLY WON... BUT FINISHED IN THIRD PLACE... WE HAVE DECIDED TO PRESENT HIM WITH A SPECIAL PRIZE OF TWENTY POUNDS!

HURRAHHH!

LATER...

FANCY GETTING WITHIN MILLIMETRES... AND THEN FALLING FLAT ON MY FACE!

DOC PUT HIS CYCLE IN THE GUARD'S VAN...

THE ONLY REASON I ENTERED THE RACE WAS TO WIN MONEY TO BUY SOME RACING LEATHERS FOR THE GO-KART RACE. I'LL HAVE TO TRY TO BUY SOME CHEAP SECOND-HAND GEAR NOW!

YOU'VE WON TWENTY POUNDS! IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING!

DON'T WASTE TOO MUCH TIME, ANYWAY! THE BOSHAM NOVICES KART RACE IS NEXT SATURDAY!



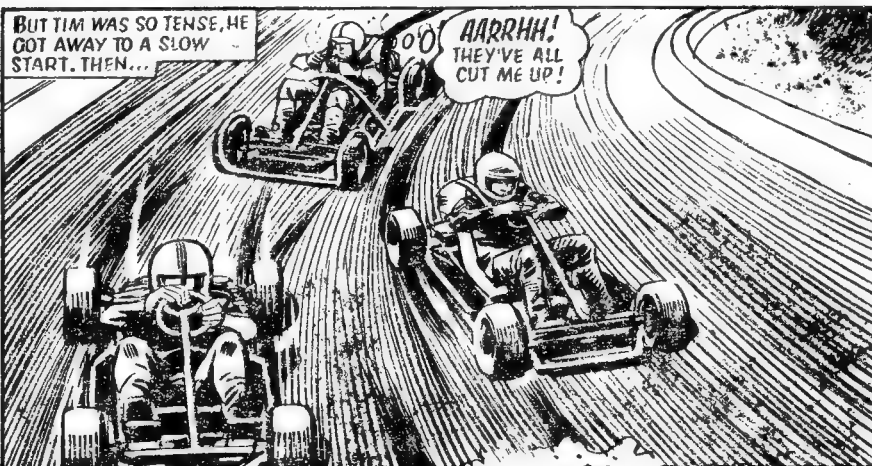
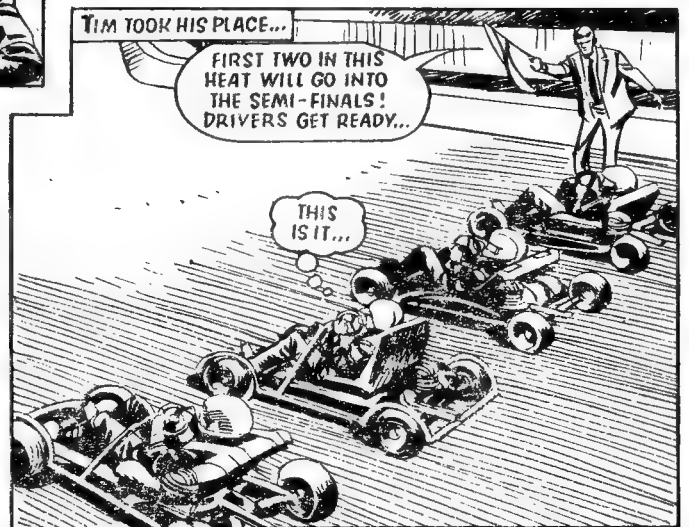


Don't miss the race... and the BIG news... in next week's super SPEED!

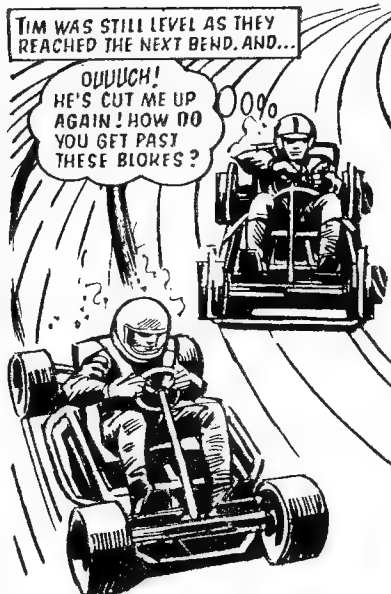
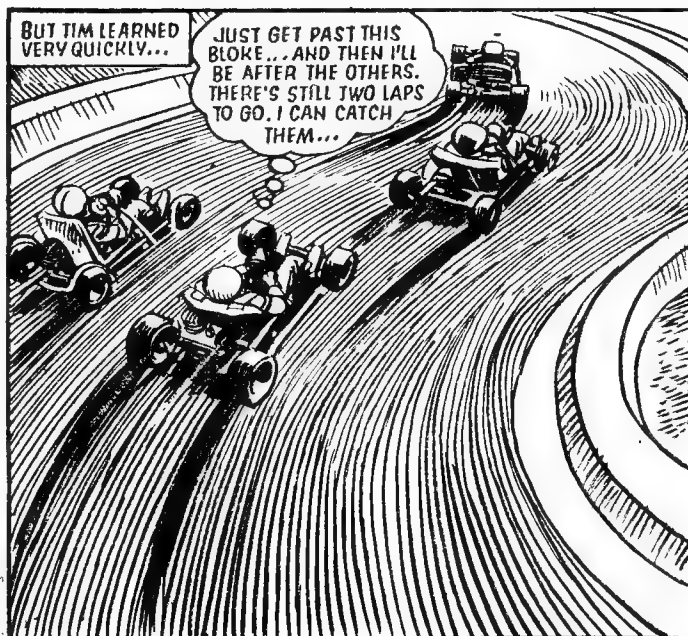


The big day had arrived for Tim, Doc and their go-kart!

# SPEED BOY







**Tim will be co-starring with Billy Dane in TIGER's super 'Billy's Boots' story!**





TIM BARLOW HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND! HE HAD TO BE **FIRST**... AND HE HAD TO BE **FAST**! AND HIS PAL, 'DOC' DAWLISH, HELPED HIM BY INVENTING VARIOUS GADGETS...



IT'S BETTER THAN **YOUR** SCOOTERS! THE BIG WHEELS MAKE IT GO **FASTER**!

DON'T SAY THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A **SCOOTER**!

AND I'M THE **SCOOTER TEST-PILOT**! I'VE ALREADY HAD A GO ON IT... AND IT'S **GREAT**!



BET I BEAT YOU DOWN THE HILL!

BET YOU **DON'T**, BARLOW!

GO ON, JIM... SHOW HIM HOW IT'S DONE! OLD BARLOW'S ALWAYS TRYING TO GO FASTER THAN ANYONE ELSE!



THREE-TWO-ONE... **GO**!

TIME ME, DOC... I'M GOING FOR THE **RECORD**!

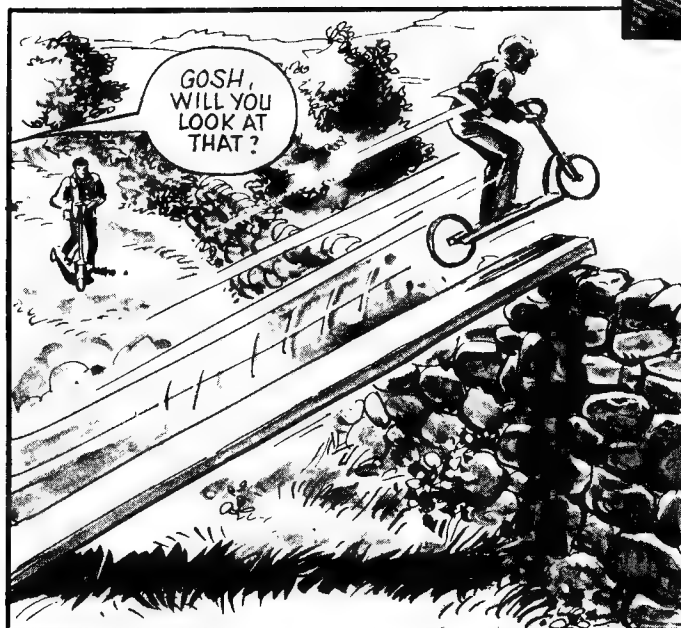
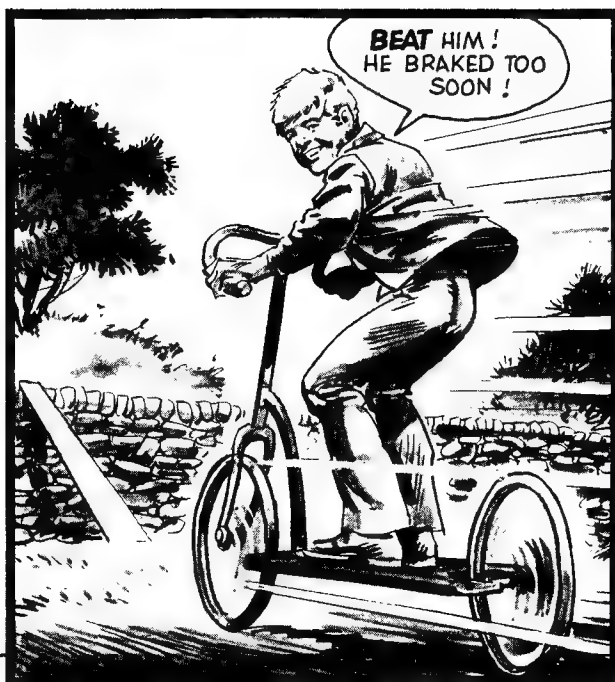


PHIEW! THEY'RE REALLY GOING **FAST**!

I HOPE THEY CAN PULL UP BEFORE THEY HIT THAT WALL AT THE **BOTTOM**!



AS THEY NEARED THE END OF THE RUN,  
TIM'S RIVAL BEGAN TO BRAKE ...

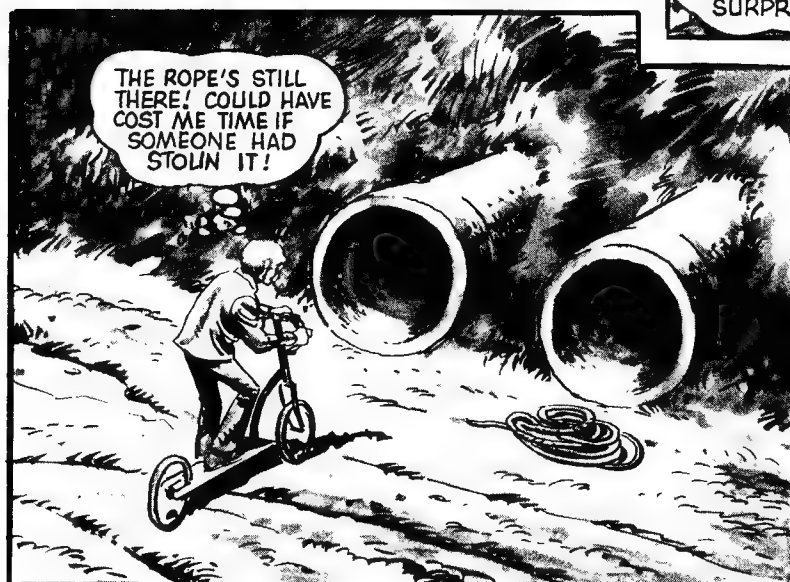


THEY ALL RAN  
TO THE WALL...

YOU ALL RIGHT,  
BARLOW?















I BET YOU COULD GO REALLY FAST ON THEM! THEY'D TEACH YOU HOW TO USE **PROPER** SKIS, ANYWAY!

MIGHT BE ABLE TO **MAKE** SOME IF WE COULD GET HOLD OF SOME OLD ROLLER SKATES!



AND THEN...

LOOK AT THAT! THERE SHOULDN'T BE SMOKE COMING FROM A **BARN**, SHOULD THERE?

THOSE **BARN**S ARE FULL OF HAY!



THEY DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE ...

IT'S ON **FIRE**!

RAISE THE **ALARM**!



THEY RODE TO THE FARM-HOUSE ...

YOUR **BARN**'S ON FIRE, MISTER DUDLEY. SMOKING LIKE ANY-THING!

PHONE THE FIRE BRIGADE!

**FIRE**? DARN IT... JUST WHEN MY PHONE'S OUT OF ACTION. THE WIRES CAME DOWN LAST NIGHT IN THE WIND!



IT'LL TAKE ME TWENTY MINUTES BY THE TIME I'VE GOT MY CAR OUT AND DRIVEN DOWN TO TOWN!

I'LL GO! I CAN GET THERE MUCH FASTER THAN THAT!



TIM WENT BY HIS SECRET ROUTE ...

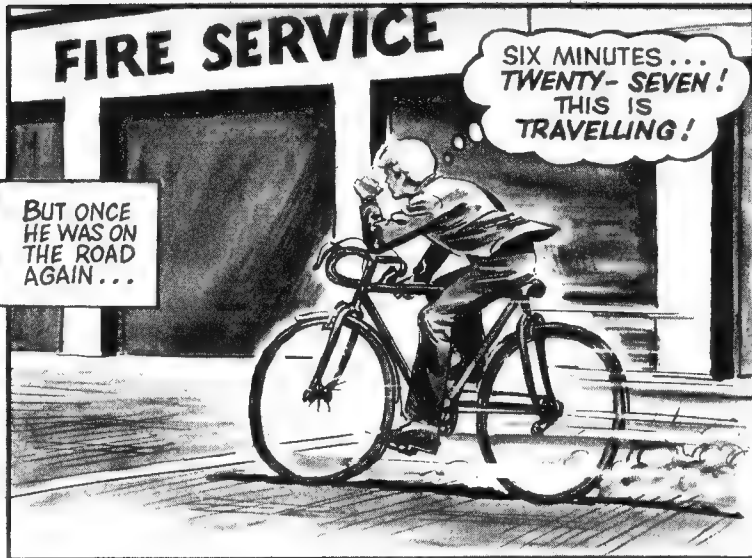
HECK, THIS IS GOING TO BE A REAL RECORD! I'M HERE OVER HALF A MINUTE **FASTER** THAN I DID IT ON THE **SCOOTER**!





THROUGH  
THE PIPE...

THIS TAKES A BIT  
LONGER! DON'T WANT  
TO BUST THE BIKE...



BUT ONCE  
HE WAS ON  
THE ROAD  
AGAIN...

SIX MINUTES...  
TWENTY-SEVEN!  
THIS IS  
TRAVELLING!



HE RAISED THE ALARM...

CAN I COME?  
I CAN SHOW  
YOU EXACTLY  
WHICH BARN  
IT IS!

OKAY,  
SON...  
JUMP  
IN!



TIM HAD NEVER  
TRAVELLED FASTER...

IF I HAD A BELL  
LIKE THIS ON MY BIKE  
IT'D MAKE **EVERYONE**  
GET OUT OF THE WAY, ALL  
RIGHT! MUST SAVE  
MINUTES EVERY  
JOURNEY!



AND... I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT  
THERE SO QUICKLY, SON...  
BUT YOU'VE SAVED AT LEAST  
HALF MY HAY!

WELL,  
I KNEW A  
SECRET WAY...



AND, LATER...

SEE? BEING FAST  
COMES IN USEFUL  
SOMETIMES!

A FIVER! DON'T  
FORGET... HALF  
EACH... WE'RE  
PALS!

THE  
END





# SPEEDBOY



YOUNG TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND... HE WANTED TO BE **FIRST** AND HE WANTED TO BE **FAST!** WHILE ON HOLIDAY WITH HIS PARENTS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT, TIM WAS THRILLED WHEN THEY HAD THE CHANCE TO WATCH POWERBOAT RACING ON ONE OF THE LAKES...

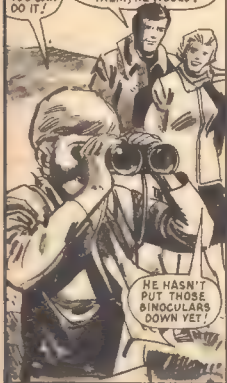
AND IN THE LEAD IS BRITAIN'S VERY OWN GARY OAKES. LOOK AT HIM HIT THOSE WAVES, FOLKS!



TIM'S PARENTS KNEW THE RACE WAS, SO FAR, THE HIGHLIGHT OF THEIR SON'S HOLIDAY...

GO ON, GARY... YOU CAN DO IT!

I THINK IF TIM COULD GET IN THE BOATS WITH THEM, HE WOULD!



HE HASN'T PUT THOSE BINOCULARS DOWN YET!

BUT, THEN...

HEY, YOU! OUT OF THE FLAMING WAY AND LET US GET OUR BOAT INTO THE WATER!

EH?

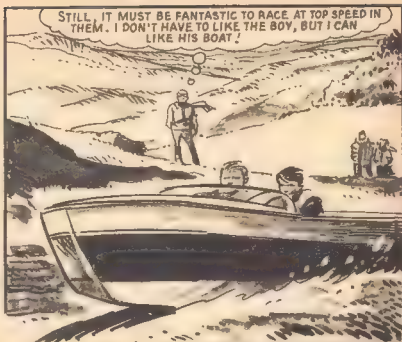
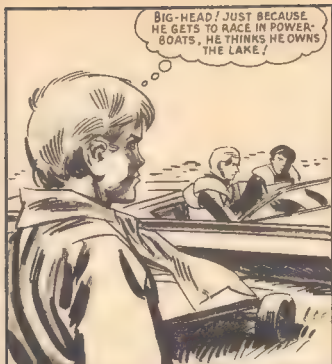


THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH SPECTATORS, THEY TAKE OVER THE EVENT!

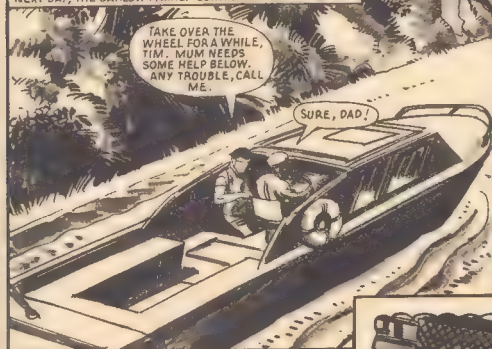
OKAY, JOHNNIE. YOU'VE MADE YOUR POINT!





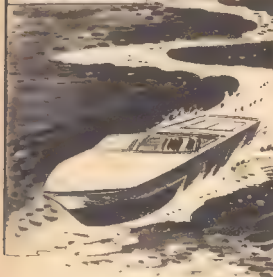


NEXT DAY, THE BARLOW FAMILY CONTINUED THEIR HOLIDAY...





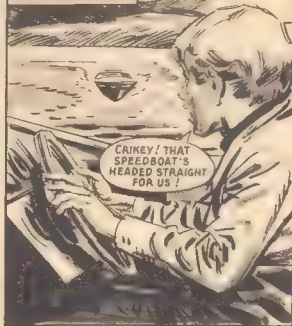
BUT WHEN HE DREAMT OF SPEED, AHEAD OF THE BARROWS CRAFT A REAL LIFE DRAMA WAS TAKING PLACE. IT WAS AN OUT OF CONTROL SPEEDBOAT.



...WITH AN UNCONSCIOUS MAN SLUMPED OVER THE WHEEL.

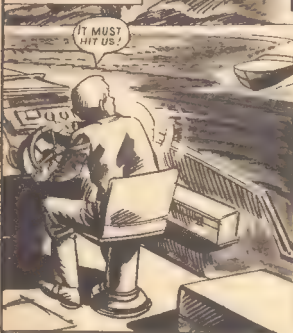


AND THE ROAR OF THE OVER-REVVING SPEEDBOAT JERKED HIM BACK FROM HIS DREAM WORLD.

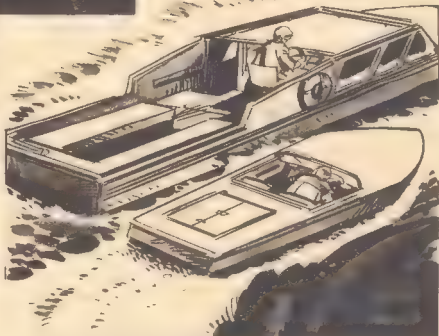


CRUIKEY! THAT SPEEDBOAT'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR US!

DESPERATELY, TIM PULLED THE WHEEL HARD OVER...



IT MUST HIT US!

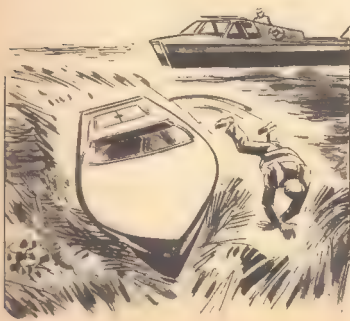


TIM LEAPT INTO THE SPEEDBOAT AND SWITCHED OFF ITS ENGINE...

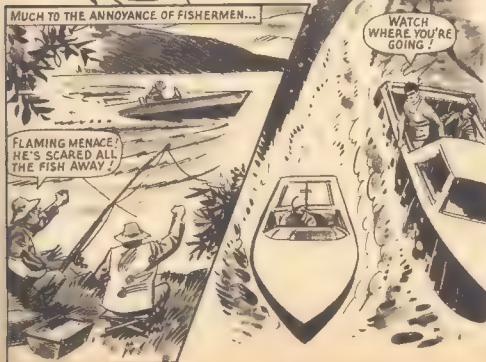
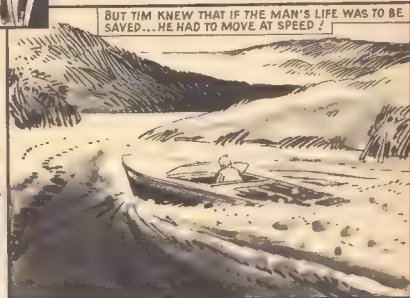


TIM... WHAT HAPPENED? ARE YOU OKAY?

I'M FINE... BUT THAT POOR MAN ISN'T. HE WAS THROWN OUT WHEN THE SPEEDBOAT MOUNTED THE BANK!











BUT...

HEY...THAT'S MY FATHER'S SPEED-BOAT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN IT?

CRUIKEY—IT'S THE BOY WHO WAS RUDE TO ME AT THE POWERBOAT RACE YESTERDAY. HIS FATHER MUST OWN THIS INN!



I'M SORRY BUT YOUR DAD'S IN A BAD WAY. I HAVE TO CALL AN AMBULANCE FOR HIM...

YOU'RE A LIAR! YOU'RE TRYING TO COVER UP FOR THE FACT THAT YOU STOLE THE BOAT!



I'M SORRY BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO STAND AROUND ARGUING. IS THERE A PHONE SOMEWHERE?

OH, NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT GETTING AWAY FROM ME THAT EASILY!



I'M THE ONE WHO'LL MAKE THE PHONE CALL...AND IT'LL BE TO THE POLICE!

THIS—THIS IS CRAZY!



TIM MANAGED TO SCRAMBLE FREE...

GET AWAY FROM ME! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO HELP YOUR FATHER?

AAAAHH...



...AAAAIEEEEE!

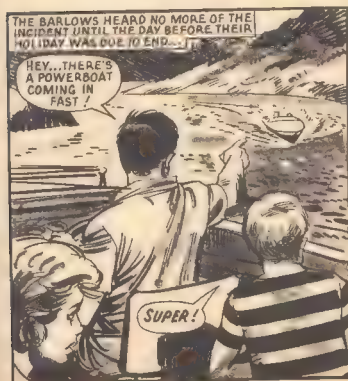
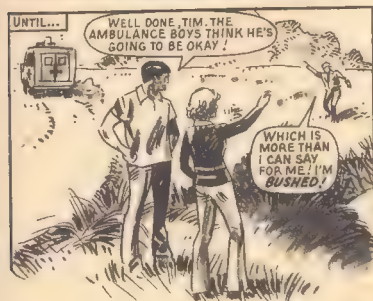
I'M SORRY —BUT IT WAS NECESSARY!



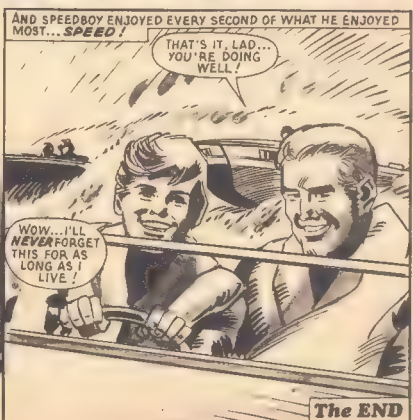
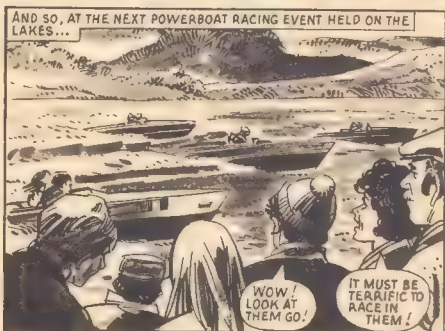
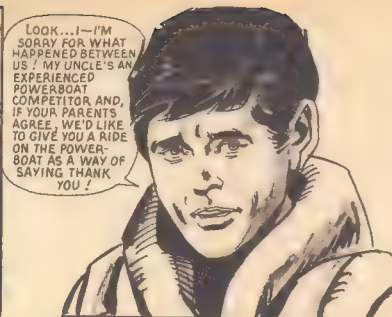
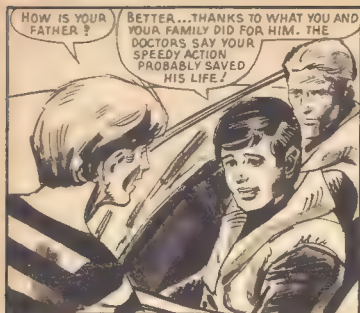
TIM QUICKLY FOUND A TELEPHONE BOX...

PLEASE SEND AN AMBULANCE AS FAST AS YOU CAN...









The END





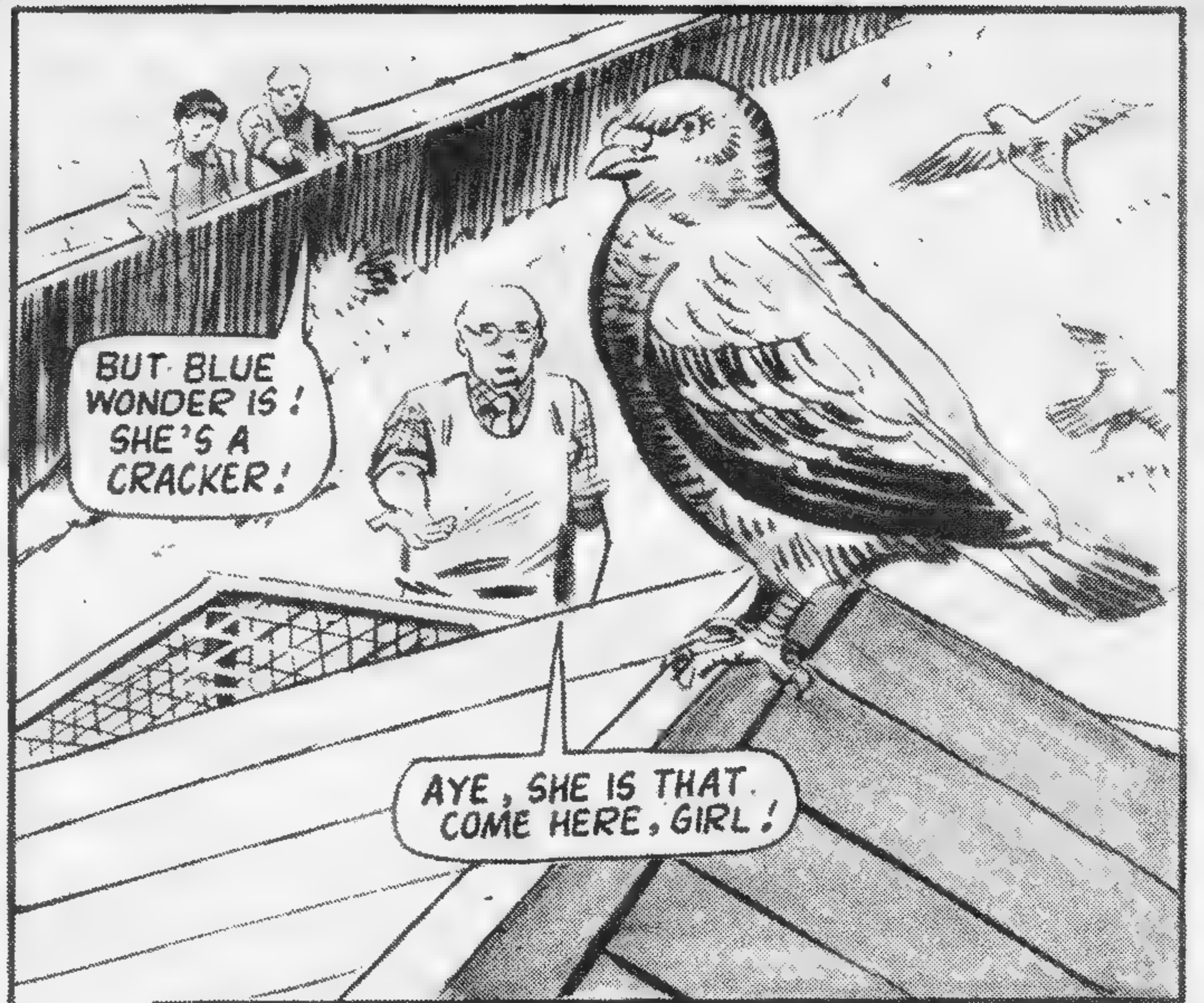
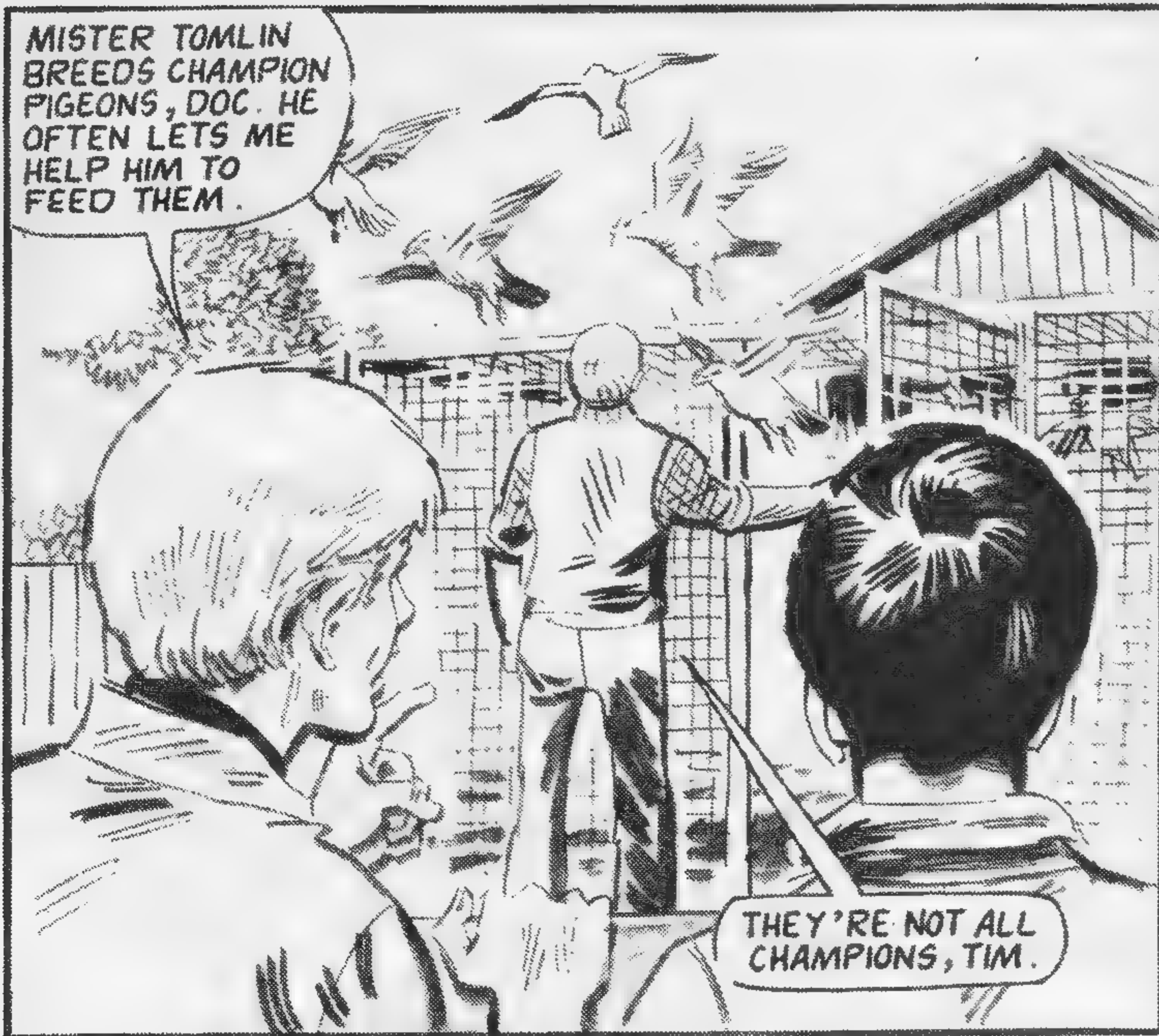
YOUNG TIM BARLOW ALWAYS HAD SPEED ON HIS MIND. HE HAD TO BE FAST AND HE HAD TO BE FIRST. IN THE GARDEN AT HIS HOME, TIM AND HIS PAL, 'DOC' DAWLISH, WERE TESTING OUT A REMOTE-CONTROLLED PLANE DOC HAD MADE ...



JUST THEN, OLD MR. TOMLIN FROM NEXT DOOR, SPOKE TO THE LADS ...













AS THE BIRDS CIRCLED TO GET THEIR BEARINGS, TIM BEGAN HIS RACE HOME...



THANKS FOR GIVING ME A LIFT, MISTER!

AT THE STATION...



CRUIKEY...THE INTER-CITY TRAIN'S IN ALREADY! IF I MISS IT I'M SUNK BEFORE I EVEN START.



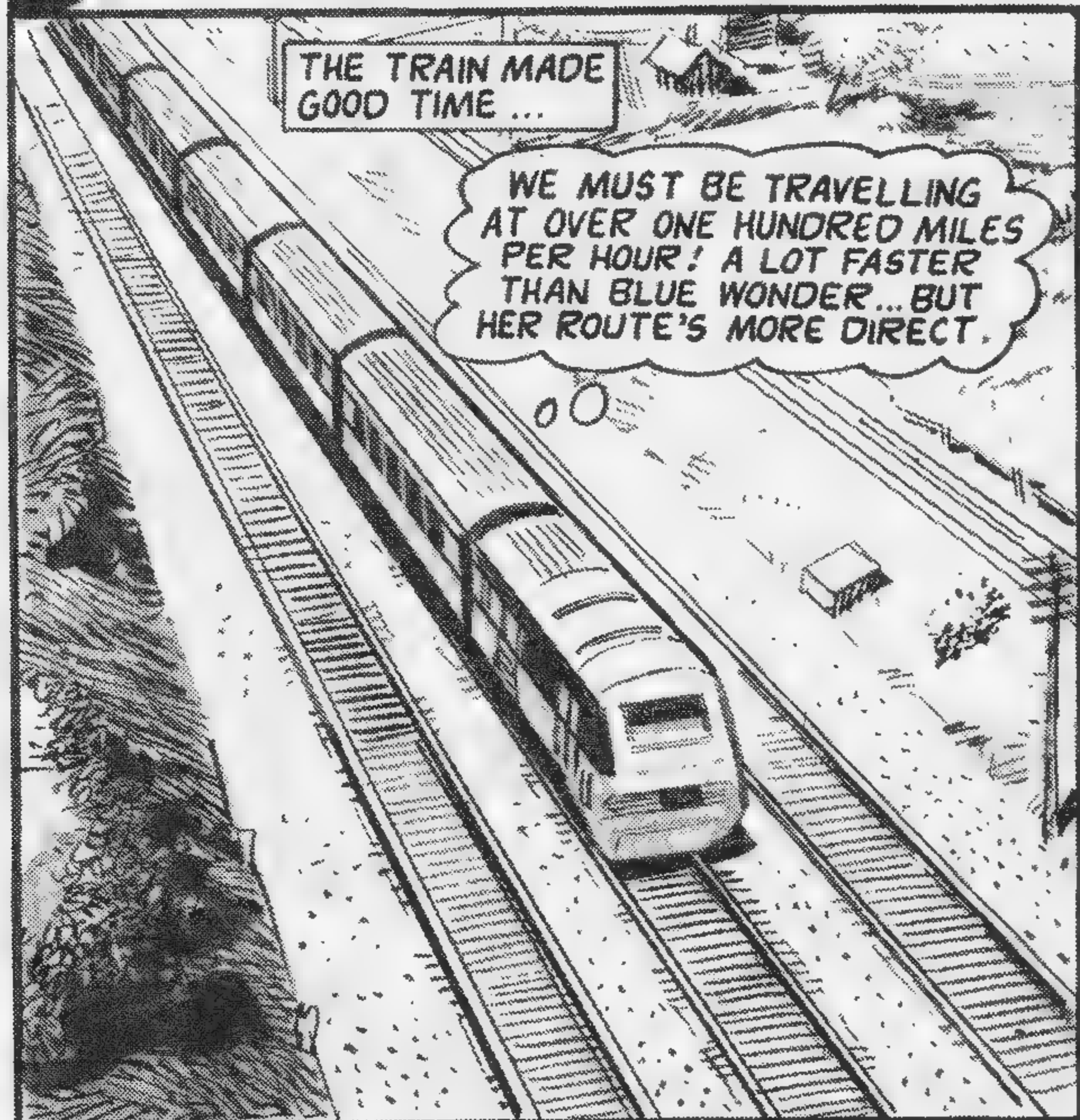
DON'T LET HER GO YET... PLEASE!

MOVE YOURSELF THEN, YOUNG MAN!



IF YOU MISS THIS, THERE'S NOT ANOTHER FOR THREE HOURS.

DON'T WORRY... I RECKON I KNOW THE TIME-TABLE BETTER THAN YOU. THANKS A LOT!



THE TRAIN MADE GOOD TIME...

WE MUST BE TRAVELLING AT OVER ONE HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR! A LOT FASTER THAN BLUE WONDER... BUT HER ROUTE'S MORE DIRECT.



THE TRAIN WAS BANG ON TIME...

LAP ONE COMPLETED! NOW I HAVE TO GET ACROSS TOWN TO THE STATION THAT LEADS TO HOME!



BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE TAXI AVAILABLE...



QUEEN'S CROSS STATION PLEASE, MY MAN!

EXCUSE ME, LADY... BUT WOULD YOU MIND SHARING YOUR TAXI WITH ME? I HAVE TO GET TO THE SAME STATION AS YOU, AND I'M IN A TEARING HURRY.



I DON'T MIND ONE LITTLE BIT, YOUNG MAN. HURRY UP AND GET IN!

TIM EXPLAINED THE REASON FOR HIS HURRY AS THE TAXI MADE ITS WAY ACROSS TOWN...

MY, WHAT EXCITING LIVES YOU YOUNGSTERS LEAD! I WISH YOU LUCK IN YOUR... ER... RACE!



THANK YOU. BUT THIS TRAFFIC COULD RUIN EVERYTHING!

BUT TIM STILL HAD TWO MINUTES TO SPARE WHEN THE TAXI ARRIVED AT HIS STATION...



OFF YOU GO, YOUNG MAN... I'LL PAY FOR THE TAXI. AND GOOD LUCK!

SMASHING! THANKS A MILLION!

AND...



THE FINAL LAP OF THE JOURNEY! COME ON, TRAIN... DON'T LET ME DOWN NOW!

THE TRAIN DIDN'T!



IT'S QUICKER TO RUN FROM THE STATION TO HOME. PHEW... I'M EXHAUSTED!

MADE IT! AND LET'S HOPE BLUE WONDER HAS, TOO!







A WEEK LATER, MR. TOMLIN ARRIVED HOME FROM HOSPITAL...





New story No. 3... Here comes the strangest super hero of them all...

B.I.F.T.A. (BRITISH INSTITUTE FOR TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE), WAS THE MOST MODERN AND SECRET RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT IN THE COUNTRY. MANY TOP SCIENTIFIC BRAINS WORKED THERE.

# SUPERSMITH

WITHIN ITS CONFINES EVERY EMPLOYEE HAD BEEN TRAINED TO THE HIGHEST PITCH OF SPEED AND EFFICIENCY

EXCEPT ONE! JUNIOR ODD JOB MAN WALTER GABRIEL SMITH!

YOU'RE LATE AGAIN, SMITHY!  
THIS TEA IS STONE-COLD!

AND I CERTAINLY  
CAN'T DRINK OUT  
OF A MUG LIKE  
THAT!

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE  
- AS A NATURAL LEFT-  
HANDER, I CAN ONLY DRINK  
FROM A LEFT-HANDLED MUG!

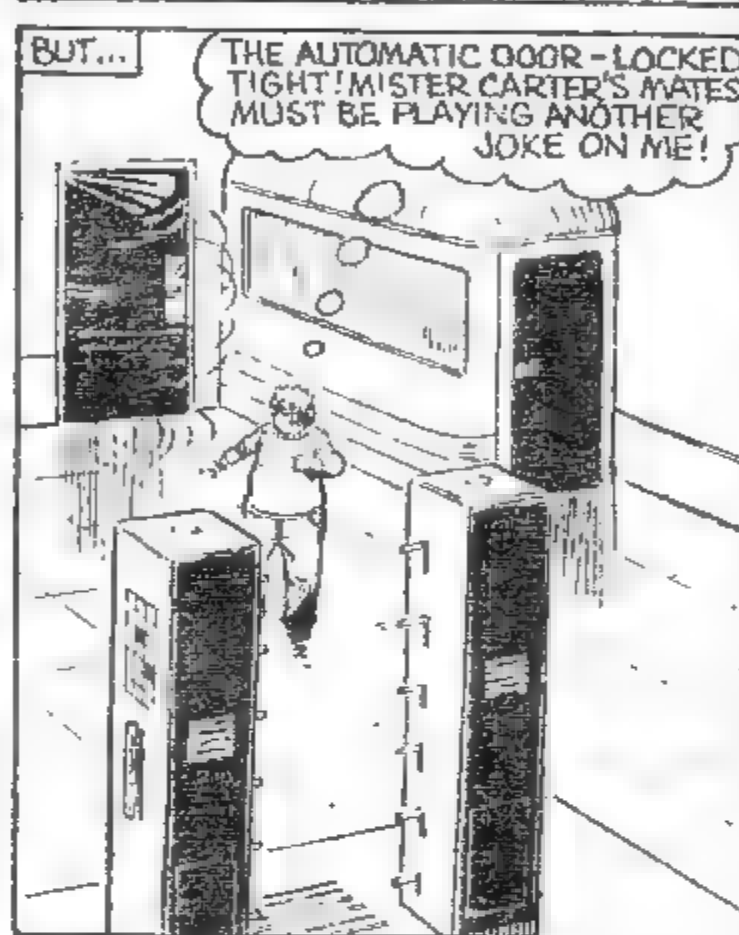
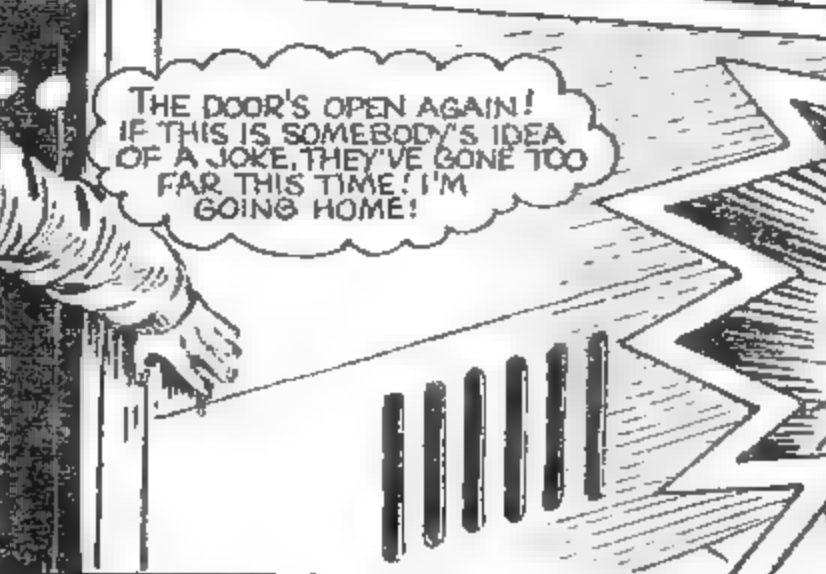
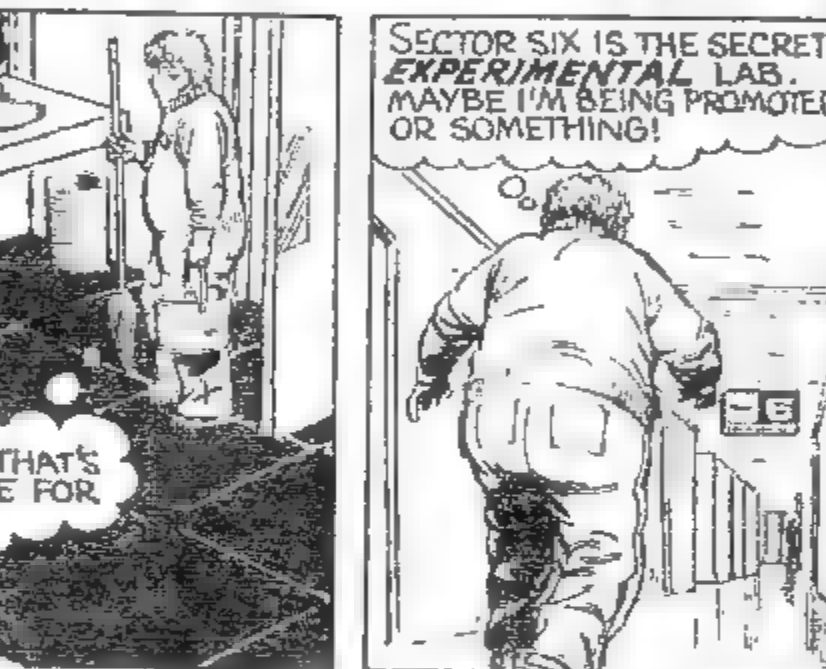
COO, AND I'VE  
GIVEN YOU A RIGHT-  
HANDLED ONE! SORRY,  
MISTER MORGAN, I'LL  
CHANGE IT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





CHEERFULLY, WALTER TRUNDLED ON TO HIS NEXT TASK - SWABBING OUT THE MEN'S CLOAKROOM - BUT...





A CAPTIVE FLOOD OF ENERGY SEEMED TO BURST FREE IN THE BOY'S BRAIN! HIS TISSUES GLOWED. EVERY MUSCLE THROBBED WITH A STRANGE NEW POWER.

AND...

M-MY BODY! IT'S DIFFERENT... IT'S **CHANGED!**

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, WALTER GABRIEL SMITH KNEW THE SENSATION OF **SPEED!**

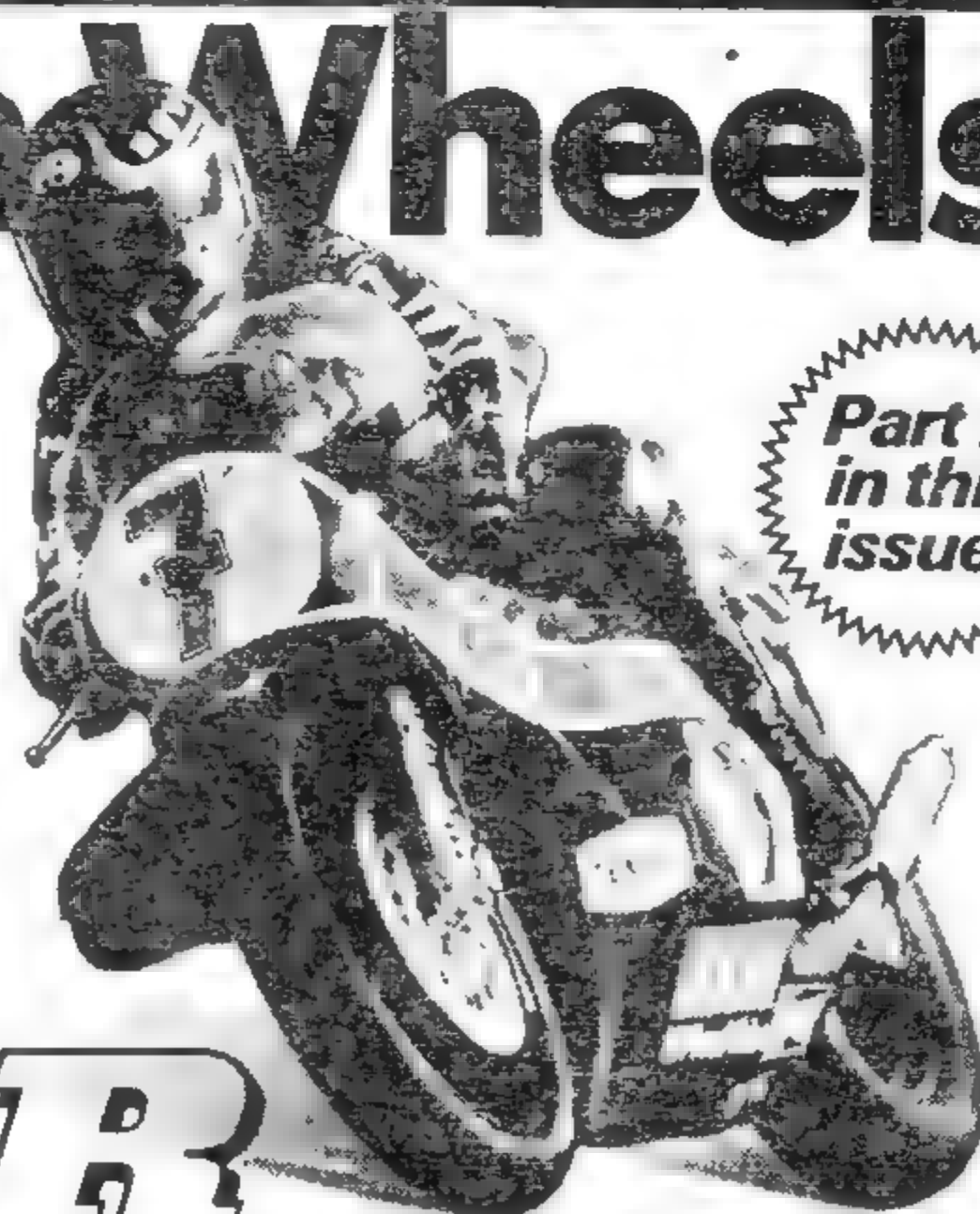
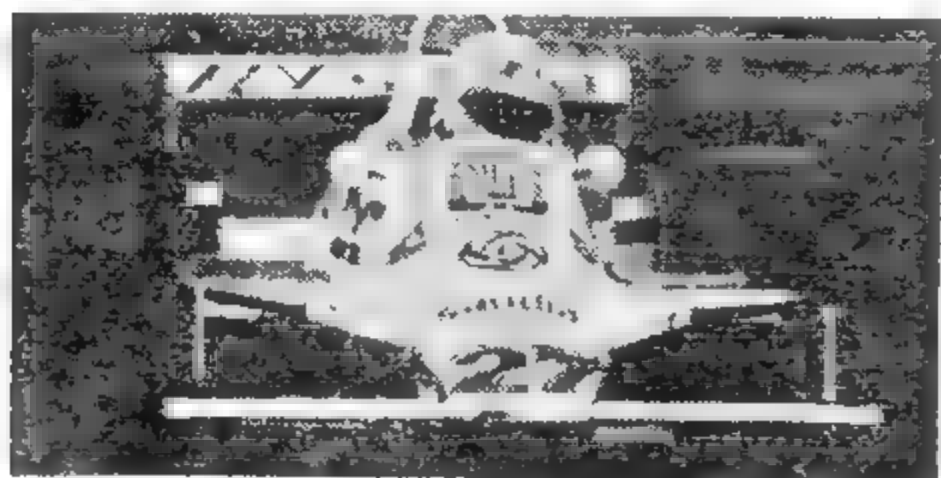
WITHOUT KNOWING WHY, HE BEGAN TO RUN - **FASTER THAN ANY TEENAGER HAD EVER RUN BEFORE!**

*What has happened to Walter? Read on in the next instalment!*

**YOU'LL NEED ALL THE SPEED YOU'VE GOT FOR-**

# 'Stars on Wheels'

There'll be a stampede for this one! A 24-page Tiger pull-out picture-smasher, packed with top stars of motor racing, speedway, moto-cross, cycling, motorcycling...sports on wheels that get you revving in top gear every time you see the exciting stars in action. And those stars include, Alan Jones, Barry Sheene, Jody Scheckter, Kenny Roberts, Ivan Mauger, Nelson Piquet! Only 4 more parts to come after this instalment — put your foot down for them!



**Part 2  
in this  
issue!**

# TIGER

Out Monday, August 18th. 14p



Walter ran one hundred metres in an astonishing six seconds!

# SUPERSMITH

AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTE FOR TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE, FAT, ODD-JOB LAD, WALTER GABRIEL SMITH, HAD BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY SOAKED IN AN EXPERIMENTAL STEROID SPRAY — **WITH AMAZING RESULTS!**

M-MY BODY'S DIFFERENT...  
**IT'S CHANGED.**  
ALL I WANT TO DO IS RUN — **FASTER AND FASTER!**

THE MAIN CORRIDOR OF THE RESEARCH BUILDINGS WAS A HUNDRED METRES LONG...

WALTER GABRIEL SMITH COVERED THE DISTANCE IN SIX SECONDS DEAD!

MEANWHILE, AT THE FRONT GATES...

'NIGHT, MISTER JONES...  
'NIGHT, MISTER CARTER!  
HAVE A SAFE JOURNEY HO...

A-AAGH!

SOMEBODY RUNNING...  
**I THINK!**

STRENGTH!  
W-WHAT WAS THAT?





**There's more mind-blowing action with 'Supersmith' again next week!**



Walter told his amazing speed secret to his pal, Nick Carter!

# SUPERSMITH

AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTE FOR TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE, NEAR THE TOWN OF FARNDALE, AN AMAZING OCCURRENCE HAD JUST TAKEN PLACE. SOMETHING WHICH WAS TO HAVE AN UNCANNY EFFECT ON THE LIVES OF ODD-JOB LAD WALTER GABRIEL SMITH AND LABORATORY ASSISTANT NICK CARTER.

H-HULLO, MISTER CARTER... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'VE JUST DRIVEN FLAT-OUT FROM THE INSTITUTE, WALTER!

"...A FEW MINUTES AGO, SOMEBODY EXPLODED OUT OF THE MAIN GATES AND HEADED FOR TOWN LIKE A HUMAN MISSILE..."

HE CAME STREAKING IN HERE AT SIXTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR... SO YOU MUST HAVE SEEN HIM!

I-I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU THIS, MISTER CARTER... BUT THAT BLOKE WAS ME!

HAAAA-HA-HA-HA!  
HEE-HEE-HEE!  
YAAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

SORRY, WALTER, I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT YOU'VE ONLY GOT TWO SPEEDS-DEAD-SLOW AND STOP!

I'M TELLING THE TRUTH, MISTER CARTER, HONEST!

"...SOMEBODY LEFT A MESSAGE FOR ME THIS AFTERNOON TO REPORT TO SECTOR SIX..."

WALTER  
REPORT AT ONCE TO  
SECTOR 6. VERY  
IMPORTANT

"...WHEN I GOT THERE, I WAS SOAKED THROUGH AND THROUGH BY SOME WEIRD KIND OF SPRAY..."



BUT SECTOR SIX IS THE SECRET EXPERIMENTAL LAB, WALTER! IT'S ALWAYS KEPT LOCKED!

THEN SOME BLOKE MUST HAVE OPENED IT 'CAUSE I WAS DEFINITELY IN THERE!

ANYWAY, NOTHING HAPPENED FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES UNTIL I SWEETED!

THEN MY BODY SORT OF CHANGED AND I TOOK OFF LIKE AN OLYMPIC SPRINTER. I GOT HERE AN' THEN CHANGED BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT, WALTER! WE'LL GO BACK TO THE INSTITUTE AND CHECK UP ON SECTOR SIX!

THAT'S FINE BY ME! I'M PERFECTLY HAPPY AS A FAT ODD-JOB LAD. THE LAST THING I WANT TO BE IS SOME KIND O' FREAK!

BUT AS NICK DROVE OFF, A SLEEK BLACK CAR MOVED IN BEHIND HIM...

CARTER IS GETTING TOO CLOSE TO THE TRUTH. HE MUSTN'T REACH THE INSTITUTE UNTIL I'VE HAD TIME TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE OF MY WORK!

AND SO, SECONDS LATER...

MISTER CARTER, LOOK OUT! THAT CAR!

STUPID ROAD-HOG! WHAT THE...?

SUDDENLY, AS THE WALL COLLAPSED AND A CLOUD OF BRICK DUST BLOWED UP...

AAAA-TCHOPP!

ONCE AGAIN, A CAPTIVE FLOOD OF ENERGY SEEMED TO EXPLODE IN WALTER'S BRAIN, AND...

GRAMAGH!

NEXT SECOND, WALTER GABRIEL SUPERSMITH WAS REBORN!

IT-IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN. MY-MY BODY'S CHANGING!

THAT SHUNT WAS NO ACCIDENT, MISTER CARTER! WHOEVER RAMMED YOUR CAR DID IT DELIBERATELY... AND I AIM TO FIND OUT WHY!

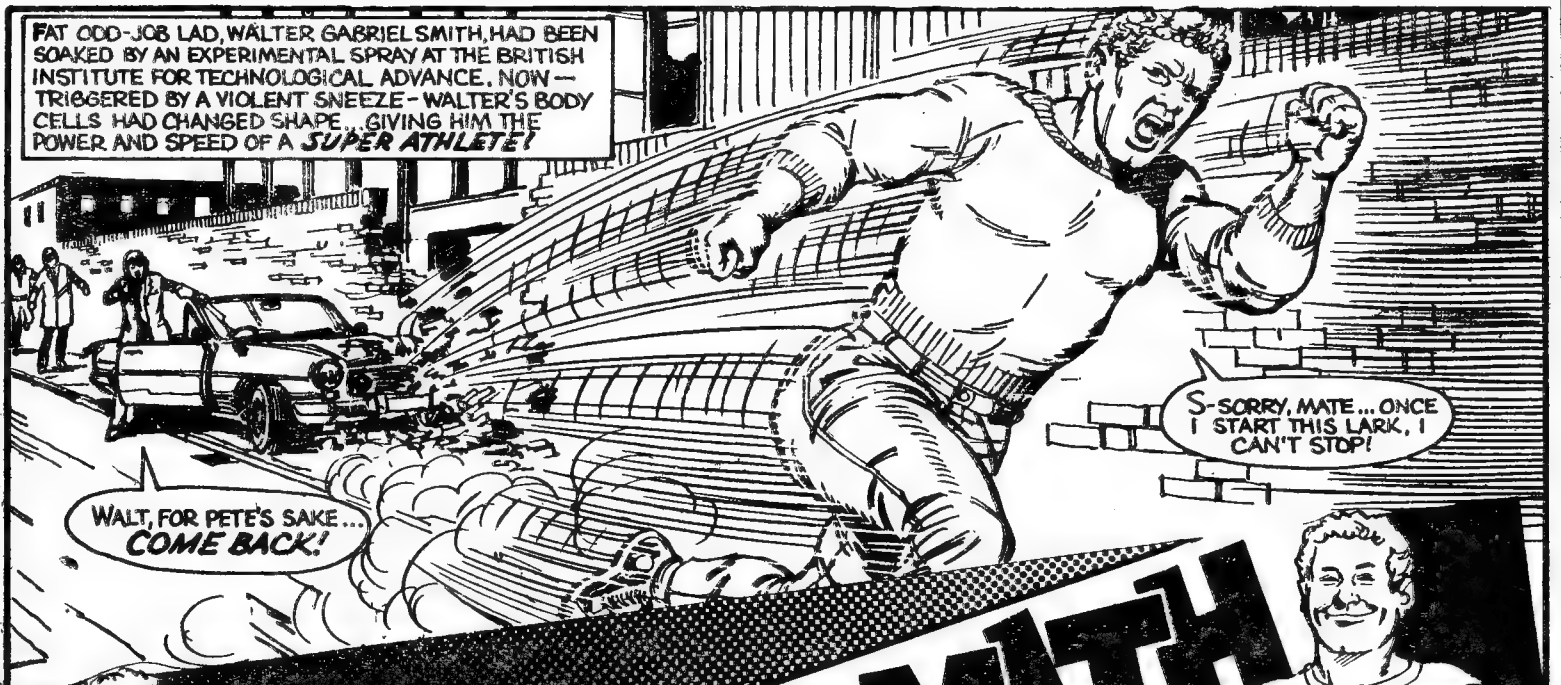
V-V-V-VOOOM!

The human missile continues his quest in the next issue!

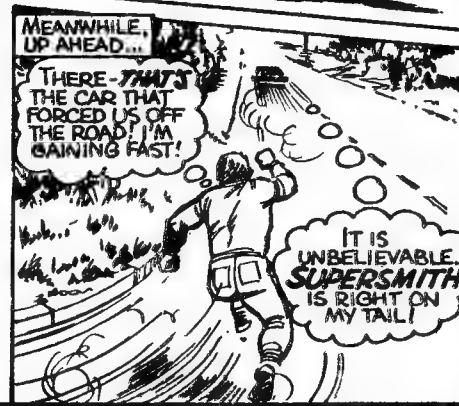
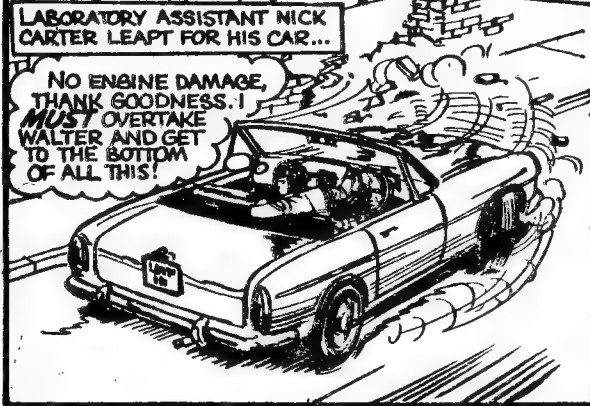
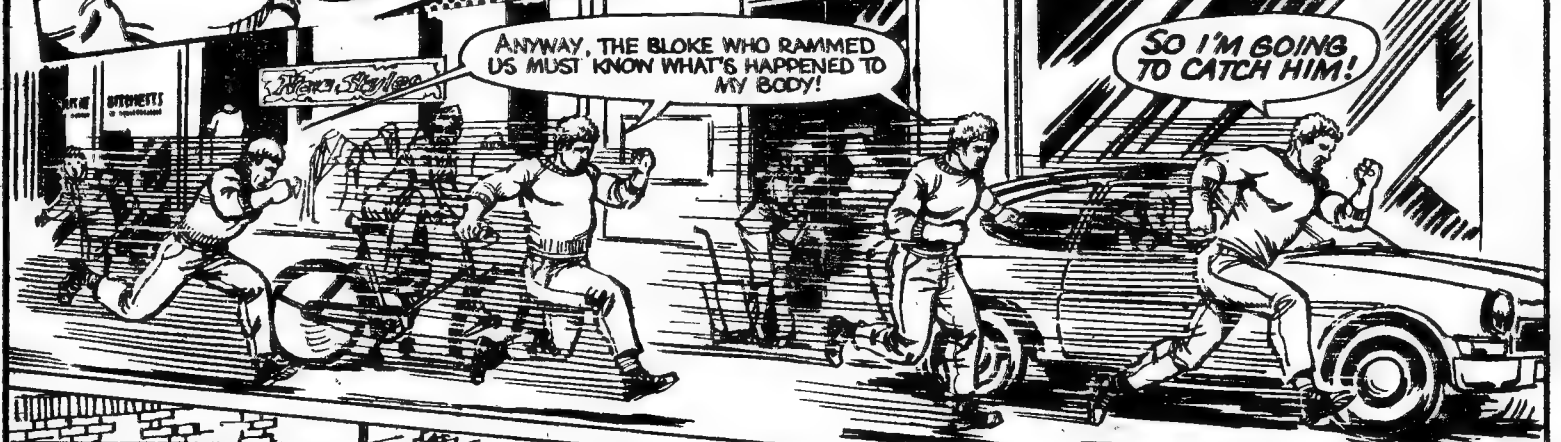


# Super-fast Walter chased after the escaping mystery man!

FAT ODD-JOB LAD, WALTER GABRIEL SMITH, HAD BEEN SOAKED BY AN EXPERIMENTAL SPRAY AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTE FOR TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE. NOW — TRIGGERED BY A VIOLENT SNEEZE — WALTER'S BODY CELLS HAD CHANGED SHAPE... GIVING HIM THE POWER AND SPEED OF A **SUPER ATHLETE!**



## SUPERSMITH



IF HE CATCHES ME NOW, MY SECRET WILL BE OUT! I'VE GOT TO SHAKE HIM OFF!





HAH, YOU CAN'T LOSE ME LIKE THAT, MATE...  
I'M GREASED LIGHTNING ON MY FEET!



ALMOST LEVEL! I'LL OPEN THE  
DRIVER'S DOOR AND YANK THE  
PERISHER OUT!



BUT, SUDDENLY...  
**PHUT!**

NAAA-UUGH!



CAN'T... CAN'T RUN  
ANY MORE... MY MUSCLES  
ARE GOING SLACK  
AND SLOPPY!

MINUTES  
LATER...



WALTER! WHAT  
HAPPENED DID YOU  
CATCH THE OTHER  
CAR?

NO! MY  
**SUPERPOWER** RAN  
OUT! JUST LIKE IT DID  
BEFORE... AFTER ABOUT  
FIVE MINUTES!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH  
ME, MISTER CARTER? WHY AM I A  
FAT ODD-JOB LAD ONE MINUTE, AND A  
SOUPED-UP SEBASTIAN COE THE NEXT?

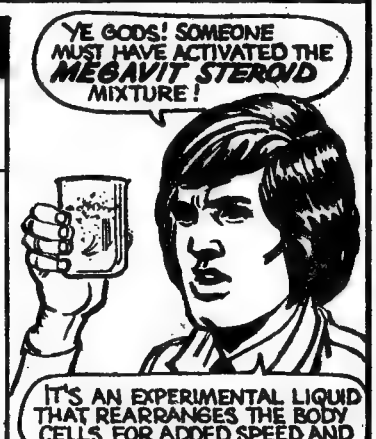
DON'T CRY, WALTER! WE'LL GO BACK TO  
THE INSTITUTE AND YOU CAN SHOW ME  
EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON!



SOON, IN THE SECRET  
EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY.

OKAY YOU SAID YOU  
WERE SOAKED IN SOME  
KIND OF CHEMICAL SPRAY!  
BETWEEN THOSE  
CABINETS?

YEH! ALL THEM NOZZLES STARTED SQUIRTING  
STUFF AT ME WHEN I WALKED BETWEEN THEM



YE GODS! SOMEONE  
MUST HAVE ACTIVATED THE  
**MEGAVIT STERIOD**  
MIXTURE!

IT'S AN EXPERIMENTAL LIQUID  
THAT REARRANGES THE BODY  
CELLS FOR ADDED SPEED AND  
STRENGTH!



IN SMALL QUANTITIES  
IT MERELY ACTS AS A  
GENERAL HEALTH TONIC,  
WALTER... BUT YOU'VE  
BEEN SUBJECTED TO  
A **MASSIVE**  
OVERDOSE!

Y-YOU MEAN THAT'S  
WHY I'VE BEEN BELTING  
ABOUT THE PLACE LIKE A  
HIGH-SPEED TRAIN?



YES! THE BODY-CHANGE IS  
TRIGGERED OFF EVERY TIME  
YOU SNEEZE... AND THE FULL  
EFFECT MUST LAST FOR  
FIVE MINUTES!

OKAY, THEN TELL ME THIS,  
MISTER CARTER! **WHO'S**  
**DONE IT TO ME?** AND  
**WHY?**

**Will Walter find the answers to his questions? Read on next week!**



# The mystery villain kidnapped Walter's Dad by mistake and ran off with him!

FAT ODD-JOB LAD WALTER GABRIEL SMITH HAD BEEN SOAKED BY AN EXPERIMENTAL SPRAY AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTE FOR TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE. NOW, WHENEVER HE SNEEZED, WALTER'S BODY CELLS CHANGED SHAPE TO GIVE HIM THE SPEED AND POWER OF A SUPER ATHLETE!

YOU HAVE TO HELP ME, MISTER CARTER! I DON'T WANT TO GO THROUGH LIFE AS HALF A HUMAN AND HALF A SPEED-FREAK!

FINDING AN ANTIDOTE WILL TAKE TIME, WALTER! I DON'T KNOW THE EXACT STEROID MIXTURE THAT WAS USED IN THE SPRAY!

LAB. ASSISTANT NICK CARTER WAS MORE WORRIED THAN HE CARED TO ADMIT!

THERE'S ALSO THE QUESTION WHO DID THIS TO YOU!

YEAH! IF IT'S SOME BLOKE'S IDEA OF A JOKE, I'M NOT LAUGHING!

# SUPERSMITH

DON'T WORRY, WALTER, I'LL GET TO THE TRUTH! YOU GO HOME... BUT DON'T BREATHE A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE!

NOT LIKELY! MY MUM AND DAD WOULD HAVE THE SCREAMING ABDADS IF THEY KNEW ABOUT IT!

I AM NOW EVERY TIME I SNEEZE! STRENGTH!

WALTER LIVED IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF FARNDALE. AND SOON...

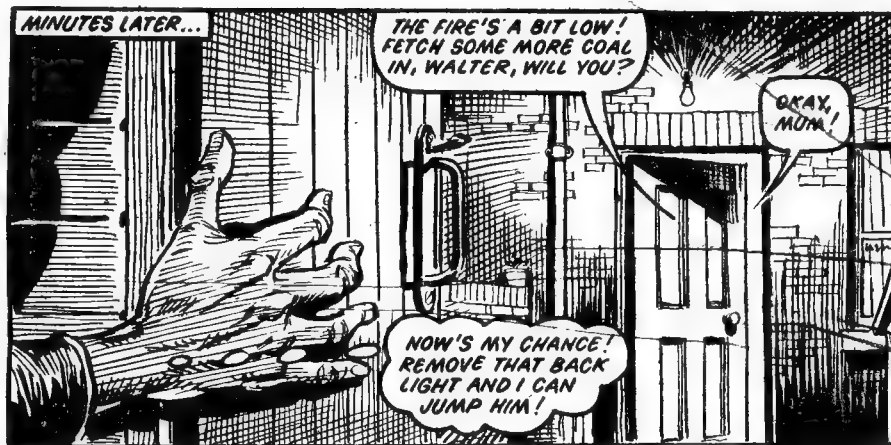
HI, MUM... DAD! SORRY I'M LATE!

I EXPECT THEY GAVE YOU SOME EXTRA WORK TO DO, EH, SON? YOU NEVER WERE A FAST MOVER!

MEANWHILE, KEEPING WATCH, WAS THE UNKNOWN VILLAIN WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR WALTER'S CONDITION!

I CAN WAIT NO LONGER! IF MY EXPERIMENTS ARE TO CONTINUE, I MUST SNATCH THE FAT OAF TONIGHT!





SECONDS LATER, AN INCREDIBLE FIGURE ROCKETED THROUGH THE BACK DOOR! WALTER GABRIEL SUPERSMITH HAD EXPLODED INTO ACTION!

**What will happen now? Read on in the next instalment of SUPERSMITH!**



**Super-fast Walter in hot pursuit of the villain who had kidnapped his father!**

AFTER BEING SOAKED BY AN EXPERIMENTAL SPRAY, THE BODY CELLS OF FAT ODD-JOB LAD WALTER GABRIEL SMITH COULD CHANGE SHAPE AND GIVE HIM THE POWER AND SPEED OF A SUPER ATHLETE EVERY TIME HE SNEEZED! NOW WALTER WAS CHASING THE UNKNOWN VILLAIN BEHIND IT ALL!

THAT PERISHER HAS JUST MADE HIS FIRST MISTAKE! HE'S GONE AND KIDNAPPED DAD INSTEAD OF ME!



# SUPERSMITH

MY SUPERPOWER LASTS FOR FIVE MINUTES AFTER EVERY SNEEZE! NOT LONG...

... BUT LONG ENOUGH TO NAIL THE KIDNAPPER AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS!



CURSES, IT'S THE BRAT'S FATHER!

OOO-UUUUH!



NO TIME TO REACH MY CAR! I'LL HAVE TO DELAY YOUNG SMITH AND ESCAPE ON FOOT!



UP AHEAD, THE VILLAIN WHIRLED IN DISMAY...

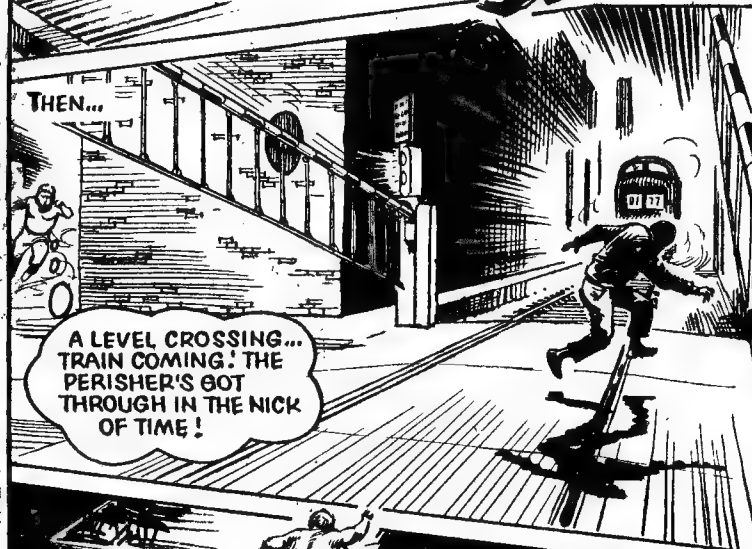
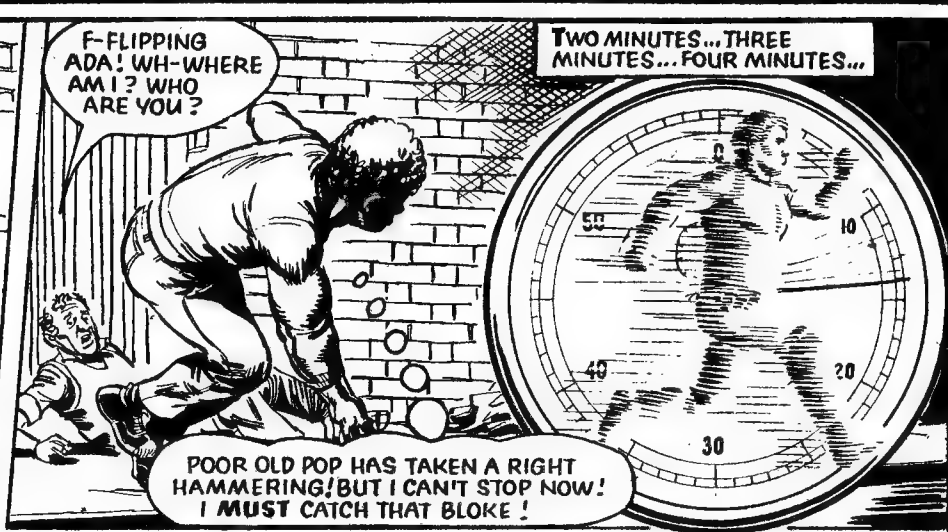


IT'S SUPERSMITH—CLOSING LIKE A ROCKET! IF I'VE MADE A MISTAKE, WHO THE BLAZES AM I CARRYING ON MY SHOULDER?



HERE, WHAT'S GOING ON? PUT ME DOWN!





\* EDITOR'S NOTE:  
NEVER TRY TO COPY  
ANY STUNT PERFORMED  
BY ANY CHARACTER  
IN SPEED WEEKLY.

**Your ROCKET MISSILES Poster explodes into this paper next week!**



## It was a smelly crash-landing for the amazing Supersmith!

SOAKED BY AN EXPERIMENTAL SPRAY, THE BODY CELLS OF FAT ODD-JOB LAD WALTER GABRIEL SMITH COULD CHANGE SHAPE AND GIVE HIM THE POWER AND SPEED OF A SUPER ATHLETE EVERY TIME HE SNEEZED. BUT ONLY FOR FIVE MINUTES. NOW, WHILE WALTER WAS CHASING THE UNKNOWN VILLAIN BEHIND IT ALL...



WAAAH, MY FIVE MINUTES ARE UP—I'M BACK TO NORMAL! ONLY HOPE OF A SOFT LANDING IS TO TWIST ME BODY SIDWAYS, AND...

STOP

# SUPERSMITH

GAARRUUMFFAA!

PHEW, IT'S PRETTY SMELLY IN HERE. BUT AT LEAST I'M NOT LYING SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE ROAD!

THAT BLOKE I WAS CHASING HAS LONG GONE! ALL I CAN DO NOW IS TELL NICK CARTER WHAT HAPPENED!

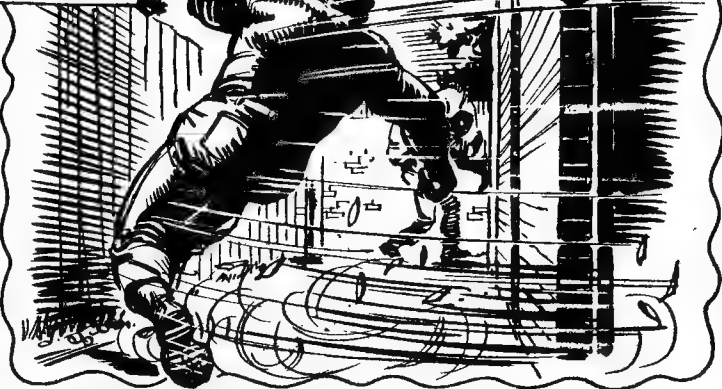
NICK WAS THE YOUNG LAB ASSISTANT TRYING TO FIND AN ANTIDOTE FOR WALTER'S CONDITION / AND SOON...

CRAZY! YOU MEAN THE VILLAIN WE'RE AFTER ACTUALLY ATTACKED YOU AT HOME?

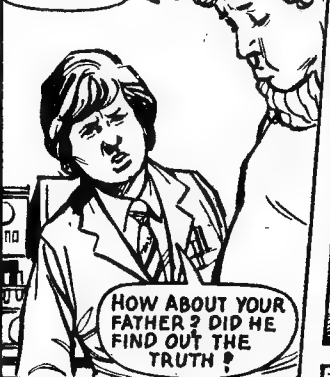
YEAH, THE BLOKE TRIED TO KIDNAP ME, BUT HE SNATCHED MY DAD BY MISTAKE!



"...SO I MADE MYSELF SNEEZE AND TOOK OFF AFTER THE PERISHER..."

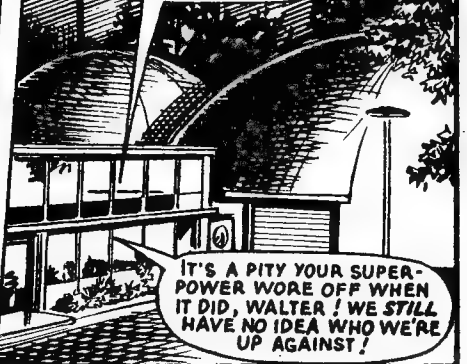


I ONLY LOST HIM WHEN MY SUPER-POWER WORE OFF AT THE LEVEL CROSSING!



HOW ABOUT YOUR FATHER? DID HE FIND OUT THE TRUTH?

NO...IT ALL HAPPENED TOO FAST! WHEN THE VILLAIN SAW ME COMING, HE DROPPED POP LIKE A SACK OF SPUDS!



IT'S A PITY YOUR SUPER-POWER WORE OFF WHEN IT DID, WALTER! WE STILL HAVE NO IDEA WHO WE'RE UP AGAINST!

WAONG, MISTER CARTER! THE VILLAIN ABANDONED HIS CAR NEAR OUR HOUSE...AND I SAW THE NUMER!

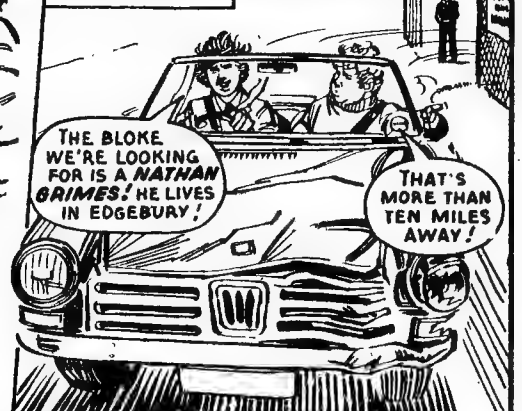


GOOD ON YOU, WALTER! YOU HAVE GOT SOME BRAINS AFTER ALL!

OF COURSE I HAVE BRAINS! I'M NOT COMPLETELY STUPID...AM I?

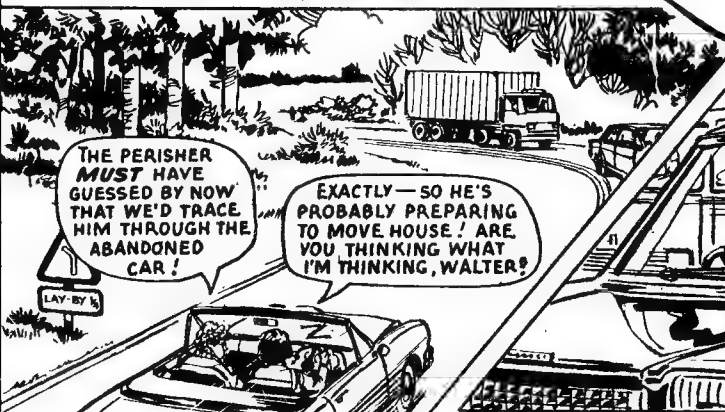


THROUGH THE NUMBER OF THE CAR, ITS OWNER WAS QUICKLY IDENTIFIED! AND, NEXT MORNING...



THE BLOKE WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS A NATHAN GRIMES! HE LIVES IN EDGEBURY!

THAT'S MORE THAN TEN MILES AWAY!



THE PERISHER MUST HAVE GUESSED BY NOW THAT WE'D TRACE HIM THROUGH THE ABANDONED CAR!

EXACTLY—SO HE'S PROBABLY PREPARING TO MOVE HOUSE! ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, WALTER?

YEAH! IF I USE ME SUPERPOWER, I CAN BLAST ON AHEAD AND NAB GRIMES BEFORE HE LEAVES!

OKAY! I'LL STOP THE CAR, YOU GET ON WITH IT!



BUT... R HNNF! GRNNFF!

WHAT IS IT, WALTER? WHAT'S WRONG?



I—I CAN'T TRIGGER OFF ME SUPERPOWER, MISTER CARTER... BECAUSE I DON'T SEEM ABLE TO SNEEZE ANY MORE!

Can Walter a-a-a-a-a-choo in time? Find out next week!



## A feather in time saved the day for Walter Gabriel Smith!

FAT ODD-JOB LAD WALTER GABRIEL SMITH HAD BEEN SOAKED IN A STEROID SPRAY THAT GAVE HIM THE SPEED AND POWER OF A SUPER ATHLETE EVERY TIME HE SNEEZED! NOW, WALTER AND LAB ASSISTANT NICK CARTER WERE TRYING TO CATCH THE MAN BEHIND THE EXPERIMENT - NATHAN GRIMES!

COME ON, WALTER!  
WE NEED YOUR SUPER  
POWER TO NAB GRIMES  
BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!  
SO TRIGGER IT!

IT'S NO USE, MISTER  
CARTER! I'VE WRIGGLED  
ME NOSE, TICKLED ME  
NOSTRILS AND STARED  
AT THE SUN...

...BUT I JUST  
CAN'T SNEEZE!

STAY THERE!  
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

# SUPERSMITH

GOOD MORNING, LADIES! MY NAME IS  
NICHOLAS CARTER AND I HAVE A SLIGHT  
PROBLEM!

YES, GIVE ME THAT FEATHER  
FROM YOUR HAT!

IS THERE ANYTHING  
WE CAN DO TO HELP,  
YOUNG MAN?

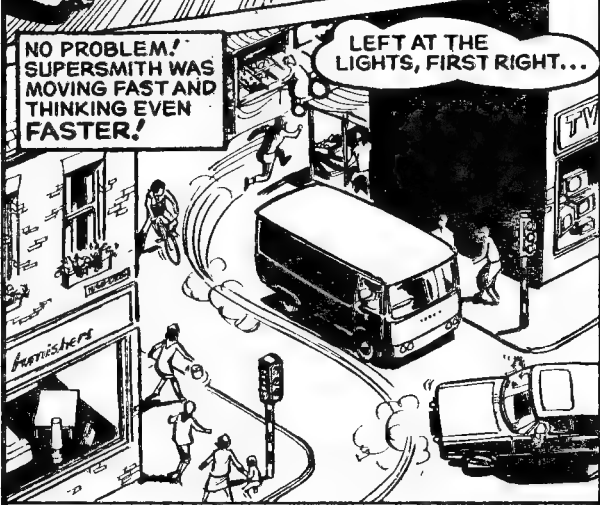
EEEEEEEEK!

OKAY, WALT. THIS SHOULD  
DO THE TRICK. THINK BIG,  
THINK SNEEZE!

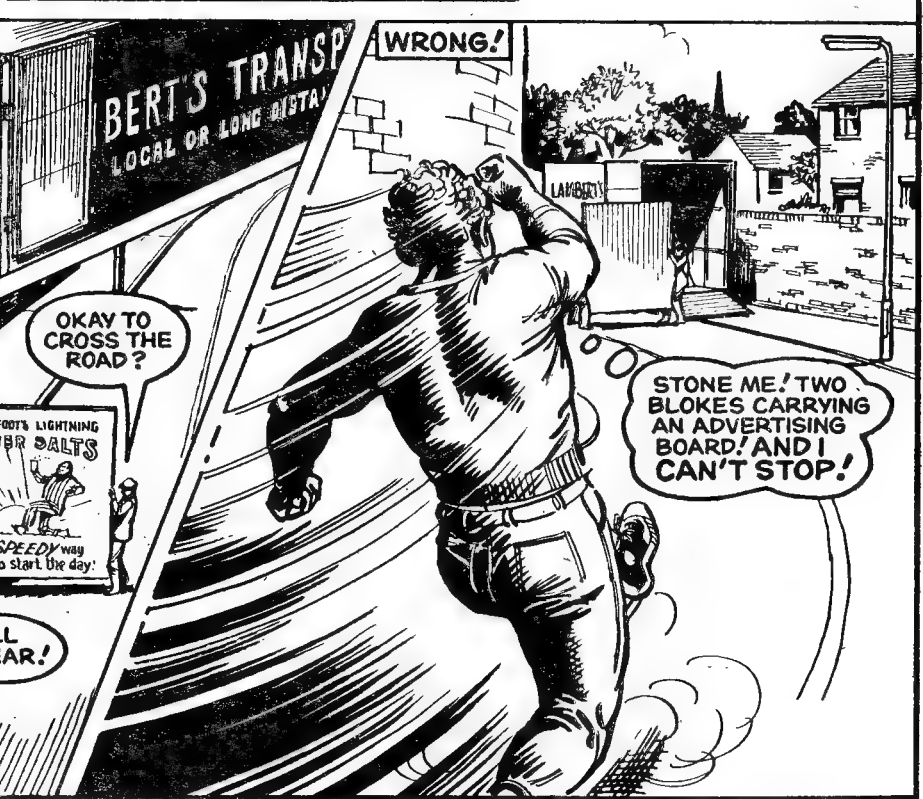
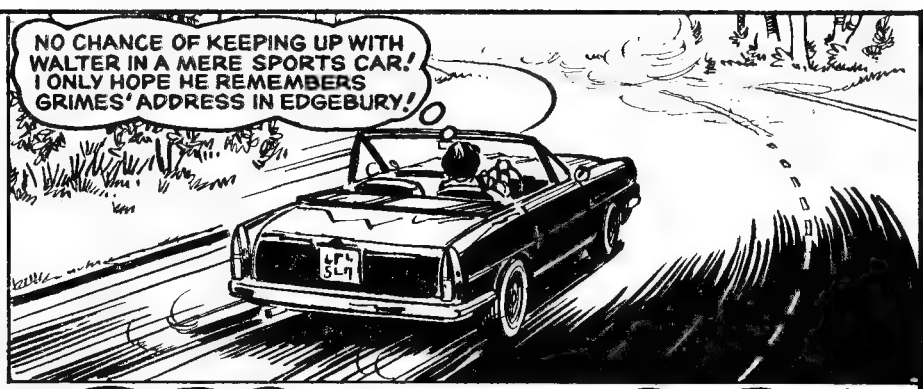
OOOOH... LOVELY!  
AAA... AAA... AAA...

TISHOOOOO





BUT UNKNOWN TO WALTER, A QUARTER OF A  
MILE AHEAD...



*There's more lightning-fast action with Supersmith in the next SPEED!*



★ Week 3 of super ROCKET MISSILES Poster! ★

# SPEED

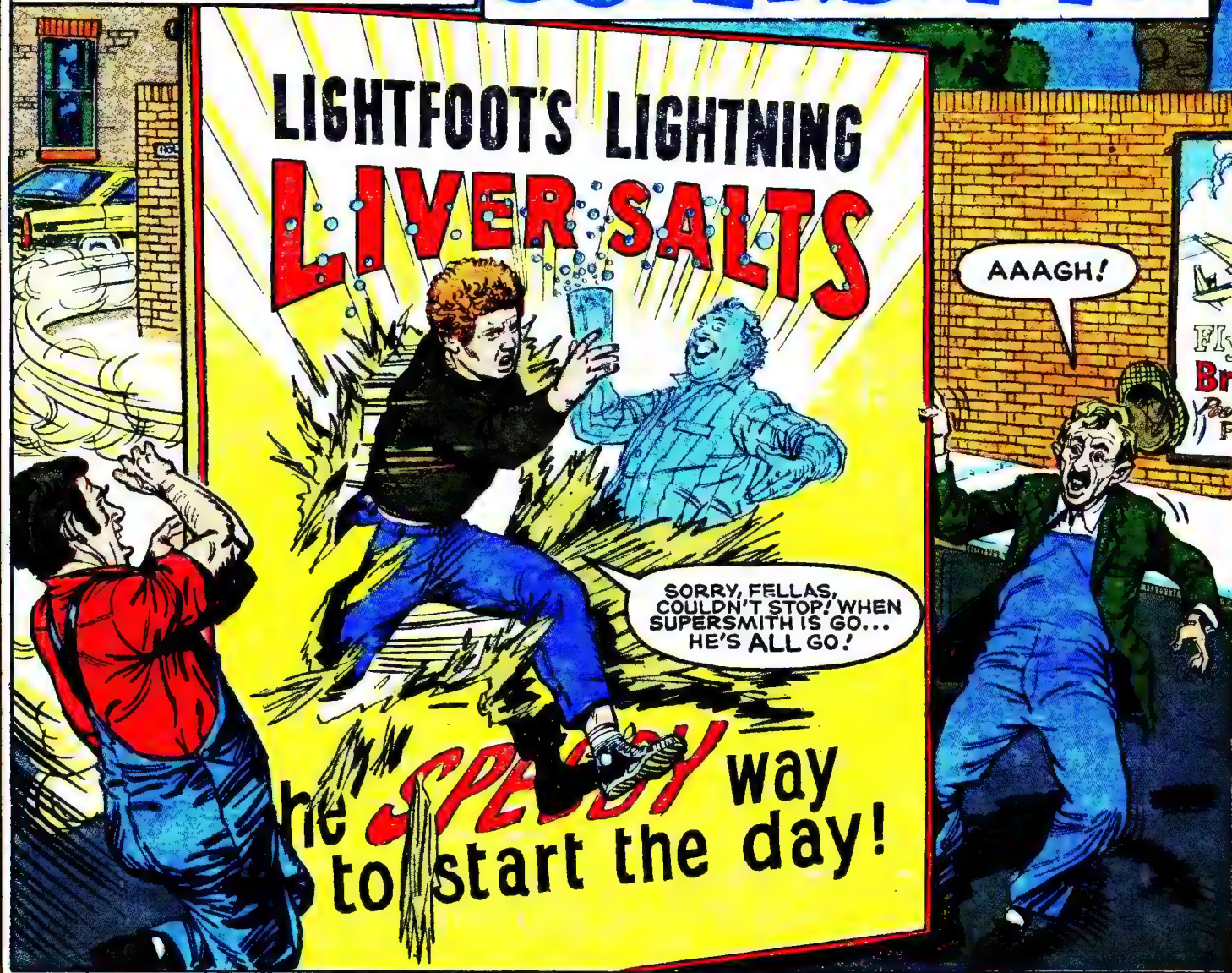
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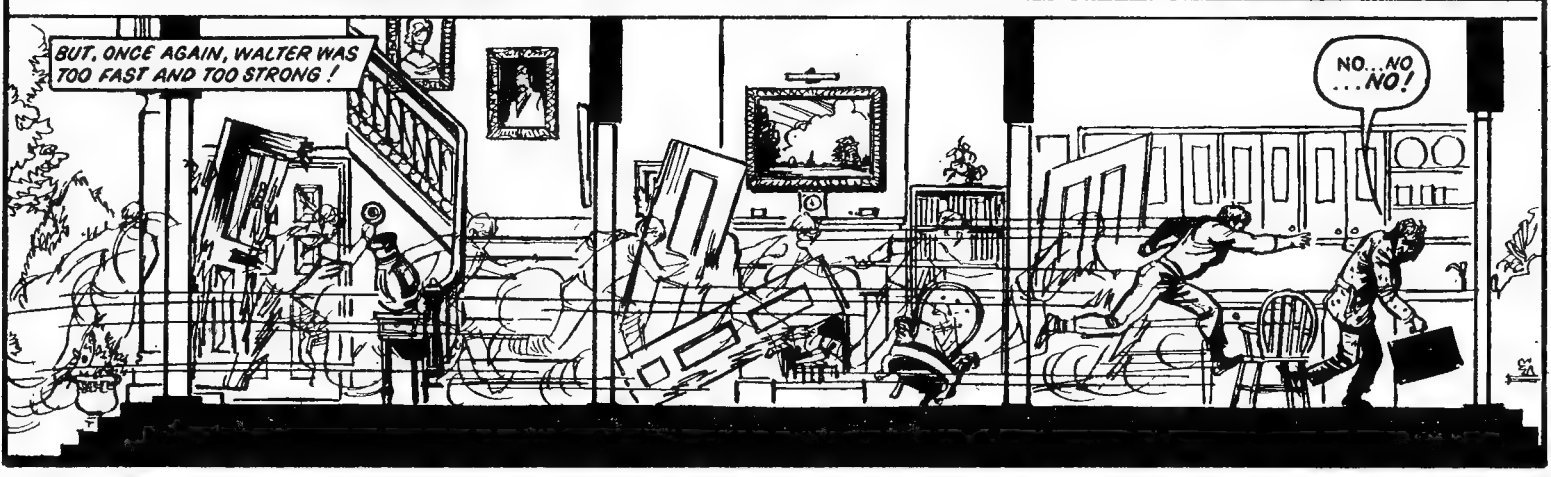
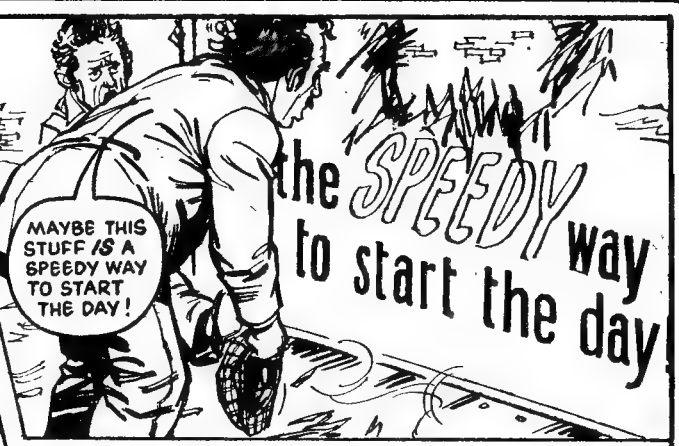
EVERY MONDAY

FAT ODD-JOB LAD WALTER GABRIEL SMITH HAD BEEN SOAKED IN A STEROID SPRAY THAT GAVE HIM THE SPEED AND POWER OF A SUPER ATHLETE EVERY TIME HE SNEEZED. NOW, WHILE TRYING TO CATCH THE MAN BEHIND THE EXPERIMENT, WALTER'S PATH WAS BLOCKED BY AN ADVERTISEMENT BOARD, BUT...

## SUPERSMITH











What will happen now? The next super SPEED has all the answers!



# The big showdown with the man who had created SUPERSMITH!

FAT, ODD-JOB LAD, WALTER GABRIEL SMITH, HAD BEEN SOAKED IN A STEROID SPRAY THAT GAVE HIM THE POWER AND SPEED OF A SUPER ATHLETE EVERY TIME HE SNEEZED! HELPED BY LAB ASSISTANT, NICK CARTER, WALTER HAD TRIED TO CATCH THE MAN BEHIND THE EXPERIMENT - NATHAN GRIMES! BUT NOW...

BACK OFF, CARTER! I'M LEAVING HERE RIGHT NOW... AND TAKING WALTER WITH ME!

YOU MUST BE CRAZY! WHAT DO YOU WANT WALTER FOR ANYWAY?

SO I CAN CONTINUE MY EXPERIMENTS INTO HUMAN SPEED, OF COURSE! HAVE YOU NO VISION, CARTER?

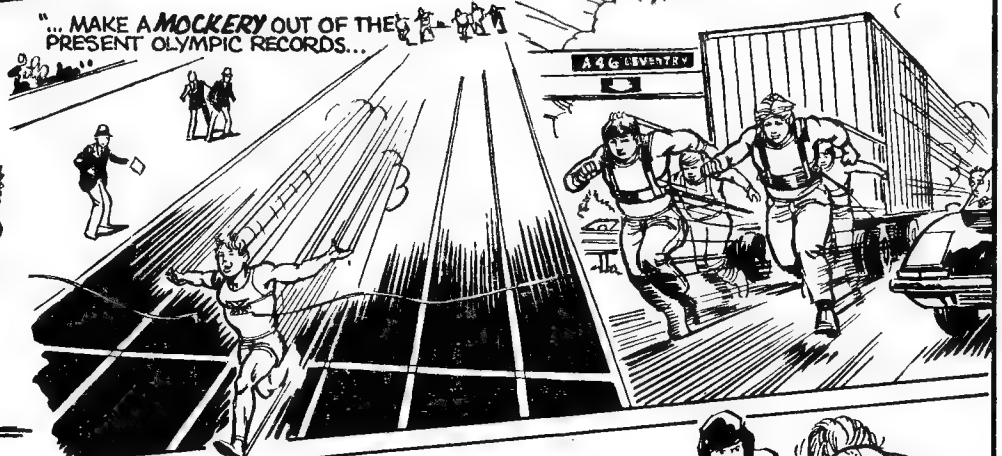
IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I HAD A WHOLE TEAM OF LADS LIKE WALTER SUPERSMITH!

# SUPERSMITH



"... I COULD ORGANISE SUPERFAST, UNSTOPPABLE BANK ROBBERIES..."

"... MAKE A MOCKERY OUT OF THE PRESENT OLYMPIC RECORDS..."



"... REVOLUTIONISE TRANSPORT ON LAND OR SEA..."



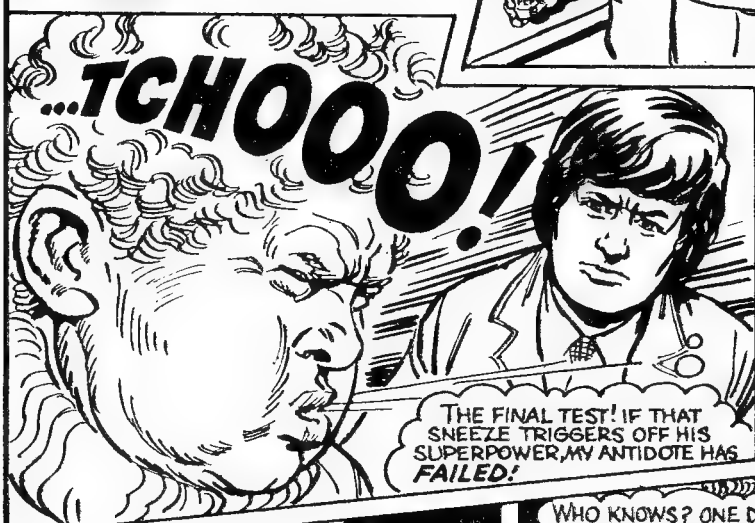
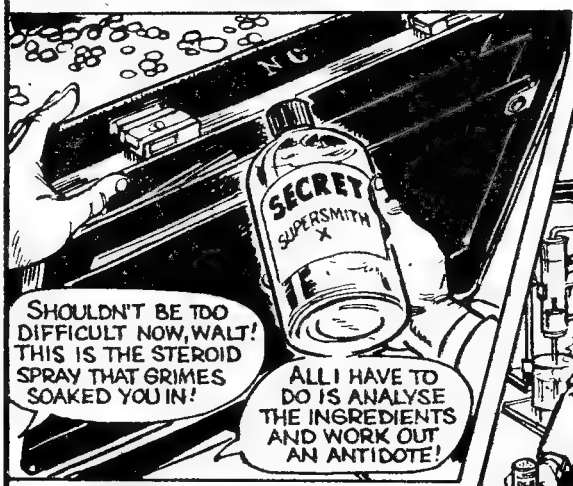
(IN THE WORLD OF SPEED, I COULD REIGN AS UNDISPUTED MASTER!)

YOU'RE ROUND THE TWIST GRIMES. COMPLETELY BONKERS!



THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTE FOR TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE! I WORKED THERE FOR YEARS, AND PEOPLE LAUGHED AT ME!





The speed thrills continue in next week's super **TIGER** and **SPEED!**



# THE BATTLING BIRDMEN

DURING WORLD WAR II PETTY OFFICER PILOT PETE PARSONS AND HIS GUNNER, TUG WILSON, WERE POSTED TO H.M.S. TEMPEST, AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER, OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. THEY FIRST SIGHTED THE CARRIER...

IS THAT HER TUG?  
SURELY I'M NOT SUPPOSED  
TO PUT HER DOWN ON THAT!  
SHE LOOKS NO BIGGER THAN  
A POSTAGE STAMP!

YOU BETTER HAD,  
MATE / I DON'T FANCY  
A DIP IN THE OCEAN  
TODAY!

AND AS PETE MADE  
HIS APPROACH, THE  
DECK SEEMED TO  
SHRINK EVEN  
SMALLER...

FINGERS  
CROSSED,  
TUG!

WHAT'S HE  
FLAPPING FOR? I'VE  
GOT MY WHEELS AND  
FLAPS DOWN!

YAHOO!  
WE'VE MADE  
IT!

BUT AN INSTANT  
LATER

WHAT'S UP,  
MATE?

WE'RE OVER-  
SHOOTING! I'M GOING  
ROUND AGAIN!

COME  
UP, YOU  
BRUTE!

A FINE REPLACEMENT WE'VE  
GOT THERE! WE'LL BE NEEDING  
ANOTHER TO REPLACE THEM  
BEFORE LONG!

FLASH THEM  
THIS SIGNAL,  
YEOMAN!

"TRY-USING-  
ARRESTER-HOOK-  
IT-MIGHT-  
HELP."

SORRY, TUG!  
I FORGOT TO LOWER  
THE HOOK!

WITH THE HOOK DOWN,  
PETE BUMPED DOWN  
LIKE A VETERAN...

YOU'RE  
WANTED ON THE  
BRIDGE, JACK!

AND I BET  
I KNOW WHAT  
FOR!

I'LL COME  
WITH YOU TO SEE  
THEY DON'T EAT  
YOU!

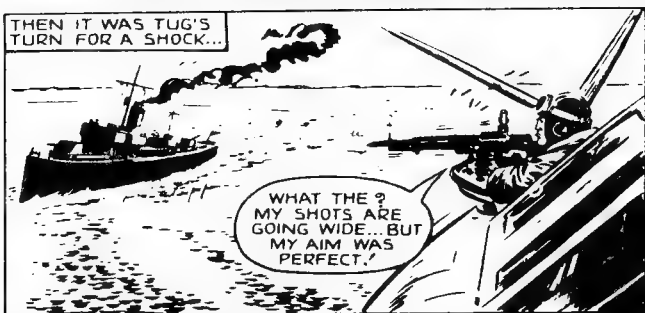
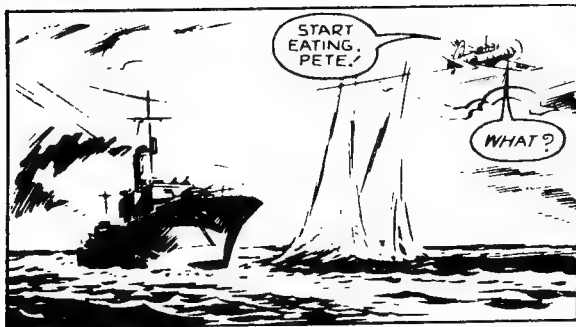
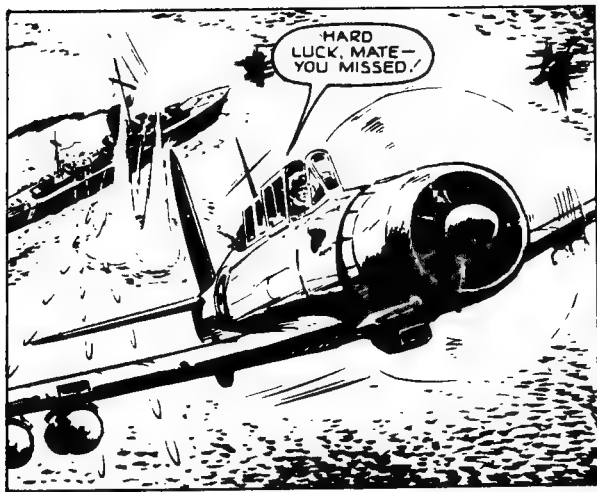




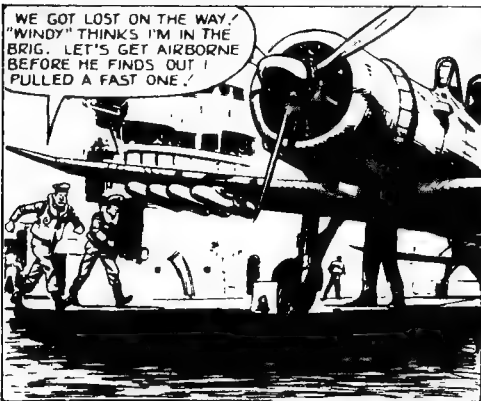




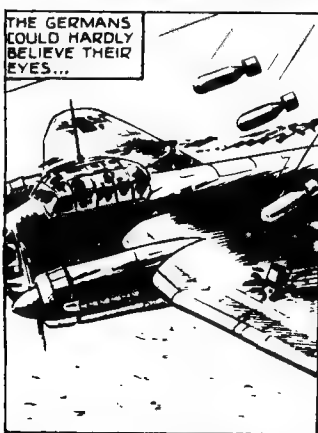
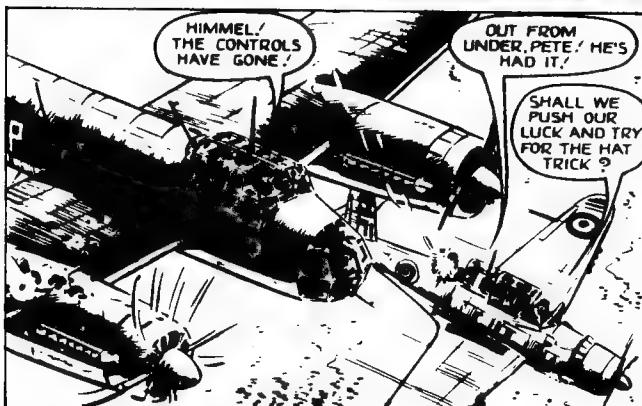








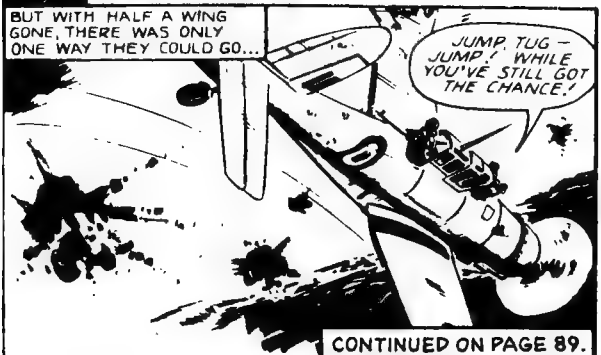
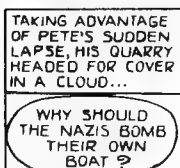












CONTINUED ON PAGE 89.



# THE BATTLING BIRDMEN

DURING WORLD WAR TWO, PETE PARSONS AND TUG WILSON, OF THE FLEET AIR ARM, WERE SHOT DOWN OVER NAZI-OCCUPIED HOLLAND...

NICE LITTLE WELCOMING COMMITTEE THEY'VE GOT LINED UP TO GREET US!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60.









BUT...

HIMMEL!  
WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED?

NOTHING,  
DOLT! WHAT  
BUNGLING IDIOT  
FIXED THE  
CHARGES?



HERE'S ONE  
EXPLOSIVE YOU WEREN'T  
EXPECTING!





THE DUTCH RADIO OPERATOR THEY HOPED TO CONTACT WAS STILL ACTIVE, AND BECAUSE HE WAS, ACTION STATIONS HAD BEEN SOUNDED ABOARD H.M.S. TEMPEST AN HOUR EARLIER...



THE TARGET IS THE JETTY AND ANY COASTAL CRAFT ALONGSIDE IT AT OVENSTRAAND!

AN ALL OUT ATTACK ON A FISHING VILLAGE, SIR?

ACCORDING TO INFORMATION RECEIVED THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON THERE. GO IN AND CLOBBER IT.



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, CHIEF P.O. "WINDY" RIDGE APPEARED ON THE FLIGHT DECK TO WATCH THE DEPARTING PLANES...

IF YOU SHOULD CATCH SIGHT OF TUG WILSON ON YOUR TRAVELS, TELL HIM WE'RE STILL WINNING THE WAR WITHOUT HIM.

YEAH, I'LL TELL HIM IF I SEE HIM!

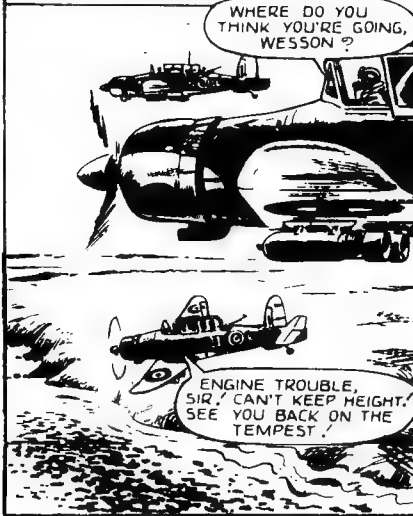


AND SOON THE SQUADRON WAS AIRBORNE...



A SHIPMATE GETS SHOT DOWN AND HE THINKS IT'S A JOKE. IT'LL BE ON HIM IF WE DO SEE TUG.

AS THEY APPROACHED THE DUTCH COAST...



WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, WESSON?

ENGINE TROUBLE, SIR. CAN'T KEEP HEIGHT. SEE YOU BACK ON THE TEMPEST.

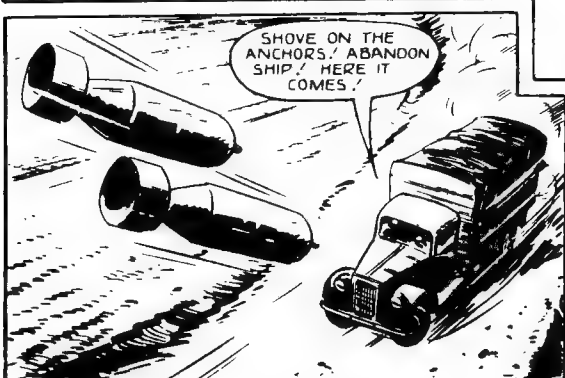


JUST OUR ROTTEN LUCK, SIR!

KEEP YOUR PECKER UP, SMUGGER. WE'LL DUMP OUR LOAD ON THAT LORRY BELOW AND STAGGER BACK TO THE SHIP.



STOW ME HAMMOCK, PETE. IT'S ONE OF OURS—HE'S COMING IN TO BLAST US.



SHOVE ON THE ANCHORS. ABANDON SHIP. HERE IT COMES.





LUCKILY, THEY ESCAPED UNHURT...



COME ON, BLOKES—THEY'RE GOING TO NEED HELP!



GOOD GRIEF! IT'S TUG WILSON!

SMUDGER! FANCY SEEING YOU! IS YOUR SKIPPER HURT BAD?



WESSON, THE OTHER AIRMAN, HAD BEEN KNOCKED COLD IN THE CRASH. TUG HAD TO CARRY HIM...

WHERE WAS THE SQUADRON GOING, SMUDGER?

OVENSTRAAND! WE WERE TURNING BACK BECAUSE OF ENGINE TROUBLE WHEN WE SAW YOU!



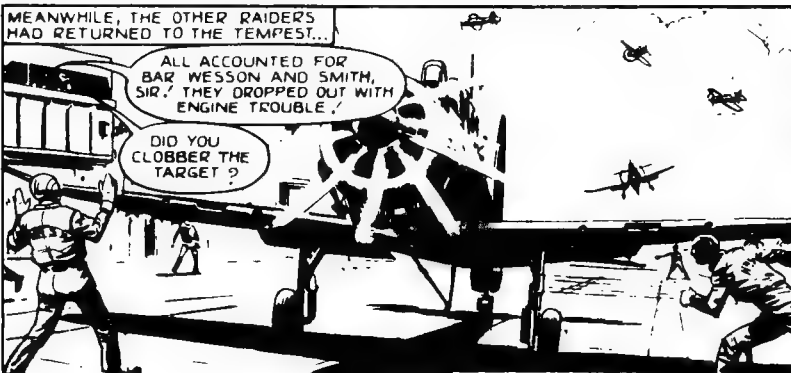
IT'S 'C' FOR CHARLIE! THAT'S WESSON AND SMUDGER SMITH! I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO 'EM WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE TEMPEST!

THEIR ENGINE SOUNDS IN A BAD WAY!



AND A MOMENT LATER...

IT'S PACKED UP ALTOGETHER—WE'RE GOING IN!



MEANWHILE, THE OTHER RAIDERS HAD RETURNED TO THE TEMPEST...

ALL ACCOUNTED FOR BAR WESSON AND SMITH, SIR? THEY DROPPED OUT WITH ENGINE TROUBLE!

DID YOU CLOBBER THE TARGET?



YES, SIR! EVERYTHING THAT WAS SINKABLE WAS SUNK!

EXCELLENT!





THE AIRCREWS WERE RIGHT—EVERYTHING SINKABLE HAD BEEN SUNK. BUT ONE VESSEL WAS STILL AFLOAT...

HOW DID IT HAPPEN, HERR DOKTOR—THE SHIP IS UNSCATHED!

THIS IS MORE PROOF THAT MY INVENTION REALLY WORKS!



YOUR INVENTION IS TO GO INTO PRODUCTION AT ONCE! THE PROTOTYPE WILL BE REMOVED FROM THIS SHIP AND FLOWN TO BREMEN AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!

SOON, THANKS TO ME, OUR NAVY WILL BE INDESTRUCTABLE!



BY EARLY EVENING THE BIRDMEN HAD ARRIVED AT THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION...

THERE'S OUR MEANS OF GETTING BACK TO BRIGHTY SHIPMATES!



THERE'S NO JERRY ALIVE WHO CAN STOP TUG WILSON REACHING THAT PLANE!



IT WAS PETE WHO CAME UP WITH THE IDEA...

...IT'LL MEAN GETTING WET, BLOKES—BUT IF WE CAN RIG UP A RAFT TO CARRY MR WESSON WE CAN DRIFT INTO THE HARBOUR AND SNEAK ABOARD!

RIGHT—LET'S GET CRACKING!



THE DUTCHMAN WOULDN'T MAKE THE JOURNEY...

AREN'T YOU COMING TOO, CHUM?

NO, FRIEND! I HAVE SCORES TO SETTLE HERE! I WILL CONTACT MY COUSIN IN THE TOWN AND WILL BE ON HAND SHOULD YOUR ATTEMPT FAIL! GOOD LUCK, ENGLISHMEN!



AND AFTER A LONG SWIM OUT TO SEA...

RIGHT BOYS! LET THE TIDE TAKE US IN TO THE HARBOUR! NO NOISE—THE SLIGHTEST SOUND'LL GIVE US AWAY!



AS THEY DRIFTED INTO THE HARBOUR...

W-WHERE AM I?

HECK! WESSON'S COMING TO!

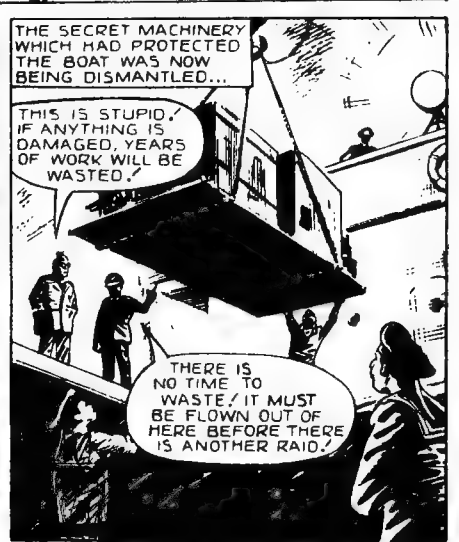
HOLD YOUR NOISE, SIR! YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS!



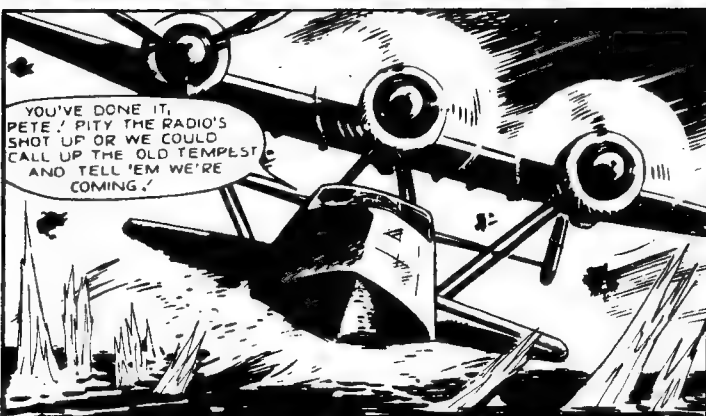
BUT THEY HAD BEEN HEARD...

HIMMEL! THERE IS SOMEONE IN THE WATER!







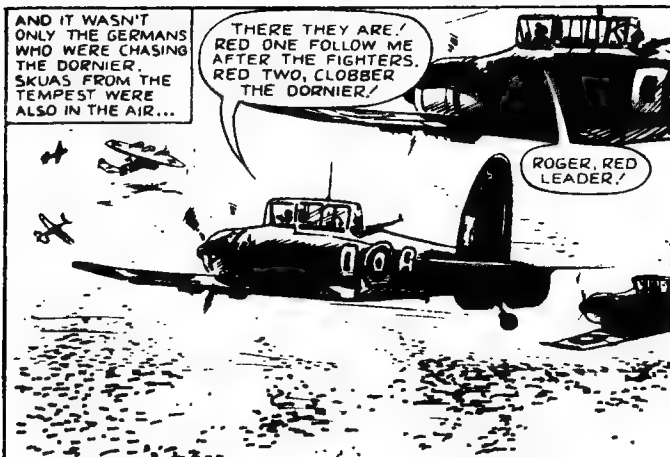






BUT PETE WAS EXPERIENCING TROUBLE FROM THE GERMANS...

ONE MORE BURST LIKE THE LAST ONE AND IT'S DAVY JONES' LOCKER FOR THIS LOT.



AND IT WASN'T ONLY THE GERMANS WHO WERE CHASING THE DORNIER SKUAS FROM THE TEMPEST WERE ALSO IN THE AIR...

THERE THEY ARE! RED ONE FOLLOW ME AFTER THE FIGHTERS. RED TWO, CLOBBER THE DORNIER.

ROGER, RED LEADER.



YAH-HOO! THE NAVY'S HERE!



BUT THERE WERE NO CHEERS TO BE HEARD UP FRONT...

NOW WHAT DO I DO? I CAN'T VERY WELL FIRE BACK.



THERE GOES THE PORT ENGINE.



BETTER FLOP DOWN BEFORE WE'RE SHOT DOWN.

NEXT TIME ROUND SHOULD FINISH 'EM, SKIP.



THERE'S A SHIP OF SOME SORT OUT THERE. I'LL GO IN AS NEAR AS I CAN TO IT.



AND ABOARD THE TEMPEST...

THEY'VE NAILED THE BUGHTER, HE'S DOWN.

BETTER FISH 'EM OUT.



LAUNCH A WHALER, MR. RIDGE. PICK UP THE PRISONERS.

AYE AYE, SIR.







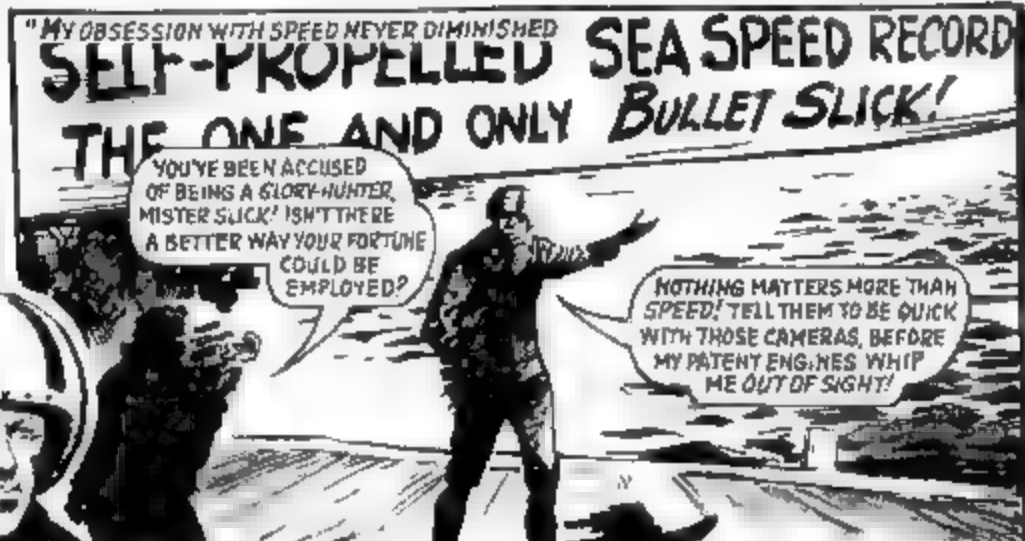
**Bullet Slick has a challenge for every reader of SPEED! For YOU!**



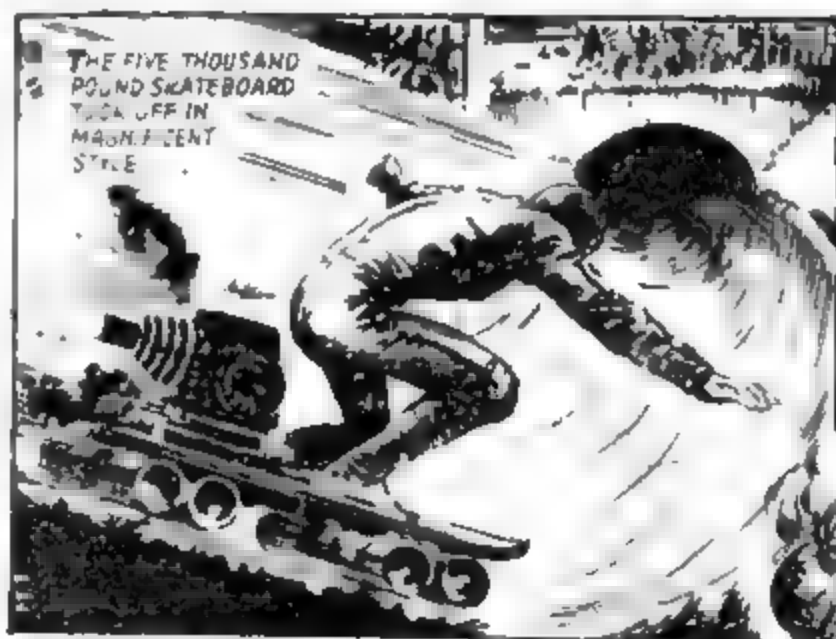
# The **£1,000,000,000** CHALLENGE



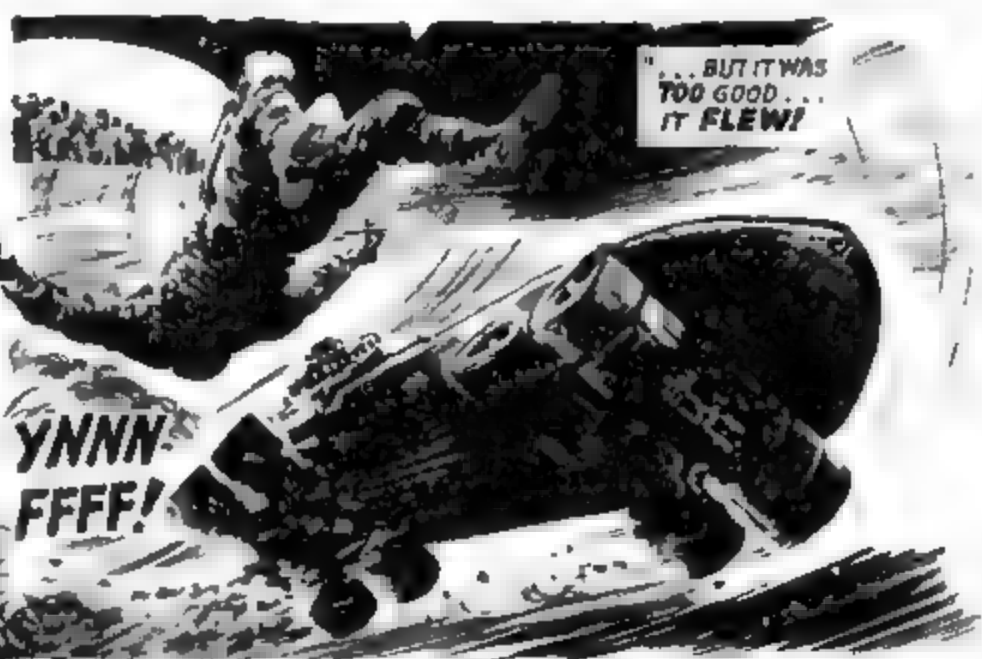








THE FIVE THOUSAND POUND SKATEBOARD TOOK OFF IN MAGNIFICENT STYLE



... BUT IT WAS TOO GOOD... IT FLEW!

YNNN  
FFFF!



"NEXT, IT WAS DRAG-RACING... MY HANSERVANT, WILEY, HAD BEEN PRESSED INTO SERVICE AS MY ASSISTANT MECHANIC..."

NUMBER THREE SPANNER IF I CAN RETURN THE EXHAUST TO THE FUEL INJECTION.

NUMBER THREE SPANNER SIR?

IF I MIGHT MAKE A SUGGESTION?

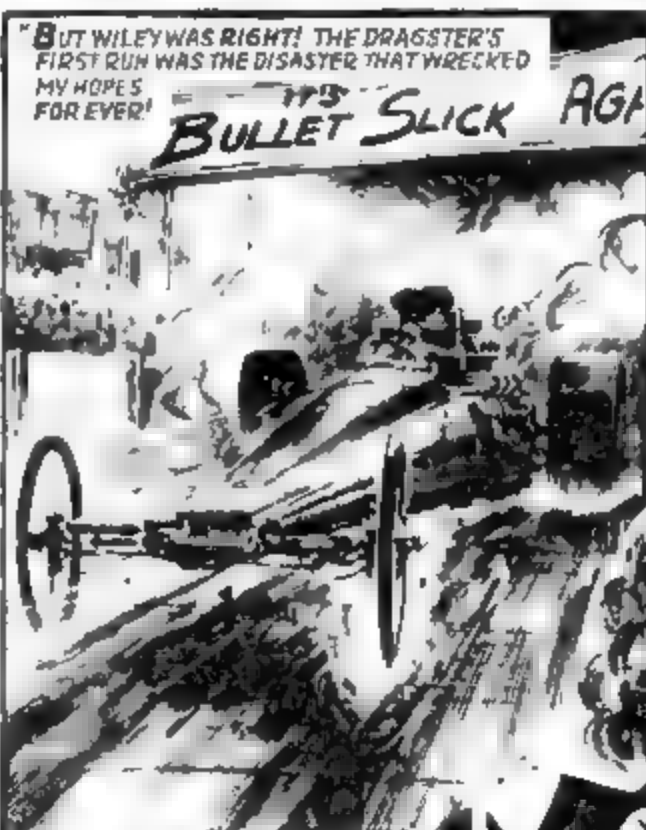


WELL?

YOUR ENDLESS PURSUIT OF SPEED IS - ER - DANGEROUS, SIR. YOU COULD KILL YOURSELF.



"I'M A GENIUS, WILEY! IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE I'M RECORDED AS THE FASTEST MAN ON EARTH!"



"BUT WILEY WAS RIGHT! THE DRAGSTER'S FIRST RUN WAS THE DISASTER THAT WRECKED MY HOPES FOR EVER!"

BULLET SLICK AGA



"A DESIGN FAULT CAUSED THE CAR TO BREAK UP IN MID-TRACK!"

NYEEAAAGH!

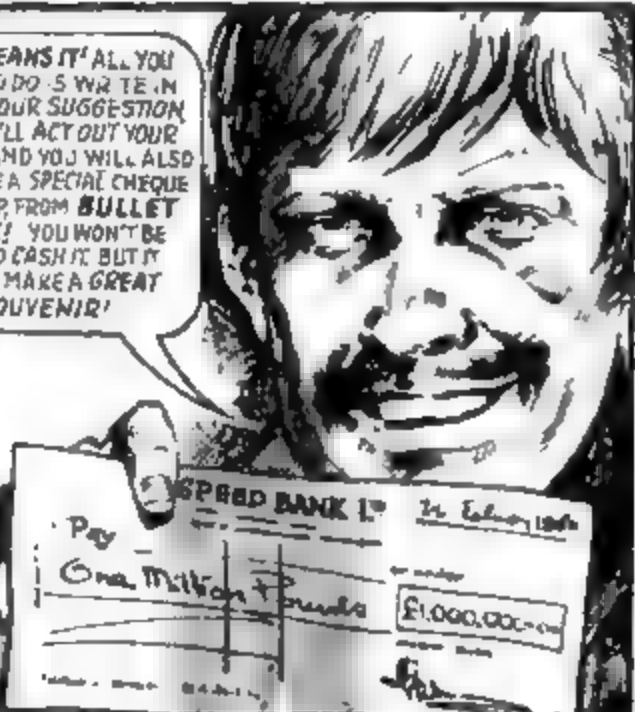


SO NOW YOU'RE IN A WHEELCHAIR, REDUCED TO BUYING THRILLS?

REDUCED? NO WAY! I CHALLENGE THE WORLD DO YOU HEAR? LET ANYONE WHO READS MY STORY BE AS INVENTIVE AS ME



YES, YOU! CAN YOU DREAM UP SOME FEAT OF SPEED... SOME SPEED STUNT... SOME MACHINE WITH WHICH I COULD HAVE MADE MY NAME? I DOUBT IT! I WILL PAY UP TO FIVE POUNDS EACH WEEK TO ANYONE WHO IMPRESSES ME!



HE MEANS IT! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WRITE IN WITH YOUR SUGGESTION AND HE'LL ACT OUT YOUR IDEA! AND YOU WILL ALSO RECEIVE A SPECIAL CHEQUE TO KEEP FROM BULLET SLICK! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO CASH IT, BUT IT WILL MAKE A GREAT SOUVENIR!



SPEED BANK LTD. 24, Euston Road, London N1 2AF  
Pay to the order of  
One Million Pounds £1,000,000.00  
£1,000,000.00

Send your ideas to: SPEED, IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS



## Do YOU dare to take on Bullet Slick's tough challenges?

MEET BULLET SLICK, A MAN WITH A MOUTH EVEN BIGGER THAN HIS BANK BALANCE, AND **THAT'S** GIGANTIC! BULLET SLICK, WHOSE BEST FOR SPEED, SPEED AND MORE SPEED PUT HIM IN A WHEELCHAIR, AND BRUGHT HIM HERE TO CHALLENGE YOU!

ALL RIGHT, YOU MUGS! FORGET THE BUILD-UP! I ASKED YOU TO WRITE TO ME, SEE? AND WHAT HAVE I GOT SO FAR? **NOTHING!**



DON'T DISTRESS YOURSELF, SIR. THE LETTERS WILL COME. I'M SURE OF IT!

FROM THAT LOT OUT THERE? THEY'RE A BUNCH OF EMPTY HEADS, WILEY. THERE'S NOTHING BETWEEN THEIR EARS & THIN AIR.



# The £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

SEE THIS? IT'S A SOLVHER CHECK FOR ONE MILLION POUNDS! IT COULD BE YOURS PLUS A POSTAL ORDER TO THE VALUE OF FIVE POUNDS, IF YOU SEND ME A SPEED STORY THAT REALLY THRILLS ME!

**SPEED BANK**



BUT WILEY DECIDED TO DISOBEY HIS MASTER...

GINGER SNOW, SIR, HE HAS AN IDEA FOR YOU...

THAT'S RIGHT, I'LL BET I CAN WIN YOUR SOUVENIR CHECK, MISTER SLICK.



OKAY, LET'S HEAR ABOUT IT. BUT EVERYONE ELSE HAS GOT TO **WRITE** TO ME. I DON'T LIKE MEETING PEOPLE.

EXCUSE ME, SIR, THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE FRONT DOOR...

TELL HIM TO BEAT IT, I'M FED UP!



HARPOS' HIGHSPEED AEROBATIC ROCKET-PROPELLED AUTO SKS!

SO WHAT? NO STORY, KID. TELL ME THE STORY!

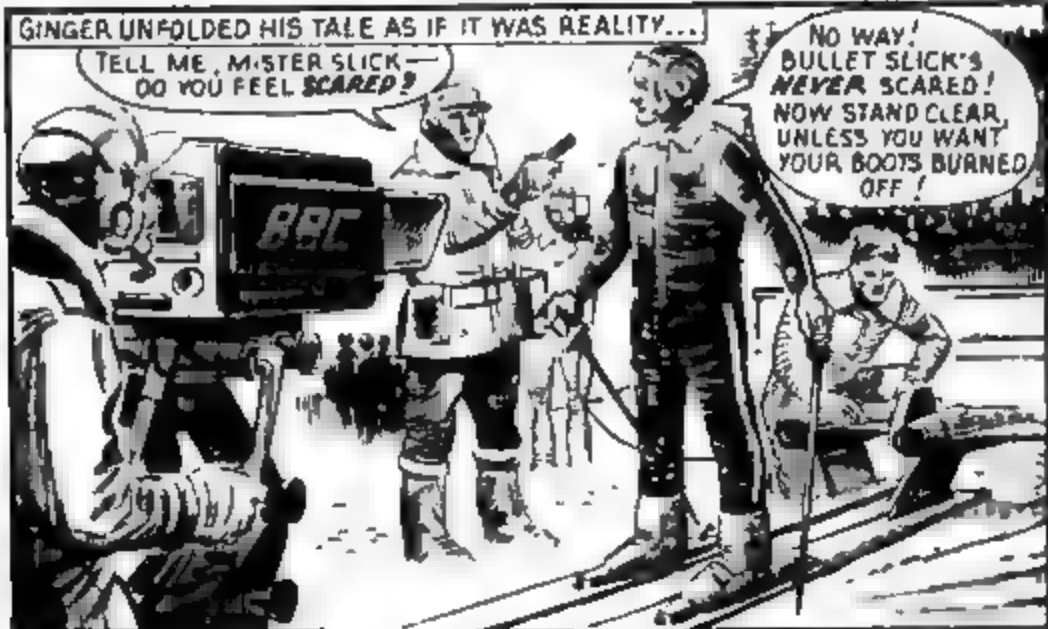


(CONT. ON NEXT PAGE)





THE INCREDIBLE BULLET SLICK THE EYES OF AN ADMIRING WORLD UPON HIM, HAD TAKEN JINGER SNOW'S FANTASTIC INVENTION TO THE COLOSSUS RUN—MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL ALPINE SLOPES!



GINGER UNFOLDED HIS TALE AS IF IT WAS REALITY...

TELL ME, MISTER SLICK—DO YOU FEEL SCARED?

NO WAY! BULLET SLICK'S NEVER SCARED! NOW STAND CLEAR, UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR BOOTS BURNED OFF!



THERE CAME A THUNDEROUS ROAR AS THE ROCKET MOTORS IGNITED!

YA-HAYYYY! HERE I GO!



TWENTY, THIRTY—FIFTY MILES AN HOUR IN FOUR SECONDS ON THE ALMOST-VERTICAL, INITIAL DOWN-DROP...

THIS IS LIVING! THE WIND IN MY FACE...

COME ON—I'VE HAD HUNDRED MILE AN HOUR WINDS BLASTING AROUND MY FACE! GET ON WITH THE STORY!

DON'T RUSH ME...



NOW THE KING OF SPEED RAMMED HIS THUMBS ON THE LIFT-CONTROL BUTTONS AND THE AEROFOILS CAME INTO PLAY!



WE HAVE LIFT-OFF!



AIRBORNE NOW THE ROCKETS AT MAXIMUM THRUST, BULLET SLICK THREW THE HARPOS INTO A VERTICAL

THEN IT HAPPENED! AN ATTEMPT AT AN AEROBATIC LOOP—AND THE STABILISERS FAILED TO BITE!

ZOWIE! A FIRST FOR MANKIND!

YE GODS! I'M GOING TO FALL OUT OF THE SKY!

HOW DOES IT GRAB YOU, MISTER SLICK?

REALLY WILD! EH, BOSS?

THERE WAS NOTHING BUT A GRUNT FROM SLICK, SO GINGER CONTINUED...

DONE IT! AND NOW FOR THE LANDING!

TWO HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR ON A FLAT RUN OF ONE FIFTY METRES! BUT NOW SLICK TRIGGERED THE HARPOS INTO REVERSE THRUST!

NO SWEAT! IF IT'S JAMMED, I FREE IT—SO!

WELL, MISTER SLICK? WHAT DO YOU THINK? A GREAT STORY?

PUTRID! I'D HAVE GOT MORE KICKS OUT OF A DEFLATED FOOTBALL! GIVE HIM A POUND FOR HIS TROUBLE, WILEY.

ONLY A POUND, SIR?

CAN YOU—ANY OF YOU, DO BETTER THAN THAT IDIOT GINGER SNOW? I WANT THRILLS, YOU HEAR? AND DON'T WASTE MY TIME!

HUH! HE CHANGED HIS MIND AND GAVE ME A FIVER! GOOD LUCK, YOU LOT! MAYBE YOU CAN HIT THE JACKPOT! SEND YOUR IDEAS FOR SPEED THRILLS TO BULLET SLICK, SPEED, IPC MAGAZINES LTD., KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE 9LS.

Another "contestant" challenges Bullet Slick in the next free gift issue!



# What's it like to be chased by a starving cheetah?

DO YOU WANT A BULLET SLICK SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND A £5 POSTAL ORDER? OF COURSE YOU DO... SO SEND IN YOUR STORY OF SPEED AND DANGER TO MAKE SLICK SIT UP! EASY? NO WAY! IT WAS HIS OWN QUEST FOR SPEED, SPEED AND MORE SPEED THAT PUT BULLET SLICK IN A WHEELCHAIR... AND IT WASN'T ONLY HIS BODY THAT GOT TWISTED. IT WAS HIS MOUTH!

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

WHO'S GOING TO TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE THIS WEEK? ANOTHER KID WITH BEANS WHERE HIS BRAINS OUGHT TO BE?

EXCUSE ME, SIR. A LETTER FROM A MASTER DAVID CARROLL, OF LONDON...

AND WHAT EMPTY-HEADED FANTASY DOES HE RECKON TO BE WORTH MY MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE?

GOOD GRIEF! THE CHEETAH-BEATER? THE KID'S DERANGED!

WILEY, SLICK'S ASSISTANT, WAS ORDERED TO HAVE THE DESIGN MADE. JP WHAT WAS A FEW THOUSAND POUNDS HERE OR THERE TO A MAN OF SLICK'S WEALTH?

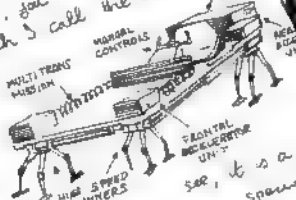
A HIGH SPEED RUNNING PLATFORM, EH? POWERED BY ALCOHOL FUEL. WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO.

THANK YOU MISTER HANSON. IT'S TO BE RACED AGAINST A CHEETAH—THE FASTEST QUADRUPED KNOWN TO MAN!

ONCE COMPLETED, THE CHEETAH-BEATER WAS FERRIED OUT ABOARD 'BIG SLICK', THE MILLIONAIRE'S OWN PRIVATE TRANSPORTER...

London SW18

Mr Slick,  
Here is my idea for a speed thrill to win your souvenir cheque. First, you must build this machine which I call the CHEETAH-BEATER.



see, it's a moving spaniel alloy the

OH, WILEY. I FORGOT TO MENTION YOU'LL BE DOING THE TESTING. MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO GET US TO AFRICA.

GULP

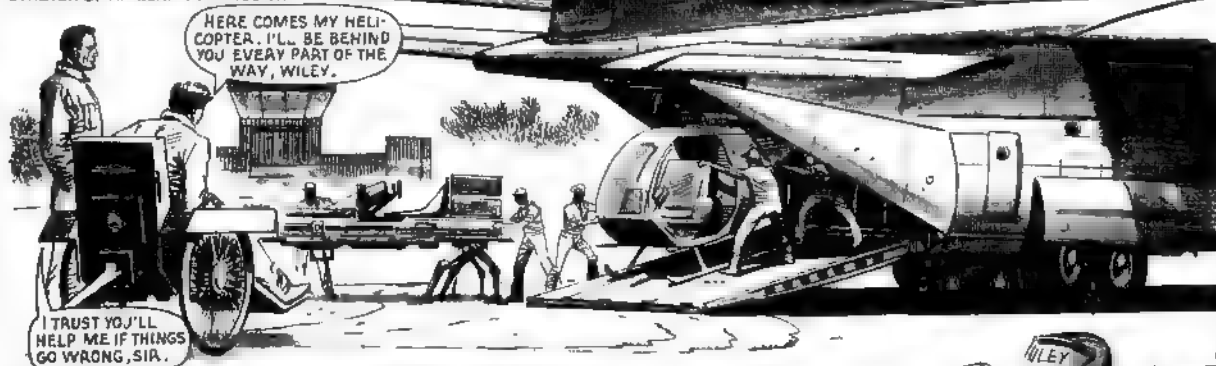
YES, BOSS



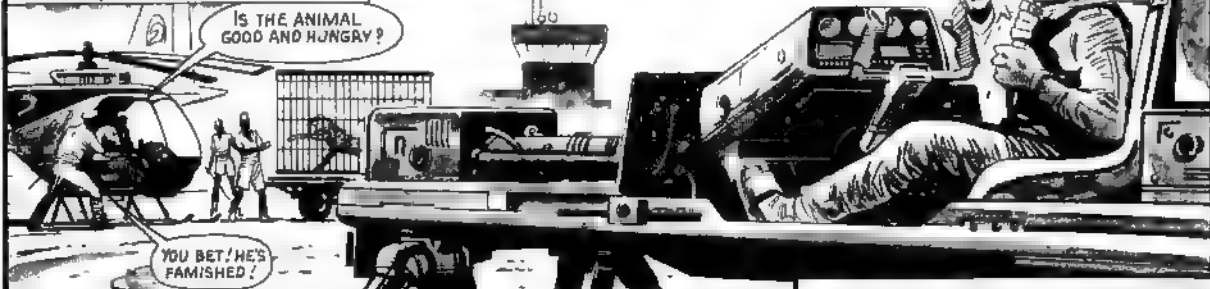




THE SITE CHOSEN WAS A REMOTE STRETCH OF AFRICAN BUSH COUNTRY...



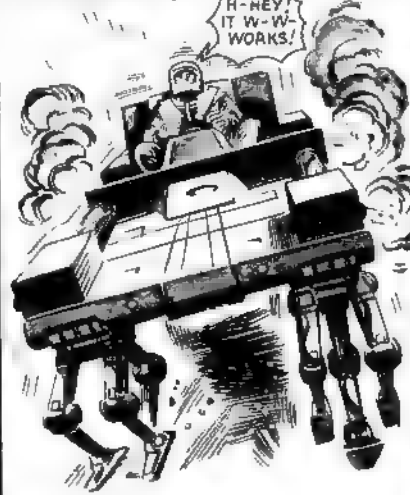
NOW THE CHEETAH, A SAVAGE EXAMPLE OF ITS BREED, WAS BAUGHT FORWARD...



WILEY WAS DULY SPRAYED WITH THE LURE...



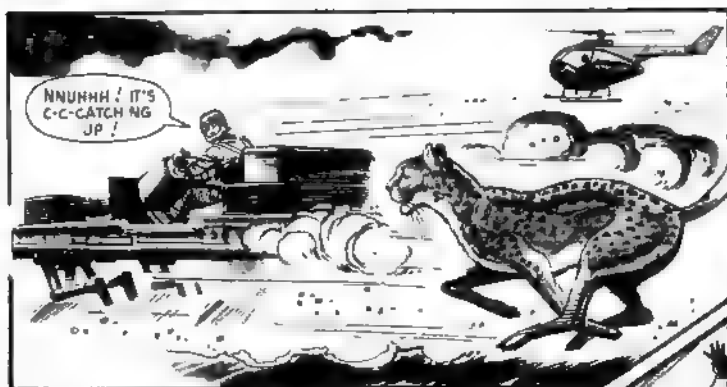
THERE WAS A CONTROLLED 'WHOMP' AS THE FUEL IGNITED! THE CHEETAH-BEATER SPRANG INTO VIOLENT LIFE!



EVEN AS IT BEGAN TO GATHER SPEED.







NUUHH! IT'S C-C-CATCHING JP!



THE TERRIFIED MAN OPENED THE CHEETAH BEATER TO FULL POWER!



YOU STUPID IDIOT, WILEY! WHY DON'T YOU CO-ORDINATE THE THRUSTERS BEFORE YOU SHAKE YOURSELF TO BITS?

THEN IT HAPPENED - RIGHT AHEAD OF WILEY, FROM A THICK PATCH OF THORN...



YEEAAGH! A RHINO!



NOW THE DAZED RHINO AND THE CHEETAH FACED EACH OTHER OVER THE WRECKAGE, WHILE SLICK ZOOMED DOWN TO RESCUE HIS HENCHMAN!

BACK AT THE AIRCRAFT...



UHHH!



KHAN! SOME THRILL! I'D GET A DOZEN BETTER AT ANY Pantomime!

UHHH! IT - IT THRILLED ME, BOSS!



HEAR THAT, DAVID CARROLL, OF LONDON? YOUR WACKY 'DEA THRILLED HIM, SO 'LL LET WILEY SEND YOU FIVE POUNDS PAID OUT OF HIS OWN POCKET, AND WITH IT WILL BE THE BULLET SLICK £1,000,000 SOUVENIR CHEQUE. NOW TRY AGAIN, BECAUSE NEXT TIME I WANT REAL ACTION!



# Reader Lee Fennell and his amazing rocket-powered jet-bike!

The

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

HAVE YOU GOT A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS TO MAKE BULLET SLICK SIT UP AND PART WITH HIS MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND WIN A £5 POSTAL ORDER? HERE'S THE LATEST CHALLENGER WHO THINKS HE CAN IMPRESS THIS CYNIC WHO WRECKED HIMSELF IN HIS OWN SEARCH FOR THE TITLE OF FASTEST MAN ALIVE!

OKAY, LEE FENNEL, OF DAVENPORT, GREATER MANCHESTER, LET'S PUT YOUR HAM HEADED IDEA TO THE TEST. THINK YOU'VE GOT A WINNER, DON'T YOU, YOU CLOWN?

WITH RESPECT, SIR, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BE SO RUDE TO THE YOUNG MAN. I THINK HIS IDEA'S RATHER GOOD.

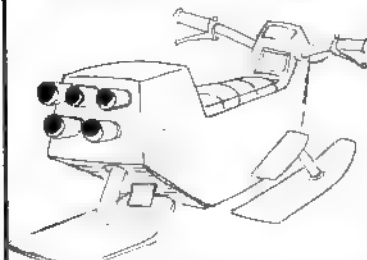
I'M RICH ENOUGH TO DO WHAT I LIKE, WILEY! GO AND HAVE THE WORKSHOP PUT FEATHERBRAUN FENNEL'S DRAFT DESIGN INTO PRODUCTION.

A JET PROPELLED BIKE! HOW UTTERLY MUNDANE! WHY, I TESTED ONE TWO YEARS AGO, ON TACHO SANDS.

THERE'LL BE VERY LITTLE RESISTANCE, ONCE IT GETS GOING. MISTER SLICK, I RECKON ON THREE HUNDRED MPH.

BUT LEE'S IDEA WAS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT!

ROCKET POWERED JET BIKE



ON HYDROPLANES WILL ACHIEVE 250 M.P.H. ON WATER

Idea comes from Lee Fennell, 'Glyngarth', 18, Clifton Park Rd., Davenport, Greater Manchester. This is how it works on the machine!

WITH UNLIMITED CASH TO DRAW ON, SLICK'S MECHANICS INTERPRETED LEE'S DESIGN AND BUILT A MACHINE THAT, IN THEORY, WOULD WORK.

TELL WILEY HE'LL BE TESTING IT

ME, SIR? AGAIN SIR?

YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO DO IT DO YOU, YOU INCOMPARABLE?

SO IT WAS THAT, ON A CALM DAY ON THE SOUTH COAST...

GO, WILEY! GET THE THING MOVING!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





THE THING—AT A FANTASTIC THREE HUNDRED MPH—ACTUALLY *FLEW*! ITS OWN PRESSURE WAVES LIFTED IT CLEAR OF THE WATER



THE SPEED INDICATOR SPUN DIZZILY! TWO HUNDRED—TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY...



WOW-EEEEEE!



PROBLEM ONE: AT SUCH SPEED, THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL...



PROBLEM TWO: AIRBORNE. THERE WAS NO WAY TO TURN!







MINUTES LATER



Send your ideas to: Bullet Slick, SPEED, IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., London, SE1 9LS.



The natives thought that Wiley was an omen from the skies!

MY QUEST FOR SPEED PUT ME IN THIS WHEELCHAIR, YOU IDIOTS! ALL I WANT OUT OF YOU IS AN IDEA THAT'LL MAKE ME SIT UP! THAT'LL TURN ME ON! AWW, WHY DO I BOTHER?

HAVE YOU SENT IN YOUR STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS YET? DON'T YOU WANT TO TRY FOR BULLET SLICK'S MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND WIN A £5 POSTAL ORDER?

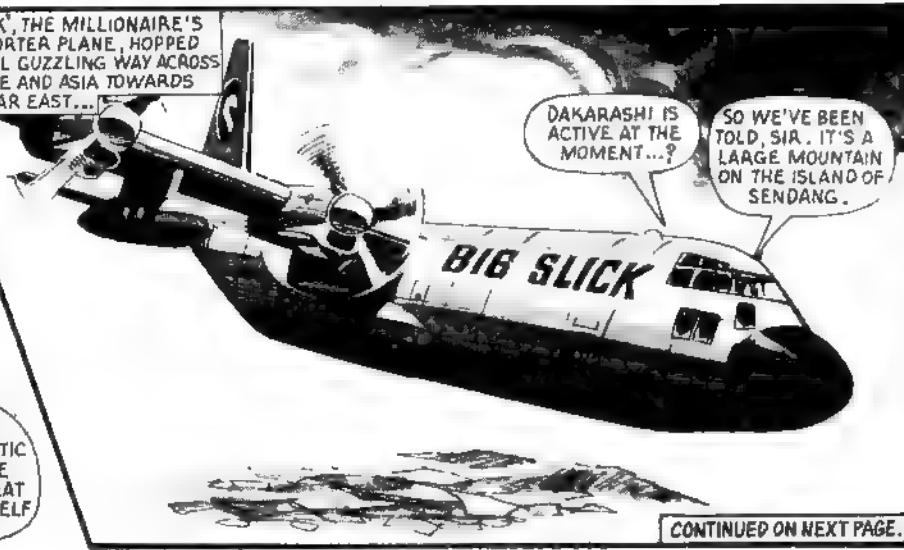
# The £1,000,000.000 CHALLENGE



ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN ON EARTH, SLICK SOON HAD HIS WORKFORCE PRODUCE A BACK-PACK TO DARREN'S DESIGN...



'BIG SLICK', THE MILLIONAIRE'S TRANSPORTER PLANE, HOPPED ITS FUEL GUZZLING WAY ACROSS EUROPE AND ASIA TOWARDS THE FAR EAST...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



AN ISLAND AT THAT MOMENT IN THE GRIP OF TERROR! AN ISLAND WHERE THE NATIVES REGARDED THEIR VOLCANO AS A GOD!

NOTHING CAN SAVE US! WE ARE DOOMED!

DAKARASHI IS ANGRY WITH US!

THE AWESOME RUMBLINGS OF NATURAL FORCES BLANKED OUT THE DRONE OF BIG SLICK AS THE PLANE MADE ITS FIRST HIGH PASS...

SUIT UP, WILEY! WE'RE GOING IN! STAND BY TO RELEASE MY HELICOPTER!



AT THE GIVEN MOMENT, WILEY JUMPED!



BIG SLICK DIVED STEEPLY, AND WELL BELOW, SLICK'S HELICOPTER WAS SPEWED OUT LIKE AN ORANGE-PIP!



A TOUCH OF THE CONTROLS, AND THE BACK-PACK BURST INTO LIFE!

URRRGH! THE P-P-PROPULSION!







**That's right, readers! Bullet Slick needs your ideas — fast!**



A "super-sled" was the latest super-stunt for Bullet Slick!



*The* **£1,000,000 CHALLENGE**

MARTIN PAGE, OF SOUTH WEST LONDON, SENT IN THIS IDEA TO CHALLENGE BULLET SLICK — THE BIG-MOULDED CYNIC WHO OFFERS A MILLION POUNDS SOUVENIR CHEQUE, PLUS A CASH PRIZE UP TO £5, FOR A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS THAT WILL MAKE HIM SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE! GOOD LUCK, MARTIN — SLICK'S NO EASY MAN TO PLEASE!



A BOBSLED? THE KID'S OFF HIS TROLLEY! I'D GET MORE KICKS OUT OF A ROLLER-SKATE WITH THE WHEELS MISSING!

BUT THIS SLED IS DIFFERENT, SIR...



SO WHAT DOES IT DO? PLAY TUNES? DANCE A JIG? WRITE BACK AND TELL THIS MARTIN PAGE TO GO JUMP IN THE LAKE! BOBSLED, INDEED!



BUT WILEY DECIDED TO PERSIST, AND THE BUTLER HAD SLICK'S CHIEF ENGINEER, MR. HANSON, MAKE UP THE PROTOTYPE IN THE BASEMENT WORKSHOPS...

IT'S QUITE INGENUOUS. A POWER-UNIT DELIVERS A CONSTANT FLOW OF SUPER-COOLANT TO THE RUNNERS...

AND ICE-TO-ICE CONTACT VIRTUALLY ELIMINATES DRAG AND INCREASES SPEED!



OKAY, WILEY...I'M SOLD! YOU'LL TEST IT ON THE NEW ALPINO — THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS RUN. MAYBE THIS KID HAS SOMETHING AFTER ALL.

HE DOES DESERVE A CHANCE TO WIN THE SOUVENIR CHEQUE, SIR!



A WEEK LATER, SLICK'S ENTOURAGE HAD ARRIVED IN THE TOWN OF SAN MARCO, BENEATH THE NOTORIOUS SLED-RUN...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THE ALPINO'S CLOSED?

THERE IS A HIGH AVALANCHE RISK AT THE MOMENT, SIR. I'M SORRY!



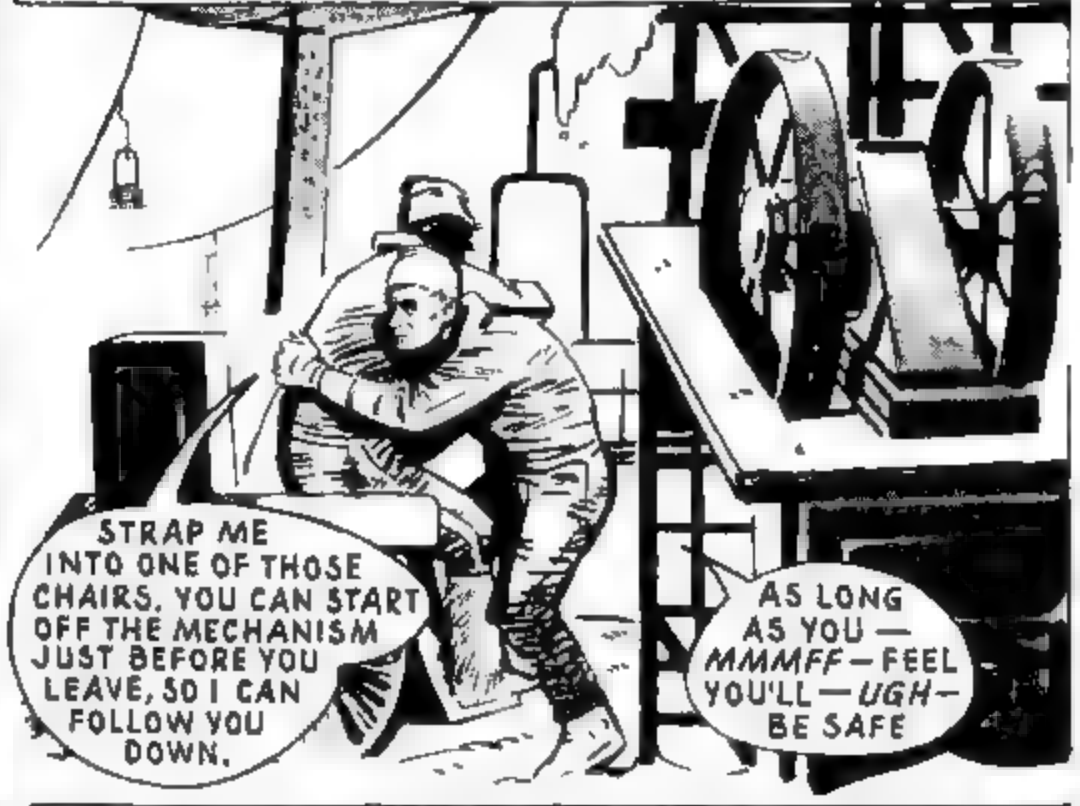


HUH... NOTHING FRIGHTENS BULLET SLICK! COME, WILEY.

ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR.

HOTEL SAI

THE LUCKLESS BUTLER DROVE THE SNOWMOBILE UP TO THE CHAIRLIFT STATION AT THE HEAD OF THE ALPINO RUN...



STRAP ME INTO ONE OF THOSE CHAIRS. YOU CAN START OFF THE MECHANISM JUST BEFORE YOU LEAVE, SO I CAN FOLLOW YOU DOWN.

AS LONG AS YOU — MMMFF — FEEL YOU'LL — UGH — BE SAFE



A LOT SAFER THAN YOU, PAL! HAW, HAW!



AT LAST, ALL WAS READY! THE SKI-CHAIRS JERKED INTO LIFE AND WILEY RAN FOR THE POISED BOBSLED!

SEE YOU AT THE BOTTOM — I HOPE!



A FLICK OF THE COOLANT MOTOR. AND...



NOW THE SLED REALLY GOT UNDER WAY AS THE GRADIENT INCREASED! IT HURTTLED THROUGH THE FIRST BEND... THEN CAME THE RIBBED STRETCH KNOWN AS 'THE BONE-BREAKER'!

I W-W-WISH THE K-K-KID HAD INCLUDED AN EJ-EJ-EJ-EJECTOR SEAT!



SUDDENLY, IT HAPPENED! AT ALMOST BLACK-OUT VELOCITY, THE SLED WENT INTO 'THE DEVIL'S ZIG-ZAG'...

YEEAAAAAGH! I'VE PARTED COMPANY...



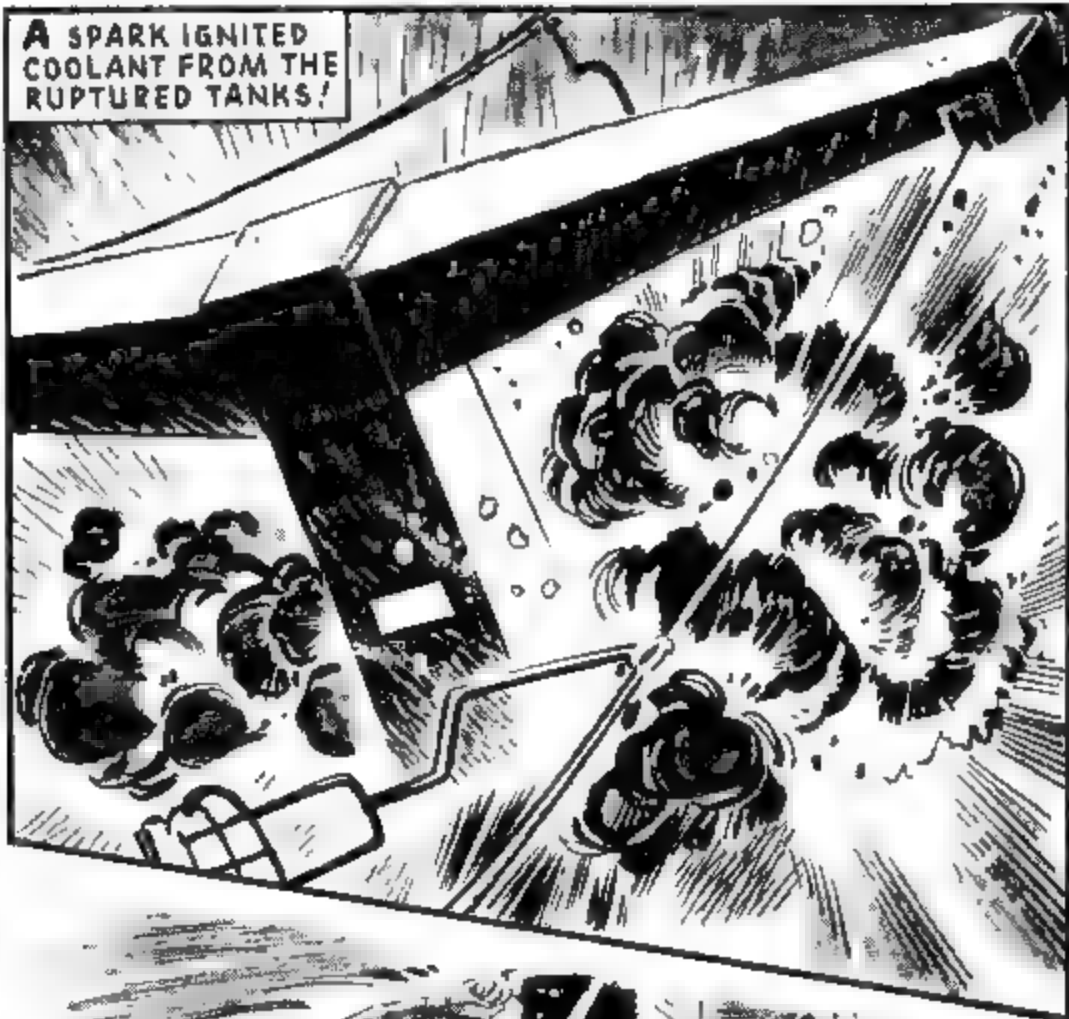
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RIGHT IN THE RUNAWAY'S  
PATH LAY ONE OF THE  
CHAIRLIFT PYLONS!



A SPARK IGNITED  
COOLANT FROM THE  
RUPTURED TANKS!



AN OMINOUS RUMBLE  
BEHIND HIM MADE  
SLICK TWIST ROUND...

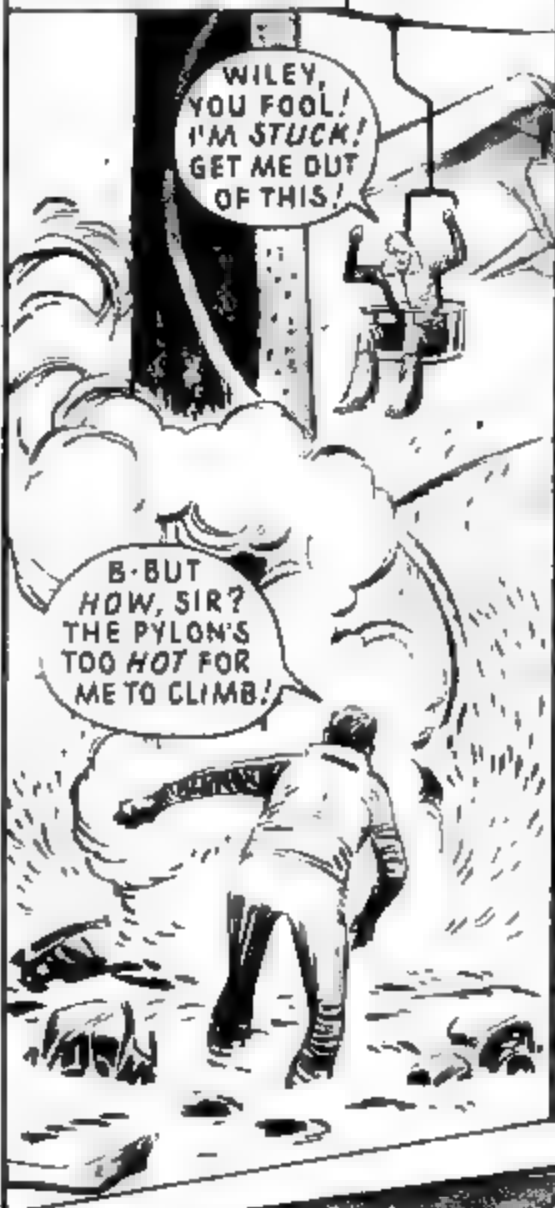
YOU'D BETTER  
SETTLE FOR BLISTERS,  
PAL! BECAUSE THE  
EXPLOSION'S STARTED  
AN AVALANCHE!



BULLET SLICK'S CHAIR COASTED  
GRACEFULLY DOWN TO JAM  
JARRINGLY AGAINST THE  
TWISTED SUPPORT!

WILEY,  
YOU FOOL!  
I'M STUCK!  
GET ME OUT  
OF THIS!

B-BUT  
HOW, SIR?  
THE PYLON'S  
TOO HOT FOR  
ME TO CLIMB!



OH, I DON'T KNOW, SIR—  
MARTIN'S SLED WAS  
QUITE INGENUOUS!

HE'D BETTER THINK  
HIMSELF LUCKY I DON'T MAKE  
HIM PAY FOR THE DAMAGE HIS  
SLED'S CAUSED! IF I FEEL GOOD-  
NATURED TOMORROW, I'LL SEND  
FIVE POUNDS AND THE  
SOUVENIR CHEQUE!



PHEE-EWWW! HOW  
WAS THAT FOR A  
THRILL, SIR?

UNBEATABLE. BUT IF  
MARTIN PAGE THINKS  
HE'S GETTING A MILLION  
POUNDS SOUVENIR  
CHEQUE FOR NEARLY  
KILLING ME...



AND TELL  
THOSE EMPTY-HEADED  
IDIOTS OUT THERE THAT  
MY CHALLENGE STILL  
STANDS, WILEY. AND THEN  
GO AND SEE ABOUT DIGGING  
MY WHEELCHAIR OUT  
OF THE SNOW!

PLEASE  
DON'T SHOUT,  
SIR. YOU  
MIGHT START  
ANOTHER  
AVALANCHE!



Send your ideas to: Bullet Slick, SPEED, IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower,  
Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS.



**Bullet's raft went out of control — and headed towards a deadly drop!**



FROM DAVID ADAMS, OF TORRY, ABERDEEN, COMES THE LATEST CHALLENGE TO BULLET SLICK, THE MAN WHO OFFERS A SOUVENIR MILLION POUND CHEQUE AND £5 IN CASH BESIDES, FOR A STORY OF SPEED AND DANGER THAT WILL THRILL HIM! CAN DAVID GET THROUGH TO THIS CYNICAL, INSULTING, HARD-TO-PLEASE MAN WHOSE OWN QUEST FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE PUT HIM IN A WHEELCHAIR.?

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

THIS KID ADAMS IS AS CRAZY AS THE REST OF 'EM, WILEY! WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT SHOOTING THE RAPIDS IN A RAFT?

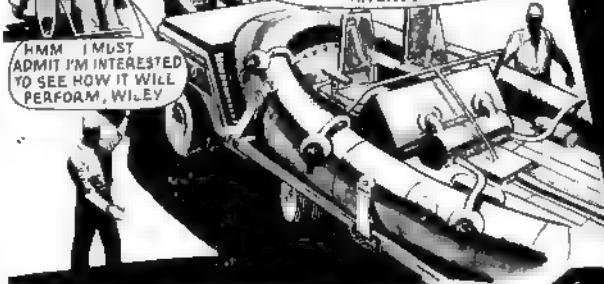
AH, BUT THE RAPIDS HE SUGGESTS, SIR, ARE THE UMANGO NARROWS IN SOUTH AMERICA. NO MAN HAS EVER NEGOTIATED THEM BEFORE!



IT WAS A RAFT MADE OF INTERLOCKED BUOYANCY CHAMBERS, WITH NO MEANS OF PROPULSION, BUT A POWERFUL MAGNETIC GENERATOR BUILT INTO THE BOWS...

THE PRINCIPLE IS QUITE SIMPLE, SIR. THE DEVICE CREATES A MAGNETIC FIELD THAT WILL REPEL THE ORE-BEARING ROCKS IN THE RIVER...

HMM, I MUST ADMIT I'M INTERESTED TO SEE HOW IT WILL PERFORM, WILEY.



'BIG SLICK', THE MILLIONAIRE'S PERSONAL TRANSPORTER, TOOK THE RAFT TO BRAZIL...

WHAT'S THIS ON THE MAP, BEYOND THE RAPIDS, WILEY?



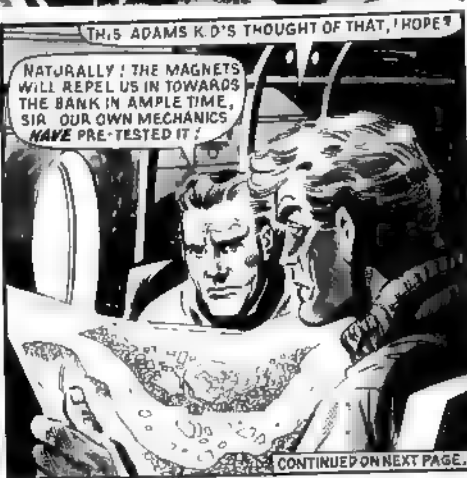
THE TAMAXA FALLS, SIR. WE MUST, OF COURSE, STOP BEFORE WE REACH THEM...

OKAY, DAVID ADAMS: I'LL HAVE MY WORKSHOP MAKE UP THIS HALF-WITTED REPUSSION-RAFT YOU'VE DESIGNED... YOU CAN WATCH WHILE WILEY TRIES IT OUT!



THIS ADAMS KID'S THOUGHT OF THAT, I HOPE?

NATURALLY! THE MAGNETS WILL REPEL US IN TOWARDS THE BANK IN AMPLE TIME, SIR. OUR OWN MECHANICS HAVE PRE-TESTED IT!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



BY RIVER FERRY, THE REPULSION RAFT WAS TOWED TO THE START POINT...

SHALL YOU DO THE STEERING, OR SHALL I?

WHEN WE'VE SHOT THE RAPIDS, YOU MEAN? YOU DO IT! IF THERE ARE THRILLS TO BE HAD, I WANT TO SIT BACK AND ENJOY THEM!

AT THE BRANCH OF THE UMANGO RIVER, THE RAFT WAS CAST LOOSE...

HERE WE GO, SIR! HANG ON! I BELIEVE THE CURRENT BEGINS TO SPEED UP QUITE QUICKLY!

GOOD. YOU REMEMBERED TO HAVE MY HELICOPTER STANDING BY TO PICK US UP AT THE END, I HOPE...

WHITE WATER BEGAN TO BOIL BENEATH THE BOWS...

FASTER AND FASTER THE CRAFT WAS SPED ON ITS WAY, NOW JAGGED ROCKS LOOMED UP AHEAD.

MY STARS! WE'RE GOING TO STRIKE!

HAVE FAITH, SIR! HAVE FAITH!

THE MAGNETIC FIELD FROM THE DEVICE IN THE RAFT SEEMED TO WORK! IT SLITHERED THROUGH IMPOSSIBLE GAPS!

YAAAGH! WE'RE MISSING THEM!

WILEY, I'M LIVING AGAIN! THIS IS GREAT!

EVER QUICKENING THE RIVER PLUNGED DOWN WARDS! SUDDENLY THERE WAS A WHIRLPOOL AHEAD OF THEM.

THEN IT HAPPENED! IN A STRAIGHT RUN OF SMOOTH, HURTLING, DOWN-STREAM WATER!

THE REPULSION DEVICE! IT'S BREAKING AWAY!

THE VIBRATION'S SHEARED THE RIVETS!

ABOVE THEM, SLICK'S HELICOPTER BATTERED A FOLLOWING COURSE

WOW! IF THIS DOESN'T TURN THE BOSS ON, NOTHING WILL!





WE'LL, DAVID, AT LEAST YOU'VE WON! ANYONE ELSE OUT THERE WANT TO TRY FOR MISTER SLICK'S MILLION-POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE? KEEP SENDING IN YOUR STORIES OF SPEED AND THRILLS TO HIM!

ME TOO IF THERE'S ANY MILLION-POUND CHEQUE GOING THOSE NAT'YES DESERVE IT, WILEY.

Send your entries to: Bullet Slick, SPEED, IPC Magazines Ltd, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., SE1 9LS.



Bullet's latest challenge brought him face-to-face with . . . death!

# The £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

THIS WEEK, IT'S THE TURN OF SPEED READER, ADAM CARTER, OF HIGHBURY, TO CHALLENGE BULLET SLICK WITH A TALE OF SPEED AND DANGER TO MAKE HIM SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE! CAN ADAM'S NOTION WIN THE SOUVENIR MILLION-POUND CHEQUE AND A £5 POSTAL ORDER FROM THE RASP-TONGUED MILLIONAIRE WHOSE OWN QUEST FOR THRILLS PUT HIM IN A WHEEL CHAIR...?



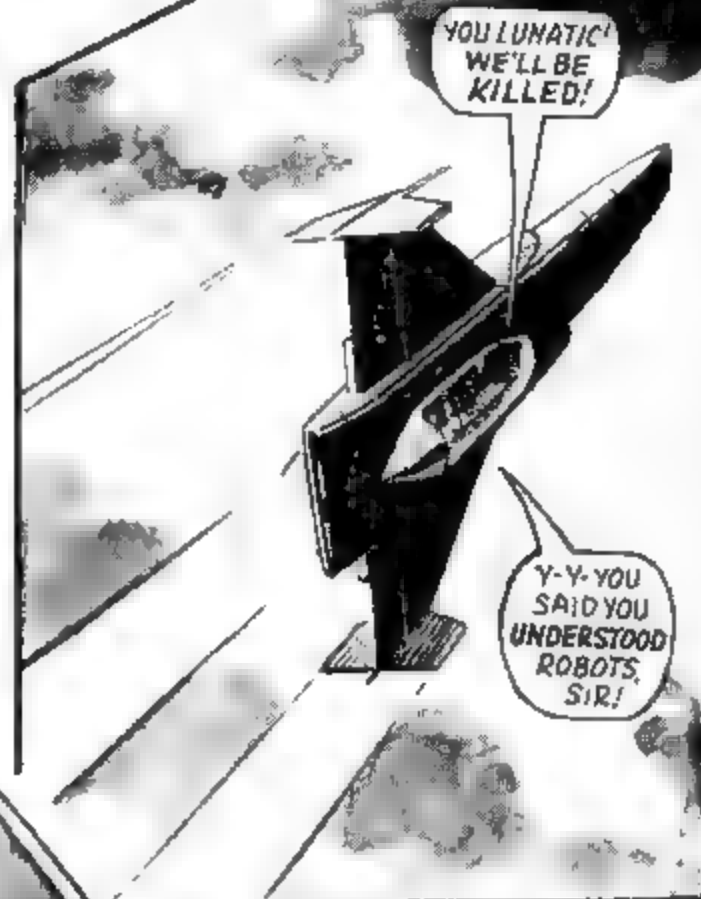
'BIG SLICK', THE MILLIONAIRE'S PERSONAL TRANSPORTER, CLIMBED TO ITS MAXIMUM CEILING . . .







BIG SLICK THROTTLED BACK, AND ITS LOADING DOORS OPENED... NEXT MOMENT...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



NOW THE AIRCRAFT TURNED OVER ON ITS BACK... AND DIVED!

SUCH WAS THE FRICTION THAT THE WINGS BEGAN TO TEAR!

YOU—YOU FOOL!

IT—IT CAME OFF IN MY HANDS!

AAAA  
RRRRGGHHH

LIKE LITTLE MORE THAN A BULLET—AN IRONIC TERM, IN VIEW OF ITS MAIN OCCUPANT'S NICKNAME—THE SHUTTLE PLUNGED EVER DOWNWARD!

AND WITH TOTAL FINALITY...

SHA-TODDMM

STILL SCREAMING, BULLET SLICK AWOKO FROM HIS AFTERNOON DOZE...

YIEEEEE!

SIR, SIR! WHAT IS IT? HAVE YOU BEEN DREAMING?

A NIGHTMARE, WILEY! A TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE!

NEVER MIND SIR! I HAVE A LETTER HERE THAT'LL AMUSE YOU. FROM A NEW CHALLENGER, SIR!

IT'S FROM A MASTER ADAM CARTER OF Highbury, SIR...

WHAAAAT? DON'T READ IT, WILEY! DON'T READ IT!

JUST—JUST SEND HIM THE MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND A FIVER FOR HIS TROUBLE...

IF YOU SAY SO, SIR. BUT HIS IDEA'S ONLY ABOUT JET-PROPELLED ROLLER-SKATES...

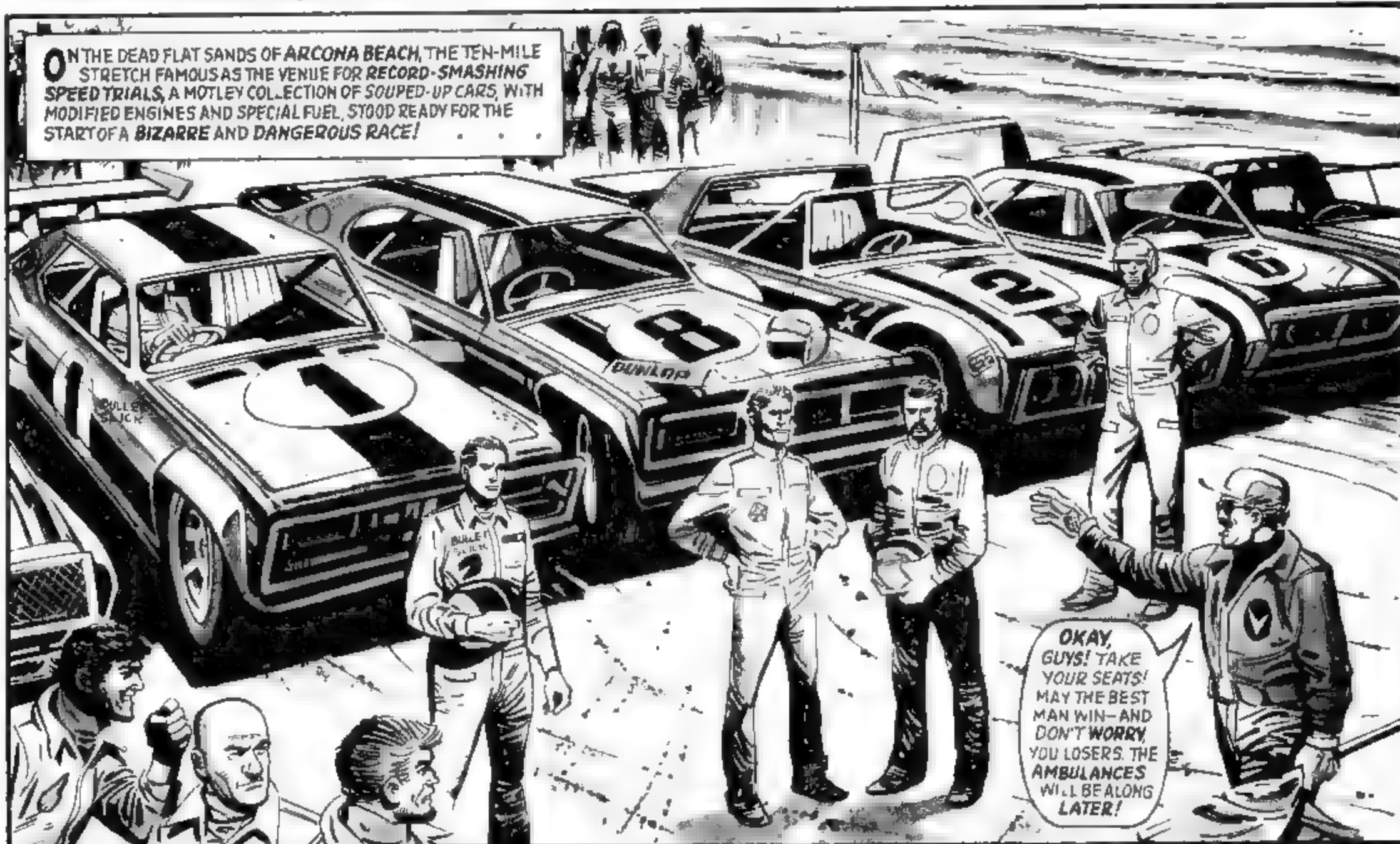
CAN YOU THRILL BULLET SLICK WITH YOUR **SPEED** SUGGESTION? IF HE USES YOUR IDEA YOU'LL WIN A £1,000,000 SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND A £5 POSTAL ORDER. SEND YOUR SUGGESTION TO: BULLET SLICK, **SPEED**, IPC MAGAZINES LTD., KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD ST, SE1 9LS

There will be another exciting challenge for Bullet Slick again in the next issue!



**Bullet's challenge was to take part in the world's most dangerous motor race!**

**O**N THE DEAD FLAT SANDS OF ARCONA BEACH, THE TEN-MILE STRETCH FAMOUS AS THE VENUE FOR RECORD-SMASHING SPEED TRIALS, A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF SOUPED-UP CARS, WITH MODIFIED ENGINES AND SPECIAL FUEL, STOOD READY FOR THE START OF A BIZARRE AND DANGEROUS RACE!



OKAY, GUYS! TAKE YOUR SEATS! MAY THE BEST MAN WIN—AND DON'T WORRY, YOU LOSERS. THE AMBULANCES WILL BE ALONG LATER!

# **£1,000,000 CHALLENGE**

THE WORLD'S TOUGHEST, MOST NERVE-LESS DRIVERS WERE THERE. MEN LIKE IRON JOE MACDONALD...



SAM 'THE BEAR' ALLIGAN...



YOU BETTER BACK OUT NOW, FLNDERS! I'M GONNA KILL YA!

SEZ YOU, FATSO. I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THEM WORDS... ALONG WITH MY EXHAUST SMOKE!

BUT IN CAR NUMBER ONE, STRAPPED IN A SPECIALLY DESIGNED CHAIR, WAS BULLET SLICK, THE ROUGH-TONGUED CYNIC WITH MONEY TO BURN!



YOU'D BETTER BE READING THIS, SIMON REDFERN OF TURNHAM GREEN. IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO PUT ME IN THIS CRAZY RACE! YOU REALLY THINK IT'S GOING TO THRILL ME YOU CHUMP?

GIVE HIM A CHANCE, MISTER SLICK. AFTER ALL, HE IS TRYING TO WIN YOUR SOUVENIR CHEQUE FOR A MILLION POUNDS... AND MAYBE SOME REAL CASH INTO THE BARGAIN!



AW. SHADDAP, WILEY! DOESN'T THE KID REALISE I USED TO BEAT PUNK DRIVERS LIKE THESE TWICE A DAY BEFORE BREAKFAST?... WINNING THIS IS GOING TO BE A BORE!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



BEFORE HE DROPPED THE FLAG, THE STARTER RAN SWIFTLY THROUGH THE RULES

OKAY! IT'S A STRAIGHT RUN—WITH NO HOLDS BARRED! DON'T OUTPACE YOUR OPPONENT—JUST DRIVE OVER HIM!



NUMBER FIVE—SHOTGUN KELLY—took the lead along with NUMBER EIGHT, DRIVEN BY MAD PACO...

THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS, GREASEBALL!



GO!



A FLIP OF KELLY'S WHEEL AND NUMBER EIGHT SPUN OFF...

SHANGG!



TOTALLY COOL, BULLET SLICK EFFORTLESSLY CLEARED THE FLYING DEBRIS!

NYUGGGH! I CAN'T LOOK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, WILEY?



NOT YET AWHILE, THOUGH I'LL TEST OUT THAT REDFERN BRAT'S SUGGESTED CHEMICAL FUEL IN THE RESERVE TANK WHEN I'M GOOD AND READY!



NOW APE KOWALSKI, AT THE WHEEL OF NUMBER TEN, TRIED SOME MIDFIELD TACTICS OF HIS OWN! IT WAS A RACE WITH NO HOLDS BARRED!

YAH HAH HARRRR!

SHAZAPPP

YIEEEEE!





THE RESULT WAS DISASTROUS!



WITH SIX CARS LEFT IN THE RACE, AND SHOTGUN KELLY STILL IN THE LEAD, BULLET SLICK CONTINUED TO HANG BACK...



CAN'T WE QUIT, SIR?  
SIMON REDFERN DIDN'T ACTUALLY  
SAY YOU HAD  
TO WIN!

THE KID INSULTED ME!  
I ALWAYS WIN!

ITS CHASSIS RE-BOLTED AND STRESSED,  
SLICK'S CAR EXPLODED THE TREACHEROUS  
APE KOWALSKI'S VEHICLE LIKE  
A BALSA WOOD TOY!



BUT MIRACULOUSLY, SLICK'S BRILLIANT CONTROL  
TOOK HIM THROUGH... TO LEAVE HIS LAST RIVAL  
WATCHING HIS EXHAUST!



YA-HAYYY!  
YOU DID IT,  
SIR!  
YOU DID IT!

YEAH,  
LIKE  
I SAID  
I WOULD,  
WILEY.

SLICK FLIPPED A DASHBOARD SWITCH FROM THE RESERVE TANK NITRATED CELLULOSE  
FUEL HIT THE CYLINDERS, AND THE EFFECT WAS DRAMATIC!



LOOK OUT! YOU'RE  
GOING TO SMASH  
NUMBER TEN!

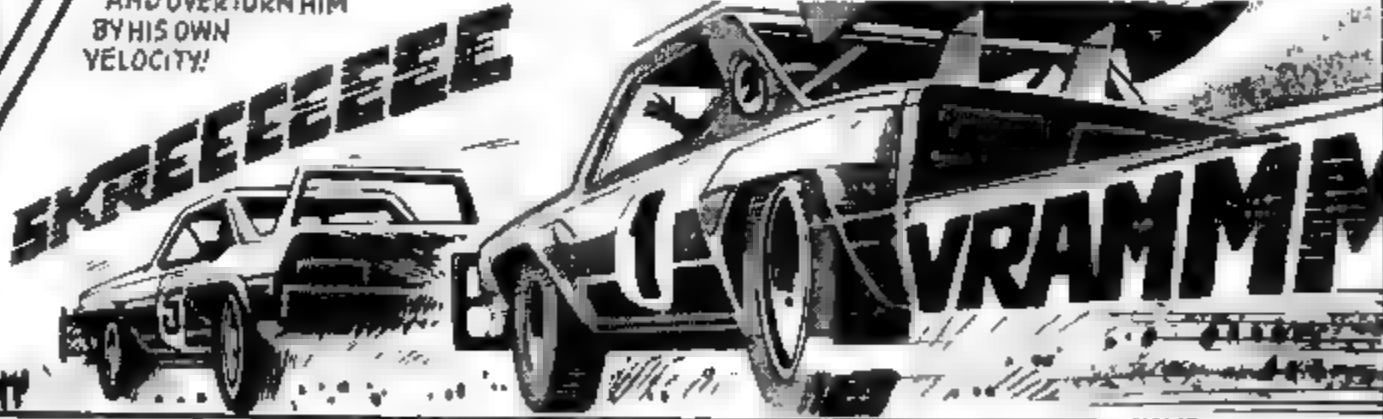
THAT'S  
THE IDEA,  
WILEY!

FOUR, SIX AND NINE SPLIT AND FLED AS THE SPEED-CRAZY  
MILLIONAIRE BOMBED THROUGH!

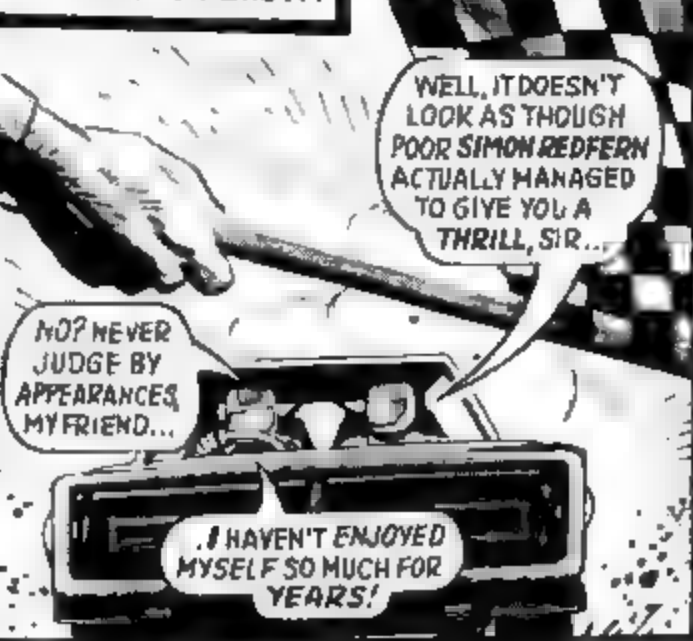


HA, HA HA!  
THIS IS  
GREAT!

KELLY STAMPED THE BRAKES AND SPUN, DELIBERATELY MANOEUVERING TO CATCH SLICK'S OFFSIDE  
AND OVERTURN HIM  
BY HIS OWN  
VELOCITY!



AT THE FINISH-LINE...



WELL, IT DOESN'T  
LOOK AS THOUGH  
POOR SIMON REDFERN  
ACTUALLY MANAGED  
TO GIVE YOU A  
THRILL, SIR...

NO? NEVER  
JUDGE BY  
APPEARANCES,  
MY FRIEND...

I HAVEN'T ENJOYED  
MYSELF SO MUCH FOR  
YEARS!



A SOUVENIR MILLION  
POUND CHEQUE WILL BE  
IN THE POST TO YOU,  
REDFERN,  
AND A  
FIVER TO  
BOOT FOR  
A DOZY  
LITTLE  
WEED.

... YOU CAME UP WITH  
A GOOD STUNT!

CAN YOU THRILL BULLET SLICK WITH SPEED  
SUGGESTIONS AND WIN HIS £1,000,000 SOUVENIR  
CHEQUE PLUS A £5 POSTAL ORDER? ... SEND YOUR  
ENTRIES TO: BULLET SLICK, SPEED, IPC MAGAZINES LTD,  
KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS

There will be another super challenge for Bullet Slick again next week!



The 'Wind-scooper' was designed to operate in the middle of a hurricane!

DOWN IN THE BASEMENT WORKSHOPS OF HIS MAYFAIR TOWN-HOUSE, BULLET SLICK AND HIS AIDE, WILEY, SURVEYED THE STRANGE CRAFT THAT MECHANICS HAD BUILT TO THE DESIGN OF 'SPEED' READER DAVID McDONALD, FROM ROYSTON, HERTS. DAVID—LATEST CHALLENGER FOR SLICK'S SOUVENIR MILLION POUND CHEQUE—AND REAL MONEY, BESIDES!



WHAT DOES THIS IDIOT KID CALL IT?

ER—THE "STORM-STREAK WIND-SCOOPER," SIR.

IT COULD WORK, MISTER SLICK...

# The £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

HANSON WAS THE MILLIONAIRE'S CHIEF MECHANIC...



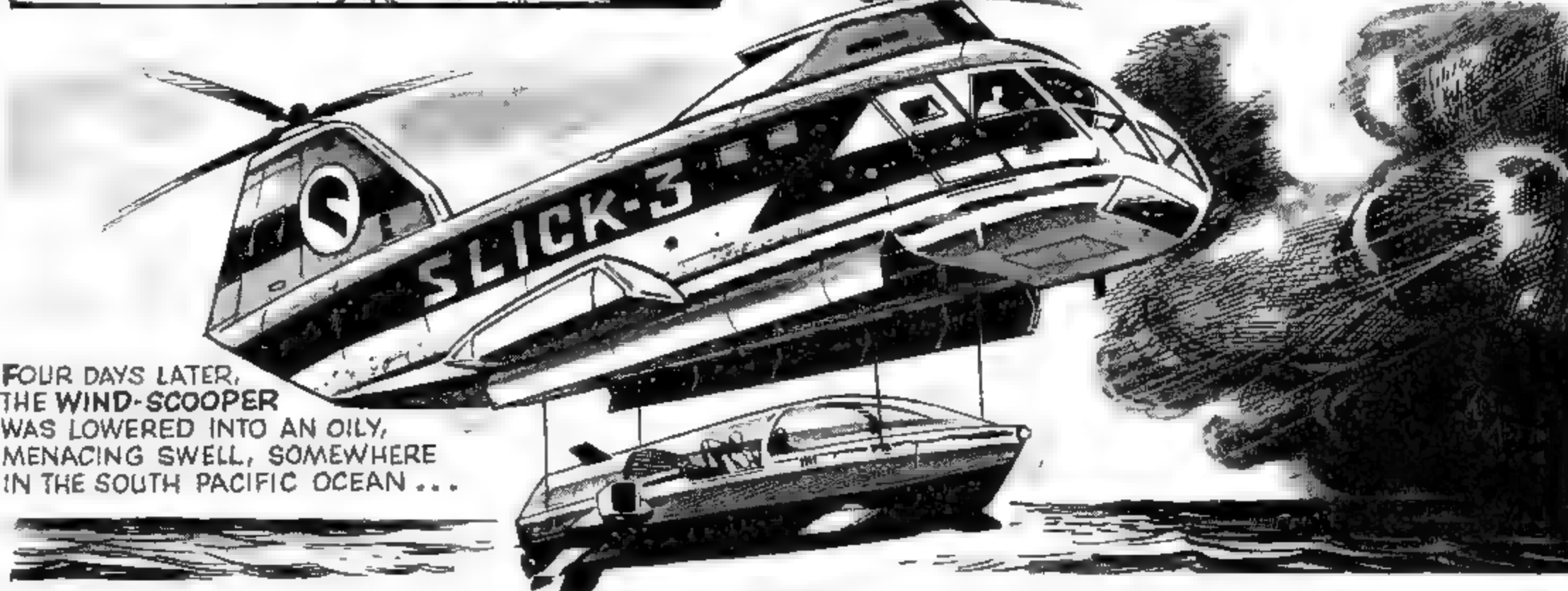
ENTIRELY ENCLOSED... UNSINKABLE! THESE METAL 'SAILS', REMOTELY CONTROLLED FROM WITHIN, ANGLE TO CATCH THE FULL POWER OF THE WIND...

YEAH, YEAH. AND THIS McDONALD CHARACTER SUGGESTS I DELIBERATELY TAKE IT THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF A HURRICANE!

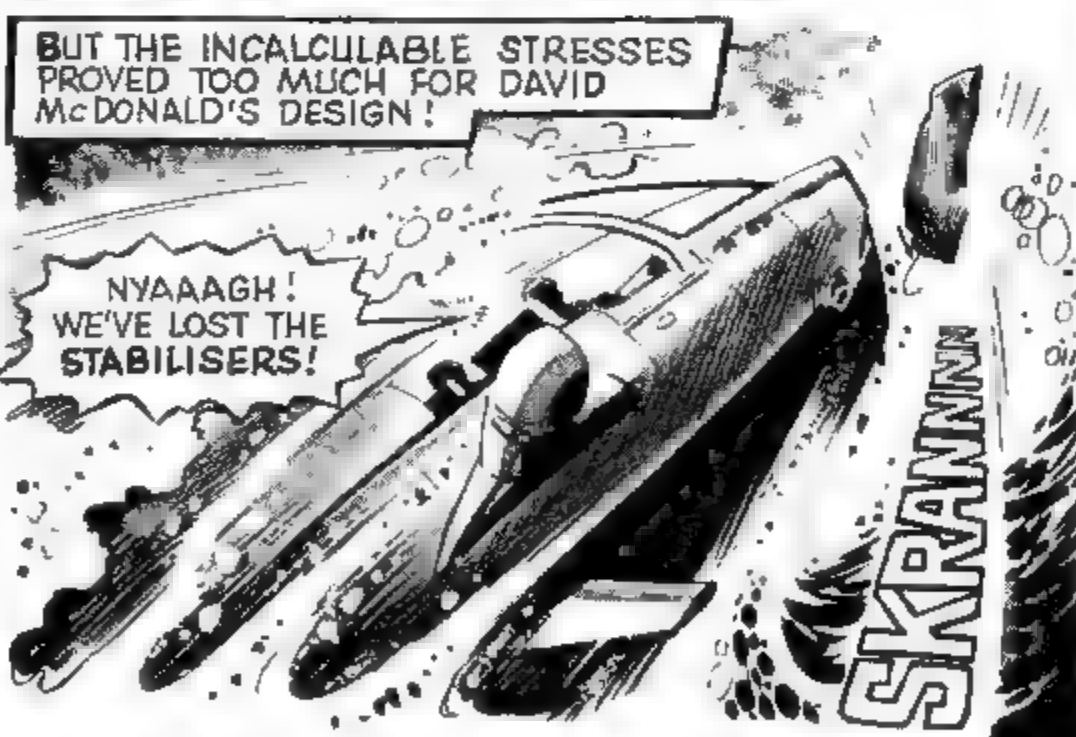
YOU DO OFFER YOUR PRIZE FOR AN IDEA OF THRILLS AND SPEED, SIR...

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. MAKE THE NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS, WILEY. BUT MAKE SURE MY HELICOPTER KEEPS US ON RADAR AT ALL TIMES!

FOUR DAYS LATER, THE WIND-SCOOPER WAS LOWERED INTO AN OILY, MENACING SWELL, SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN...









SUDDENLY, A HORRENDOUS, SHATTERING IMPACT!

AAARGH!

IN FACT, THEY HAD BEEN ON THE EDGE OF THE HURRICANE. AND WHEN AT LAST THE WIND DROPPED AND THE TWO MEN RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS...

G-GOOD GRIEF! UNLESS THIS IS PARADISE, WE'VE BEEN DRIVEN ASHORE!

OH, NO! NATIVES! AND THEY LOOK ANYTHING BUT FRIENDLY!

NEVER MIND THE WISECRACKS, YOU SMART-ALEC. GET ME OUT OF THIS! YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY ME

THEN...

S-SURE, BOSS. AT ONCE, BOSS

THEY PROBABLY THINK WE CAUSED THE CONFOUNDED HURRICANE! START RUNNING, WILEY!

M-M-MOTHER!

C-CAN'T KEEP THIS UP... MUCH ... LONGER...

IT WAS THE GROWING CLATTER OF AIRCRAFT ROTORS THAT SAVED THEM!

AIEEE! FOONA! FOONA!

NNAHHH!

WITHIN MINUTES...

YOU'RE OKAY NOW, SIR! BY GLORY, YOUNG McDONALD CERTAINLY GAVE YOU ALL THE THRILLS YOU COULD EVER WANT!

DIDN'T HE! THE DOZY TWERP NEARLY LANDED ME UP AS A CANNIBAL'S LUNCH-PACK!

AS FOR YOU, WILEY, WHEN YOU FEEL YOU'RE UP TO IT, SEND THE KID ONE OF MY SOUVENIR MILLION POUND CHEQUES—AND A FIVER FOR HIS TROUBLE! BUT LET'S HOPE ALL 'SPEED' READERS AREN'T AS MAD AS McDONALD!

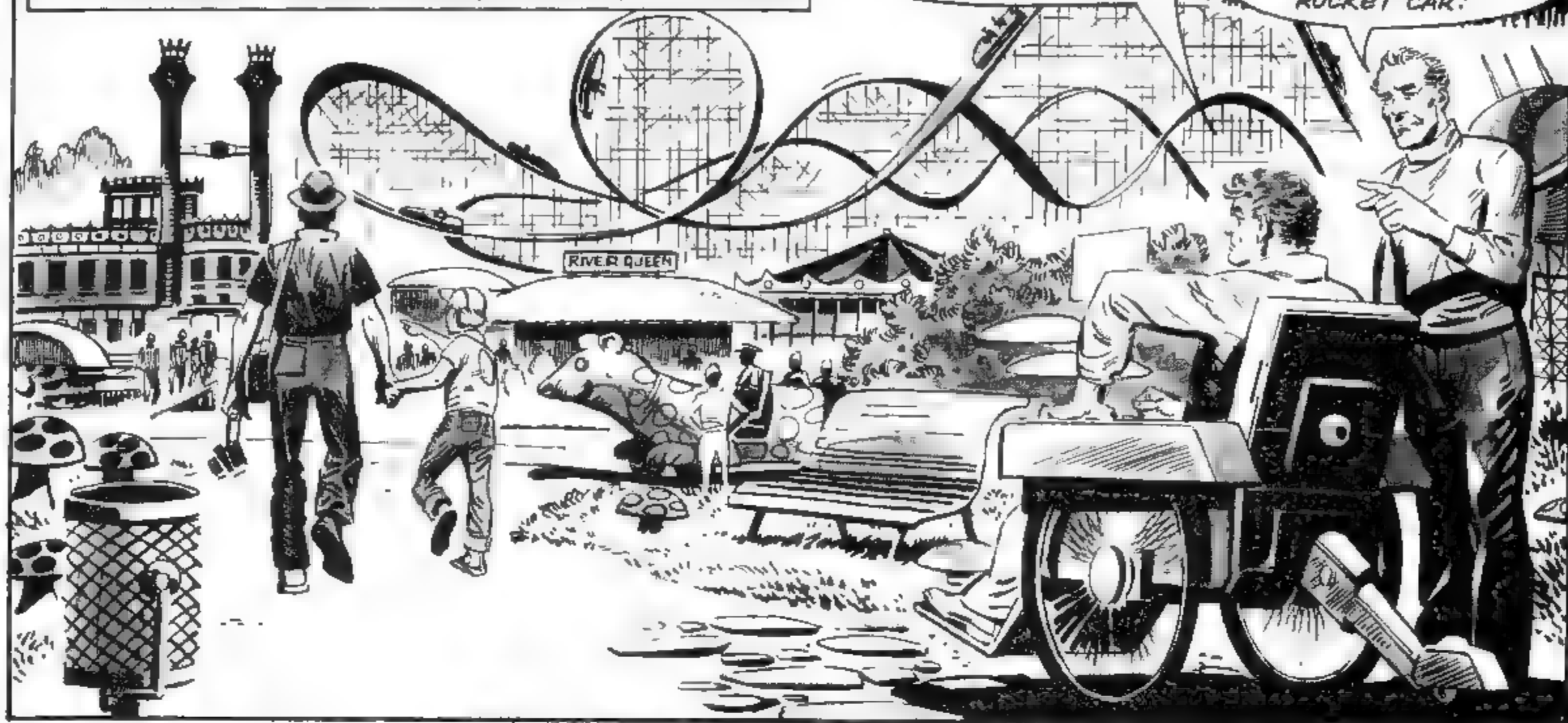


# Bullet's latest challenge was a ride in a rocket powered roller-coaster!

**FANTASY ISLAND, U.S.A.**—THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND NEWEST PLEASURE-PARK. FANTASY ISLAND—WITH THE BIGGEST AND MOST HAIR-RAISING ROLLER-COASTER EVER BUILT! IT WAS HERE THAT BULLET SLICK AND WILEY HAD COME, ON THE INSISTENCE OF 'SPEED' READER, GARY MOON, OF LEWISHAM...

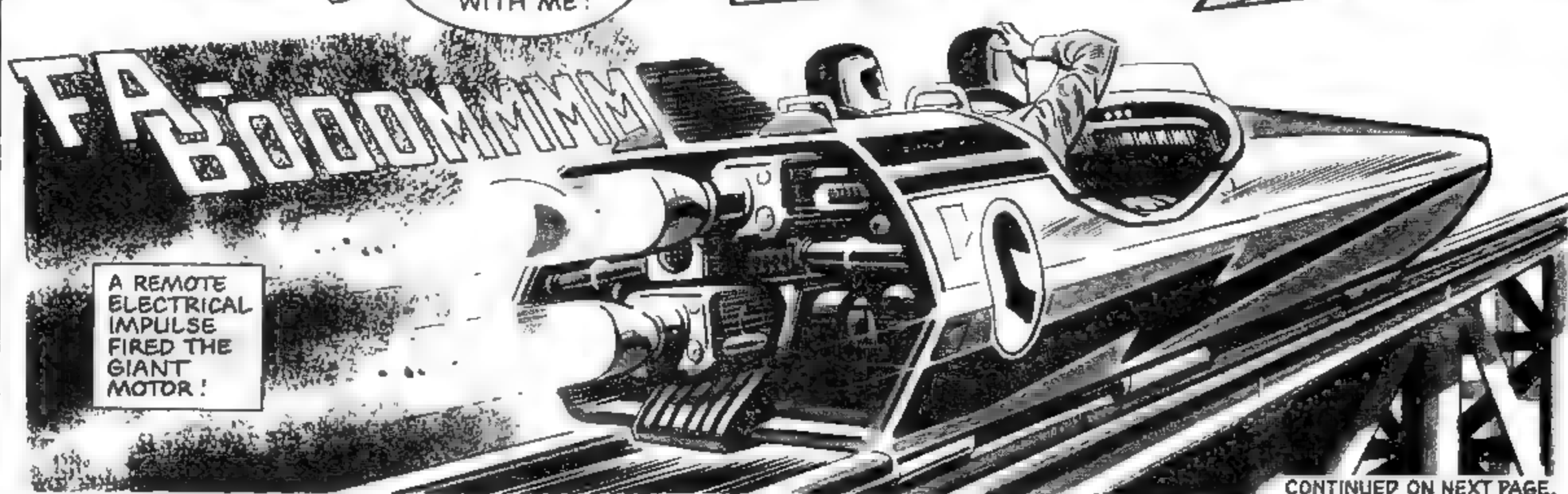
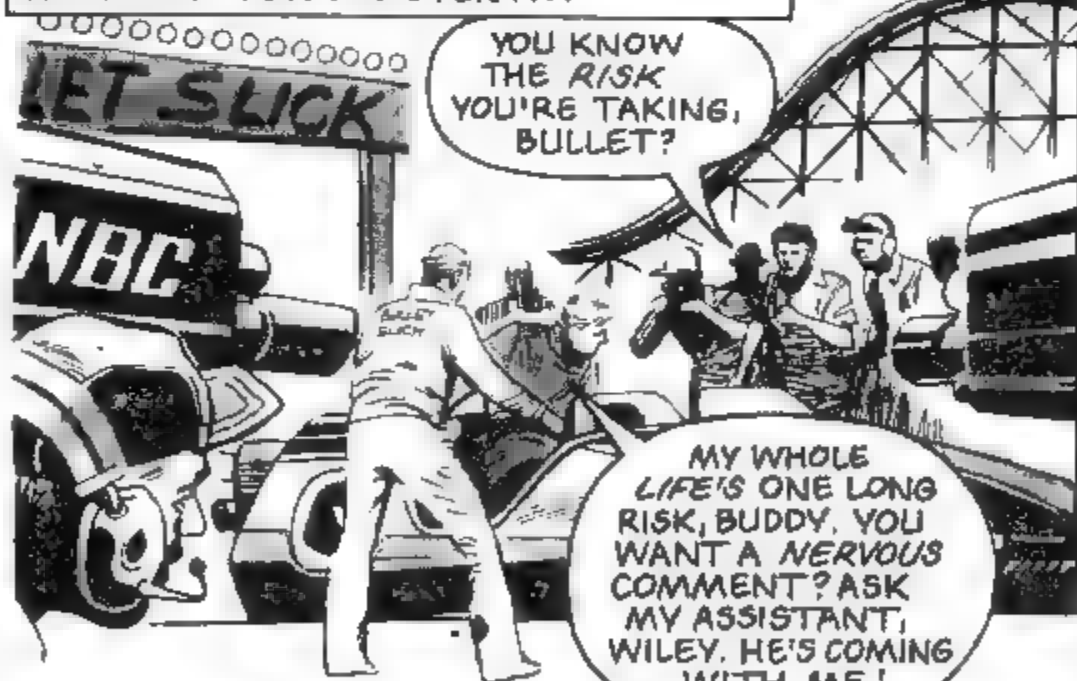
SO THIS MOON KID HOPES TO WIN MY SOUVENIR MILLION POUND CHEQUE FOR A THRILLING RIDE ON THE ROLLER-COASTER, HUH?

AND A REAL FIVER, SIR! REMEMBER—HE'S CHALLENGING YOU TO RIDE IT ON HIS SELF-DESIGNED, UNCONTROLLED ROCKET CAR.



# £1,000,000.000 CHALLENGE

THE ROLLER-COASTER HAD BEEN CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE EVENT...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.







BY SOME MIRACLE, THE POWER OF THE ROCKET ENGINE GAVE THE STRICKEN CAR A KIND OF AERODYNAMIC QUALITY!

BULLET GOT IT... IN THE SHAPE OF A VAST PUBLIC BOATING POOL!

SHOOOONNN

AIEEEEE!

MY STARS! IF EVER WE NEEDED LUCK, IT'S NOW!

IT'S GOTTA BE A TRAGEDY! WE'VE LOST 'EM, FOLKS!

NO! THERE THEY ARE! LOOK!

THA-  
RUNNCH!  
BOMMPA

AHHHHH!

STRICTLY NO BUMPING

STRICTLY NO BUMPING

THEN...

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING...?

KEEP STILL, YOU FOOL! WE'RE DODGING DEATH BY THE SECOND!

AT LAST, AS IT ROARED UP THE CANVAS OF THE CIRCUS MARQUEE, THE CAR'S ROCKET-MOTOR GAVE ITS FINAL GASP!

ZZAMMM

CIRCUS

BA-KOFFF!

IN A DAZE, WILEY SHED HIS BELT AND STEPPED OUT... STRAIGHT THROUGH A ROOF-VENT!

YAAAGH!

YOU IDIOT!

A HIGH-WIRE WALKER WAS LESS THAN PLEASED... BUT AT LEAST THERE WAS A SAFETY-NET BELOW!

S-S-SORRY...

YOU-YOU...

MUCH, MUCH LATER, WHEN SLICK HAD BEEN COLLECTED FROM HIS PERCH AND RESTORED TO TERRA FIRMA...

ARE THEY OKAY?

WHAT DOES SLICK SAY?

JUST LET 'EM CALM DOWN, BOYS! MEANTIME, A MESSAGE FOR GARY MOON IN LONDON! YOU GET A SOUVENIR MILLION POUND CHEQUE, KID—AND A FIVER TO SPEND! SLICK SAYS HE HOPES HE NEVER HEARS FROM YOU AGAIN!



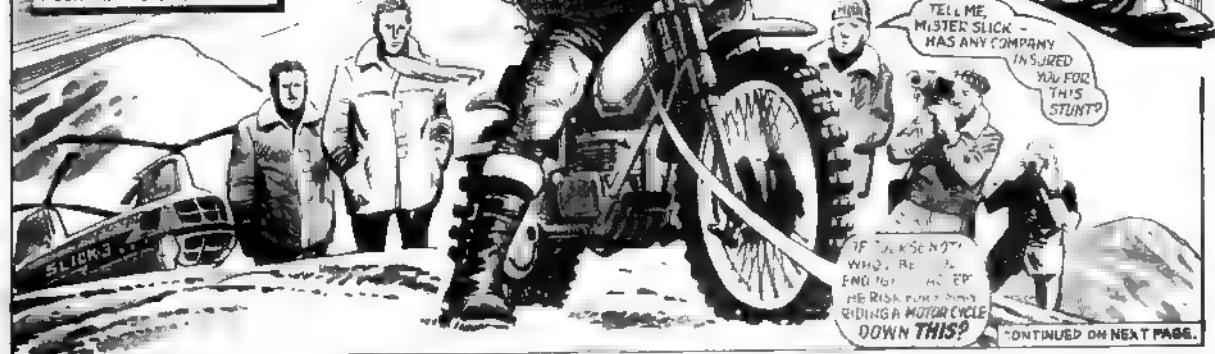
Bullet's challenge from a SPEED reader was to ride a motor cycle down a mountain!

# The £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

BULLET SLICK WAS TAKING AN AFTERNOON REST. HIS MAN, WILEY, CAME THROUGH WITH ONE OF THE LATEST CHALLENGES FOR HIS SOUVENIR MILLION-POUND CHEQUE AND TWO FIVE POUNDS IN REAL MONEY, BESIDES. IT WAS A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS FROM 'SPEED' READER, ALAN WICKERS, OF CROYDON.



ALAN'S STORY BEGAN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF BEN CALICH, A STEEP MOUNTAIN IN SCOTLAND



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





WHO'D BE  
FOOL ENOUGH  
TO DO IT?

LISTEN, RENT A MOUTH. ALL  
IT TAKES IS ROMANCE, SUPERB  
SMILE AND SMUT. SECOND  
JUDGMENT AND BULLET  
SLICK HAS GOT ALL THREE  
TO SPARE!

THE WIND TORE AT  
SLICK AS HIS BIKE  
ROARED DOWN THE  
INITIAL DROP!

MUSTN'T TOUCH  
THE BRAKES...  
JUST THINK FIFTY  
METRES AHEAD,  
BULLET...



SO LONG, CHICKENS!  
SEE YOU AT THE BOTTOM!

SURE! WE'LL COME  
DOWN AND PICK UP  
THE PIECES!

ON THE EDGE OF A SNOW GULLY,  
SLICK STRAINED EVERY MUSCLE  
TO AVOID THE HORRIFYING  
FALL!



INCREDIBLE! LOOK  
AT HIM S.D.E. S.P.  
J'WH HAT DOSE  
SHALE!

YOU'VE GOT IT  
HAND IT TO MY  
BOSS! HE'S  
BRILLIANT!



THEY'RE  
FUCKING  
ABOUT  
ABOUT  
ABOUT

PLAN SAY WE'RE  
FOLLOWING YOU IN THE  
HELICOPTER. THAT WAS  
A KICK BEYOND  
THE LIMIT!

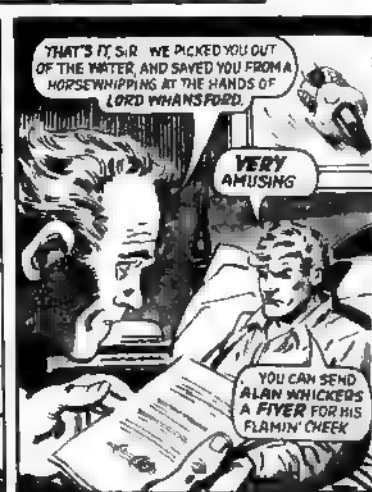


YA-HAYYYY!



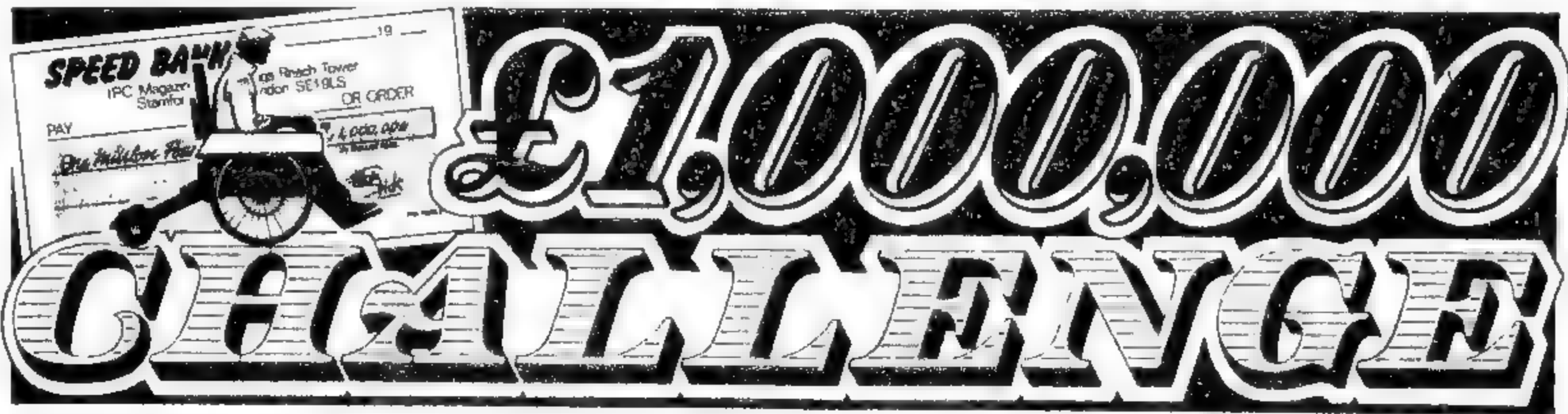
NOW IT WAS A SLIDING SLAOM  
BETWEEN TUSsocks OF HEATHER  
THE MACHINE BOUNCING WILDLY  
ON THE UNEVEN GROUND!







**Bullet's assistant Wiley found himself riding a headless horse!**



**STOWCASTER RACECOURSE** HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT. THE EIGHT FURLONG CIRCUIT, WITH ITS SUCCESSION OF TEN DAUNTING FENCES, WAS FAMOUS AS THE MOST TESTING TRACK IN THE WORLD... BUT NO ONE IN HISTORY HAD EVER BEFORE COMPLETED IN THE SADDLE OF A ROBOT HORSE!



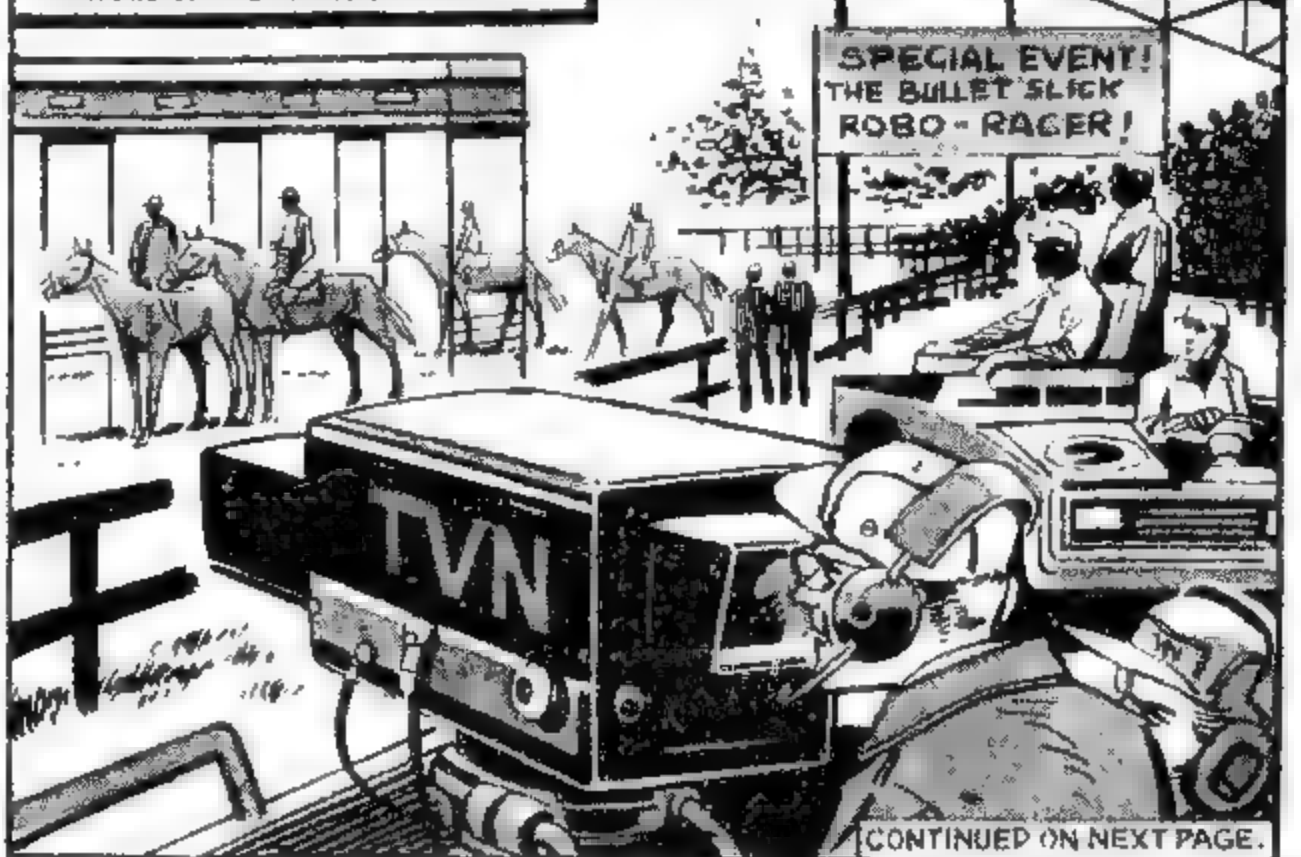
ROGER CATON, YOU'RE AFTER MY MILLION  
POUND SOUVENIR CHECK, AND A REAL FIVER  
IN ADDITION. IF YOUR STORY OF  
THRILLS AND SPEED  
WORKS OUT  
—YOU WIN!  
IF NOT,  
YOU'RE A  
'HUMP  
AND A  
SQUIRT!



NOT HALF AS MUCH  
OF A CHUMP AS ME, FOR  
AGREEING TO JUMP ON  
THIS MECHANICAL  
MONSTER!



**SLICK AND HANSON TRANSFERRED TO A SPECIAL VEHICLE ON THE TRACKSIDE ROAD . . .**

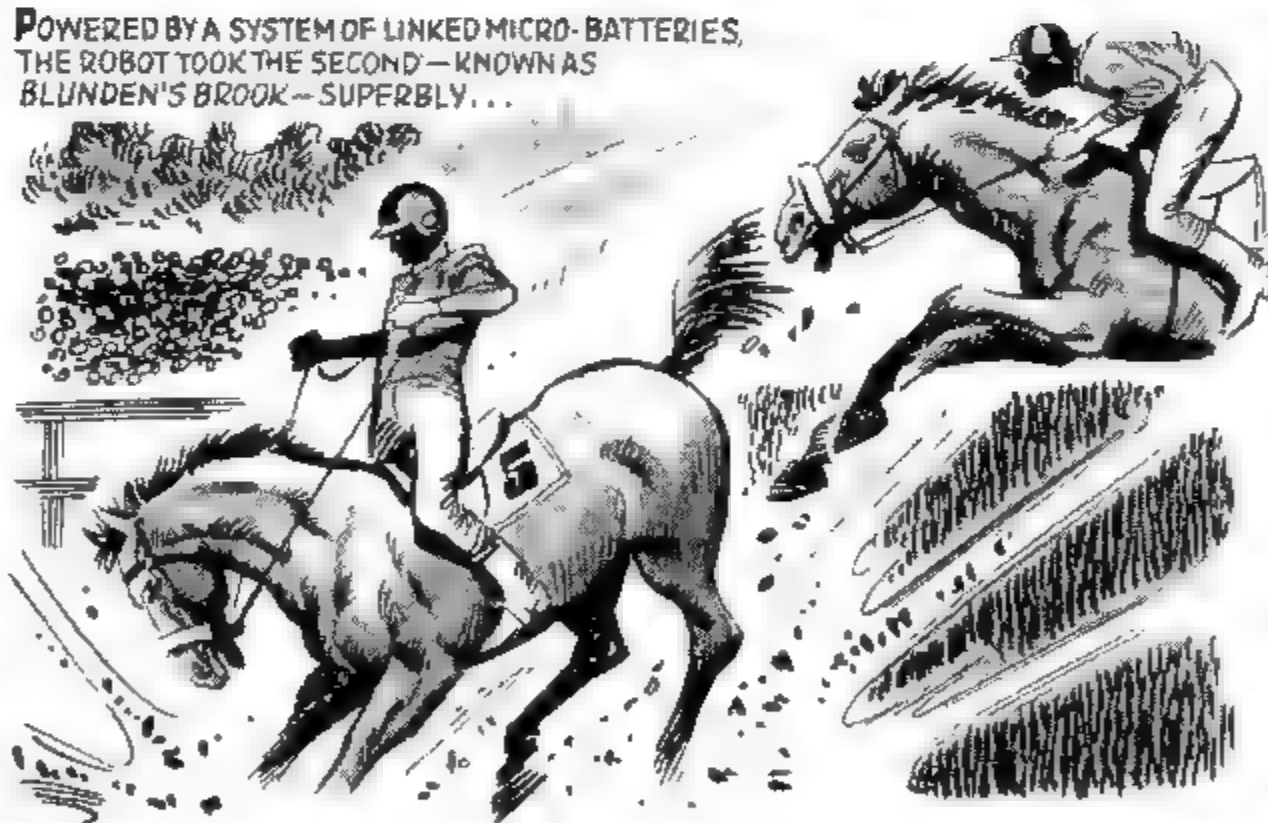


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POWERED BY A SYSTEM OF LINKED MICRO-BATTERIES, THE ROBOT TOOK THE SECOND—KNOWN AS BLUNDEN'S BROOK—SUPERBLY...









A dare-devil thief made off with Bullet's latest speed challenge!

# The £1,000,000,000 CHALLENGE

IT HAD BEEN CHRISTENED 'THE SPEEDSKIMMER'. AN AERODYNAMIC MONO-WING POWERED BY A SINGLE JET ENGINE, DESIGNED TO CARRY ONE MAN IN FLIGHT. BULLET SLICK'S WORKSHOPS HAD BUILT IT TO AN ADAPTED DESIGN FROM **SPEED READER**, **ORVILLE WRAY**, OF BIRMINGHAM...



SLICK WAS IN HIS USUAL, CAUSTIC MOOD...

FRANKLY, WRAY, I THINK YOU'RE ROUND THE TWIST! A PUNY ENGINE ON A PUNY WING! I'D GET MORE KICKS FROM EMPTY FOOTBALL BOOTS!

THAT WILL BE FOR YOU TO DECIDE, WILEY. YOU'LL BE **FLYING** THE THING!

WHEN'S YOUR MAN GOING TO LIFT OFF, BULLET?

AHH, WE'RE WAITING FOR ONE OF **YOUR** COLLEAGUES. SOME JOURNALIST FROM THE GLOBE PICTORIAL. LATE, OF COURSE...

MEANWHILE, AT THE FOOT OF THE TALL BUILDING, IN THE PREMISES OF THE 'CITY INCORPORATED BANK'...

FILL THIS WITH HIGH-DENOMINATION NOTES! NO TRICKS, OR I **BLAST** THESE NICE PEOPLE!

D-DO AS HE SAYS! YOU CAN T-TELL HE MEANS IT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



THE CASHIERS COMPLIED— BUT THE MANAGER WAS BRAVE ENOUGH TO TRY AND TALK THE RAIDER DOWN!

YOU CAN'T GET OUT, YOU KNOW. I'VE OPERATED A REMOTE LOCK ON THE MAIN DOORS!

SO? WHO SAID I WAS LEAVING THAT WAY...?

SO LONG, MUGS! THANKS FOR THE CASH!

YOU'RE MAD! THAT DOOR ONLY LEADS TO THE UPPER FLOOR LIFTS!

A MOCKING LAUGH, AND THE CROOK WAS GONE! AN ATHLETIC MAN, HE IGNORED THE LIFTS AND TOOK THE STAIRS...

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW FOR THE ROOF... AND BULLET SLICK!

AT LAST! YOU MUST BE FROM THE GLOBE PICTORIAL!

THAT'S WHAT I TOLD YOU ON THE PHONE, BUDDY...

IN FACT, MY PALS CALL ME 'NERVELESS NELSON'— AND I'VE DECIDED THAT I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS MUCH PUBLICISED FLIGHT!

YNNFF!

I LET MYSELF INTO YOUR BASEMENT LAST NIGHT, SLICK— SO I KNOW HOW THIS WORKS! WHAT A GETAWAY! YAH-HAH-HAH!

STOP HIM, SOMEONE! WHAT'S THE FOOL DOING...?

HE'S LIFTED TEN THOUSAND POUNDS FROM MY BANK... THAT'S WHAT HE'S DONE!

WHAT-?

EVEN AS NERVELESS NELSON TOOK OFF, WILEY SPRANG INTO ACTION!

SHOOOMMM!

I'LL STOP HIM, MISTER SLICK...





YEAAGH!  
GET OFF, YOU  
FOOL! YOU'RE  
CRAZY!

KLAMMP!

OH,  
NO!

AAAAAAAAAA...

MAINTAINING TOP SPEED, THE SPEED-  
SKIMMER BURST THROUGH THE WINDOWS  
ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE ROOM!



SA-MASSSH!

NUHHHHH!

THE SPEEDSKIMMER WORKED—  
BUT IT WAS ALREADY LOSING  
HEIGHT!

IT WON'T  
CARRY TWO  
OF US!

S-SO YOU  
JUMP! HANGED  
IF I'M GOING  
TO!



SHRAK!

KA-RASHH!

AARRRGH!

YI-EEEEEE!

AT LAST, THE CRAZY  
DOWNWARD FLIGHT  
CAME TO A HALT...  
A MERCIFUL  
HALT!



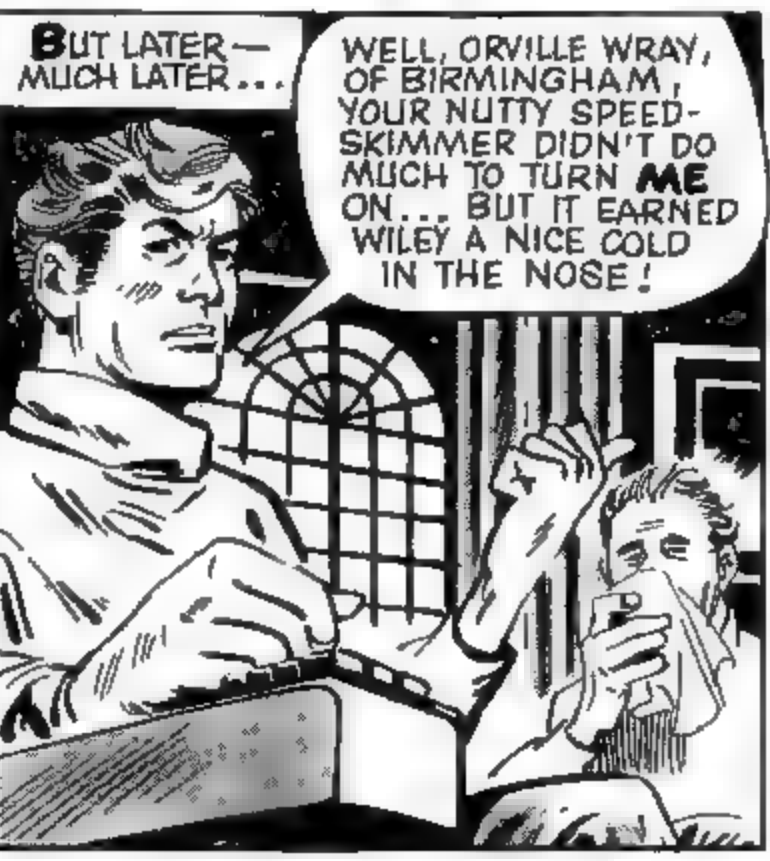
SA-FLASSSHH!

WHAT THE  
DICKENS...?



OFFICERS!  
ARREST THIS M-M-MAN!  
HE'S A B-BANK  
ROBBER!

I MUST BE  
DREAMING! PINCH  
ME AND WAKE ME  
UP, JOE!



BUT LATER —  
MUCH LATER...

WELL, ORVILLE WRAY,  
OF BIRMINGHAM,  
YOUR NUTTY SPEED-  
SKIMMER DIDN'T DO  
MUCH TO TURN ME  
ON... BUT IT EARNED  
WILEY A NICE COLD  
IN THE NOSE!



DON'T WORRY, ORVILLE. I'LL  
SEND YOU A FIVER OUT OF THE  
(SNIFF) REWARD MONEY I GOT  
FROM THE (SNIFF) BANK. AND  
I'LL MAKE SURE OLD MISERY  
INCLUDES A SOUVENIR MILLION-  
POUND CHEQUE AS WELL!  
DO YOU KNOW  
SOMETHING...  
THANKS TO  
YOU, I'M A  
HERO!



A World War Two Spitfire was the vehicle for Bullet's latest challenge!

# £1,000,000.000 CHALLENGE

THERE WASN'T A SECOND WORLD WAR SPITFIRE AVAILABLE, SO BULLET SLICK HAD ONE SPECIALLY RESTORED AND MODIFIED TO THE DESIGN OF SPEED READER, DAVID BRICK OF SALE, CHESHIRE... LATEST CHALLENGER FOR BULLET'S SOUVENIR MILLION POUND CHEQUE AND THE REAL, SPENDABLE FIVER THAT THE MILLIONAIRE OFFERED FOR IDEAS THAT WOULD GIVE HIM SPEED AND THRILLS!



THOUGHT YOU'D GET ME TO DO YOUR WACKY STUNT, DIDN'T YOU, KID? WELL, BRICK-BRAINS, THERE'S NO WAY I CAN BE UPON THE FUSELAGE...



SO THE JOB'S GONE TO MY MAN, WILEY. IF HE RECKONS THIS FLIGHT GIVES HIM A KICK, YOU GET YOUR PRIZE. IF NOT—TOUGH FLAMING LUCK!

BULLET SLICK GUNNED THE ROLLS-ROYCE MERLIN ENGINE, AND THE SLEEK FIGHTER SPED DOWN THE STRIP!



GUUH! THE-THE SLIPSTREAM! WHY DIDN'T I ASK TO BE HANDCUFFED TO THE SUPPORTS?

AND HERE HE GOES! SLICK'S GOING TO PUT THAT THING THROUGH A FULL RANGE OF AEROBATICS BEFORE THE FINAL CLIMAX, FOLKS...



ONCE AIRBORNE, THE TWO MEN COMMUNICATED BY INTERNAL RADIO...



GET SET, WILEY! I'M GOING TO ROLL AND DIVE!

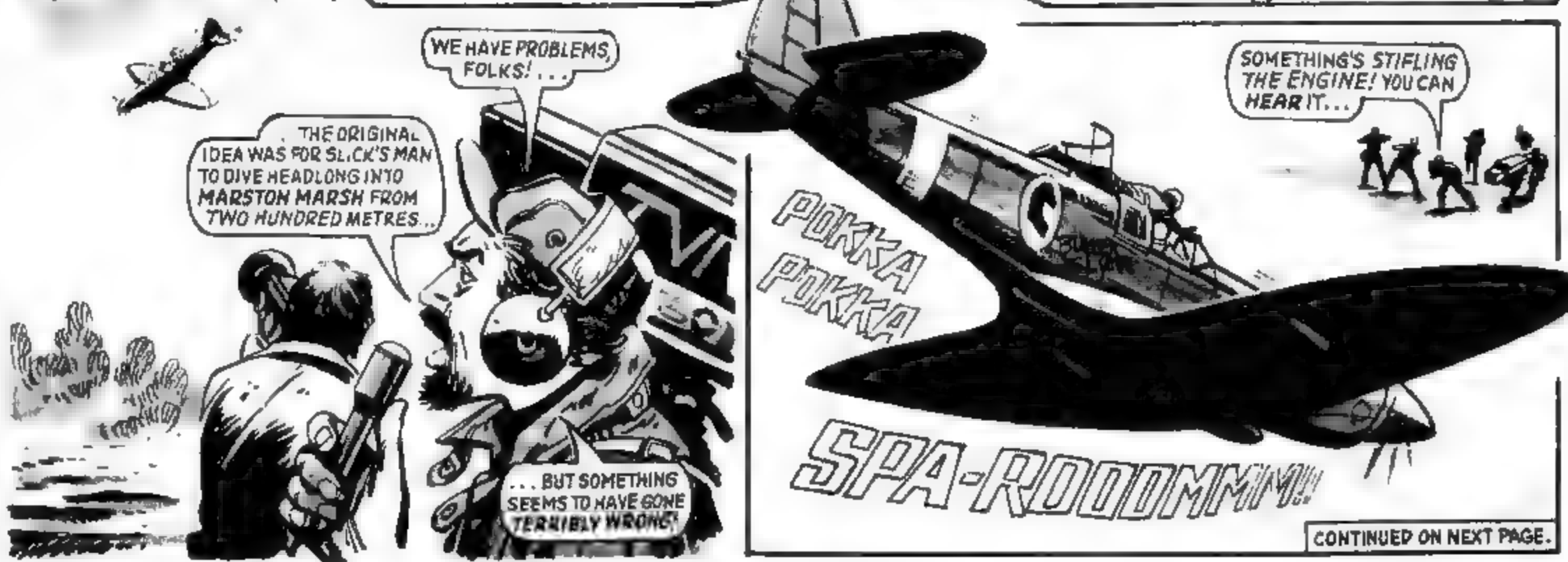
MY FEET ARE WORRYING ME, MISTER SLICK! THERE'S SO LITTLE GRIP!



HERE WE GO!

CARLOS PINO









Send your ideas to: Bullet Slick, SPEED, IPC Magazines Ltd, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., SE1 9LS.



Slick drove his rocket car straight towards a landing plane!

# The £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

THE SIXTY MILE, STRAIGHT-AND-LEVEL STRETCH OF HIGHWAY 90 ARROWED EMPTY ACROSS THE MID-WESTERN PRAIRIE. NEWLY COMPLETED, IT HAD NOT YET BEEN OPENED TO THE PUBLIC, BUT NOW IT WAS TO BE THE SCENE OF A TRULY SENSATIONAL SPEED TRIAL!

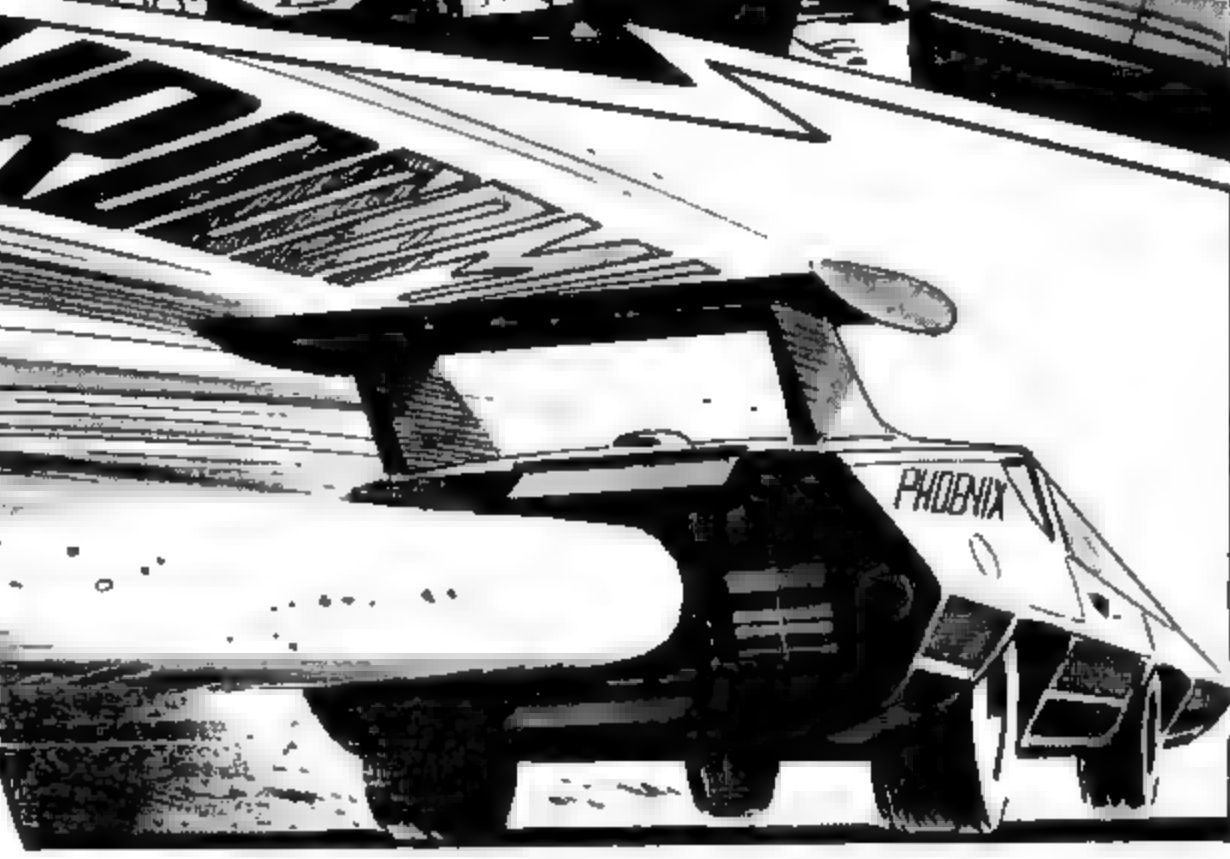


**SPEED READER**—BARRY CROWTHER—LATEST IN THE LINE OF CHALLENGERS HOPING TO WIN BULLET SLICK'S MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE, AND FIVE POUNDS IN REAL MONEY, BY GIVING THE ACE SPEEDSTER A THRILL!

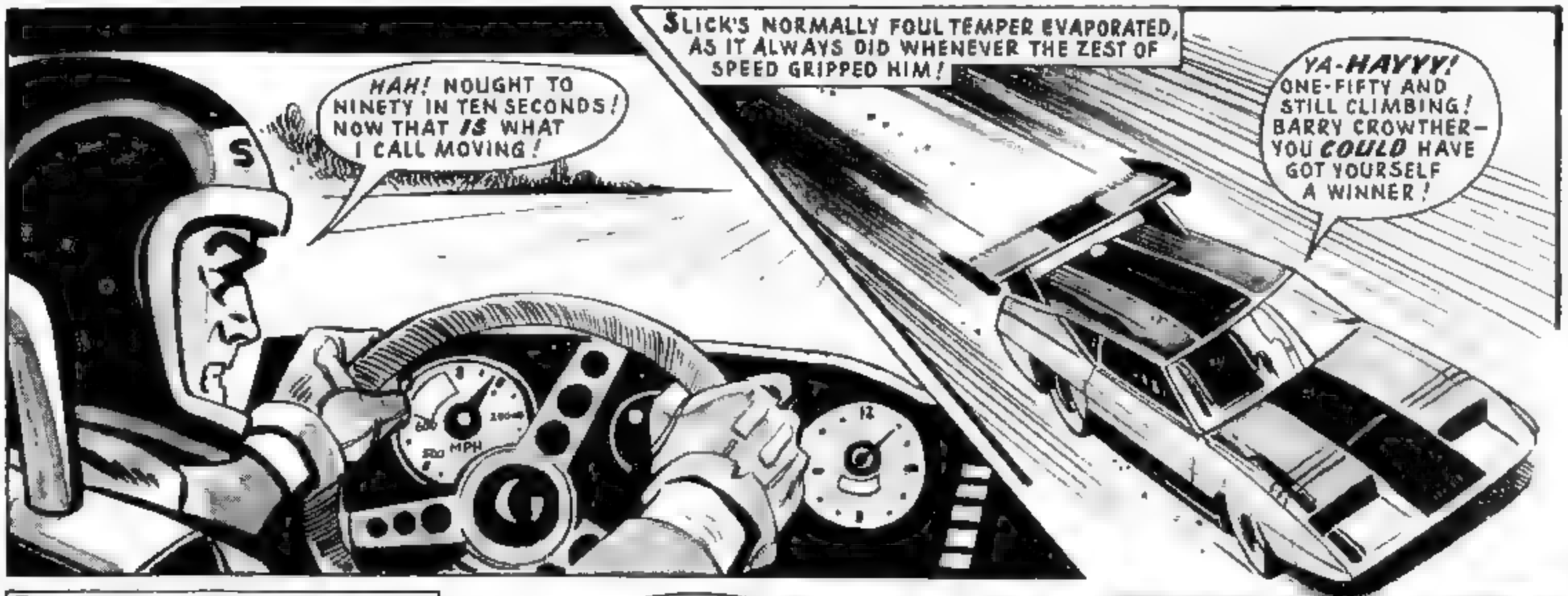


SNEERING, SLICK SWITCHED ON, AND AUTOMATIC INJECTION PUMPED THE SPECIALLY FORMULATED FUEL INTO THE ROCKET MOTOR'S IGNITION CHAMBER...

THEN...







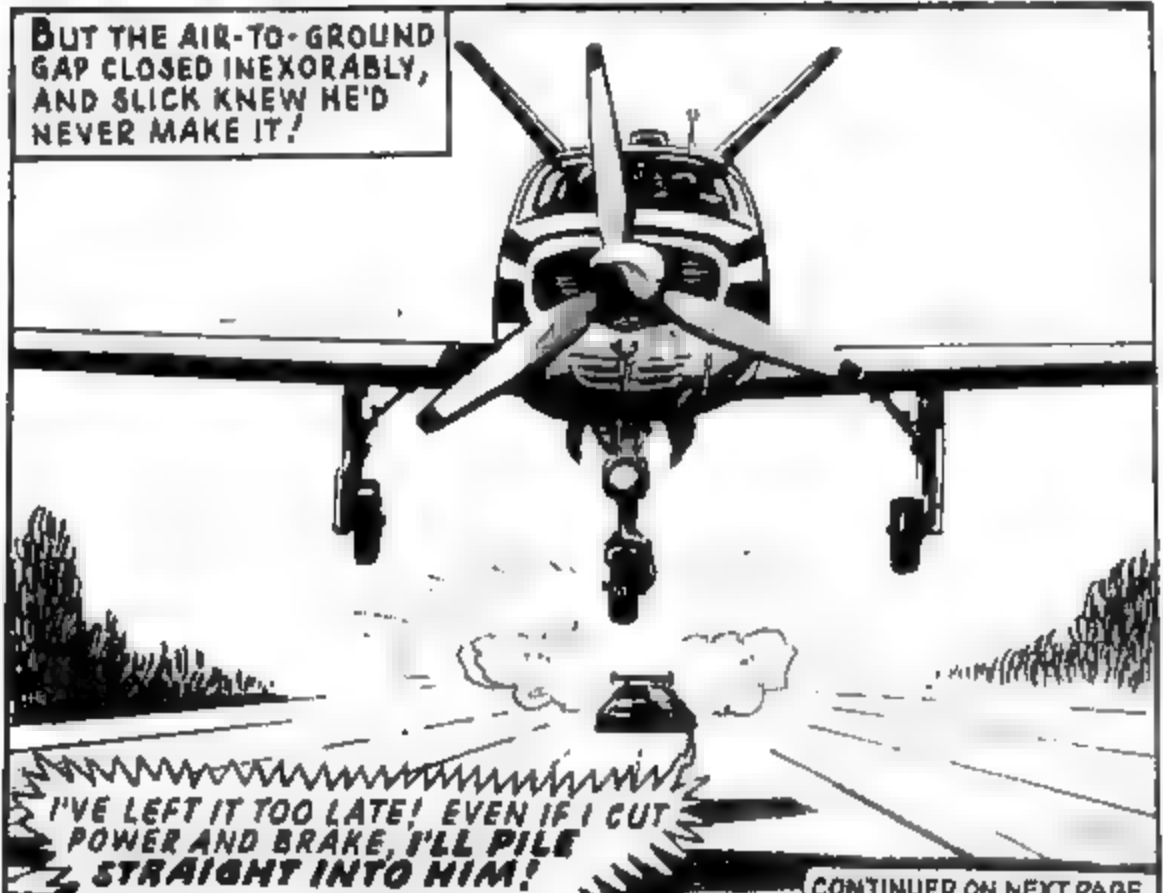
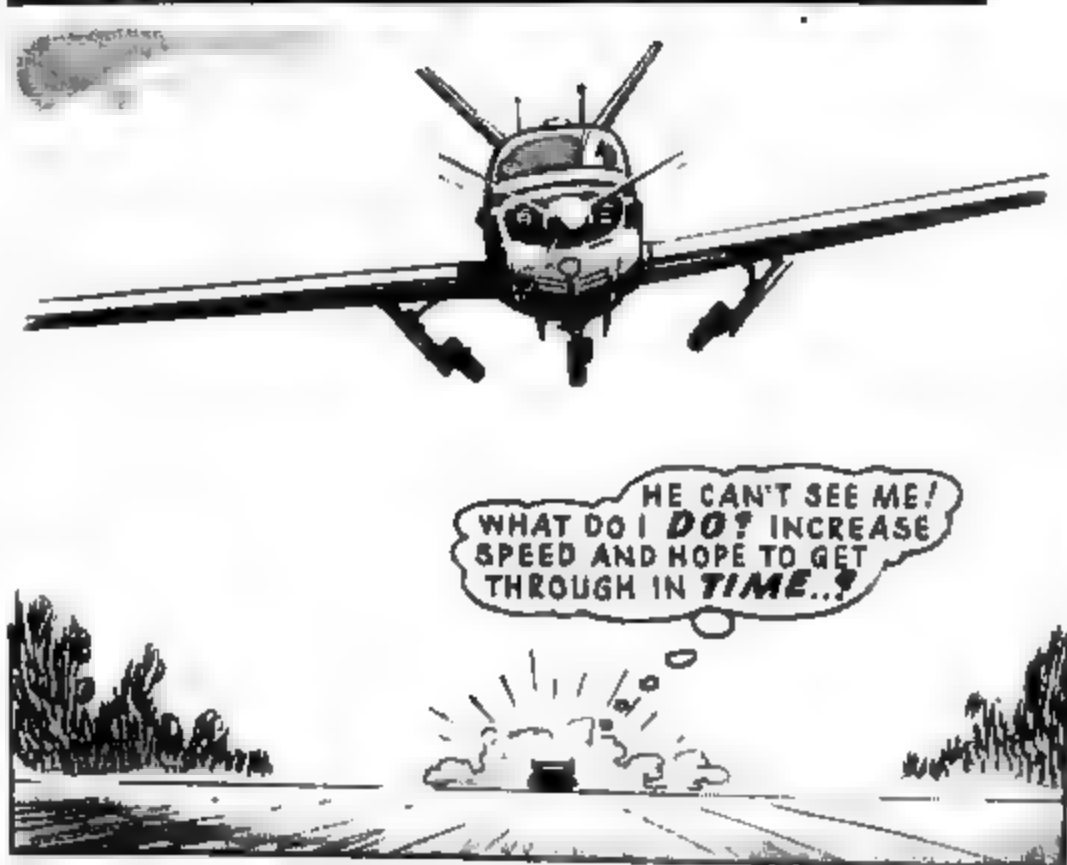
SLICK'S NORMALLY FOUL TEMPER EVAPORATED, AS IT ALWAYS DID WHENEVER THE ZEST OF SPEED GRIPPED HIM!

YA-HAYYY! ONE-FIFTY AND STILL CLIMBING! BARRY CROWTHER—YOU *COULD* HAVE GOT YOURSELF A WINNER!

BUT FATE WAS CONSPIRING TO GIVE BULLET SLICK THRILLS OF A *VERY* DIFFERENT KIND! A MILE AWAY, AND TWO THOUSAND METRES UP...



WHAT'S THAT BIRD-MAN THINK HE'S *DOING*..?



I'VE LEFT IT TOO LATE! EVEN IF I CUT POWER AND BRAKE, I'LL PILE STRAIGHT INTO HIM!

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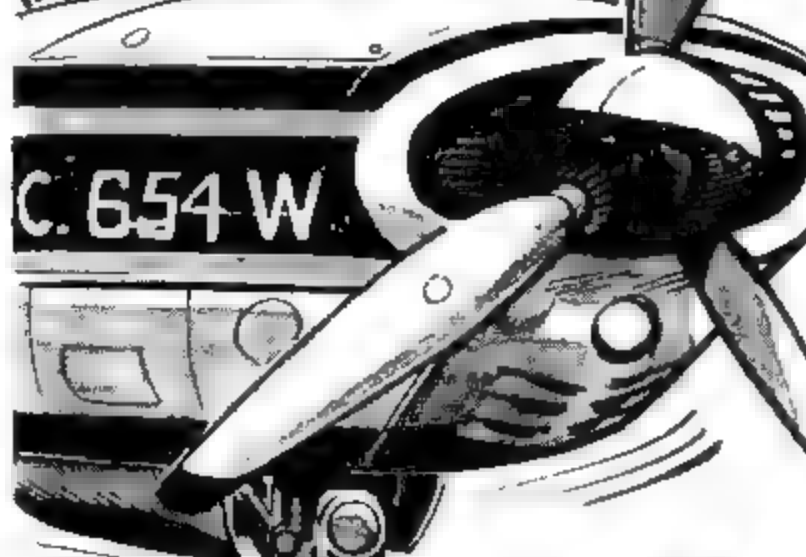
THERE **WAS** ONE COURSE — AND THE MASTER OF SPEED AND SKILL TOOK IT!

GOT TO TIME IT JUST RIGHT! MATCH THE VELOCITY **EXACTLY** TO HIS...



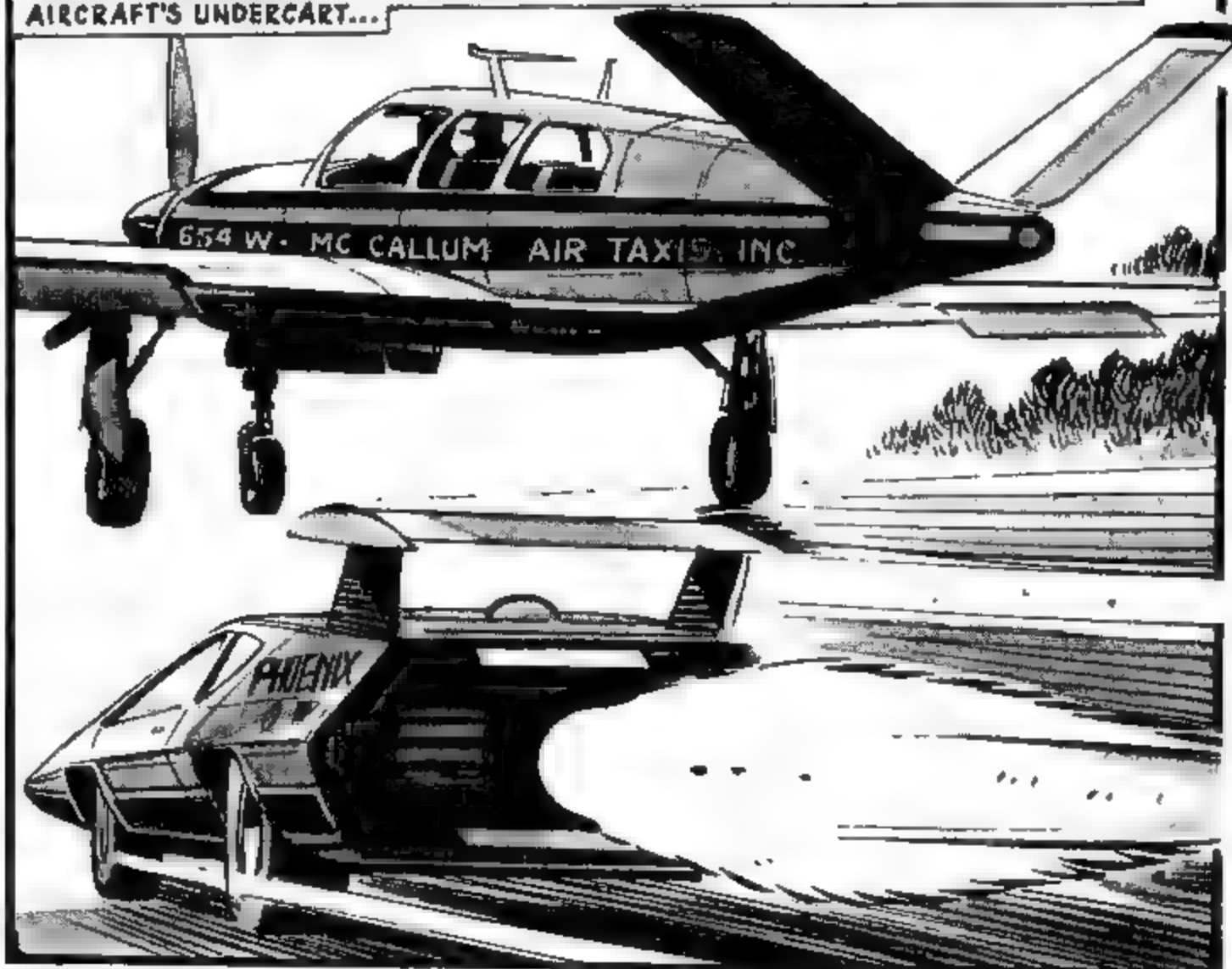
THE PILOT YELLED AS HE FELT THE PLANE LIFT IN SLICK'S OWN PRESSURE-WAVE!

**YEEAAAGH! WHAT THE BLAZES...?**

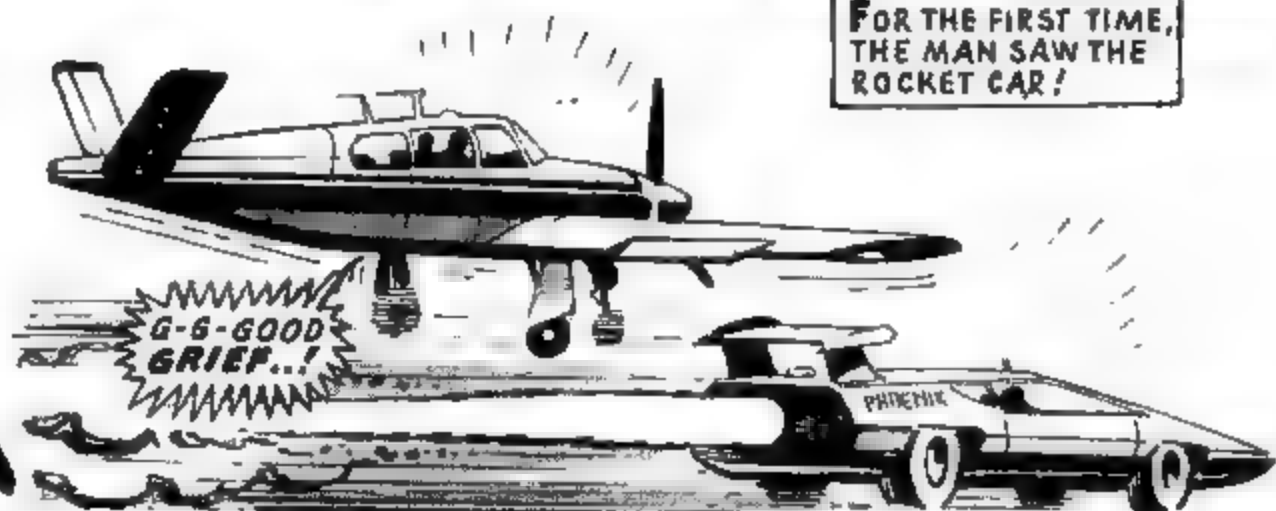


**THUMP**

HANDLING THE CAR AS THOUGH IT WAS A PART OF HIS OWN BODY, SLICK CUT BACK. ACCELERATED. CUT BACK AGAIN. THE TAPERED BONNET SLID BENEATH THE AIRCRAFT'S UNDERCART...



FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE MAN SAW THE ROCKET CAR!



THE PLANE BUMPED DOWN SAFELY AND ROLLED TO A HALT. BULLET SLICK CUT THE POWER TO HIS ROCKET MOTOR.



**PHEW! NOW WE'LL SEE WHETHER BARRY CROWTHER'S ELECTRO-REVERSING GEAR WORKS...**

IT DID!

YOU OKAY? THAT WAS SORT OF HAIRY, BIRD-MAN.

WHO **ARE** YOU, MISTER? WHAT ARE YOU **DOING** HERE?



TESTING A DESIGN FROM ONE OF MY FANS. HE HOPES TO WIN A SOUVENIR MILLION POUND CHEQUE FOR GIVING ME A THRILL — BUT I GUESS **YOU** DESERVE IT MORE THAN HE DOES!

I'LL SETTLE FOR A TRANQUILLISER, BUT THANKS!



YOU HEARD THE MAN, BARRY. I GUESS YOU WIN MY FAMOUS MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND FIVE POUNDS IN PRIZE MONEY AFTER ALL. NOW, HAS ANY **OTHER** READER GOT A SPEED THRILL TO BEAT THIS ONE?



Send your entries to: Bullet Slick, **SPEED**, IPC Magazines Ltd, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, SE1 9LS.



Slick drove his 'Speed-Skater' straight towards a herd of caribou!

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

CAMERON LAKE, FAR IN THE NORTH OF CANADA, WAS NEVER UNFROZEN. FROM END TO END, ITS ICY SURFACE STRETCHED FLATLY FOR A HUNDRED MILES. IT WAS ON THIS ICE THAT BULLET SLICK INTENDED TO TRY OUT THE JET-POWERED MACHINE CALLED 'THE SPEED-SKATER'...

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE DESIGN OF **SPEED READER MARC ELSWORTH, OF BEARSTED, KENT.** MARC IS CHALLENGING MISTER SLICK, HOPING TO GIVE HIM THRILLS AND SPEED IN ORDER TO WIN HIS MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND FIVE POUNDS IN REAL MONEY...

SHUT UP, WILEY. YOUR VOICE BORES ME AS MUCH AS THE PROSPECT OF GLIDING ACROSS THE ICE ON ELSWORTH'S EMPTY HEADED GADGET!

OH, REALLY, SIR! THE SENSATION COULD BE MOST DRAMATIC, SURELY...?

KIDS! ONE IN A HUNDRED WRITES IN WITH A DECENT .DEA. SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY I BOTHER WITH THEM!

A TOUCH OF THE CONTROLS, AND THE POWER JETS IGNITED!

WITHIN SECONDS, BULLET SLICK KNEW THAT HE WAS TRAVELLING AT OVER A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR. BUT SURE ENOUGH, THERE WAS LITTLE SENSATION...

SO IT'S GOING TO MOVE FAST. OVER FLAT ICE? WHO CARES? WHAT'S GOING TO TURN ME ON, COOPED UP IN HERE...?

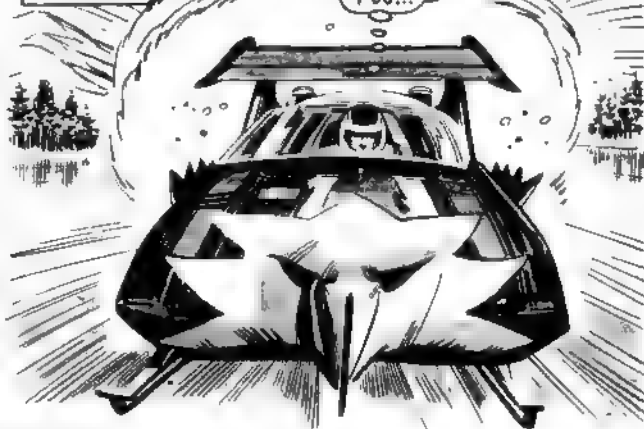






PROBLEM. A DESIGN FAULT. THE ENGINES REFUSED TO SHUT OFF!

NOW WHAT THE BLAZES DO I DO...?



THERE HAPPENED TO BE A RIDGED UNDULATION IN THE ICE. AND, OF COURSE, PATE MADE THE LEADING SKATE CATCH IT!

THE STEERING'S GONE HAYWIRE!



**THWANNNGGG!!**

IT WAS **ANOTHER** IRREGULARITY IN THE ICE THAT PLUNG BULLET'S MACHINE ROUND AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT!

**NYAAAAGH!**  
GOING TO CRASH...!



UNABLE TO DO A THING, BULLET SLICK COULD ONLY PRAY THAT THE FUEL WOULD RUN OUT!

IF EVER I SURVIVE THIS, READER ELSWORTH, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR SOUVENIR MILLION POUND CHEQUE! AND THE FIVER! I PROMISE IT!

**UURRRGH!**

**WHUNNCH!**

WILEY AND THE REPORTERS HEARD THE TERRIFIED VOICE OVER THE RADIO LINK...

THERE YOU GO, MARC! YOU'VE WON THE CHALLENGE!

NEVER MIND THAT! HOW DO WE HELP MY BOSS?



THINGS LOOKED AGAINST BULLET SLICK THIS TIME! CLOSE TO THE SHORE, THE BLAST OF HIS ENGINES RE-ECHOED FROM THE SURROUNDING MOUNTAINS...



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STARTLED BY THE NOISE, A HERD OF WANDERING CARIBOU BEGAN TO MOVE...



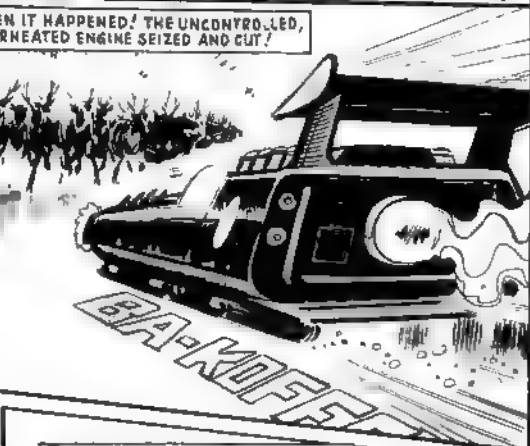
NEXT SECOND, A FULL-SCALE STAMPEDE!



THEN IT HAPPENED! THE UNCONTROLLED, OVERHEATED ENGINE SEIZED AND CUT!



NOW SLICK WAS SLIDING SILENTLY—  
SPEED DROPPING BY THE MOMENT!



THE ANIMALS THUNDERED OFF INTO THE DISTANCE AS THE SPEED-SKATER GLIDED TO A HALT...

WILEY! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HUMILIATED! THIS HAS BEEN A COMPLETE DISASTER! YOU CABLE THAT DUMB KID—WHAT'S HIS NAME..?



MARC ELSWORTH, SIR, MIGHT I REMIND YOU YOU CAN'T GO BACK ON YOUR WORD, YOU PROMISED HIM A WIN IF YOU CAME OUT ON TOP...



OKAY, ELSWORTH... I GUESS YOU'RE ONE UP BY MAKING ME LOOK A FOOL! BUT IF I'M EVER IN BEARDED, I'LL BRING YOUR DESIGN BACK TO YOU AND MAKE YOU EAT IT!





Out of this world thrills for the King of Speed!



# The £1,000,000,000 CHALLENGE

IT HAD TAKEN ALL BULLET SLICK'S MONEY AND INFLUENCE TO OCCUPY THE SEAT OF A LUNAR ORBITER SCHEDULED TO BRING BACK DETAILS OF EX-ATMOSPHERIC RADIATION. HE LAY THERE, STRAPPED IN, AS THE RESULT OF A CHALLENGE ISSUED BY **SPEED READER**, ANDREW PRICE, OF SOUTH HARROW...

THE WHOLE WORLD'S WATCHING, MISTER SLICK! YOU'VE GOT TO ORBIT THE MOON AND RETURN IN **RECORD TIME**...

I CAN DO IT, WILEY. BUT IF ANDREW PRICE THINKS I'M GOING TO GET A THRILL OUT OF IT, HE'S MISTAKEN...

HECK, IT'S ALL PRE-PROGRAMMED! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LIE HERE AND TAKE THE TRIP. MAN, IT'S GOING TO BE **BORING**!

IN FACT, YOU CAN TELL ANDREW PRICE AND ALL THE **OTHER** DOZY-HEADED READERS THAT THEY NEED SOMETHING BETTER IF THEY WANT MY MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND FIVE POUNDS IN CASH!

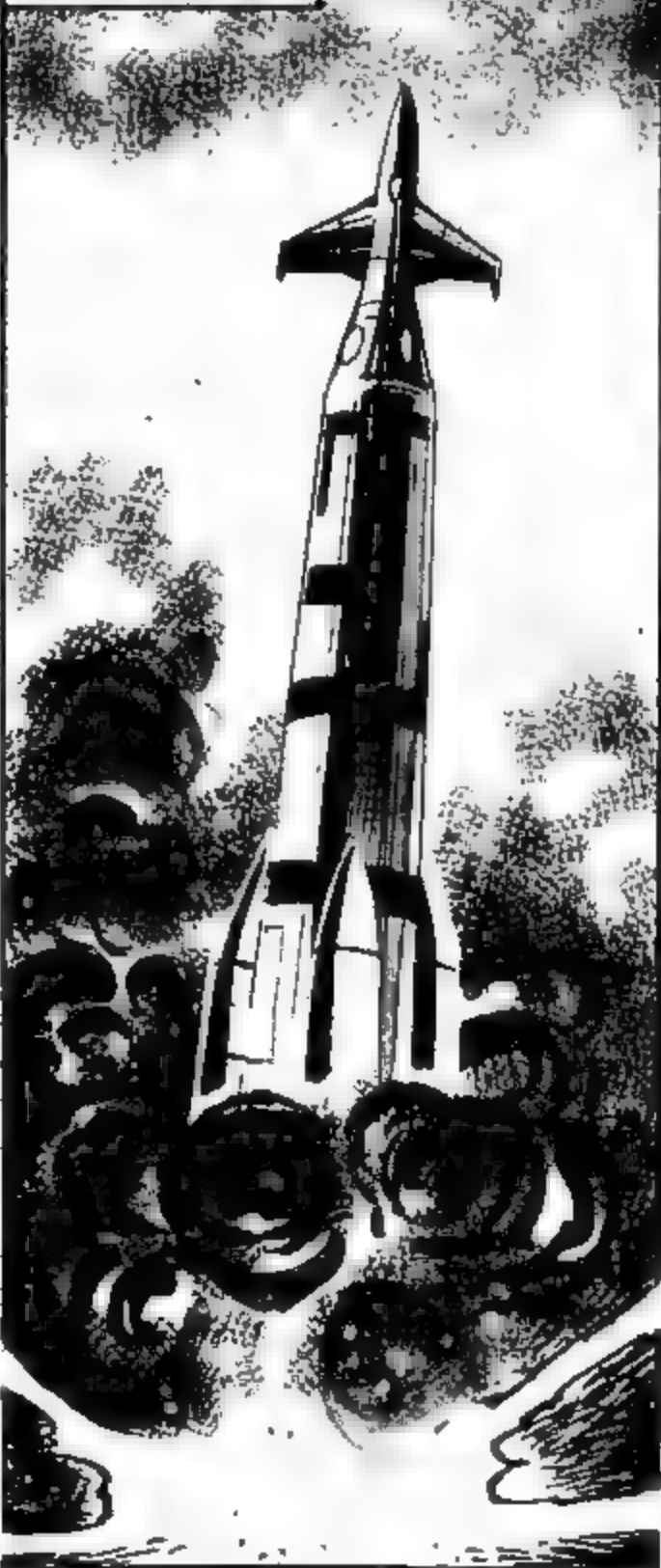
CARLOS PINO

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, LADS. HE'S **ALWAYS** THIS RUDE. YOU JUST KEEP YOUR IDEAS COMING - HE'LL TRY **ANYTHING** IF IT'S LIKELY TO TURN HIM ON!

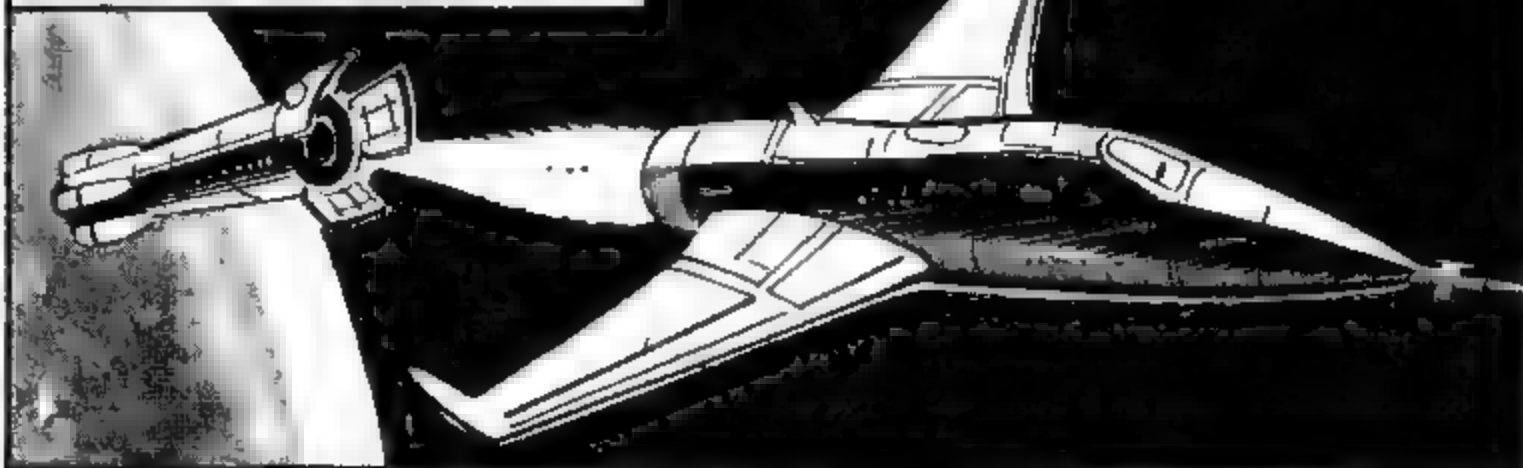
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THE COUNTDOWN BEGAN. AND AT THE APPOINTED HOUR...



THANKS TO ANDREW PRICE'S SPECIALLY FORMULATED ROCKET FUEL, SLICK WAS IN RAPID ORBIT OF THE MOON...



YEAH. WELL, IT'S SPECTACULAR. BUT YOU SEE, PRICE, THERE'S NO ACTUAL SENSATION OF SPEED UP HERE. I COULD BE FLOATING FOR ALL I FEEL...

BUT, BACK AT MISSION CONTROL...



HEY, MISTER WILEY! WE'VE GOT TROUBLE! THE RUSSIANS HAVE MADE A LAUNCH WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT!

WHAAAT..?

SEE? ANOTHER MANNED ORBITER! AND IT'S ON COLLISION COURSE!



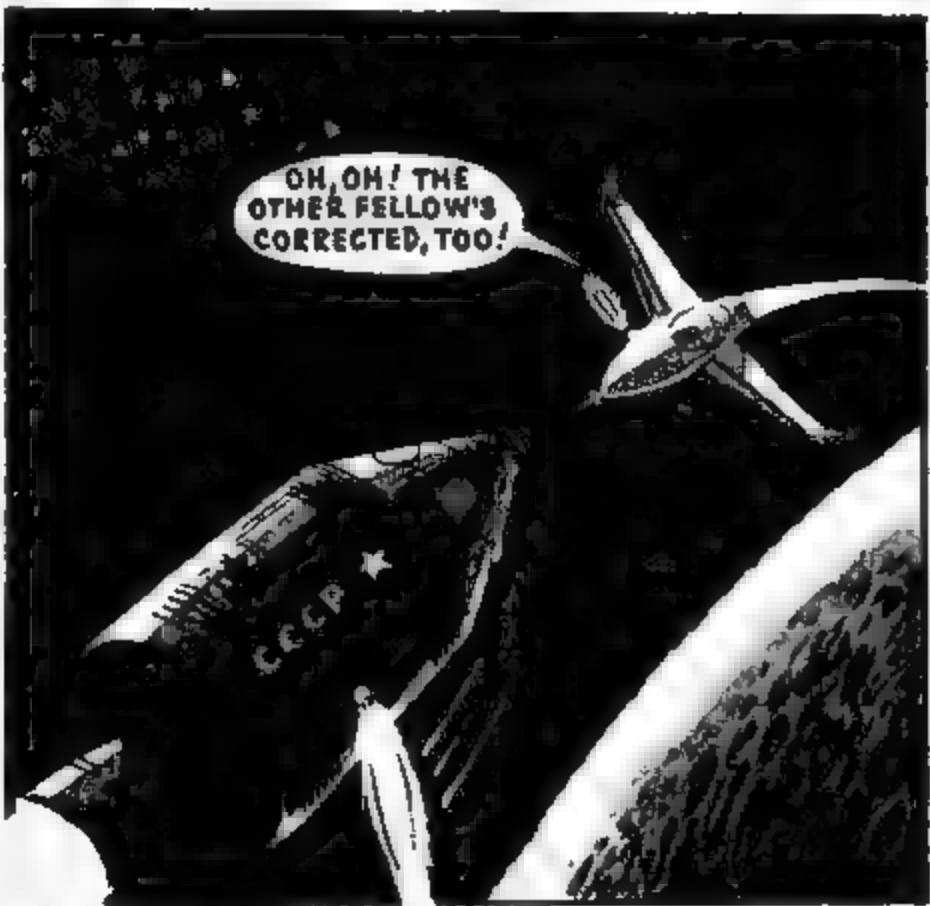
GOOD GRIEF! WHAT CAN WE DO..?

SLICK, THIS IS MISSION CONTROL. FIRE YOUR STARBOARD RETRO. TWO SECONDS. MARK!



I COPY. I SEE I'VE GOT COMPANY...

OH, OH! THE OTHER FELLOW'S CORRECTED, TOO!



THE COMPUTERS COULDN'T COPE! AND, INEVITABLY...







CONTROL!  
THE IVAN'S WRECKED!  
HE'S FLOATING CLEAR!  
I'VE LOST ONE WING!

THERE WAS NO WAY SLICK COULD GET OUT,  
BUT HE TRIGGERED THE AIRLOCK ENTRY...



MOMENTS LATER...



THUMBS UP? WE AREN'T  
OUT OF THIS YET,  
MY FRIEND!

THOUGH SPEED MEANT LITTLE  
OUT THERE, SLICK SWUNG ROUND  
THE MOON AND ANGLED HIS  
CRAFT FOR RE-ENTRY...



ATTEMPTING  
GLIDE-IN THROUGH  
UPPER ATMOSPHERE!  
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN  
MAKE IT!

HEATED ALMOST TO MELTING  
POINT, THE CRIPPLED CRAFT  
SPUN IN...



MIRACULOUSLY, THE  
MODULE REMAINED IN ONE  
PIECE! COMPLETELY OUT OF  
CONTROL, IT HURTLIED  
TOWARDS THE PACIFIC  
OCEAN...



FIGHTING UNCONSCIOUSNESS,  
BULLET SLICK TRIGGERED  
ANDREW PRICE'S FAILSAFE  
EJECTOR...



MANY HOURS LATER, ON BOARD A PICK-UP FRIGATE...



HOW DOES IT FEEL TO KNOW  
YOU'VE BEEN AWARDED THE HIGHEST  
SOVIET MEDAL FOR RESCUING THEIR  
MAN IN SPACE, BULLET..?

QUITE A THRILL,  
ACTUALLY. MAKES UP  
FOR NOT BEATING READER IN  
PRICE'S CHALLENGE FOR  
A FAST MOON ORBIT...

NICE ONE, ANDREW. SORRY YOUR STORY  
DIDN'T WORK OUT THE WAY YOU PLANNED!  
BUT MAYBE YOUR PRIZE WILL  
MAKE UP FOR THAT..!



HEY...THAT'S THE FIRST TIME  
HE'S ACTUALLY BEEN PLEASANT TO A  
SPEED READER. DON'T SAY MY ILL-  
MANNERED BOSS IS BEGINNING TO  
ENJOY THE CHALLENGES THEY SEND HIM.

Send your entries to: Bullet Slick, SPEED, IPC Magazines Ltd, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., SE1 9LS.



A jet-powered pogo stick had Bullet Slick in stitches!

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

**BULLET SLICK**, THE MAN WHO OFFERED A MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND A FIVER IN REAL MONEY TO ANYONE WHO COULD GIVE HIM A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS, WAS UNCHARACTERISTICALLY LAUGHING. HE FLOURISHED A SPEED READER'S CHALLENGE LETTER AT HIS ASSISTANT, WILEY...



HEY, WILEY... THIS IS ONE FOR YOU! GUESS WHAT MARK FAULKNER, OF NEWBURGH, ABERDEENSHIRE, HAS ASKED ME TO DO!

I HAVE NO IDEA, SIR!



A POGO-STICK, WILEY! HE WANTS ME TO RIDE A - HA, HA, HA - JET-POWERED POGO STICK!



I THINK IT'S VERY BAD FORM TO **SNEER** AT **SPEED** READERS, MISTER SLICK! MASTER FAULKNER'S IDEA IS MOST IMAGINATIVE!

SURE IT IS! GET HANSON TO BUILD IT! AND YOU TRY IT OUT! THIS I'VE GOT TO SEE!



THE MAKING OF THE THING WAS NO PROBLEM FOR THE MILLIONAIRE'S WORKSHOP...

HERE IT IS, WILEY. BUT WHAT IN THUNDER ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT..?



I'LL ANSWER THAT! HE'S GOING TO RACE **KANGAROOS**! I'VE LAID ON A REAL TOUGH COURSE, AND WILEY'S GOING TO BE MY **BOUNDER-POUNDER**!

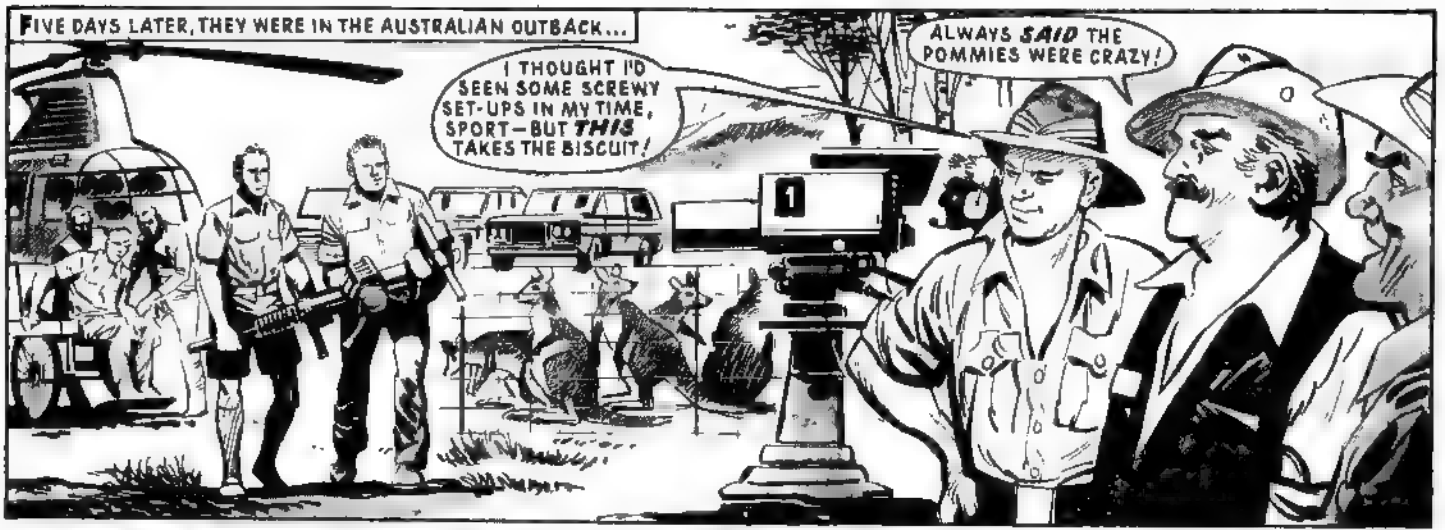
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FIVE DAYS LATER, THEY WERE IN THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK...

I THOUGHT I'D  
SEEN SOME SCREWY  
SET-UPS IN MY TIME,  
SPORT—BUT **THIS**  
TAKES THE BISCUIT!

ALWAYS SAID THE  
POMMIES WERE CRAZY!



IT'S ALL PERFECTLY SIMPLE, WILEY.  
WE TURN THE ANIMALS LOOSE—AND YOU  
RACE THEM. IF YOU WIN, THE FAULKNER  
KID GETS HIS PRIZE!

HOW DO WE KNOW THEY'LL ALL  
RUN THE SAME WAY, SIR...?

LISTEN, MATE. THESE 'ROOS ARE  
AUSTRALIAN, RIGHT? WHICH MEANS  
THEY'VE GOT MORE SENSE THAN **YOU**.  
SO DON'T ASK STUPID  
QUESTIONS!



WILEY STARTED THE CURIOUS  
MACHINE'S ENGINE...

READY,  
MISTER  
SLICK.

OKAY,  
STOCKMAN.  
LET THEM  
LOOSE!



THE POWER BUILT UP DRAMATICALLY!

NYNNNEE!  
THING'S—RUNNING—  
AWAY—WITH—ME!

**BOUNDA**

**BOUNDA**

**BOUNDA!**



TROUBLE WAS, WILEY  
FOUND HE COULDN'T  
**STEER** THE THING!

LOOK AT THAT  
CHUMP! AND HE  
ASKED IF THE 'ROOS  
KNEW WHICH WAY  
TO GO!

HE'S GOING  
ROUND IN FLAMING  
CIRCLES!





BUT LAUGHTER TURNED TO RAGE AS WILEY GOT AMONG THE ONLOOKERS' PARKED VEHICLES!

OF COURSE, THE KANGAROOS WERE HOT ON WILEY'S TRAIL...

HIM AND THOSE ANIMALS HAVE SMASHED UP THREE VEHICLES!

SPRANGGG!!

MY WAGON!

GET OUT OF THERE, YOU CRAZY DRONGO!

FUNNIEST THING I'VE SEEN IN YEARS!

AT FULL SPEED NOW, WILEY WOULD HAVE SEEN HIMSELF APPROACHING A STEEP OUTCROP OF ROCK - IF HE'D HAD HIS EYES OPEN!

BOUND  
BOUND

THE POGO STICK LEAPT MADLY INTO THE YAWNING MOUTH OF A NATURAL CAVE, AND DISAPPEARED FROM SIGHT!

THEN...

THA-WHAMM!  
GARRRGH!

THE POGO STICK DISAPPEARED INTO THE WIDE BLUE YONDER, AND THE KANGAROOS DIDN'T BOTHER TO FOLLOW. THEY'D GIVEN UP!

WELL, YOU BEAT 'EM, SPORT!

YOUR BOSS IS GOING TO HAVE TO FORK OUT FOR OUR DAMAGED CARS!

HE-URRGH - WON'T BE TOO PLEASED...

SNAKES ALIVE! IT'S COME OUT ON ITS OWN!

THE POMMIE'S BEEN KNOCKED OFF!

PYONG

PYONG

PYONG

ON THE CONTRARY. BULLET SLICK WAS IN RARE GOOD HUMOUR!

I'LL PAY, AND GLADLY! I HAVEN'T LAUGHED SO MUCH FOR YEARS! YOUNG MARK FAULKNER'S CERTAINLY WON HIS MONEY!

WHAT'S YOUR NEXT STUNT GOING TO BE, MISTER SLICK?

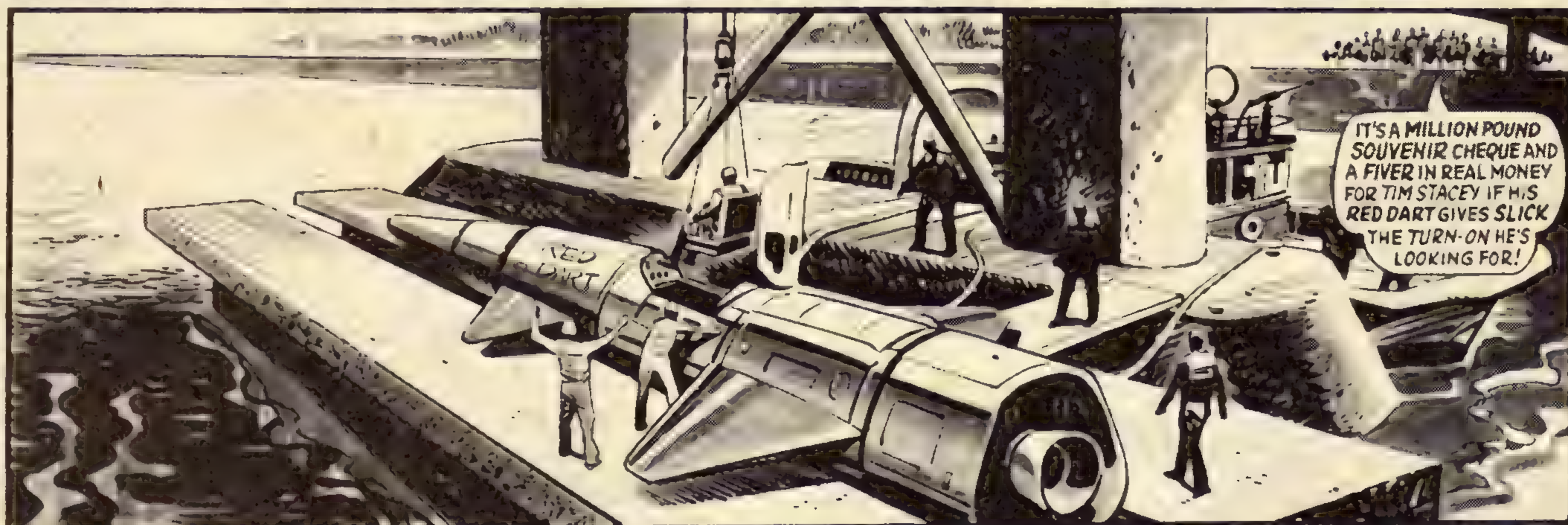
PLEASE, READERS - MAKE IT SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T CONCERN ME!



Bullet tested out a SPEED reader's rocket-plane with incredible results!

# The £1,000,000,000 CHALLENGE

**B**AR-STRAIGHT, THE DORNBERGER CANAL, NORTHERN EUROPE'S ENGINEERING WONDER, RAN HUNDREDS OF MILES FROM THE ALPS TO THE SEA. NOT YET OPEN TO TRAFFIC, IT WAS TO BE THE SCENE OF BULLET SLICK'S LATEST EXPLOIT IN HIS CHASE FOR SPEED AND THRILLS!



SLICK'S MAN, WILEY, WATCHED AS HIS BOSS WAS LOWERED INTO THE COCKPIT...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



SOON, ALL WAS READY FOR THE HAIR-RAISING FLIGHT!

OKAY, TIM STACEY. I'M WILLING TO BET YOUR CRACKPOT PLANE GIVES ME ABOUT AS MUCH FUN AS A RUSTY ROLLERSKATE!

SLICK

... YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE READERS! A WINDBAG!

IGNITION!

FA-BOOOOMMMM!

UMM! INCLINED TO SPIN. GOT TO KEEP THE CONTROLS NICE AND LIGHT...

TEN MILES ON, THE RED DART UNDERSHOT THE FIRST BRIDGE WITHOUT TROUBLE...

VOOMMMMMMM!

BUT HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY, AT THE GIANT DAM OF THE MOUNTAIN LAKE WHICH FED THE DORNBERGER CANAL...

EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! EVACUATE AREA IMMEDIATELY! THE DAM'S GOING!

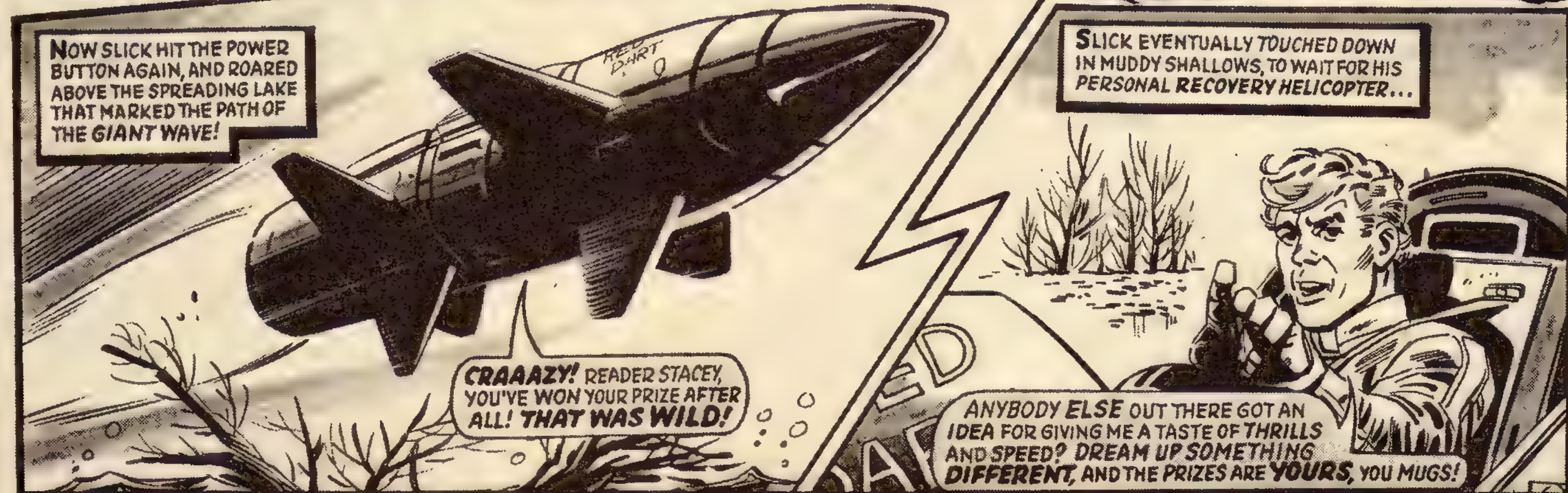
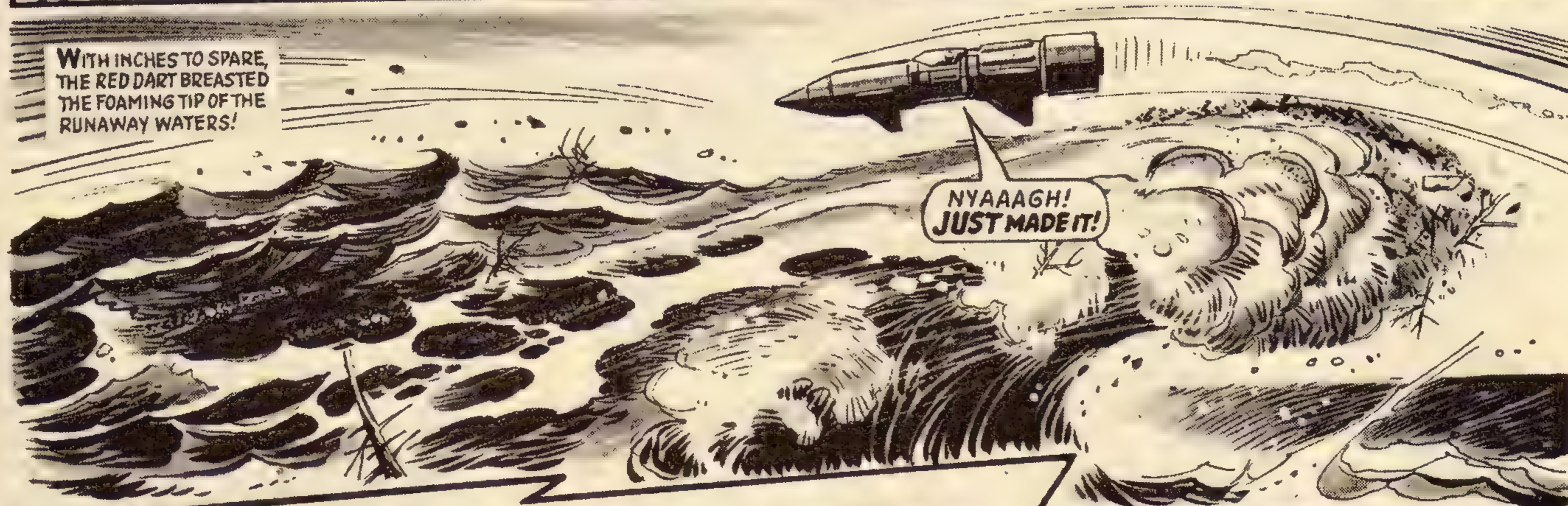
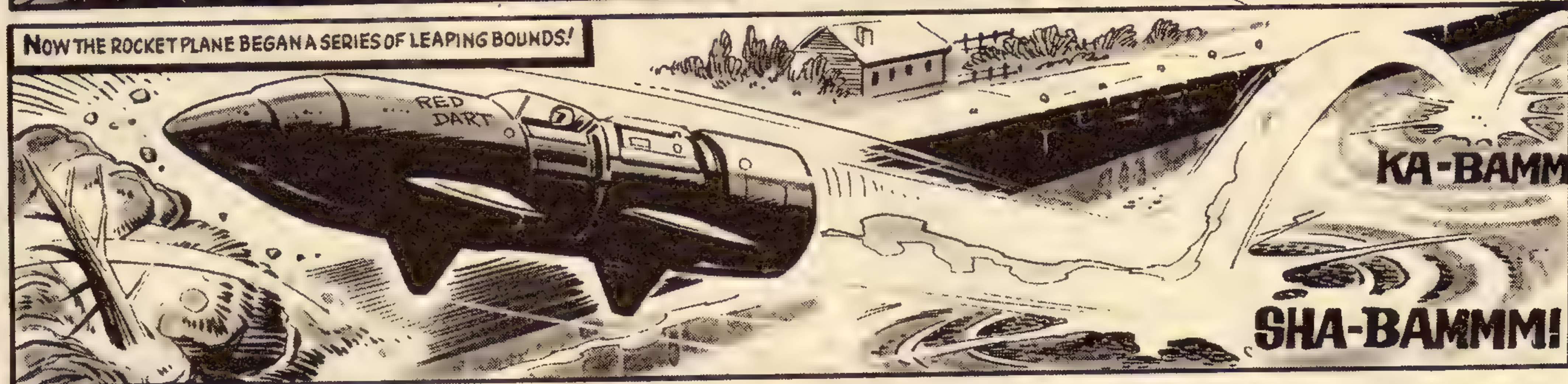
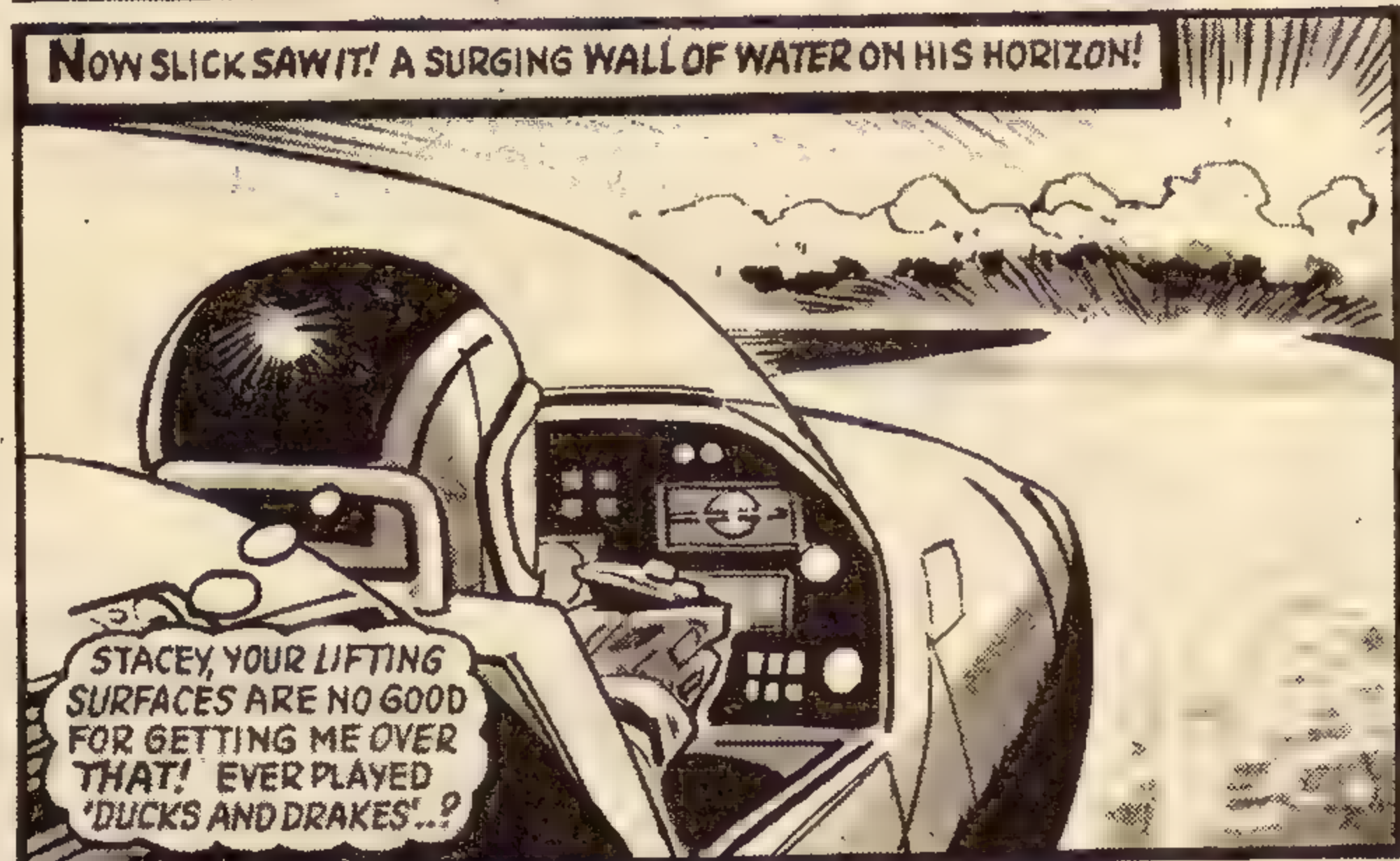
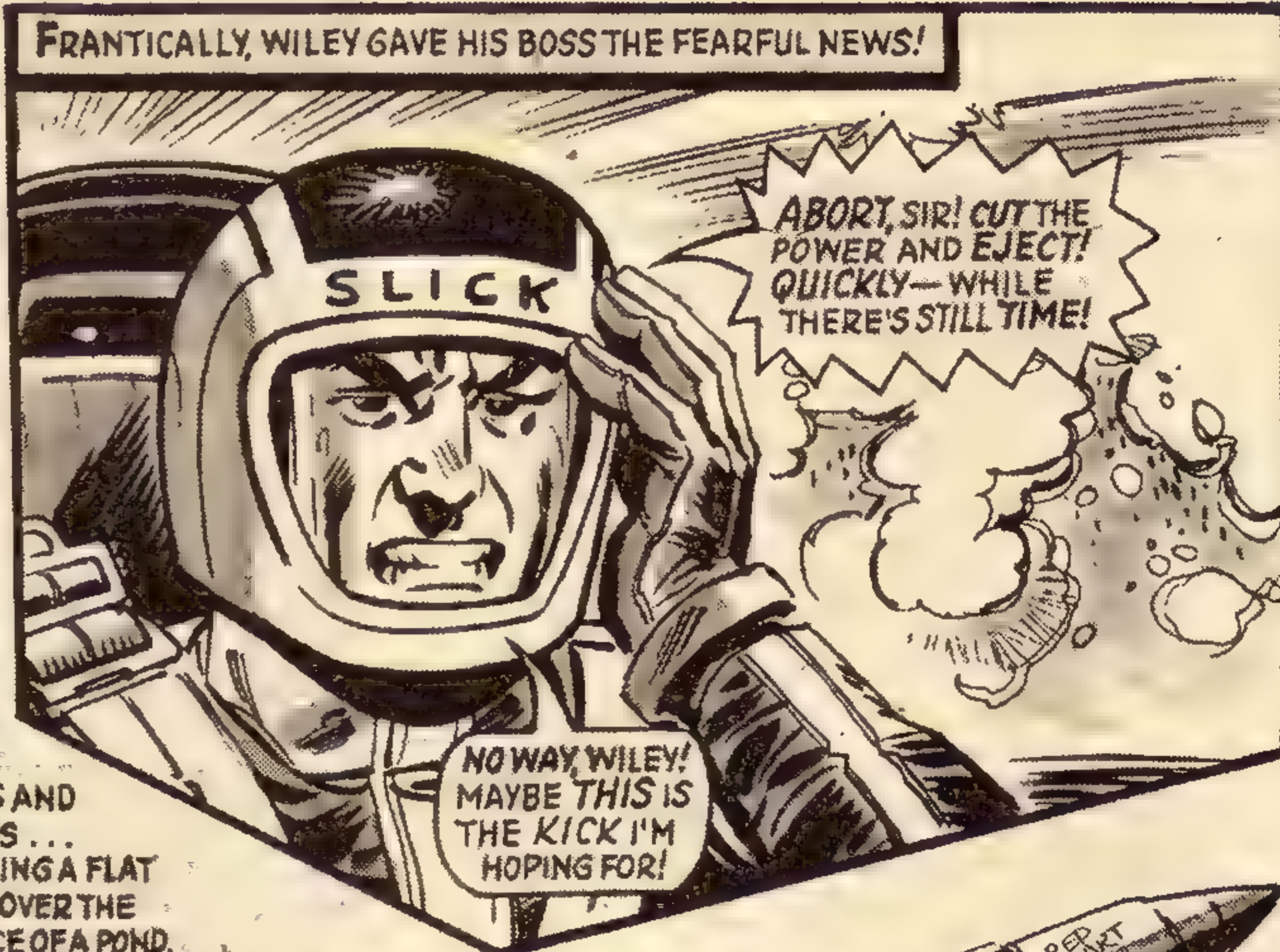
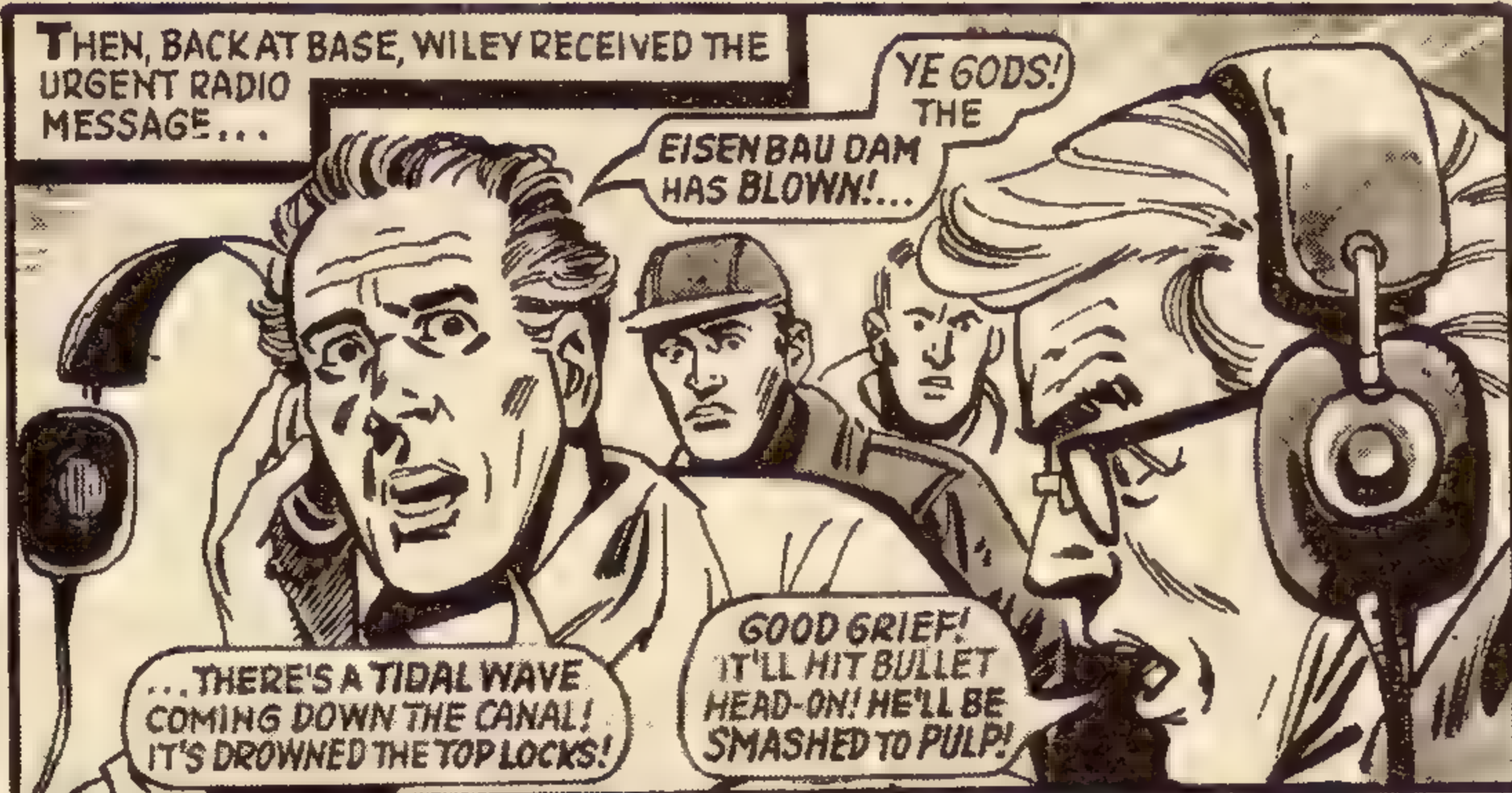
THRILLS? NOW I'VE GOT THE HANG OF THE STEERING, THIS IS TAME! STACEY YOU'RE GOING TO BE A LOSER!

IGNORANT OF THE DISASTER WAY, WAY AHEAD, SLICK TOOK ANOTHER CLOSE PAIR OF BRIDGES IN HIS STRIDE...

WOW! HE'S REALLY CLOSE TO THE WATER!

IF HE HITS, HE'LL BREAK UP! THE MAN HAS NO NERVES!







Bullet took the fastest train in the world over a collapsing bridge!

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

WHEN **SPEED** reader **CLIFFORD SURTESS**, OF WINSFORD, TOOK UP THE CHALLENGE TO GIVE **BULLET SLICK** A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS AND WIN A MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE, PLUS A FIVER IN REAL MONEY, HE SUGGESTED A TRIP BY TRAIN...



WILEY, SLICK'S MANSERVANT, EXPLAINED...



THERE WAS A FOUR HUNDRED MILE STRETCH OF TEST TRACK ALREADY IN EXISTENCE—OUT IN THE AMERICAN WEST. IT WAS THERE THAT THE PREPARATIONS WERE MADE...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



THE TRAIN SET OFF CONVENTIONALLY ENOUGH ...



WHAT A YAWN!  
HOW ARE WE DOING,  
WILEY?

HUNDRED AND NINETY,  
SIR. THERE ARE GYRO  
COMPENSATORS TO KEEP  
US ON THE TRACK ...

TWO TEN AND  
CLIMBING!  
IT'S A SMOOTH  
RIDE ...

TOO SMOOTH! WHERE IN THUNDER  
DO THE THRILLS COME IN..?



EVEN SLICK'S BACK-UP TEAM, IN THE TRAILER  
COACH, BEGAN TO GET BORED!

WE MUST HAVE GONE OVER  
THE RECORD NOW. THREE  
HUNDRED, I'D SAY.

SO WHAT? IN  
THIS OPEN DESERT  
IT FEELS LIKE FORTY



BUT EIGHTY MILES FROM THE  
START-POINT, AT A BRIDGE  
SPANNING THE  
SNAKE RIVER  
CANYON, FATE  
WAS TAKING  
A HAND IN  
THE GAME!

KRNNNGGG!

SHANGGG!



ENGINEERING MISCALCULATIONS  
HAD RESULTED IN VITAL RIVETS  
SHEARING UNDER THE SUPER-  
EXPANSION  
CAUSED BY  
SOLAR HEAT!

CLOSING RAPIDLY, THE  
TRAIN RACED ON ...

STEADY, SIR!  
YOU'RE OVER THE  
SPEED SAFETY  
LIMIT! THE  
NEEDLE'S IN THE DANGER  
ZONE!

AW, BELT UP,  
WILEY! I'M  
GOING TO GET  
SOME KICKS  
OUT OF THIS JAUNT!



SUDDENLY ...

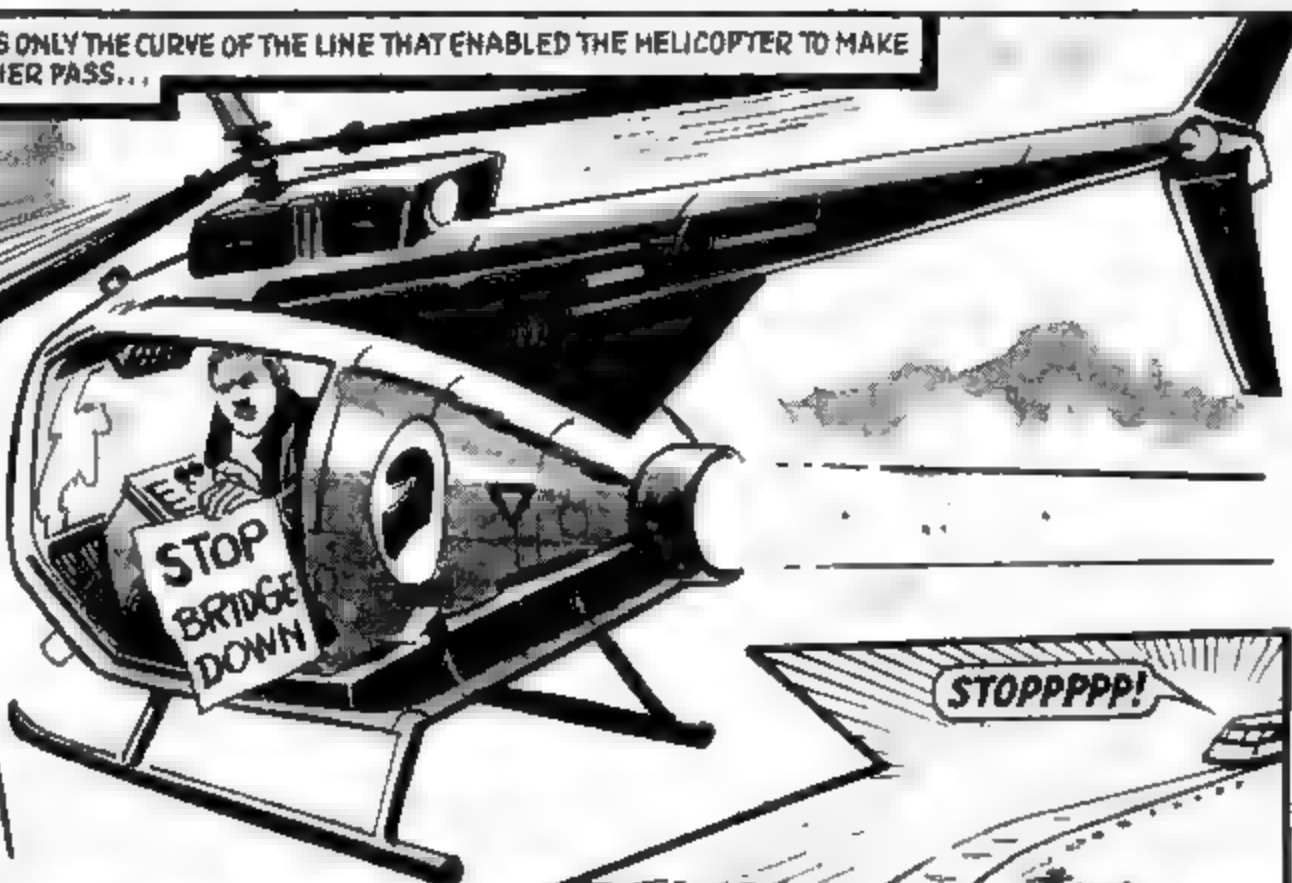
HEYYY!  
WHAT IN  
THUNDER..?

IT'S HANSON, IN OUR  
HELICOPTER! I THINK HE'S  
SIGNALLING US TO PULL UP!





IT WAS ONLY THE CURVE OF THE LINE THAT ENABLED THE HELICOPTER TO MAKE ANOTHER PASS...



BULLET SLICK DID NOTHING OF THE KIND! INSTEAD HE OPENED THE THROTTLES AS FAR AS THEY WOULD GO!



INCREDIBLY, THE SHEER VELOCITY OF THE TRAIN TOOK IT, HARDLY TOUCHING THE RAILS, ACROSS THE TERRIFYING DROP!



WILEY FAINTED. SO DID MANY IN THE TRAILER. BUT SLICK, AS THE TRAIN MIRACULOUSLY CLEARED THE GORGE AND REMAINED ON THE RAILS, WAS IN SEVENTH HEAVEN!



HE SLOWED TO CRUISING SPEED. A MERE THREE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!...



Send your ideas to: Bullet Slick, SPEED, IPC Magazines Ltd., King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., SE1 9LS.



Wiley had to fly over the Empire State Building – on a pair of hoverboots!

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

CHALLENGING BULLET SLICK WITH A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS, HOPING FOR A MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND A FIVER IN REAL MONEY, SPEED READER PAUL FITZSIMMONS OF WINDSOR SUGGESTED THE SERVICES OF AN EXTRA-SPECIAL SHOEMAKER!

WHAT'S WITH YOU, WILEY? BEEN BORROWING BOOTS FROM FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER?

THESE ARE ORIGINAL FITZSIMMONS HOVER-BOOTS, SIR!

THIS I MUST SEE! TRY THEM OUT ON THE ROOF GARDEN WILEY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY SIR THEY'RE DRIVEN BY ROCKETS, EXHAUSTING THROUGH THE SOLES...

OUT IN THE OPEN WILEY TRIGGERED THE MOTOR...

HEY! THEY WORK! I'M GOING UP!

SNEK!

BUT THEN...

YAH-HAH-HAH! THAT DOZY FITZSIMMONS K'D FORGOT TO INCLUDE STABILISERS TO KEEP YOU UPRIGHT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





GUHHH! I'LL HAVE HANSON MAKE THE MODIFICATION, SIR...

FORGET IT! THE BRAT LOSES HIS CHALLENGE!



DON'T WORRY, PAUL. I THINK YOUR IDEA'S GOOD, AND I WILL USE YOUR HOVER-BOOTS TO JUMP OVER THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING IN NEW YORK, AS YOU SUGGESTED!



AND SO, JUST TWO WEEKS LATER...

SAY, MISTER SLICK! WHY DOES YOUR MAN CHOOSE THE EMPIRE STATE? WE GOT HIGHER BUILDINGS NOW, YOU KNOW!

SURE, BUT THAT'S WHAT THE KID WANTED, SEE? THIS'LL BE SPECTACULAR ENOUGH, I PROMISE!



THESE WHIRLING JET NOZZLES OUGHT TO KEEP ME UPRIGHT... AND PROVIDE EXTRA LIFT...

DON'T GET OVER CONFIDENT, WILEY! I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO SEND FITZSIMMONS THE BILL FOR A NEW BUTLER!



MEANWHILE, UP ON THE SIXTY-FOURTH FLOOR, CROOKS HAD PULLED OFF AN 'INGENIOUS' ROBBERY IN THE OFFICE OF A PHILATELIC COMPANY...

WHAT A SCHEME! TWENTY-THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF RARE STAMPS...



THE MOTOR WAS TRIGGERED!

GUHHH! IT'S GOING F...F...FAST!

THAT'S THE IDEA, REMEMBER? SPEED AND THRILLS!



TURN ON THE GAS, MAC! HEAVE IT OUT!

SA-MASSEH!



BELOW, COMING UP FAST...

WHA...? GLASS...?



NEXT INSTANT...



Send your ideas to: Bullet Slick, IPC Magazines Ltd, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., SE1 9LS.



Bullet Slick took part in a fantastic modern-day chariot race!

# The £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

When **SPEED READER DONALD BECKER**, of **FELTHAM**, wrote to **BULLET SLICK**, DONALD SAID THAT SURELY NOTHING IN THIS MODERN AGE HAD EVER OUTDONE THE ANCIENT ROMAN CHARIOT RACES FOR SPEED AND THRILLS! DONALD'S CHALLENGE FOR THE MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND A FIVER IN REAL CASH INVOLVED SUCH A RACE, WITH NO-HOLDS-BARRED, AND STAGED IN PRESENT-DAY AMERICA!

OKAY, FOLKS! THIS IS IT! A RE-CREATION OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS SPORTS...



HARNESSED INTO A SPECIALLY BUILT CHARIOT FROM HIS OWN WORKSHOPS, BULLET SLICK WAS HIS USUAL CONFIDENT, ARROGANT SELF!

THIS IS MADNESS, SIR! IT COULD SPELL YOUR DEATH!



FOR GOODNESS SAKE STOP SNIVELLING, WILEY! I'VE NEVER REFUSED A WORTHWHILE CHALLENGE! DON'T YOU WANT THE BECKER BRAT TO WIN HIS MONEY?

BOTH WILEY AND SLICK KNEW THAT THERE WAS EXTRA DANGER CLOSE AT HAND. DANGER IN THE PERSON OF ANVIL MCCABE...

SO WE MEET AGAIN, SLICK! REMEMBER THE OLD DAYS? YOU MADE ME LOOK A FOOL IN EVERY RACE WE EVER RAN!



THAT'S BECAUSE YOU WERE A FOOL, MCCABE. WERE, AND ARE! WHY DON'T YOU BACK OUT WHILE YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE?

WITH THE START IMMINENT, WILEY HAD TO SCUTTLE AWAY...

IT'S GOING TO BE A GRUDGE CONTEST BETWEEN THOSE TWO! IF MCCABE GETS THE ADVANTAGE OVER MY BOSS, IT'LL BE CURTAINS!





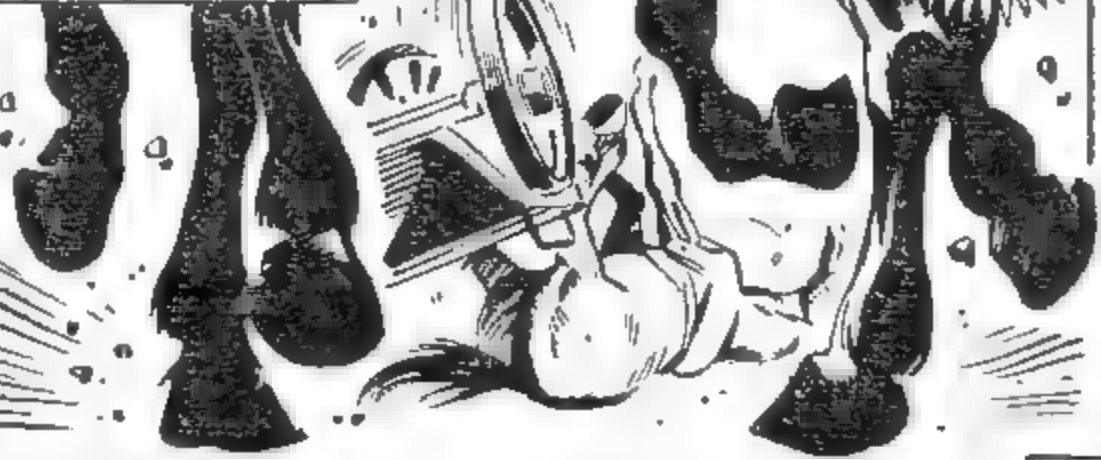
THEN CAME THE CRACK  
OF THE SIGNAL GUN...



THE CROWD ROARED WITH  
DELIGHT AT THE FIRST AND  
ALMOST INSTANT MISHAP...



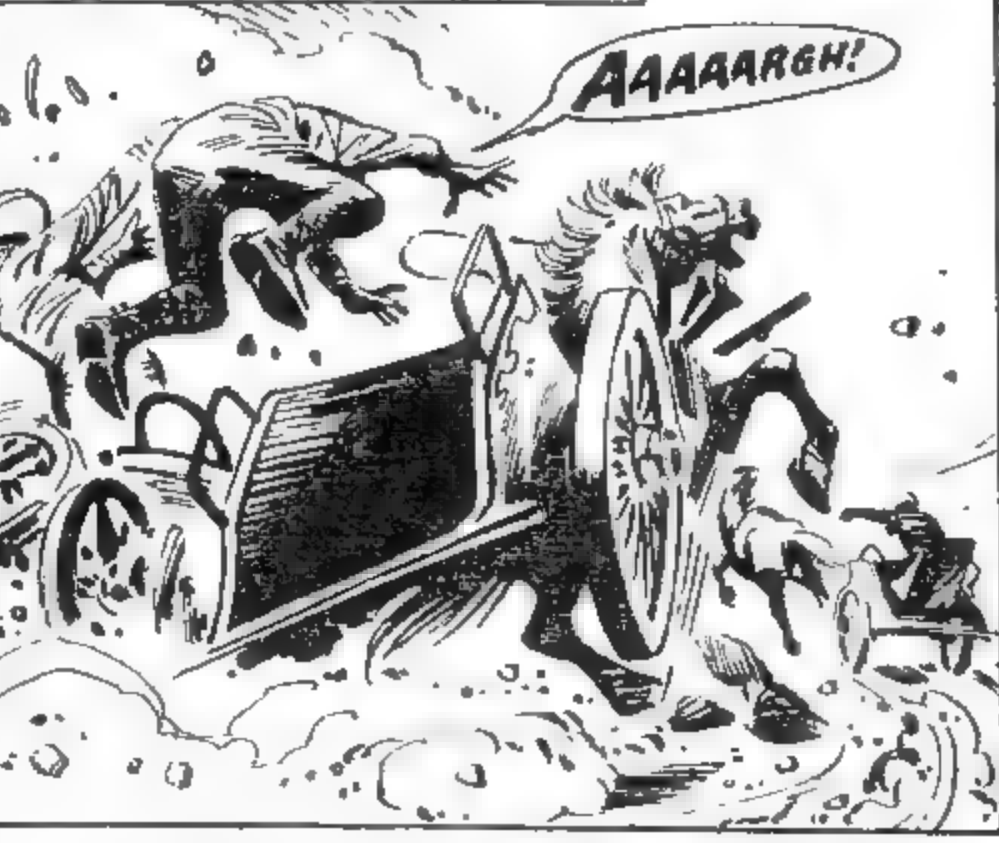
ONE OF THE TWO CRASHING CHARIOTS CRASHED IN  
BULLET'S PATH! THERE SEEMED NO WAY HE COULD  
AVOID THE OBSTACLE...



BUT SLICK'S HORSES JUMPED THE OBSTACLE AND, BY SOME MIRACLE, HIS CHARIOT  
FOLLOWED, AIRBORNE!



THE FIRST TURN CLAIMED MORE VICTIMS...



THE OTHER TWO REMAINING CONTESTANTS  
WITHDREW... AND NOW IT WAS ONLY  
BETWEEN THE DEADLY RIVALS!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



CIRCUIT AFTER CIRCUIT...  
AND THEN THEY WERE  
NECK AND NECK!

AIN'T NO RULES IN THIS,  
RICH MAN! SO TRY A TASTE  
OF THIS...

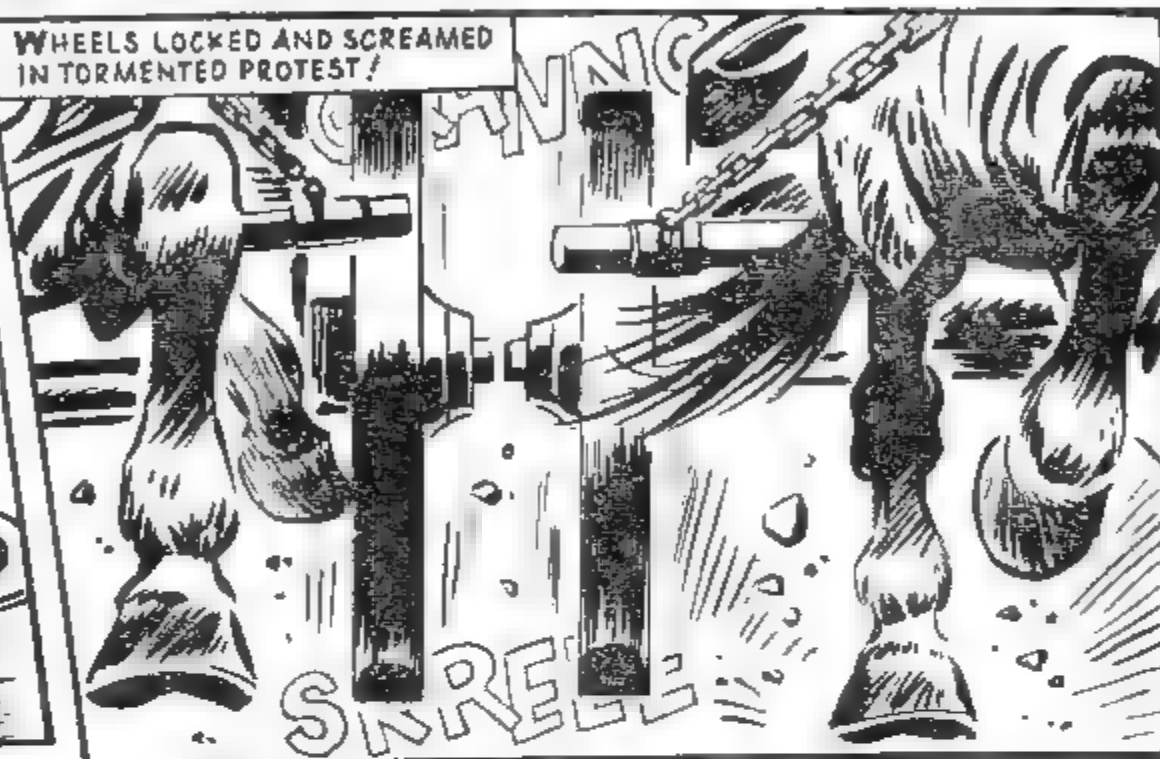


BUT WITH THE STRENGTH OF SHEER DESPERATION...

AUUUGH!



WHEELS LOCKED AND SCREAMED  
IN TORMENTED PROTEST!



AND IT WAS MCCABE'S AXLE THAT PARTED UNDER THE STRAIN!

JUMP!  
JUMP, YOU  
IDIOT!



NEVER HAD BULLET SLICK NEEDED THE STRENGTH OF HIS  
RIGHT ARM SO MUCH...

NNUUHH!

HANG ON TO ME!  
DON'T LOSE YOUR  
GRIP, MCCABE!



BEAND-CAPPED THOUGH HE WAS, BULLET SLICK MANAGED  
TO EASE HIS PANTING HORSES  
TO A GRADUAL HALT...



HAH! A DEAD  
FAINT! SEEMS HISTORY'S  
REPEATING ITSELF AGAIN,  
MCCABE. YOU SURE DO  
LOOK A FOOL!

THE EXCITED THROG CROWDED ROUND THE  
UNDOUBTED HERO OF THE HOUR...

THANK GOODNESS,  
SIR! YOU MADE IT!



DID YOU EVER DOUBT  
IT, WILEY? I'M THE GREATEST-  
AND I ALWAYS WILL BE!

OH, YES. AND YOU, READER DONALD BECKER,  
YOU WERE RIGHT. IT  
IS A SPORT OF  
SPEED AND THRILLS.  
YOU'LL GET YOUR  
SOUVENIR CHEQUE  
AND FIVER-



- AND IF  
YOU'RE LUCKY,  
I WON'T SEND  
T IN ROMAN  
COINS!

Send your ideas to: Bullet Slick, SPEED, IPC Magazines Ltd, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., SE19LS.



Bullet Slick flew a kite – with incredible results!

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

HE'D OFFERED A MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE, AND FIVE POUNDS IN REAL MONEY, TO ANY SPEED READER WHO COULD GIVE HIM A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS. HIS NAME WAS BULLET SLICK – LOUD-MOUTHED, ARROGANT. CONFIDENT THAT FEW, IF ANY, COULD IMPRESS HIM.



OKAY, WILEY, WHICH LETTER IS OUT OF THE BAG THIS WEEK? WHICH MUDDLE-MINDED SPEED KID'S CHALLENGING ME NOW?

IT'S FROM A DAVID CHRISTMAS, OF LONDON SE26, SIR. HE-ER-SUGGESTS THAT YOU GO FLY A KITE!

SO IT WAS THAT SLICK'S WORKSHOPS BUILT A KITE TO THE CHRISTMAS DESIGN. A MONSTER KITE, WITH MULTIPLE LIFTING SURFACES...



IT'S CAPABLE OF LIFTING YOU AND THE CONTROL CHAIR TOGETHER, MISTER SLICK.

BUT WE'D NEED A GALE FORCE WIND TO GET IT OFF THE GROUND!

SLICK BLEW HIS STACK!

LISTEN TO ME, CHRISTMAS! I'M THE ONE WHO HANDS OUT INSULTS! I DON'T TAKE THEM, SEE?

CALM YOURSELF, SIR! DAVID IS QUITE SERIOUS IN HIS SUGGESTION...



IT'S TO BE TOWED... BY A SPEED CAR, WILEY WOULD DRIVE IT.

IDEA FROM DAVID CHRISTMAS

OKAY, SO LET'S GIVE IT A WHIRL.



ONE WEEK LATER, AT MUSKOGEE FLATS, ON AMERICA'S ATLANTIC COAST...

HIT IT, WILEY! LET'S GET THIS CHRISTMAS IDEA OFF THE GROUND... AND THEN I CAN GO HOME BORED!





THE RACER SPED FORWARD, AND THE TOWLINES SNAPPED TAUT!



AIRBORNE!  
IT WORKS,  
BY GLOZY!

ONE HUNDRED-TWO  
HUNDRED METRES INTO  
THE AIR AND STILL CLIMBING!

THIS IS  
SOME SENSATION!  
MAYBE THAT CHRISTMAS  
KID'S GOT SOMETHING,  
AFTER ALL!

THE TOWLINES WERE DROPPED,  
AND NOW SLICK RELIED ENTIRELY  
ON HIS OWN SKILLS TO KEEP THE  
KITE CATCHING THE WIND...

GREAT! HE'LL MAKE SPLASHDOWN  
AS PLANNED - WHERE THE **AQUASLICK**  
**HYDROFOILS** READY TO PICK HIM UP...

BUT THERE WAS ONTHING NOBODY HAD ALLOWED  
FOR. THE PREVAILING WESTERLIES SUDDENLY  
BACKED A FULL NINETY DEGREES TO THE SOUTH!

JUPITER!  
I'M BEING  
CARRIED BACK  
INLAND!

COASTAL THERMALS  
LIFTED THE KITE  
EVEN HIGHER...

GOOD GRIEF!  
HE COULD BE IN  
FOR A TERRIBLE  
LANDING!

IT'S WORSE  
THAN THAT,  
WILEY! HE'S  
BEING CARRIED  
INTO THE  
APPROACH  
LANES FOR  
FOLSOM  
AIRPORT!

IT WAS THE CAPTAIN OF A GRANDAIR 747,  
CLEARED FOR RUN-IN, WHO SAW IT FIRST!

JUMPIN' SNAKES!  
WHAPIN' HADES..?

IT-IT'S  
A K-KITE!  
WITH-WITH A  
WHEELCHAIR  
ON IT!

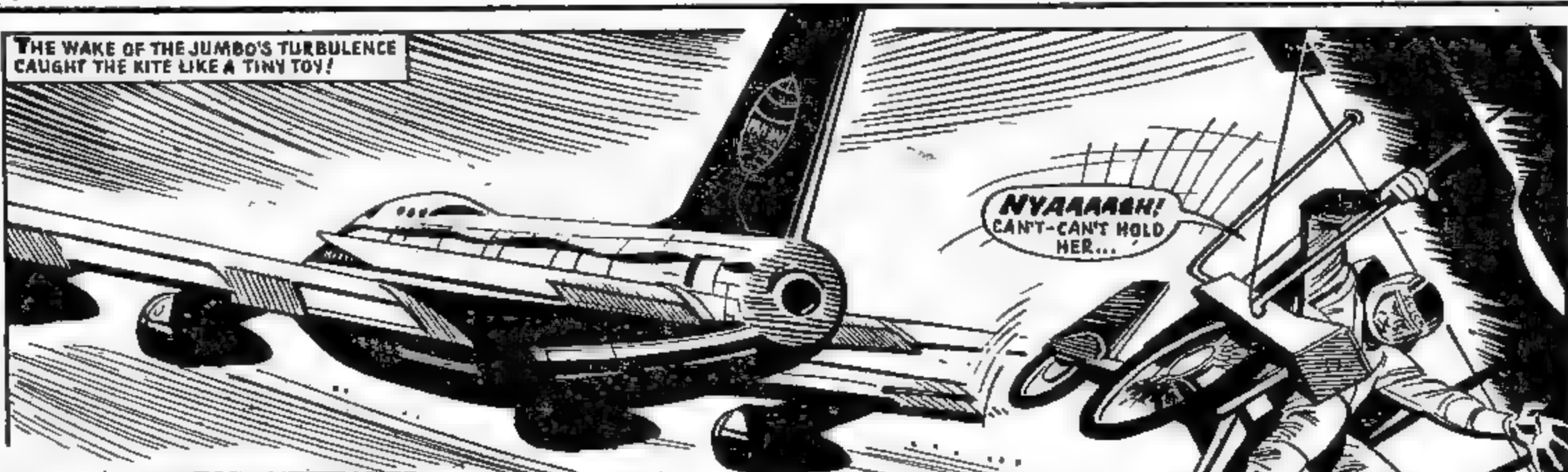
DESPERATELY, THE SKIPPER HAULED ON THE YOKE...



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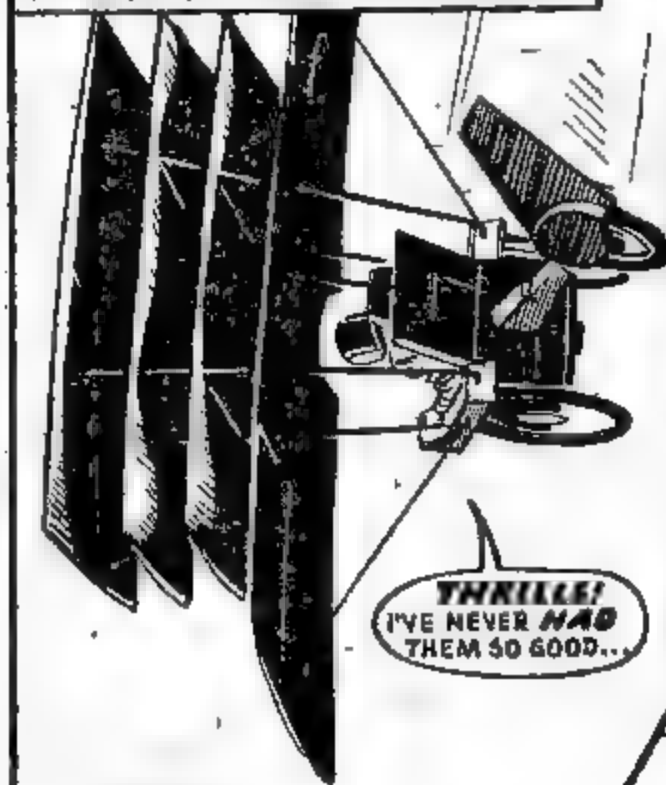


THE WAKE OF THE JUMBO'S TURBULENCE  
CAUGHT THE KITE LIKE A TINY TOY!



NYAAAAAH!  
CAN'T HOLD  
HER...

AND YET SHEER GUTS AND INSTINCTIVE  
SKILL KEPT THE UNLIKELY CRAFT FROM  
PLUMMETING HEADLONG TO THE GROUND!



THRILL!  
I'VE NEVER HAD  
THEM SO GOOD...

...BUT THIS'LL COST ME AT LEAST  
A MILLION IN FINES! IF YOU THINK  
YOU'RE GETTING A PENNY, DAVID  
CHRISTMAS, YOU'RE CRAZY!



BENEATH HIM, AS HE  
MANOEUVRED TO COME  
DOWN, SLICK SAW ANOTHER  
AIRCRAFT WING BY...



AT LEAST  
THERE'S NO  
DANGER OF  
HITTING  
THAT...

THEN...

SUHHH! NOW FOR A RED-HOT  
RECEPTION! AM I IN TROUBLE!



LATER, IN FOLSOM CITY JAIL...



WHAT  
NOW?

FATE'S BEEN LUCKY. SEEMS A LIGHT  
PLANE TOOK OFF WITHOUT CLEARANCE.  
IF YOU HADN'T SCARED OFF THE JUMBO,  
THERE'D HAVE BEEN  
A DISASTROUS  
CRASH.

THERE'S STILL A FINE TO PAY, SIR... BUT I THINK WE  
CAN STILL GIVE DAVID CHRISTMAS HIS WINNINGS!  
MAYBE YOU'D HAVE A WORD FOR HIM...?



YOU BET I HAVE!  
CHRISTMAS—  
GO FLY  
A KITE!



Send your ideas to: Bullet Slick, SPEED, IPC Magazines Ltd, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St., SE1 9LS.

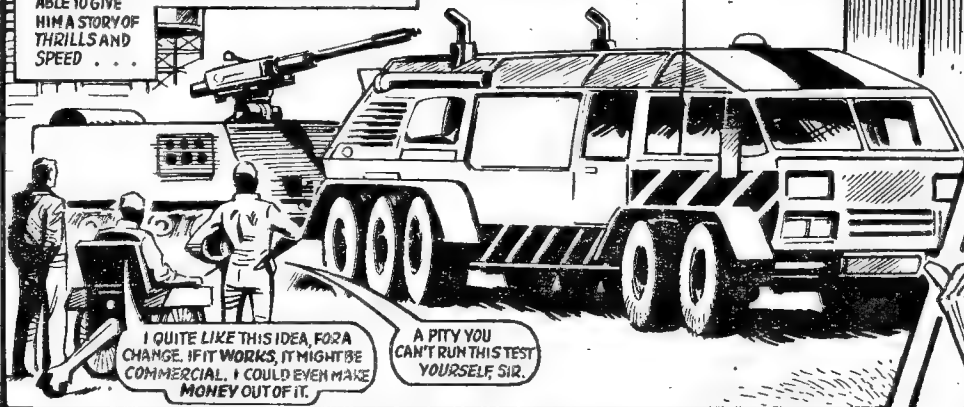


*Bullet drove an ultra-powerful crash tender into a blazing plane!*



# The £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

AT A LONG-DISUSED Bomber Base FROM THE SECOND WORLD WAR, A POWERFUL CRASH-TENDER STOOD READY, BUILT TO THE DESIGN OF SPEED READER, MICHAEL PARSONS, OF MILTON KEYNES. IT WAS MICHAEL'S CHALLENGE TO BULLET SLICK, THE LOUDMOUTH WHO HAD PROMISED A MILLION POUND SOLUTION CHEQUE AND A FIVER IN REAL MONEY TO ANY READER ABLE TO GIVE HIM A STORY OF THRILLS AND SPEED ...



I QUITE LIKE THIS IDEA, FOR A CHANGE. IF IT WORKS, IT MIGHT BE COMMERCIAL. I COULD EVEN MAKE MONEY OUT OF IT.

A PITY YOU CAN'T RUN THIS TEST YOURSELF, SIR.

I'LL TRUST YOUR JUDGMENT, WILEY. YOU DRIVE IT, AND REPORT TO ME. IS THE SIMULATED CRASH READY?



I BELIEVE SO, SIR.

WAY ON THE AIRPORT PERIMETER, A DERELICT AIRCRAFT HAD BEEN TRUNDLED INTO PLACE. A FILLED FUEL TANK HAD BEEN FITTED WITHIN, COUPLED TO AN INCENDIARY DEVICE...



AT A GIVEN SIGNAL THE DEVICE WAS TRIGGERED BY RADIO BEAM ...



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WILEY AND HIS CREW RACED FOR THE TENDER, MEANT TO SPEED FROM ZERO TO ONE HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR IN JUST FIVE SECONDS!



BUT, SUDDENLY...



THE PANIC-EFFECT WAS IMMEDIATE, BUT BULLEY SLICK'S MIND STILL FUNCTIONED CLEARLY!



THE MILLIONAIRE GUNNED THE CONTROLS OF HIS WHEEL CHAIR...



PAINFULLY, HE BEGAN TO HAUL HIMSELF INTO THE CRASH-TENDER'S CAB...



WILEY HEAVED HIS BOSS ABOARD AND SLID IN BESIDE HIM...





THE BLAZE IN THE WRECK HAD TAKEN FIERCE HOLD. THE GROUND BENEATH IT ROASTED LIKE A FURNACE!

THE FLAW IN THE PARSONS' DESIGN WAS INSTANTLY APPARENT! THE TRAILED EXTINGUISHER CANNON STARTED TO JACK-KNIFE!

THE COUPLINGS HAVE BURST! WE'VE FAILED, SIR!

YE GODS! IT REALLY DOES GO! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO HIT THE BRAKES NOW!

THE WORD 'FAILED' ISN'T IN MY DICTIONARY, WILEY! ... HOLD TIGHT!

GOOD GRIEF! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO...?

BULLET SLICK SPUN THE TENDER, BACKED OFF FROM THE TRAILER, THEN RACED HEADLONG FOR THE WRECK ITSELF!

PARSONS—YOUR SUPER-ACCELERATION'S GOING TO LET ME CHARGE THAT WRECK OFF THE BOMB DUMP!

YIEEEEE! YOU CAN'T DO IT! WE'LL BE ROASTED, IF NOT BLOWN SKY-HIGH!

LITTLE MORE THAN A BLUR, THE ULTRA-POWERED VEHICLE STRUCK!

SHA-TOOOOMMMM!

COVERED IN BLAZING FUEL—BUT ITS WORK DONE—THE TENDER WHEELED ROUND...

WE—WE MADE IT!

AND WHAT A THRILL! YOUNG MICHAEL PARSONS GETS HIS PRIZE! HE DIDN'T PLAN THINGS THIS WAY, BUT I DON'T CARE...

SMOKING, THE TENDER CAME TO REST BACK AT THE OLD BUILDINGS...

TELL HIM, WILEY, HEROISM'S MY MIDDLE NAME! I AM THE GREATEST!

WELL DONE! OH, WELL DONE, INDEED! THAT WAS HEROIC!

IT WAS A WEEK LATER, AT SUCK'S PENTHOUSE APARTMENT...

WHAT'S THIS, WILEY? ANOTHER CRAZY LETTER FROM SOME CHUCKLE-HEADED SPEED READER?

ER—NO, SIR. IT'S AN APOLOGY FROM THE GENTLEMAN WHO WARNED YOU ABOUT THAT BOMB DUMP ON THE AIRFIELD.

HE MADE A MISTAKE. THE EXPLOSIVES WERE AT A DIFFERENT STRIP—TWENTY MILES NORTH...

SOMEONE SEND ME ANOTHER CHALLENGE...

...BEFORE I BLOW UP!

Join Bullet Slick for another exciting challenge again next week!



*Bullet's challenge brought him face-to-face with a gigantic sea monster!*



# The £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

IT WAS CALLED SATAN'S CHANNEL. THE FOUR-MILE STRAIT BETWEEN THE ISLANDS OF KURABAYA AND MANTEE, WHERE CONSTANTLY OPPOSING CURRENTS AND CONFLICTING WINDS LASHED THE SEAS TO PERMANENT FURY. NO SHIP HAD EVER SURVIVED AN ATTEMPT TO NAVIGATE ITS FIENDISH TURMOIL!

TO THIS PLACE CAME BULLET SLICK AND HIS ASSISTANT, WILEY... SPURRED BY THE CHALLENGE OF SPEED READER CASS RANSON... HOPING TO WIN BULLET'S FAMOUS £1,000,000 SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND £5 IN REAL MONEY!



STOP WHINING, WILEY! YOU THINK I'M GOING TO LET SOME SNIVELLING KID CLAIM I'VE BACKED DOWN?

A SHRILL VOICE INTERRUPTED...

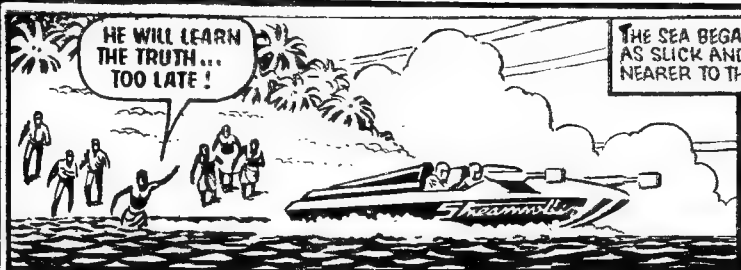
BESIDES, WHY DO YOU THINK THIS BOAT'S CALLED 'THE STREAM-ROLLER'? THOSE THINGS FOR'ARD EMIT AN ULTRASONIC FIELD, GUARANTEED TO SMOOTH OUT THE ROUGHEST WAVES!

BE WARNED, TUAN! IT IS NOT THE SEA YOU SHOULD FEAR, BUT THE MONSTER OF SATAN'S CHANNEL! THE DEVIL OF THE DEEP ITSELF!

BAH! SUPERSTITIOUS HUMBUG!

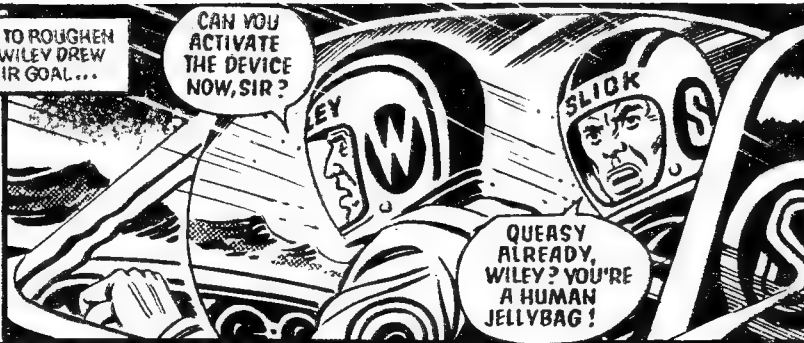
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HE WILL LEARN THE TRUTH... TOO LATE!

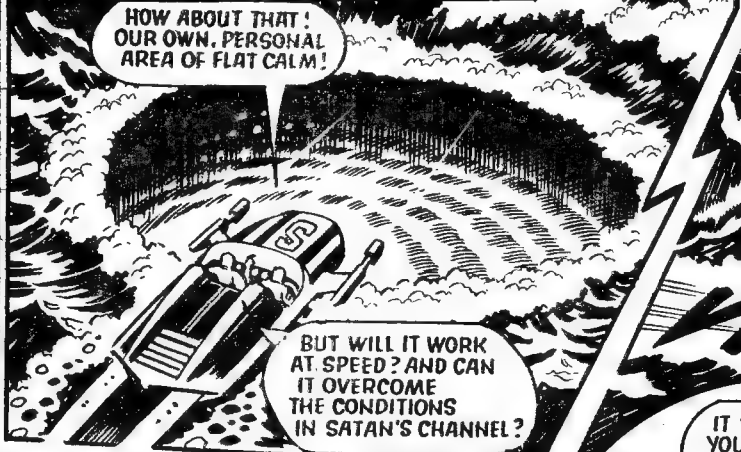
THE SEA BEGAN TO ROUGHEN AS SLICK AND WILEY DREW NEARER TO THEIR GOAL...



CAN YOU ACTIVATE THE DEVICE NOW, SIR?

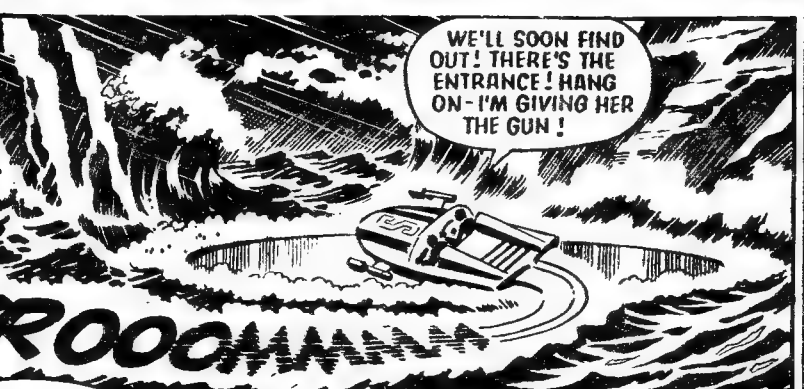
QUEASY ALREADY, WILEY? YOU'RE A HUMAN JELLYBAG!

BUT SLICK DID AS HIS MAN ASKED, AND THE EFFECT WAS DRAMATIC!



HOW ABOUT THAT! OUR OWN, PERSONAL AREA OF FLAT CALM!

BUT WILL IT WORK AT SPEED? AND CAN IT OVERCOME THE CONDITIONS IN SATAN'S CHANNEL?



WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! THERE'S THE ENTRANCE! HANG ON - I'M GIVING HER THE GUN!



PERFECT! IT'S PERFECT!

IT DOESN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THE RAIN! WHAT IF WE FILL UP AND SINK?



IT WON'T IF YOU BALE, YOU IDIOT! GET BUSY!

EVEN IN THE HEART OF THE CHANNEL'S VIOLENCE, THE ULTRASONIC FORCES CONTINUED TO BE EFFECTIVE. TRUE TO HIS NATURE, SLICK ACTUALLY BEGAN TO BE BORED!



I'VE BEEN ON MORE EXCITING PIONICS. MAYBE CASS RANSON WON'T GET MY MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND THE FIVER AFTER ALL...



BUT SCARCELY WERE THE WORDS OUT OF BULLET SLICK'S MOUTH, WHEN...

WHAT THE BLAZES...? A ROCK...?

SIR! THERE'S SOMETHING AHEAD OF US! POWER!



INCREDIBLY, AS THE BOAT SLOWED...

YE GODS! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

THE MAN WAS RIGHT! IT'S A SEA-MONSTER!



IN THE NICK OF TIME, SLICK SPUN THE WHEEL AS THE GIGANTIC HEAD LASHED DOWN!



DELIBERATELY, SLICK BECAME THE AGGRESSOR!



IT'S UNAFFECTED BY THE ULTRASONICS—AND WE DAREN'T TRY RUNNING FROM IT! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE INITIATIVE AND ATTACK!

AAAAGH! WE'LL BREAK UP!



MIRACULOUSLY, THE BOAT REMAINED IN ONE PIECE, WITH IRON NERVE AND EXPERT CONTROL. SLICK BROUGHT IT SCREAMING AROUND...



I'M GAMBLING THAT IT'S NEVER BEEN ON THE DEFENSIVE BEFORE! HOLD TIGHT, WILEY...

AT FULL THROTTLE, THE STREAMROLLER KEPT GOING...

YA-HAYYYY! IT'S DIVED! IT COULDN'T TAKE IT!



IT WAS LONG AFTER THE BOAT HAD EMERGED FROM SATAN'S CHANNEL THAT WILEY BROUGHT HIS TREMBLING VOICE UNDER CONTROL AGAIN...



YOU KNOW—NOBODY'S GOING TO BELIEVE WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE...

WHO CARES? I HAD MY THRILLS—AND THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS!

AS FOR YOU, CASS RANSON, YOU'LL GET YOUR PRIZE. I SHOULD GO BACK AND GIVE IT TO THE MONSTER—BUT WHAT WOULD HE DO WITH MONEY...?




Look out for more thrills with Bullet Slick again next week!

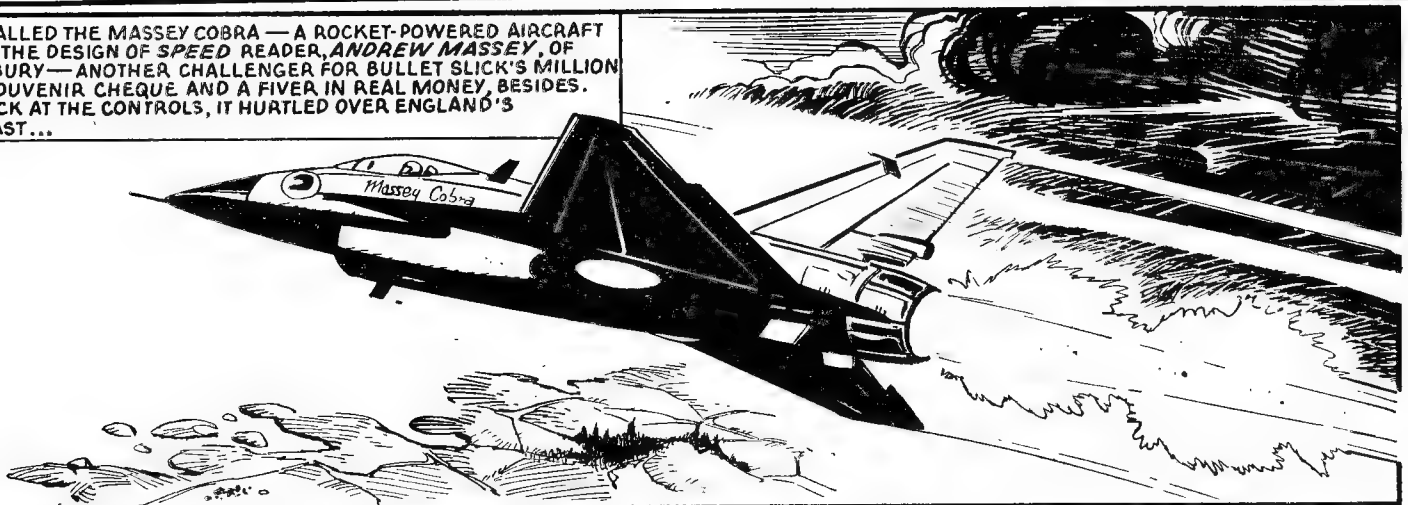


Bullet's rocket-powered aircraft was pursued by a deadly missile!

# The £1,000,000,000 CHALLENGE



IT WAS CALLED THE MASSEY COBRA — A ROCKET-POWERED AIRCRAFT BUILT TO THE DESIGN OF SPEED READER, **ANDREW MASSEY**, OF TEWKESBURY — ANOTHER CHALLENGER FOR BULLET SLICK'S MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND A FIVER IN REAL MONEY, BESIDES. WITH SLICK AT THE CONTROLS, IT HURTTLED OVER ENGLAND'S EAST COAST ...



SLICK — AS LOUD-MOUTHED AND ARROGANT AS EVER — WAS IN CONSTANT RADIO TOUCH WITH HIS MAN, WILEY...



SO IT'S FAST!  
SO WHAT? DOES  
THIS MASSEY KID  
THINK I'M GOING  
TO GET A THRILL  
OUT OF THIS...?

DON'T FORGET THE PROGRAMME  
OF **AEROBATICS** HE WANTS YOU  
TO TRY, SIR. THE STRESSES  
WILL UNDOUBTEDLY BE  
**CRITICAL...**



THESE BONE-HEADED READERS  
THINK I WAS BORN YESTERDAY!  
I WAS DOING STUNTS IN PLANES  
WHEN THEY WERE IN THEIR  
FLAMING CRADLES!

BUT FATE WAS CONSPIRING TO GIVE BULLET SLICK A TRULY HAIR-RAISING TIME! ON A MILITARY TESTING RANGE, SOME FIFTY MILES TO THE NORTH...

ALL SYSTEMS  
READY FOR  
LAUNCH!

HOLD  
PROGRAMME  
FOR FINAL  
CLEARANCE!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



THE MONGOOSE, A NEW HEAT-SEEKING GROUND-TO-AIR MISSILE, LINED UP FOR PRIMARY TRIALS...

TARGETCRAFT HAS BEEN RELEASED. AREA IS EMPTY OF ALL SHIPPING!

RADAR CONFIRMS. STAND BY TO FIRE!

SHA-ROOOMMM!

AND IN THE CONTROL ROOM, THE ABORT BUTTON THAT WOULD HAVE DESTROYED THE MONGOOSE, ALSO FAILED TO WORK!

IT'S A RUNAWAY!

BY THE STARS... WHAT'LL HAPPEN...?

THERE'S NO WAY OF TELLING! IF ITS SENSORS PICK UP ANOTHER SOURCE OF HEAT...

FROM THAT MOMENT, EVERYTHING WENT WRONG. THE TARGET, A REMOTELY-CONTROLLED PILOTLESS CRAFT, MALFUNCTIONED!

BY HORRIFYING CHANCE, THOSE SENSORS DID JUST THAT. AND THE NEW TARGET WAS BULLET SLICK'S MASSEY COBRA!

URGENT RADIO WARNINGS WENT OUT. IT WAS WILEY WHO RELAYED THEM TO BULLET SLICK!

I SEE IT! I CAN'T OUT-RUN THE THING UNLESS I OVERSTRAIN THE ENGINES!

HIT THE EJECTOR BUTTON, MISTER SLICK! BALE OUT!

OVER THE SEA? I'D SINK LIKE A STONE, YOU FOOL! AND I CAN'T GO BACK OVER LAND, OR ELSE THE WRECKAGE MIGHT FALL ON A POPULATED ZONE!

THE OVERLOAD NEEDLES CLIMBED INTO THE DANGER AREAS ON THEIR DIALS AS SLICK PUSHED THE COBRA BEYOND ITS LIMITS...



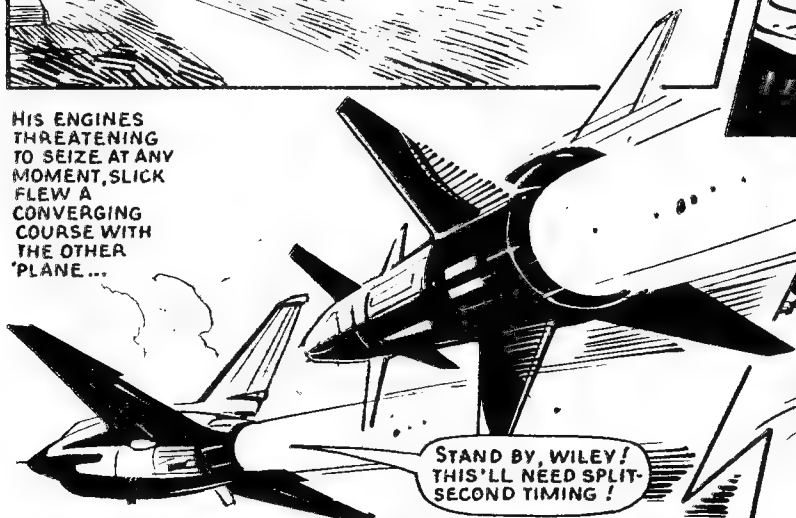
THERE WAS ONLY ONE SLIM CHANCE. ON BULLET SLICK'S INSTRUCTIONS, WILEY GOT HIS BOSS'S MASSIVE AIR-TRANSPORTER SKYBORNE...



THIS IS GOING TO BE HAIRY!

HE'LL EJECT ABOVE US. WHATEVER HAPPENS, WE MUSTN'T MISS HIM WITH THE AIR-SCOOP!

HIS ENGINES THREATENING TO SEIZE AT ANY MOMENT, SLICK FLEW A CONVERGING COURSE WITH THE OTHER PLANE...



STAND BY, WILEY! THIS'LL NEED SPLIT-SECOND TIMING!

THE MASSEY COBRA SLID ACROSS THE TRANSPORTER'S PATH, AND CLIMBED. THEN BULLET SLICK HIT THE RELEASE!

LIKE ITS EARTHLY COUNTERPART, THE MONGOOSE STRUCK THE COBRA WITH DREADFUL FINALITY!



BUT, THOUGH STUNNED BY THE BLAST, SLICK FELT THE METAL MESH SCOOP THAT HAD BEEN LOWERED FROM HIS TRANSPORTER CATCH HIM LIKE A FOWLER'S NET!

WE'VE GOT HIM!



HAUL IN! QUICKLY!

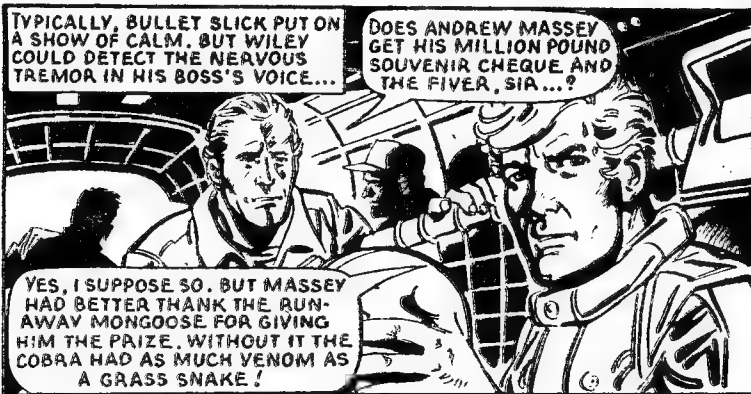
CARLOS PINO

DEBRIS PLUMMETED HARMLESSLY INTO THE SEA...



TYPICALLY, BULLET SLICK PUT ON A SHOW OF CALM. BUT WILEY COULD DETECT THE NERVOUS TREMOR IN HIS BOSS'S VOICE...

DOES ANDREW MASSEY GET HIS MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE AND THE FIVER, SIR...?



YES, I SUPPOSE SO. BUT MASSEY HAD BETTER THANK THE RUN-AWAY MONGOOSE FOR GIVING HIM THE PRIZE. WITHOUT IT THE COBRA HAD AS MUCH VENOM AS A GRASS SNAKE!

There are more thrills with Bullet Slick in next week's Challenge!

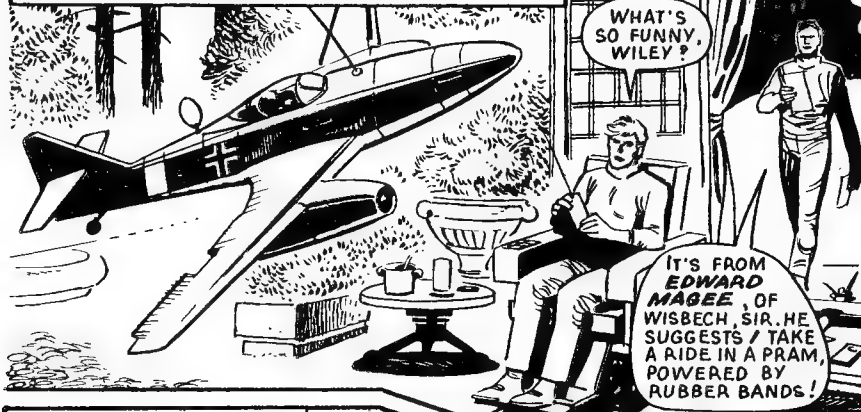


The challenge started as a joke – but no-one was laughing at its end!



# The £1,000,000,000 CHALLENGE

OF ALL THE CHALLENGES THAT CAME TO BULLET SLICK, FROM *SPEED* READERS HOPING TO WIN HIS FAMOUS *MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE* AND A FIVER IN REAL MONEY WITH A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS, ONE MADE HIS MANSERVANT LAUGH...



WHAT'S SO FUNNY, WILEY?

IT'S FROM EDWARD MAGEE, OF WISBECH, SIR. HE SUGGESTS I TAKE A RIDE IN A PRAM, POWERED BY RUBBER BANDS!

BULLET SLICK'S WORKSHOPS PRODUCED THE INCREDIBLE MACHINE WITHIN A WEEK...



NOUGHT TO ONE HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR IN TEN SECONDS. STABILISING FINS TO KEEP IT UPRIGHT IN MID-AIR...

YOU'D BE IN THE SIDECAR, SIR.

WHERE DOES THE MAGEE KID SUGGEST WE TRY IT OUT?



HE DOES HAVE A MORE SERIOUS SUGGESTION, SIR. A TRIPLE-ENGINE BIKE WITH AN ATTACHED SIDECAR...

OKAY, LET'S GIVE THE COMEDIAN A CHANCE! WE'LL BUILD IT!



THE DEVIL'S MEAL-MILLS, SIR. IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE DEVIL'S MEAL-MILLS. A VAST TRACT OF GRANITE MOUNTAIN WHERE CONSTANTLY SHIFTING TREMORS OPENED AND CLOSED TREACHEROUS RAVINES LIKE THE FOLDS OF A CONCERTINA!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



TO THIS REMOTE AND TERRIFYING AREA CAME SLICK'S FREIGHT HELICOPTER...

I'M NOT SURE I CAN DO THIS, SIR...

RUBBISH! I'LL TELL YOU EXACTLY HOW TO STEER. BESIDES, THE HELICOPTER WILL BE OVERFLYING US ALL THE TIME.

A FRESH CREVASSE OPENED UP IN FRONT OF THEM AS THOUGH UNSEEN HANDS HAD TORN THE EARTH'S VERY FABRIC...

HAUL BACK! HAUL BACK!

THEN IT HAPPENED! A WHIRLING CHUNK OF STONE STRUCK THE HELMET FROM WILEY'S HEAD!

GAHHH!

BY THE STARS!

CAN'T MAKE IT! YOU'VE WON YOUR PRIZE, MAGEE— BUT I WON'T BE AROUND TO MAKE THE PAYOFF!

WILEY GUNNED THE HEAVY MACHINE. AS IT LEAPT FORWARD, HE FELT VIBRATIONS OTHER THAN THOSE FROM THE ENGINE!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING! THE GROUND'S ON THE MOVE!

MORE SPEED! OPEN HER UP TO FULL!

AGAIN AND AGAIN IT SEEMED THAT THE MOUNTAINS WERE INTENT ON FIGHTING THESE INTRUDERS! ANOTHER RIFT CLOSED, WITH A SHATTERING OF ROCK!

DON'T THROTTLE DOWN, YOU FOOL!

OUT OF CONTROL, THE BIKE BUCKETED DOWNWARDS! AHEAD LOOMED YET ANOTHER GORGE!

CRIPPLED LEGS... NO USE! MUST... RELY ON... STRENGTH IN MY ARMS...

BUT THE GRINDING, SHIFTING ROCKS CONVULSED, AND THE BIKE SCRAMBLED TO SAFETY WITH MILLIMETRES TO SPARE!



ABOVE THEM, A LOUD-HALER BOOMED FROM THE RACKETING HELICOPTER...

HOOK UP! WE'LL HAUL YOU CLEAR! YOU CAN'T GO ON!

SLICK HEARD. ONE PART OF HIS MIND SAID 'GO ON. ADMIT NO DEFEAT'. ANOTHER TOLD HIM TO SAVE HIS LIFE!

BEATEN...? ME? BULLET SLICK...?

THERE WAS A THUNDEROUS ROAR, AND PRIMEVAL FORCES LIFTED A LEDGE OF GRANITE BEFORE HIM!

BLAST YOU, MAGEE! I'VE GOT TO ABOUT THE MISSION!

UP - UP YOU COME, WILEY! MY LEGS MIGHT BE OUT OF ACTION, BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY ARMS!

THE LADDER REELED IN, AND WILLING HANDS HAULED SLICK AND WILEY TO SAFETY...

YOU DID RIGHT, MISTER SLICK! IT WAS AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK...

IT - IT WAS A CHALLENGE. AND I BLEW IT...!

AMAZINGLY, THE BIKE, AND ITS SIDECAR, NOW EMPTY, MAINTAINED COURSE! IT WAS AS THOUGH FATE HAD GIVEN IT A CLEAR RUN...

IT RAN OUT OF JUICE BELOW THE FINAL SCREES WHERE THE MOUNTAINS GAVE WAY TO ROCKY LEVELS...

WHEN THE HELICOPTER LANDED...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! MAGEE'S MACHINE MADE IT! THE KID'S MADE A FOOL OUT OF ME!

HE DID GIVE YOU SPEED AND THRILLS THOUGH, SIR. I'D SAY HE'S EARNED HIS PRIZE...AND THERE'S NOT A SPEED READER WHO'D DISAGREE WITH ME!

PUTT PUTT KOFF!

Another challenge plus part 2 of your ROCKET MISSILES Poster - next week!



Join Bullet Slick for another exciting challenge!

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

IT WAS TO BE A STRAIGHT SKY-DIVING CONTEST — BUT BETWEEN BULLET SLICK AND ONE OF HIS ARCH-RIVALS FROM ROAD-RACING DAYS, THE BIG MAN KNOWN AS CANNONBALL CARTER, IT HAD BEEN SET UP BY 'SPEED' READER ROBERT MANN, OF OXFORD, WHO KNEW THAT CARTER HARBOURED A MURDEROUS GRUDGE AGAINST THE CRIPPLED MILLIONAIRE...

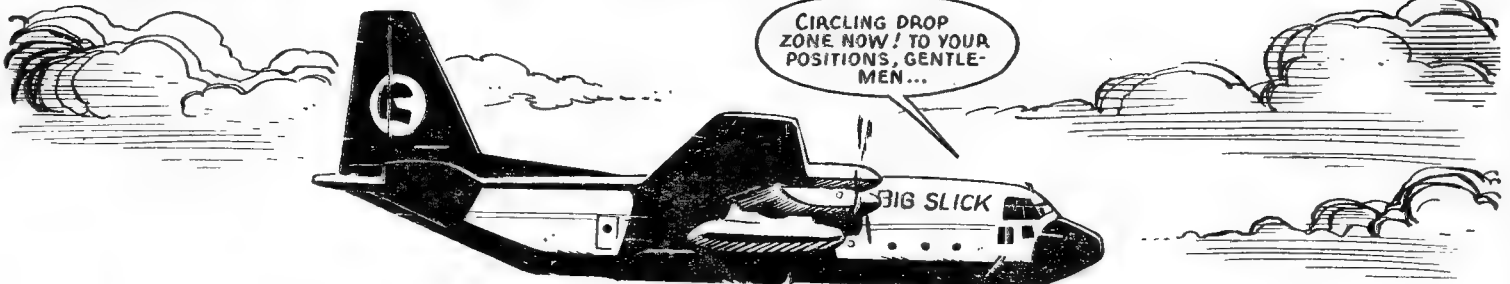
THE KID'S A FOOL. I CAN STAY ALOFT LONGER THAN THAT APE CARTER, DESPITE THE CONDITIONS!

KEEP STILL, SIR. I HAVE TO GET THE EXACT MEASUREMENTS FOR YOUR PARACHUTE HARNESS...

WE HAVE A DUEL — RIGHT UP THERE IN THE SKIES. TO PROVE WHO'S THE BRAVER. DOESN'T MANN REALISE THERE'S NOBODY BETTER THAN ME?

HE ONLY WANTS TO WIN YOUR MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE, AND A FIVER IN REAL MONEY, IF YOU GET A THRILL OUT OF IT, SIR...

IT WAS THE TRANSPORTER, 'BIG SLICK', THAT TOOK THE TWO CONTESTANTS HIGH OVER SALISBURY PLAIN ON THE APPOINTED DAY...



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



ARMS AND LEGS SPREAD, THE TWO MEN RODE THE UPPER AIR ...

I'M GETTING MY BALANCE NOW, SLICK! ANY MOMENT, IT'S THE PISTOL ...

READER ROBERT MANN'S SPECIFICATION, GUNS. BUT NOT GUNS THAT FIRED BULLETS—GUNS THAT USED DIRECTIONAL BEAMS TO BLOCK PARACHUTE RELEASES!



YOU MISSED ME, CANNONBALL! I ALWAYS SAID I HAD BETTER EYES...

THE RADIO BEAM FROM SLICK'S GUN STRUCK FAIR AND SQUARE!

AAAARGH! CAN'T OPEN! I'M BEATEN!



ROBERT MANN'S MILLION POUND CHALLENGE HAD CALLED FOR A REMOTE RELEASE, AS SOON AS EITHER CARTER OR SLICK CALLED QUILTS. IN THE TRANSPORTER...

IT DOESN'T WORK! IT'S MALFUNCTIONED!



FOR LONG MOMENTS, IT ALMOST SEEMED THAT BULLET SLICK COULD EFFECT A DARING MID-AIR RESCUE!

INTEGRAL RADIO UNITS WITHIN THEIR HELMETS TOLD BOTH SKY-DIVERS OF THE PERIL!

AAAAARRGH! NO WAY I CAN SURVIVE!





NOW SLICK  
STREAMED  
THE PARA-  
CHUTE...



BUT EVEN AS THE CANOPY BILLOWED OUT, CARTER FELL ON TOP  
OF IT!



THE BACKWASH OF THE ENGINES  
TOSSED BULLET SLICK LIKE A DOLL!

FLOP!



DESPERATELY, WILEY HAD  
THE PILOT APPLY FULL  
AILERONS TO BRING 'BIG  
SLICK' AROUND IN THE  
TIGHTEST TURN IT HAD  
EVER MADE...

WE CAN'T SCOOP  
THEM! THE SHOCK  
WOULD BREAK THEM  
IN HALF!

JUST MISS  
THEM, AND  
DIVE!

CARTER FELL CLEAR,  
AND TANGLED IN THE  
THRUMMING LINES...



DOUBLE WEIGHTED,  
THE 'CHUTE SPED  
DOWN TO EARTH. IT  
WAS BULLET'S  
STRENGTH THAT  
SAVED CARTER  
FROM FURTHER  
INJURY...



TWO RIVALS — VIRTUAL ENEMIES — HAD BEEN REUNITED AS FRIENDS...

YOU SAVED MY LIFE,  
BULLET. I WON'T  
FORGET THAT.

IT WAS KIND OF HAIRY, CARTER.  
IN FACT, I STILL FEEL A LITTLE  
SHAKEN UP. SUPPOSE YOU  
WRITE TO ROBERT MANN...



WHY?

TO TELL HIM HE'S WON HIS  
MILLION POUND CHALLENGE  
FOR GIVING ME A THRILL! NOT  
THAT I'D WANT TO GO THROUGH  
ALL THAT AGAIN...



Look out for another super challenge with Bullet Slick again next week!



**Bullet Slick went to meet a *SPEED* reader – and got the surprise of his life!**

# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

BULLET SLICK, WILLING TO GIVE A **MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE** AND FIVE POUNDS IN REAL MONEY TO ANY ***SPEED*** READER, WHO COULD GIVE HIM A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS, WAS DRIVEN DOWN BY HIS ASSISTANT, WILEY, TO A PRE-ARRANGED MEETING PLACE WHERE HE WAS TO FIND READER **ANDREW WHITE**, OF BLACKHEATH...

THIS IS REALLY STUPID! THE KID SPECIFIES THAT I HAVE TO PUT A **BLINDFOLD** ON BEFORE I MEET HIM...

THE CONDITION APPLIES TO ME TOO, SIR. BUT, NATURALLY, ONLY AFTER I PULL UP IN THE LAYBY...

SO...

CONFOUNDED NONSENSE!

BUT, THINK, SIR – IF THERE ARE THRILLS IN STORE, IT'LL BE WORTH IT...

I'M **ANDREW WHITE**. MY DRIVER TAKES OVER FROM HERE.

UHHH... WHY ALL THE SECRECY –?

YOU'LL FIND OUT IN GOOD TIME. NO PEEKING – OR THE CHALLENGE IS VOID.

A FURTHER HOUR'S JOURNEY, AND THE CAR PULLED UP. SLICK AND WILEY WERE LED THROUGH GATES AND INTO A BUILDING. AND THEN...

SUDDENLY, A SHUDDERING VIBRATION! THERE CAME A ROAR OF DEAFENING SOUND THAT JOLTED SLICK'S AND WILEY'S TEETH WITHIN THEIR SKULLS!

RIGHT, GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY NOW REMOVE YOUR **BLINDFOLDS**...

WHAT IS THIS...? WE'RE IN SOME KIND OF COCKPIT...

FASTEN YOUR RESTRAINTS! QUICKLY! YOU'RE ABOUT TO **BLAST OFF!**

I – I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





YOU'RE ON A LOW-TRAJECTORY ROCKET, BULLET SLICK! YOU WANTED SPEED AND THRILLS... YOU'RE GOING TO GET THEM!



YAAAGH! HOW'S THIS POSSIBLE? A KID COULDN'T HAVE SET THIS UP!

WE'VE BEEN FIRED INTO COMMERCIAL AIRSPACE! AUGH AT THAT LINER!



A TELESCAN PURSUIT ROCKET IS FOLLOWING YOU. OPERATE THE RED BUTTON MARKED 'T' TO SEE YOURSELVES ON SCREEN...



MOUTH DRY, SLICK OBEYED...

THIS IS TOO MUCH! WE'RE GOING TO BE KILLED!

BUT— BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW A KID...



WILEY'S VOICE DIED AS THE HORIZON AHEAD DIPPED, SICKENINGLY...

NUHHHH! WE'RE DIVING ONTO A VILLAGE!

THAT SPIRE! WE CAN'T MISS IT!



THEY WERE DIMLY AWARE OF THE IMAGE ON THEIR OWN T.V. SCREEN...



KID! YOU'VE GOT YOUR PRIZE! IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW YOU WANGLED THIS— JUST GET US DOWN!

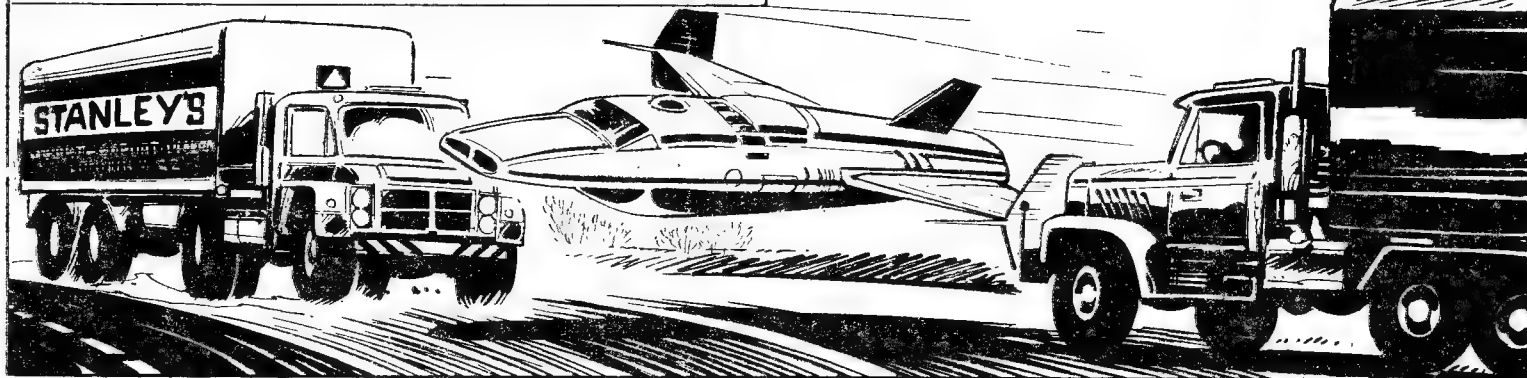


THE REPLY WAS ONLY A LAUGH. NOW THE ROCKET SEEMED TO BANK, AND THERE AHEAD WAS A MOTORWAY!

LORRIES! AND IF WE LOSE ANY MORE HEIGHT, WE'LL PILE STRAIGHT INTO THEM! WE'LL BE BLOWN TO SCRAPS!



AGAIN, THEIR OWN T.V. SHOWED THEM THE PAPER-THIN LIMITS OF DISASTER!



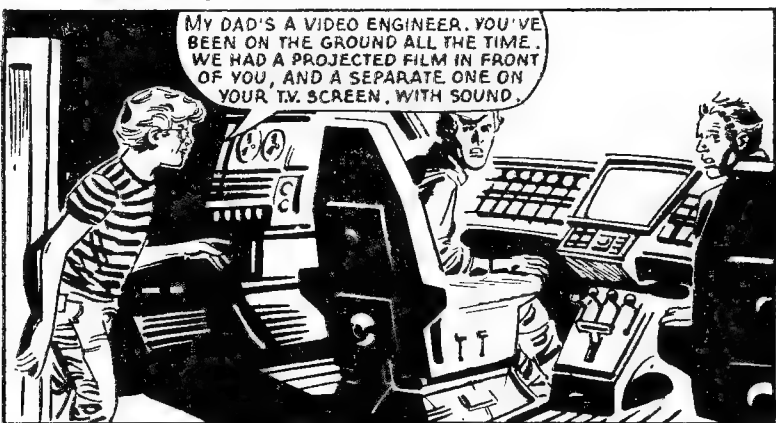
THEN, AT LAST, THERE WAS NO MORE NOISE! EVERYTHING WENT SILENT!



THERE WAS NO ANSWER. AND AS OBLIVION RACED CLOSER, BOTH MEN BLACKED OUT!



THE NEXT THING THEY KNEW WAS THE OPENING OF THE DOOR BEHIND THEM...



SLICK CHOKED, WENT RED IN THE FACE... AND THEN LAUGHED...



Another challenge for the one-and-only Bullet Slick... next week!



Thrill to Bullet Slick's 20th Century jet-joust with a robot!



# The £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

READY TO AWARD HIS *MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE* AND FIVE POUNDS IN REAL MONEY BESIDES TO ANY *SPEED* READER WHO COULD GIVE HIM A STORY OF SPEED AND THRILLS, BULLET SLICK RECEIVED AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR. AS HIS ASSISTANT WILEY OPENED THE DOORS OF THE PENTHOUSE LIFT...





A METAL HAND PRODUCED AN ENVELOPE AND HANDED IT TO WILEY, WHO TORE IT OPEN WITH SHAKING FINGERS...

**SPEED READER**  
BADGER WANTS AN OLD-FASHIONED TOURNAMENT, MISTER SLICK...BUT BROUGHT UP TO DATE, WITH SPECIAL JET-PACKS FITTED TO THE TWO WHEEL-CHAIRS...

C-COMBAT WITH TRADITIONAL WEAPONS...TO TAKE PLACE ON A LONELY PART OF BODMIN MOOR...

THINK YOU'RE CLEVER, DON'T YOU, BADGER? WELL, KID—I NEVER REFUSE A TAUNT LIKE THIS! BUT I WARN YOU, YOU WON'T WIN YOUR PRIZE...

... BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS SELL OFF YOUR FANCY ROBOT FOR SCRAP—AFTER I'VE FINISHED WITH HIM!  
**CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!**

**SHUNGGG!**

THE BIZARRE ASPECT OF THE DUAL SUITED SLICK, HIS OWN WORKSHOPS QUICKLY SAW TO THE MODIFICATION OF THE WHEELCHAIRS AND, AT THE APPOINTED HOUR...

WELL, BADGER? THIS IS YOUR IDEA, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THE GREY MATTER YOU CALL A BRAIN...?

IT WAS SET UP, AND AS WILEY DROPPED HIS HAND IN THE SIGNAL TO BEGIN...

THIS IS THE CRAZIEST CHALLENGE YET! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS KEEP MY NERVE...

YOU'LL TAKE UP POSITION A HUNDRED METRES APART, AND THEN RUSH FOR EACH OTHER AT FULL SPEED!

EVEN SLICK COULDN'T CURB THE FEELING OF EXCITEMENT AS THE CLASH CAME!

**SHA-LAMM!**

**SPRANGGG**

THE MILLIONAIRE WAS JUST THAT BIT SLOWER TO REGAIN CONTROL AND TURN...

AAAAAAH!

**VICTORY—IS—MINE...**

MISSED ME, TIN-MAN!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THEN...

WITH YOU OUT OF THE CHAIR  
—VICTORY IS BULLET SLICK'S!



BUT THE VIOLENCE OF THE SPILL HAD UPSET THE ROBOT'S  
PROGRAMMING! IT RAN AMUK!

GOOD GRIEF!  
IT'S COMING  
FOR US! DO  
SOMETHING,  
KID!

I—I CAN'T,  
MISTER  
WILEY....!



BULLET SLICK WAS THEIR ONLY HOPE!  
AND YET AT THAT MOMENT, HIS ENGINE  
MIS-FIRED AND PETERED OUT!

NO! THEY'LL  
BE CUT TO  
RIBBONS!

KOFFA  
KOFFA



INSTINCT TOOK OVER! AND,  
INCREDIBLY, BULLET SLICK  
SNAPPED FREE THE  
RESTRAINING BELTS AND  
PLUNGED FORWARD!



IN THE VERY NICK OF TIME...

DOWN, YOU  
MECHANICAL  
MURDERER!

THRANNING



HE LAUGHED, AND FOR  
ONCE, THERE WAS NO  
SARCASM IN IT. NOTHING BUT  
PURE JOY!

SON—YOU WIN  
EVERYTHING! YOUR  
CRAZY IDEA'S GIVEN  
ME BACK MY LEGS!

IT WAS ONLY AS FEAR  
AND FURY EBBED AWAY  
THAT BULLET SLICK  
REALISED HE WAS ON  
HIS FEET! THAT THE  
PARALYSIS THAT HAD  
DOGGED HIM FOR YEARS  
HAD GONE!

I'M—I'M—  
ON MY FEET!

THE—THE EFFECT OF  
THE STRESS...THE NEED  
TO SAVE OUR LIVES...



HEY, CAREFUL, MISTER SLICK!  
YOU DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO BUY  
ME NEW SPECS IN ADDITION  
TO GIVING ME THE PRIZES!  
SPECS ARE EXPENSIVE...



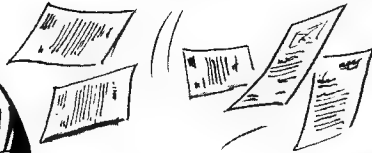
The END

Place a regular order for **TIGER** and **SPEED**!



# £1,000,000 CHALLENGE

IMMENSELY RICH, BUT CRIPPLED IN HIS QUEST FOR SPEED, SPEED AND MORE SPEED, BULLET SLICK HAD ISSUED A CHALLENGE—A MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE TO ANYONE WHO COULD BRING HIM A STORY THAT WOULD GIVE HIM *HIS* KIND OF THRILL; A STORY OF LIGHTNING-FAST DANGER! BUT BULLET SLICK WAS A *VERY* HARD MAN TO PLEASE...



DRIVE! WILEY! ALL DRIVE! THE STUFF THE KIDS SEND IN WOULDN'T EVEN TURN ON A TORTOISE!

**SPEED BANK**

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FORGIVE ME, SIR. THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR...

MAYBE IT'S SANTA CLAUS, WITH A NOTION FOR A SOUPED-UP SLEIGH...

BUT THE VISITOR WAS MORE THE SIZE OF ONE OF SANTA'S GNOMES!

GOOD AFTERNOON, I'M JEFF BRAY. PEOPLE CALL ME "TICH". I'VE GOT AN IDEA FOR MISTER SLICK. I'VE WORKED ALL MY HOLIDAYS ON IT!

ER—YOU'D BETTER COME IN, SON—BUT BE WARNED! THE MASTER'S NOT IN A GOOD MOOD. AND NORMALLY HE DOESN'T ENCOURAGE VISITORS!

GUHHH! ANOTHER IDIOT WITH A FILE FULL OF FLIM-FLAM!

OH, NO! IT'S SERIOUS STUFF, SIR! I ASSURE YOU! DID YOU EVER JUMP THE GRAND CANYON?

SLICK LAUGHED BITTERLY. HIS MIND WENT BACK SIX YEARS...

I TRIED. I HAD TO PARACHUTE OFF, SUPERFUELLED BIKE, LAUNCH-RAMP, AND ALL...







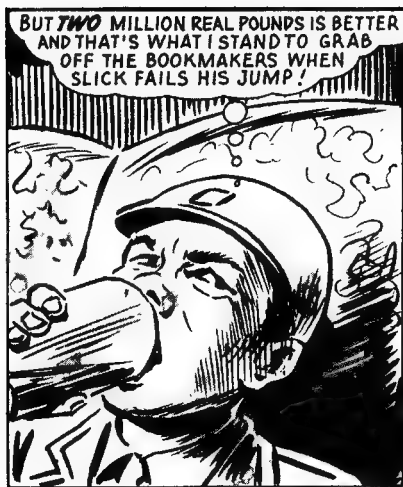
AMAZINGLY, TICH BRAY'S DRAWINGS SEEMED FEASIBLE!



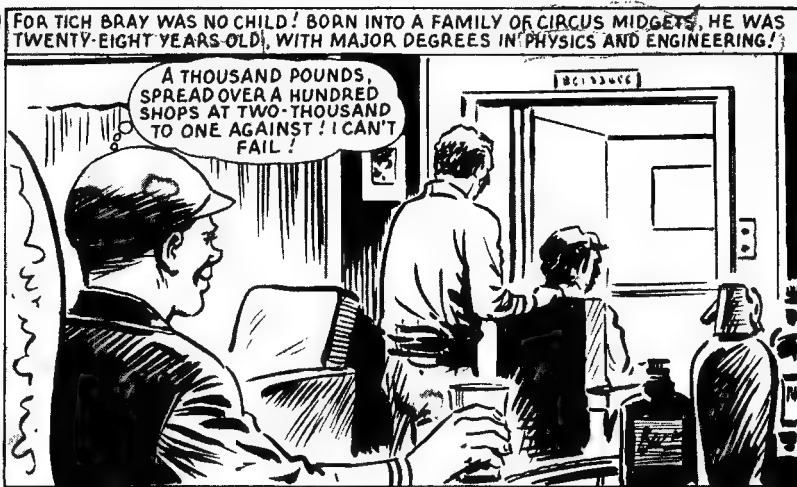
WILEY WAS DESPATCHED DOWN TO THE MASSIVE WORKSHOPS IN THE BASEMENT OF SLICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING...







BUT TWO MILLION REAL POUNDS IS BETTER! AND THAT'S WHAT I STAND TO GRAB OFF THE BOOKMAKERS WHEN SLICK FAILS HIS JUMP!



A THOUSAND POUNDS, SPREAD OVER A HUNDRED SHOPS AT TWO-THOUSAND TO ONE AGAINST! I CAN'T FAIL!

SLICK'S WORKSHOP SOON PRODUCED BRAY'S DESIGN. THE MODIFIED WHEELCHAIR WAS FLOWN OUT TO AMERICA WITH MAXIMUM PUBLICITY...



MEANWHILE, BRAY HAD DELIBERATELY 'LEAKED' INFORMATION TO THE WORLDWIDE BETTING FRATERNITY, ESPECIALLY TO THE BIG BOSSES!



I'VE GOT THE WORD THAT SLICK'S GOING TO WIN. KEEP TAKING BETS AGAINST HIM. ANY AMOUNT. WE'LL CLEAN UP!



OKAY, BOYS. WE BACK HIM TO SUCCEED. HIS CHAIR'S BEEN BUILT BY A REAL GENIUS. WITH BRAY BEHIND HIM, HE CAN'T FAIL!

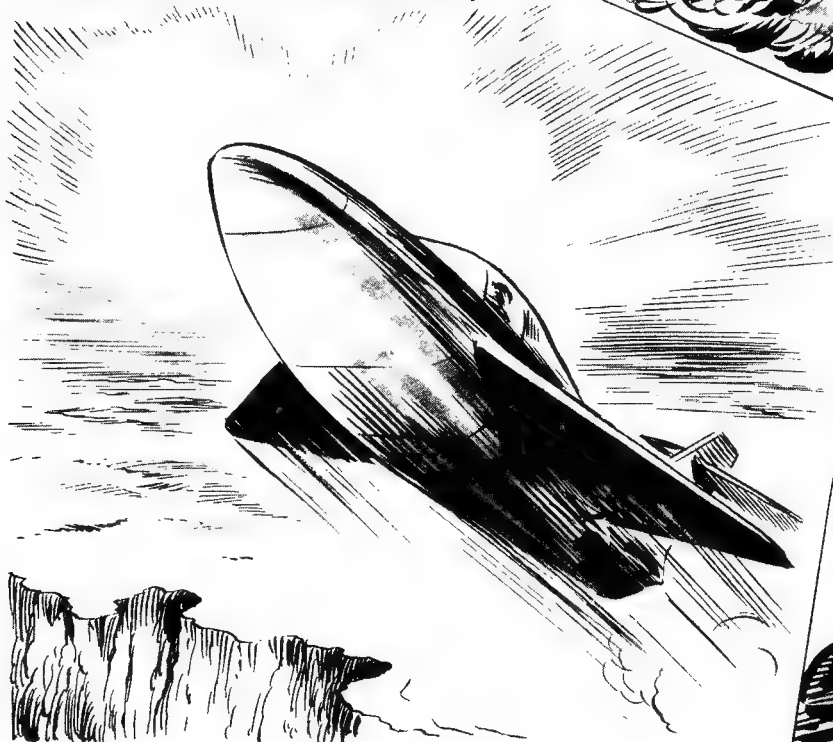


SOON THE GREAT DAY ARRIVED! T.V. AND PRESS WERE AT THE GRAND CANYON OF THE RIO COLORADO TO GIVE MAXIMUM COVERAGE!

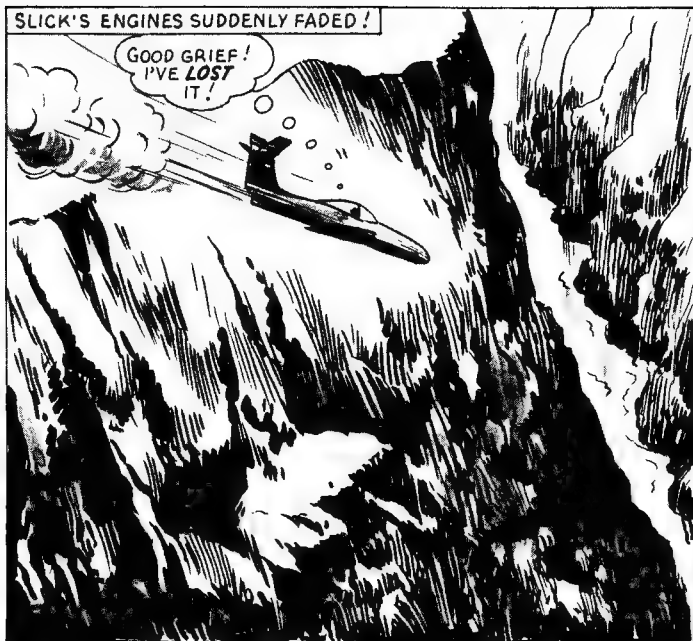




INCREDIBLE THRUST HURLED HIM SKYWARDS!







THEN, ALMOST AT THE LAST MINUTE, A FREAK CURRENT OF AIR CAUGHT THE MACHINE.





IT CAME TO REST IN THE SHALLOWS...

YA-HAYYY! I DIDN'T MAKE THE JUMP — BUT WHAT A THRILL! IT WAS CRAZY!



A HELICOPTER RESCUED HIM...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BOSS?

YOU BET I AM! AND THAT KID GETS MY MILLION POUND SOUVENIR CHEQUE! IT WAS FANTASTIC!



BUT THE 'KID' WAS NOT THERE! UNFORTUNATELY FOR TICH BRAY, HE'D BEEN WATCHED!

HE DIDN'T CLEAR THE JUMP, BRAY. THE BOSS IS GOING TO BE VERY ANNOYED!

YOU'D BETTER COME AND EXPLAIN TO HIM WHY HE AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE LOST SO MUCH MONEY!



YOU WOULDN'T HURT A LITTLE BOY!



OF COURSE NOT. BUT YOU'RE GROWN UP, PAL. YOU CAN TAKE IT!

EVENUALLY, BACK IN LONDON...

ARE YOU OUT THERE, TICH BRAY? THIS IS YOURS, YOU KNOW, IF YOU WANT IT! YOU REALLY TURNED ME ON, KID!



OH, WELL. HE'S OBVIOUSLY AS STUPID AS THE REST OF OUR READERS! PUT THE CHEQUE BACK IN CIRCULATION, WILEY...

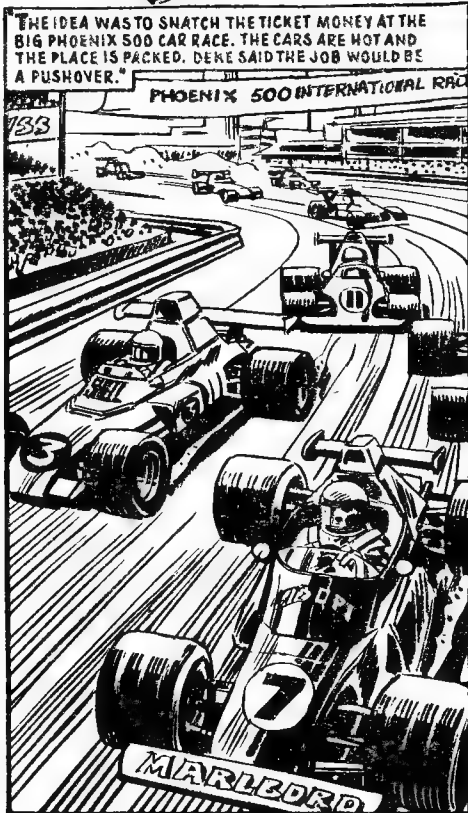
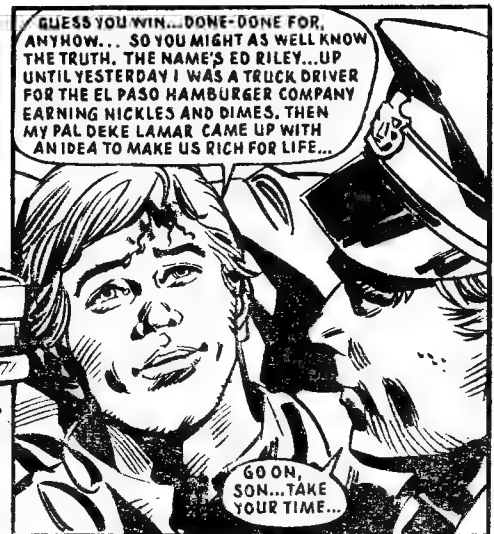


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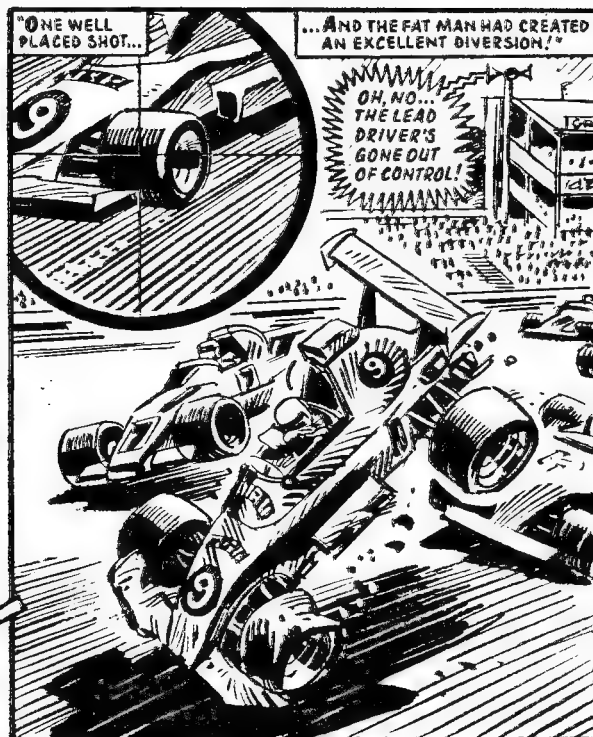
**SPEED's season of complete stories ends with this exciting adventure!**

# THE PHOENIX 500



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE







"WITHIN SECONDS WE WERE READY TO TAKE OFF IN THE TRUMBO RACERS..."



DEKE'S IDEA WAS TO HEAD ACROSS THE SALT FLATS TO A SMALL TUCSON AIRSTRIP WHERE A PAL WOULD FLY US TO MEXICO."

"BUT WE HADN'T RECKONED ON THE TUCSON AIR PATROL SPOTTING US SO QUICKLY."



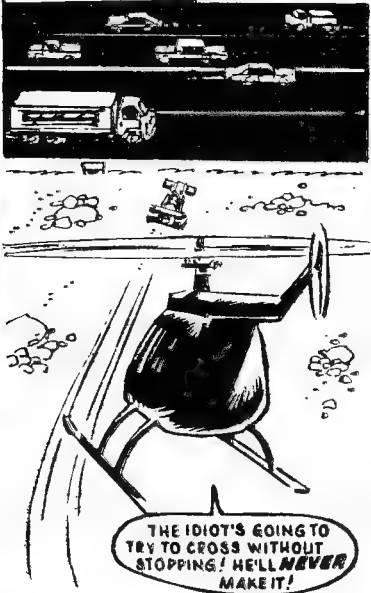
"THEY NAILED DEKE BUT I WASN'T HANGING AROUND TO PICK HIM UP."



"I MADE SURE THEY DIDN'T GET A CLEAR SHOT AT ME."



"THEN I HIT THE MAIN HIGHWAY AND GUNNED THE MOTOR."



"BUT MY LUCK RAN OUT!"



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# The RAGGED RACER

THE FINAL EVENT OF A THRILL-PACKED ATHLETICS MATCH, BETWEEN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND GERMANY. ONLY TWO POINTS SEPARATED THE TEAMS AS THE 4 X 100 METRES RELAY WOUND UP TO A TREMENDOUS CLIMAX.

THE GERMAN IS KICKING HARD, BUT ANDERSEN IS HOLDING HIM! HE SHOULD BE TWO YARDS UP AT THE FINAL BATON-CHANGE...

BUT THEN... DISASTER!

OH, NO! THE ENGLISH RUNNERS HAVE FLUFFED THE BATON-CHANGE!

THE GERMANS HAVE SNATCHED THE LEAD!

AS THE LAST GERMAN SPRINTER SCORCHED ON TO AN EASY VICTORY, POP BRISTOW, THE ENGLAND TEAM MANAGER, GROANED WITH DISMAY.

MAXIMUM POINTS TO THE GERMANS... WE'VE LOST! THAT'S ENGLAND'S SIXTH DEFEAT IN THE LAST SEVEN MATCHES...

POP LIFTED A GLOOMY HAND AS TED MANNION, SPORTS WRITER FOR THE MORNING CHRONICLE, LED A RUSH OF NEWSPAPERMEN

ALL RIGHT, BOYS... I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY... "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BRITISH ATHLETICS?"

WELL, WHAT IS THE MATTER, POP? WE HAVEN'T HAD A WORLD-BEATER ON THE TRACK FOR YEARS!

WOULD YOU SAY THAT IT'S DUE TO LACK OF DEDICATION ON THE PART OF OUR YOUNG ATHLETES?

... WITH ONLY TED MANNION TO KEEP HIM COMPANY,

... I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU PERSUADED THE CHRONICLE TO RELEASE YOU, TED!

I PROMISED MY EDITOR A SCOOP, POP! IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, WE'RE IN FOR SOME PRETTY RARE EXCITEMENT ON THIS TRIP!

THE EXCITEMENT CAME MUCH SOONER THAN THEY EXPECTED!

POP, LOOK OUT! WE'RE RUNNING STRAIGHT INTO AN AVALANCHE!

GOOD GRIEF! HOLD TIGHT...

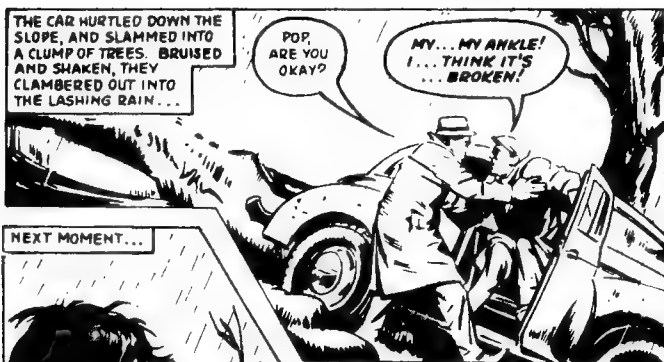
AND THAT WAS HOW, TWO DAYS LATER, POP FOUND HIMSELF DRIVING THROUGH THE BLACK MOUNTAINS, IN THE MIDDLE OF A BLINDING RAIN-STORM.

PHIEW! WHAT A DOWNPOUR! LET'S HOPE IT DOESN'T WASH OUT THE MEETING!

TONS OF RAIN-WEAKENED ROCK MISSED THE CAR BY INCHES AS POP SWERVED FRANTICALLY...

I CAN'T... HOLD HER! SHE'S SKIDDING OFF THE ROAD!







THE LONG LEGS OF THE  
RAGGED STRANGER  
SURGED WITH THE  
TIRELESS POWER OF  
SUPER-CHARGED PISTONS.



TED MANNION REALISED  
THERE WAS NO HOPE OF  
GIVING CHASE...

I HAVEN'T A HOPE  
OF CATCHING HIM!



IT SEEMS FANTASTIC  
THAT ANYONE COULD  
RUN LIKE THAT - IN  
BARE FEET - ON  
THIS GROUND!

HE - HE'S GONE!  
THE STORM  
SWALLOWED HIM  
UP AS IF HE'D  
NEVER EXISTED!

MAYBE THAT'S  
IT, POP!  
PERHAPS WE  
IMAGINED  
THE WHOLE  
THING!

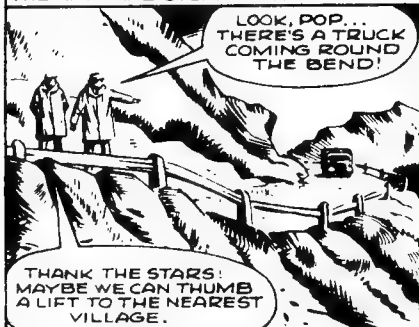


BUT THE WAY HE  
FIXED MY ANKLE  
WAS NO TRICK!  
LOOK, IT'S AS GOOD  
AS NEW!



THEN YOU'D  
BETTER START WALKING  
ON IT, POP! WE'VE GOT  
TO FIND SOME  
SHELTER!

STILL DAZED BY THEIR EXPERIENCE,  
THEY CLIMBED BACK TO THE MOUNTAIN  
ROAD. THIRTY MINUTES LATER, AFTER  
THE RAIN HAD STOPPED...



LOOK, POP...  
THERE'S A TRUCK  
COMING ROUND  
THE BEND!

THANK THE STARS!  
MAYBE WE CAN THUMB  
A LIFT TO THE NEAREST  
VILLAGE.

AS THE TRUCK CAME TO A HALT,  
TED AND POP GOT THEIR  
SECOND SHOCK OF THE DAY!



AH, SO THERE YOU ARE!  
BUT YOU SHOULDN'T  
HAVE MOVED, BACK,  
OR WE MIGHT NEVER  
HAVE FOUND YOU!

EH? YOU...  
YOU MEAN  
YOU'VE BEEN  
LOOKING FOR US?

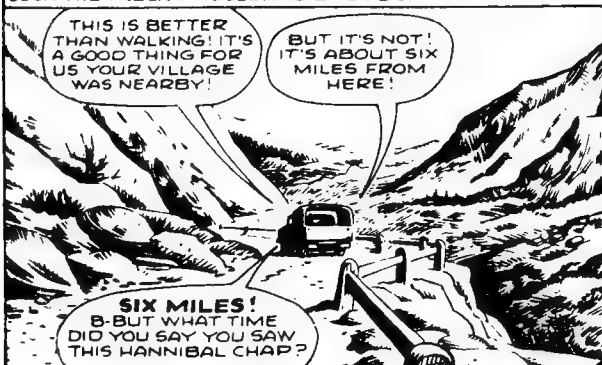
THAT'S RIGHT...EVER  
SINCE HANNIBAL  
SMITH BANGED ON  
MY DOOR, AND SAID  
A CAR HAD CRASHED  
ON THE HIGH ROAD



HANNIBAL  
SMITH! SO  
THAT'S THE  
WILD BLOKE'S  
NAME!

SO HE WASN'T  
RUNNING AWAY!  
HE WAS GOING  
FOR HELP!

SOON THE TRUCK WAS JOLTING BACK DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.



THIS IS BETTER  
THAN WALKING! IT'S  
A GOOD THING FOR  
US YOUR VILLAGE  
WAS NEARBY!

BUT IT'S NOT!  
IT'S ABOUT SIX  
MILES FROM  
HERE!

SIX MILES!  
B-BUT WHAT TIME  
DID YOU SAY YOU SAW  
THIS HANNIBAL CHAP?

WELL...I'D SAY HE  
CAME BELTING UP  
THE ROAD AT ABOUT  
FIVE O'CLOCK!



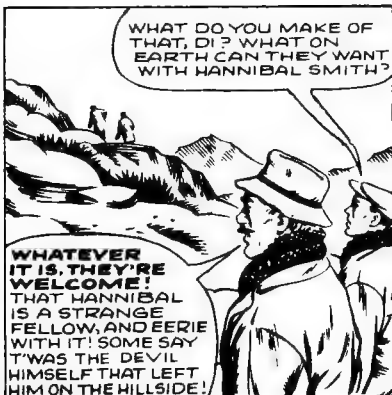
GREAT  
JUMPING  
JAVELINS!

STOP THE  
TRUCK!





TED AND POP HAD FORGOTTEN THEIR WEARINESS.









THE VERY STRENGTH OF THE MOUNTAIN WIND SEEMED TO SURGE IN THE POUNDING LEGS OF HANNIBAL SMITH!



NO...I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HE'S CATCHING UP ON THE STONE!

A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE STONE STRUCK THE GROUND, HANNIBAL THREW HIMSELF FORWARD!

HE'S DONE IT!



THAT...THAT ROCK IS ROUGHLY A HUNDRED METRES FROM HERE - AND HE RAN IT IN ABOUT TEN SECONDS!

THEN IT'S TRUE, POP! HE IS A WORLD-BEATER! JUST THINK WHAT HE COULD DO ON A PROPER TRACK!



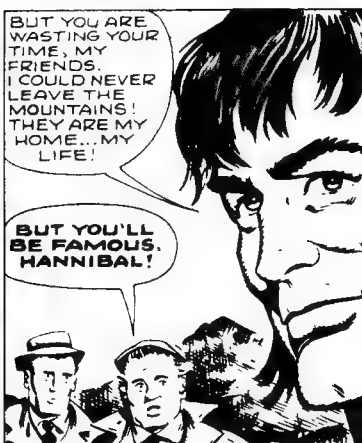
HANNIBAL! YOU'VE GOT TO COME BACK WITH US! YOU'LL BE THE GREATEST THING IN THE HISTORY OF ATHLETICS!



ATH...LETICS? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

BUT YOU ARE WASTING YOUR TIME, MY FRIENDS! I COULD NEVER LEAVE THE MOUNTAINS! THEY ARE MY HOME...MY LIFE!

BUT YOU'LL BE FAMOUS, HANNIBAL!



A SUDDEN, DEEP-THROATED BARK DROWNED POP BRISTOW'S FRANTIC VOICE.

IT IS MOSES - MY DOG! SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE FLOCK!



HEY, WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? WHAT FLOCK?

MY SHEEP! THEY GRAZE ON THE HIGH GLEN, GUARDED BY MOSES! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO ONE OF THEM!



THE WILD MAN WAS RIGHT!

IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED OVER THE EDGE OF THE GORGE, AND FALLEN ON THAT LEDGE!



THE POOR THING'S TERRIFIED! IF IT KEEPS STRUGGLING LIKE THAT, IT'LL PLUNGE TO ITS DEATH.

COME ON! WE MUST GET ROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GORGE!

NO! THERE WILL NOT BE TIME! STAND BACK!



BEFORE POP AND TED COULD STOP HIM, HANNIBAL TOOK FOUR, SPRING-HEELED STRIDES, AND...

GOOD GRIEF! HE'S JUMPING OUT ACROSS THE GORGE!

THE CRAZY FOOL... HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! IT'S A LONGER JUMP THAN THE OLYMPIC RECORD! HE'LL BE KILLED!







WITH BONE-JARRING FORCE, HANNIBAL SMITH'S BARE FEET STRUCK THE FAR SIDE.



BUT, AT THE LAST SECOND, HIS BODY WHIP-LASHED FORWARD...



IF I HADN'T SEEN IT, I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT! THAT GORGE MUST BE NEARLY TWENTY METRES WIDE!



FORTUNATELY, THE GORGE WAS CLOSED AT ONE END.



IT SOON BECAME OBVIOUS THAT THE RAM HAD NOT SUFFERED ANY SERIOUS INJURY...







HANNIBAL, I'LL MAKE YOU A PROPOSITION! IF I ARRANGE FOR AN EXPERT TO EXAMINE YOUR SHEEP, AND CURE THEM OF THIS DISEASE... WILL YOU PROMISE TO COME TO THE WELSH GAMES, AND RUN IN THE INVITATION MILE EVENT?



VERY WELL... IT IS AGREED! I WILL DO THIS RUNNING! BUT ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF THE SHEEP!

HEY! NOW WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



THE WELSH GAMES ARE BEING HELD TOMORROW AFTERNOON, AT CAMBROKE! IT'S OVER THIRTY MILES FROM HERE!

DO NOT WORRY... I SHALL FIND IT! I WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

POP AND TED KNEW THAT IT WAS NO USE TRYING TO ARGUE WITH THE AMAZING WILD MAN, MAKING THEIR WAY BACK DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE, THEY EVENTUALLY REACHED A VILLAGE, WHERE THEY WERE ABLE TO HIRE A CAR, AND CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY TO CAMBROKE...



GOSH, WHAT A CHARACTER! D'YOU THINK HE'D TURN UP, POP?

WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AND SEE! IN THE MEANTIME, I'VE GOT TO PERSUADE THE WELSH OFFICIALS TO ACCEPT A LAST-MINUTE ENTRY!

THE FOLLOWING DAY POP DISCOVERED THE NAME OF HANNIBAL SMITH MEANT NOTHING TO THE FLUSTERED RACE STEWARDS.



I'LL RECORD HIS ENTRY, MR. BRISTOW - BUT ONLY IN VIEW OF YOUR STATUS AS TEAM MANAGER!

WHO IS THIS SMITH, ANYWAY? I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THE FELLOW!

YOU WILL AFTER TODAY, CHUM! YOU'RE IN FOR THE SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE, I PROMISE YOU!



THE AFTERNOON WORE ON AND THE TIME FOR THE MILE DREW NEAR...

CONFOUND IT! THE RUNNERS HAVE BEEN CALLED FOR THE START. BUT THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF HANNIBAL!

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO START! I CAN'T AFFORD TO DELAY THE RACE ANY LONGER!



TWO MINUTES LATER...

THERE THEY GO - WITHOUT HANNIBAL!

I GUESS WE WERE FOOLS TO THINK HE'D EVER TURN UP!

BUT EVEN AS TED MANNION SPOKE, THERE WAS A SUDDEN COMMOTION IN THE CROWD...



LET ME PASS! I SEEK THE MAN CALLED BRISTOW

HEY! WHAT ON EARTH?

LOOK OUT!



A FANTASTIC, LONG-LEGGED FIGURE CAME POUNDING INTO VIEW...

IT'S HANNIBAL - AND HE'S BROUGHT THE SICK RAM WITH HIM!

BUT HE'S TOO LATE! HE HASN'T A HOPE OF CATCHING THE OTHER RUNNERS!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73



# The RAGGED RACER



WHO IS HE?  
WHERE THE  
HECK DID HE  
COME FROM?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

HANNIBAL DUMPED THE RAM  
AT POP BRISTOW'S FEET.



AS WE  
AGREED,  
I HAVE COME  
TO DO THIS  
RUNNING - IN  
RETURN FOR  
WHICH YOU  
WILL CURE  
THE  
SHEEP!

BUT YOU -  
YOU'RE TOO  
LATE,  
HANNIBAL!



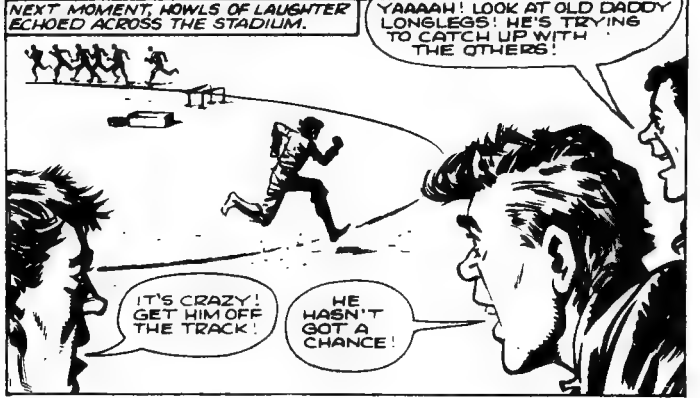
THE RACE WE  
ENTERED YOU FOR  
HAS ALREADY  
STARTED!

YOU MEAN THAT  
CROWD OF MEN?  
YOU WANT ME TO  
RUN WITH THEM?



NO! I - I MEAN,  
YES... THAT IS,  
WE WANTED YOU  
TO TRY AND  
BEAT THEM!

VERY  
WELL! IF  
THAT IS  
YOUR WISH!



NEXT MOMENT, HOWLS OF LAUGHTER  
ECHOED ACROSS THE STADIUM.

YAAAAH! LOOK AT OLD DADDY  
LONGLEGS! HE'S TRYING  
TO CATCH UP WITH  
THE OTHERS!

IT'S CRAZY!  
GET HIM OFF  
THE TRACK!

HE  
HASN'T  
GOT A  
CHANCE!



BUT THE JEERS CHANGED TO CRIES  
OF AMAZEMENT, AS THE POUNDING  
FEET OF HANNIBAL SMITH BEGAN  
TO FLY OVER THE CINDERS.

HE... HE'S  
GOING LIKE  
A BOMB!

HE'S CLOSING UP  
WITH THE REST OF  
THE FIELD!



HE'S STILL  
THERE - AND  
TAKING THE  
LEAD!









SON OF THE DEVIL...  
WEAVER OF SPELLS!  
YOU SHALL SUFFER  
THE FATE THAT  
YOU HAD PLANNED  
FOR MY SHEEP!

AAAGH!  
STOP HIM!  
HE - HE'S  
GOING TO  
STICK ME  
WITH THE  
SYRINGE!



IN THE NICK OF TIME,  
REPORTER TED  
MANNION LEAPT  
FORWARD...

HOLD IT,  
HANNIBAL! FOR  
PETE'S SAKE  
LISTEN TO ME!



THIS INSTRUMENT  
DOESN'T CONTAIN  
AN EVIL POTION!  
IT'S A KIND OF  
HERB, LIKE THE  
ONES YOU MAKE  
UP IN THE  
MOUNTAINS!

BUT WE CALL IT A  
DRUG! AND IF IT  
DOESN'T CURE  
THE RAM, I'LL BUY  
YOU A HUNDRED  
TO TAKE ITS  
PLACE!



VERY WELL! LET  
THE HERB BE GIVEN  
TO THE RAM! BUT  
DO NOT HURT IT!

O-DON'T WORRY,  
MISTER! I'VE NO  
WISH TO GET A  
SKINFUL OF ANTI-  
TOXINS!



AN HOUR PASSED, WHILE  
THEY WAITED TENSELY  
FOR THE DRUG TO TAKE  
EFFECT. THEN...

YOU SPOKE THE TRUTH!  
THIS DRUG MUST BE A  
MIGHTY HERB! I CAN  
TELL FROM THE RAM'S  
EYES THAT IT IS  
ALREADY GAINING  
STRENGTH!

PHEW!  
THANK THE STARS  
FOR THAT!



YOU HAVE KEPT YOUR  
PROMISE! AND IN RETURN,  
I WILL DO SOME MORE  
OF THIS RUNNING!

GOOD FOR YOU, HANNIBAL!  
YOU'LL BE JUST IN TIME  
FOR THE LAST EVENT -  
THE ALL-COMERS  
STEEPLE CHASE!



A BUZZ OF EXCITEMENT FILLED  
THE STADIUM AS THE AMAZING  
HERMIT LINED UP WITH THE  
OTHER RUNNERS.

HE'S JUST STANDING  
THERE WITH HIS EYES  
HALF-CLOSED... AS IF  
HE'S DOZING!

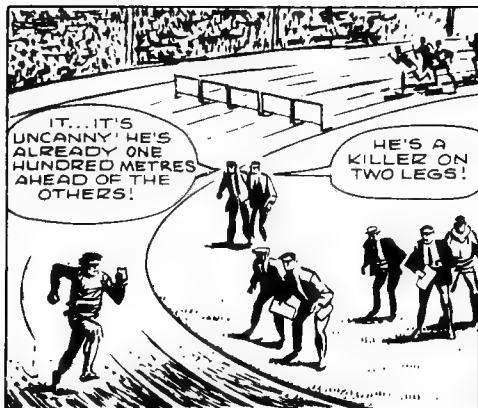
I TOLD HIM TO RUN  
WHEN THE STARTER  
FIRED HIS GUN! LET'S HOPE  
HE UNDERSTOOD!



THEY'RE  
OFF!

AND LOOK AT SMITH!  
HE'S STREAKING  
STRAIGHT INTO THE  
LEAD!





NOT EVEN THE WATER-JUMP COULD STOP THE RAGGED RACER.

IT...IT'S UNCANNY! HE'S ALREADY ONE HUNDRED METRES AHEAD OF THE OTHERS!

HE'S A KILLEZ ON TWO LEGS!

WHAT A JUMP!

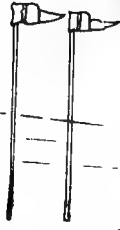
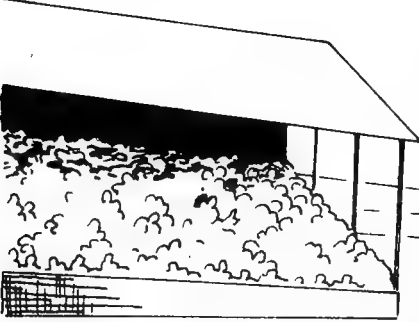
HE'S CLEARED THE WHOLE THING, AND LAPPED THE TAIL-ENDERS!



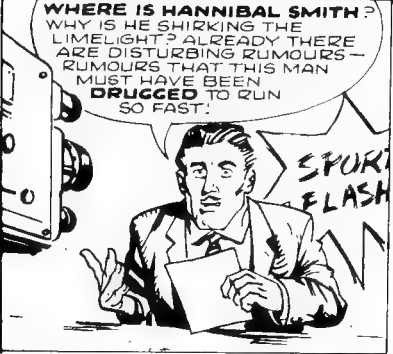


FIVE WEEKS HAD PASSED SINCE HANNIBAL SMITH—A HERMIT WITH AMAZING ATHLETICS ABILITY—HAD BEEN DISCOVERED IN THE WELSH MOUNTAINS BY ENGLAND TEAM MANAGER, POP BRISTOW...

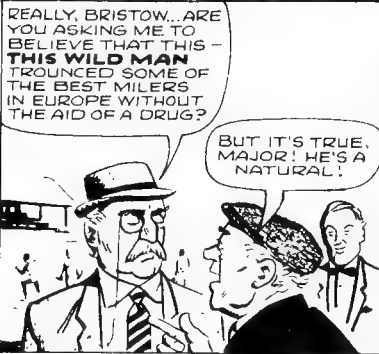
HANNIBAL HAD SCORED A FANTASTIC VICTORY IN THE INTERNATIONAL MILE AT THE WELSH GAMES!



BUT, AFTER WINNING THE RACE, HANNIBAL HAD VANISHED! AND NOW THE WHOLE COUNTRY WAS PUZZLED!



AT A MIDLANDS STADIUM, MAJOR HUBERT DIDSTONE, AN ATHLETICS OFFICIAL, WAS SAYING MUCH THE SAME THING.



FURIOUSLY, POP SPOKE TO TED MANNION, THE REPORTER WHO HAD HELPED HIM TO FIND HANNIBAL SMITH...



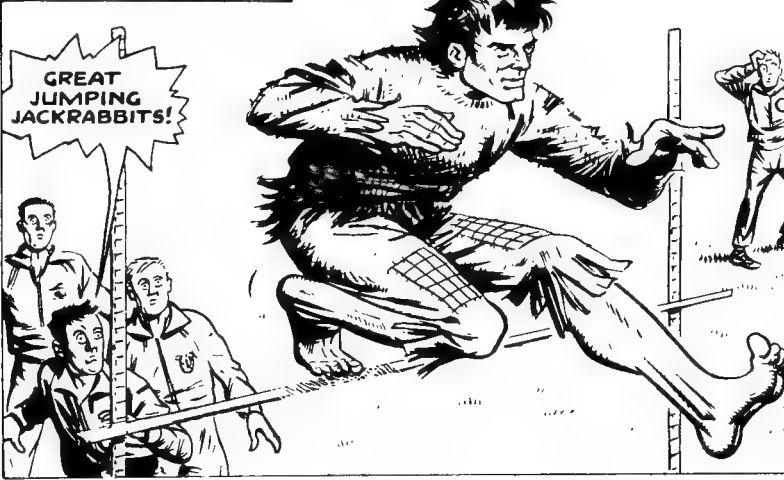
A TATTERED FIGURE WAS STRIDING ACROSS THE TRACK.



THE CRAZY FOOL! HE'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE HIGH-JUMP PIT!



BUT THE AMAZING HERMIT NEVER FALTERED!





BUT HANNIBAL RAN STRAIGHT PAST POP, AND SLITHERED TO A HALT IN FRONT OF THE ASTONISHED HUBERT DIDSTONE!

SO! YOU ARE THE MAN WHO SAYS THAT WHEN I DO THIS RUNNING I AM DRUGGED!



EH? B-B-BLESS MY SOUL! HOW-HOW DID YOU KNOW?

WHY, I-I'VE NEVER EVEN MET THE FELLOW!

THAT'S RIGHT, HANNIBAL! HOW DID YOU KNOW? AND WHERE TO FIND US?



THE MAN FROM THE MOUNTAINS SMILED MYSTERIOUSLY!



THE WIND AND THE RAIN ARE MY FRIENDS! THEY TELL ME MANY THINGS! THEY TELL ME THERE ARE THOSE WHO THINK I AM A...CHEAT. SO I HAVE COME TO PROVE THEM WRONG!

BY NOW, MAJOR DIDSTONE HAD RECOVERED FROM HIS SHOCK.

YES, BY JOVE... WHY NOT? WE'LL SEE WHAT THE FELLOW'S MADE OF! I CHALLENGE HIM TO RACE OVER A MILE AGAINST WATSON, HERE...RIGHT NOW!



I AGREE.

BUT FIRST WE'LL HAVE A DOCTOR GIVE HANNIBAL A CHECK-UP--TO PROVE HE HASN'T TAKEN DRUGS.

A DOCTOR WAS CALLED AND AFTER A SHORT EXAMINATION, DECLARED THAT HANNIBAL WAS NOT DRUGGED. THEN—



THEY'RE OFF! HANNIBAL'S GONE STRAIGHT INTO THE LEAD!



SOON, THE LONG-STRIDING HERMIT WAS TEN METRES UP!



LOOK AT HIM, MAJOR! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN SUCH POWER AND RHYTHM? I TOLD YOU HE WAS A WORLD-BEATER!

HUUUMPH! WE'LL SEE, BRISTOW! THE RACE ISN'T OVER YET!

AND EVEN AS THE SCOWLING OFFICIAL SPOKE...

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING? HANNIBAL'S STARTING TO DROP BACK!



WATSON'S CATCHING UP WITH HIM!

MAJOR DIDSTONE ROARED WITH TRIUMPH AS HIS MAN STORMED INTO THE LEAD.

PAH! LOOK AT YOUR WORLD-BEATER NOW, BRISTOW! HE'S SHOT HIS BOLT ALREADY!



I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHAT THE HECK'S THE MATTER WITH HANNIBAL?

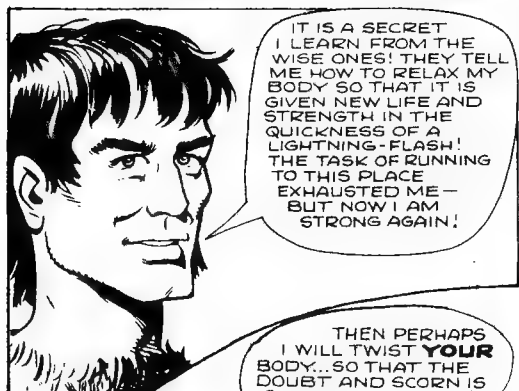




MARK WATSON WAS ALMOST A LAP  
AHEAD WHEN HANNIBAL SPRANG  
TO HIS FEET...









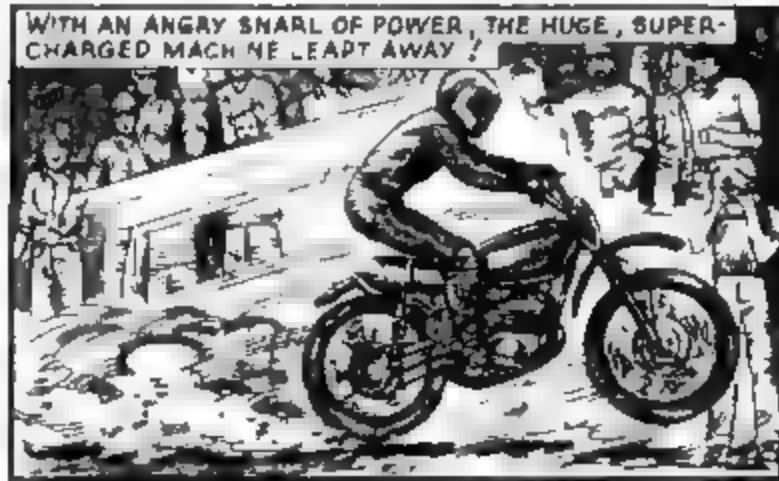
# Eddie Topps was determined to become the world's top stunt rider!

WENDALL WONDER, AMERICAN MOTOR CYCLE SUPERSTAR, WAS ABOUT TO PUT HIS LIFE AT RISK YET AGAIN!



OKAY, GUYS. THIS IS IT! I'M GOING TO GIVE MY FANS SUCH A THRILL IT'LL BE LIKE A KICK IN THE SEAT OF THE PANTS!

WITH AN ANGRY SNARL OF POWER, THE HUGE, SUPER-CHARGED MACHINE LEAPT AWAY!



WOW! LOOK AT THE SPEED HE'S TRAVELLING AT! HE MUST BE DOING AT LEAST A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!

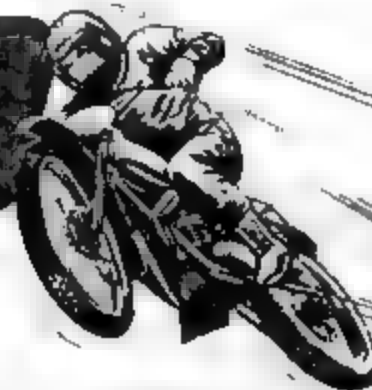


HE'S GOT TO IN ORDER TO LEAP THE RIVER!

THE MACHINE LEFT THE RAMP AND SHOT INTO SPACE...

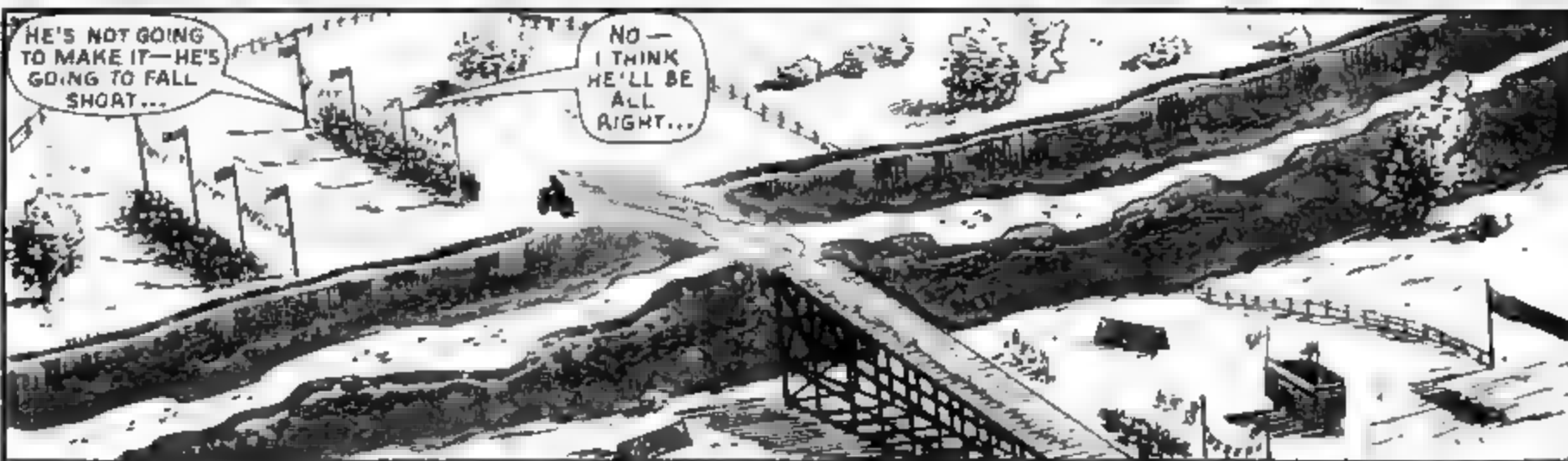


## TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS



HE'S NOT GOING TO MAKE IT—HE'S GOING TO FALL SHORT...

NO—I THINK HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT...





IT WAS A SPECTACULAR JUMP, TYPICAL OF THE RAZZAMATAZZ STUNT RIDER!



WENDALL WONDER... SUPERMAN!

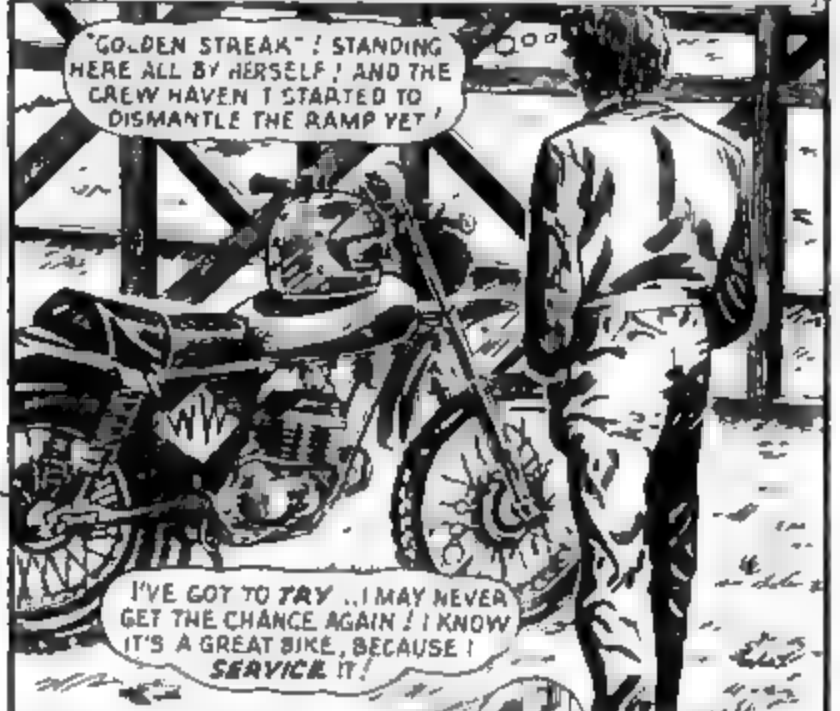
A YOUNG FIGURE IN OILY, GREASE-STAINED JEANS WATCHED FROM THE FAR BANK...



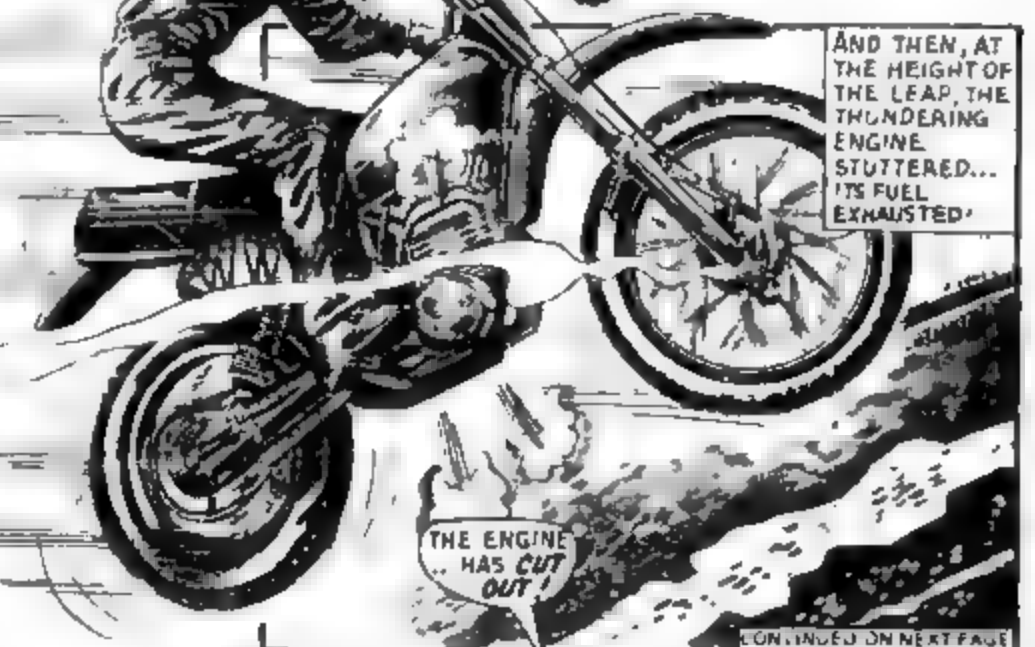
EDDIE TOPPS HAD WORKED AS WENDALL WONDER'S MECHANIC ALL ROUND THE WORLD.



IT WAS NEXT MORNING THAT EDDIE SAW HIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!



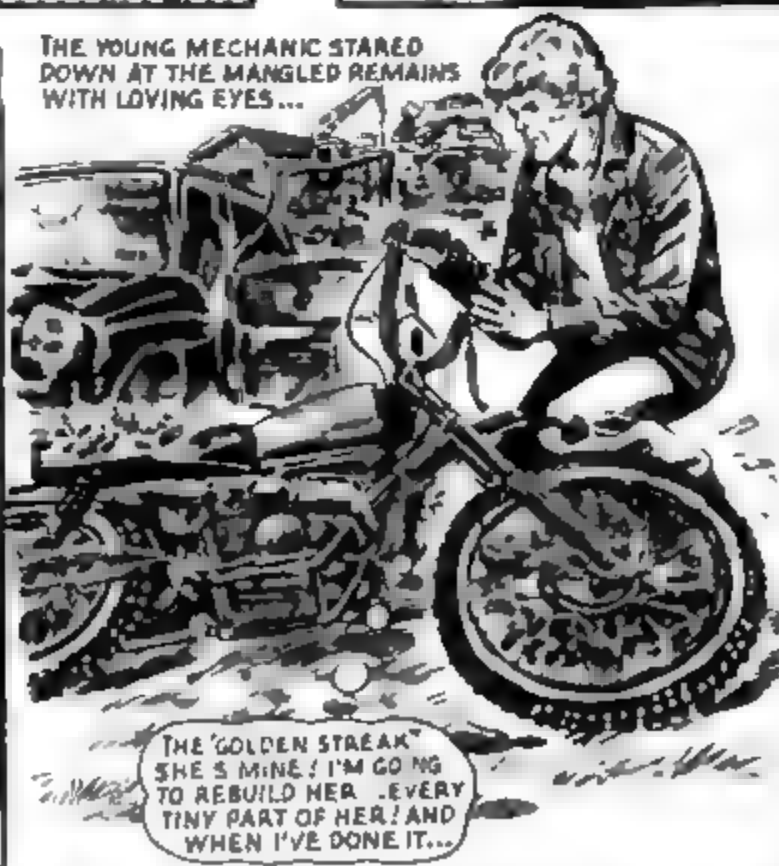
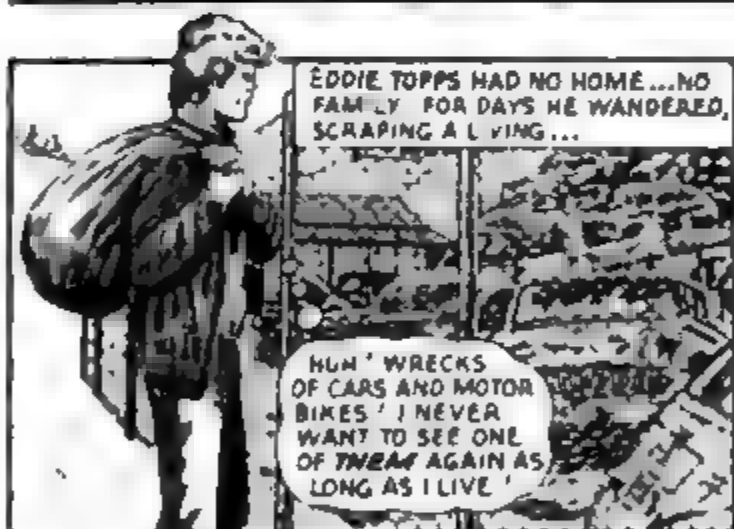
AND SOON



AND THEN, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE LEAP, THE THUNDERING ENGINE STUTTERED... ITS FUEL EXHAUSTED!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**Next week: Another free gift plus more thrills from Eddie!**



# Eddie fitted up "The Beast" and travelled like the wind!



EDDIE TOPPS WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF AS A STUNT MOTOR CYCLIST. SACKED AS MECHANIC TO WENDALL WONDER, HE HAD MANAGED TO BUY THE REMAINS OF HIS FORMER BOSS'S SUPERCHARGED MOTOR-CYCLE...



TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS AND MY WRIST WATCH! BUT IT WAS WORTH IT TO OWN THE GOLDEN STREAK!



HEY, MISTER — DO YOU MIND IF I WORK IN THE CORNER OF YOUR GARAGE? I WANT TO GET THIS HEAP OF METAL RUNNING!

SURE YOU CAN, SON, BUT I RECKON YOU'LL BE THERE FOR A FEW YEARS!



EVERY NUT AND BOLT WAS REMOVED, CLEANED AND REPLACED WITH PAINSTAKING CARE...

THIS MONSTER USED TO DO A TON! WHEN I'VE FINISHED, IT'LL DO DOUBLE THAT!



FOR WEEK AFTER WEEK, EDDIE TOPPS WORKED.

HE ONLY STOPS TO SLEEP AND EAT. BUT I TELL YOU THIS, CHUM... AS A MECHANIC, HE'S MAGIC!

IS THAT KID STILL THERE, LES? HE MUST BE SOME KIND OF NUT!





AND SO...



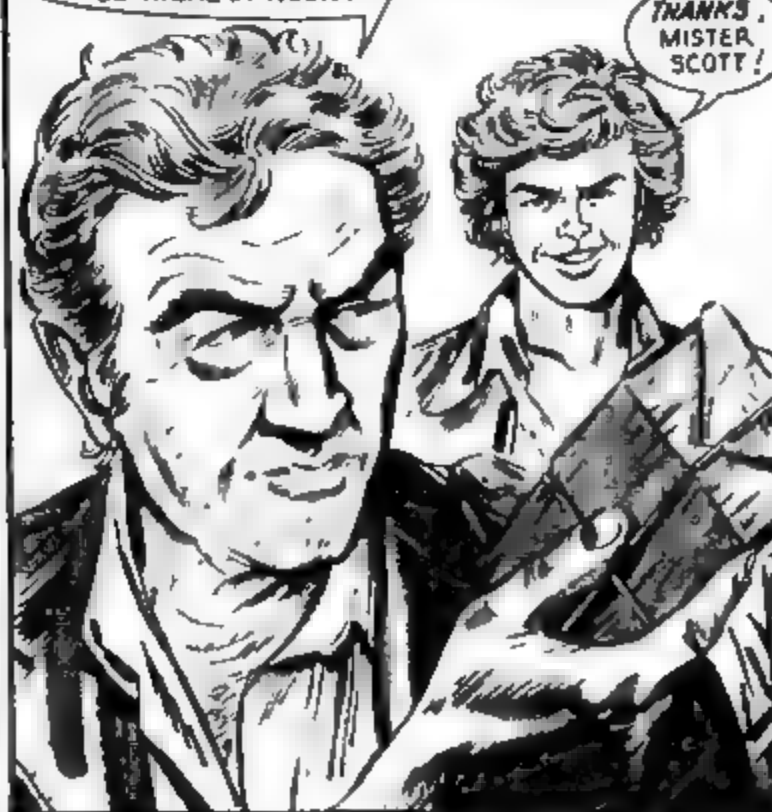
WELL, I'VE DONE IT. I'VE GOT MYSELF A MACHINE THAT WILL DO A HUNDRED-PLUS... BUT I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY TO BUY PETROL TO MAKE THE THING GO!



THE OLD SCRAPYARD OWNER, LES SCOTT, CAME TO THE RESCUE YET AGAIN...

I'LL GIVE YOU A TANKFUL OF PETROL IF YOU'LL DELIVER THIS PACKAGE FOR ME, SON... TO LORD BARNBROOK'S STATELY HOME, BARNBROOK TOWERS. I SAID IT WOULD BE THERE BY NOON!

THANKS, MISTER SCOTT!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





TH'S IS GREAT!  
THE BEAST GOES  
LIKE THE WIND!



AND THEN...

FLASH MACHINE  
YOU'VE GOT THERE.  
BLUE EYES. RECKON  
IT, DO YOU?

IT'LL SEE OFF  
THAT OLD GAS STOVE  
YOU'RE SITTING  
ON, PAL!



OKAY,  
MOUTH—  
PROVE  
IT!

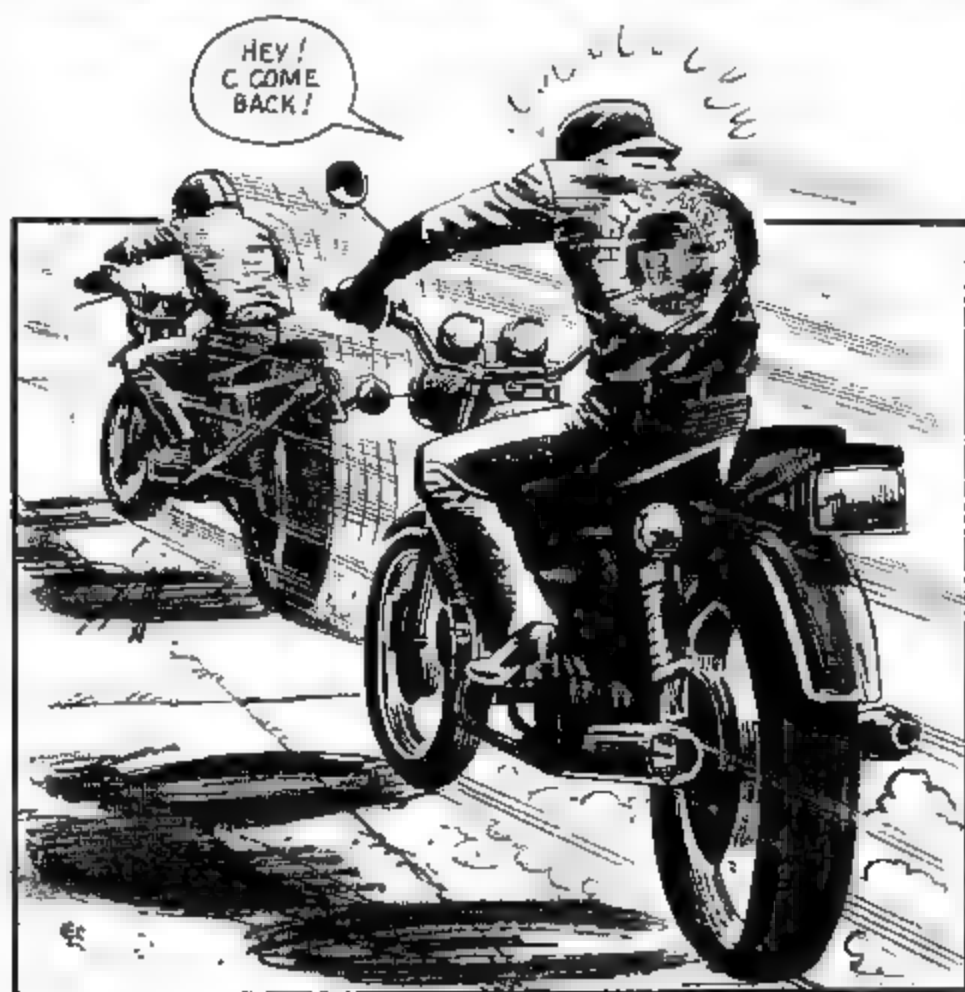
YOU'RE ON!  
OVER TO THE OLD  
AIRFIELD...THERE  
ARE NO SPEED  
LIMITS THERE!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

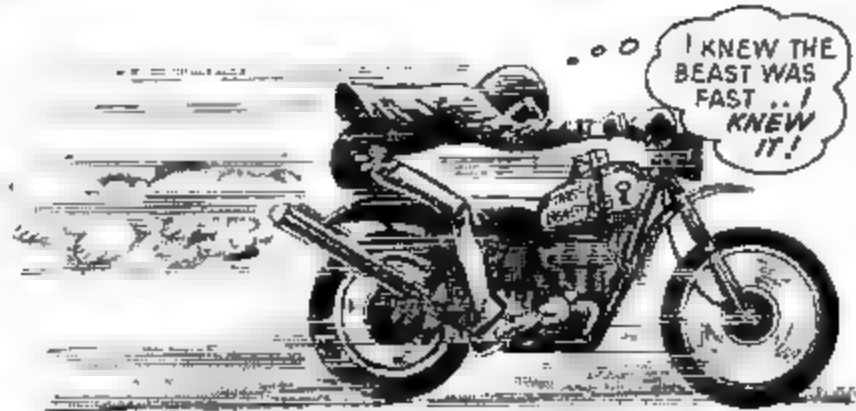


READY...  
STEADY...

MOVE IT!



HEY!  
C. COME  
BACK!



I KNEW THE  
BEAST WAS  
FAST... I  
KNEW  
IT!



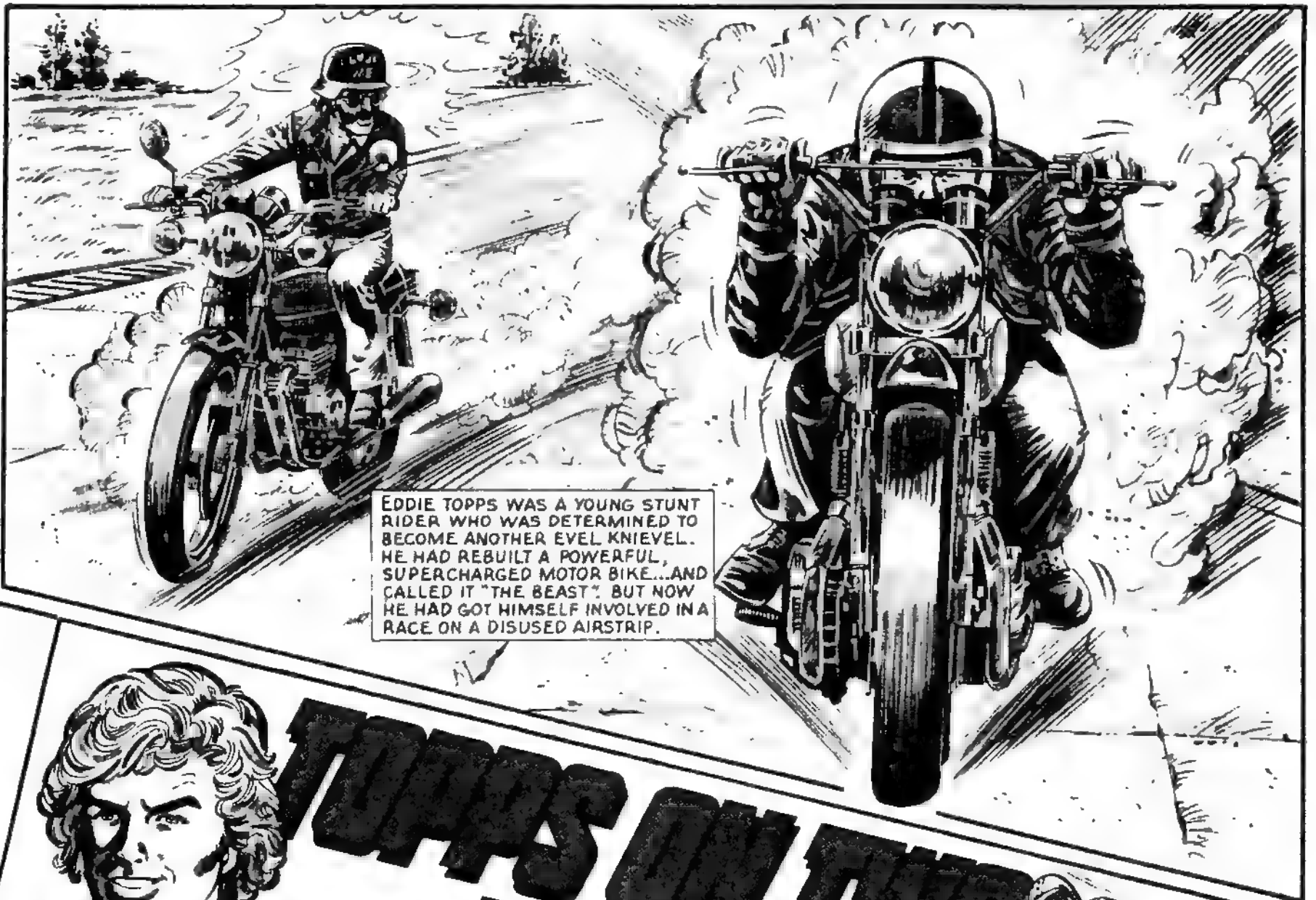
BUT WHAT EDDIE DID NOT  
KNOW WAS THAT SOMETHING  
WAS IN HIS PATH...

...AN OLD BRICK!

More top-speed action with Eddie Topps again next week!



The "Beast" zoomed on . . . directly in the path of a brick!



EDDIE TOPPS WAS A YOUNG STUNT RIDER WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BECOME ANOTHER EVEL KNIEVEL. HE HAD REBUILT A POWERFUL, SUPERCHARGED MOTOR BIKE...AND CALLED IT "THE BEAST". BUT NOW HE HAD GOT HIMSELF INVOLVED IN A RACE ON A DISUSED AIRSTRIP.

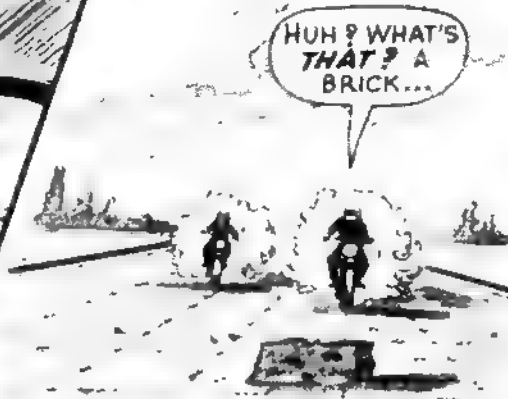


# TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS



ONE-SEVENTY K.P.H. AND THERE'S STILL PLENTY LEFT! THIS IS WHAT I CALL SPEED! BEAST... YOU'RE A KNOCK-OUT!

BUT NEXT MOMENT...



HUH? WHAT'S THAT? A BRICK...



INSTINCTIVELY, EDDIE YANKED THE HANDLE-BARS...

UUUUUUUUH! MISSED IT—JUST!

AAAAARRGGGHHH! CAN I HOLD IT?



EDDIE COULD—AND DID! BUT HE WAS TRAVELLING AT COLOSSAL SPEED!

HE MUST BE STILL DOING A TON! AND HE'S HEADING FOR THAT BRIDGE! HE'S HAD IT FOR SURE...

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



BUT...

YAH-000000000!

WOW!

YEAHHHHH!  
THAT WAS WILD,  
MAN!



YOU KNOW  
SOMETHING, PAL?  
I RECKON YOU'RE  
MAD... CRAZY! YOU  
NEARLY KILLED  
YOUR STUPID SELF  
JUST THEN... AND  
YOU ENJOYED  
IT!



SPEED IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, SUNSHINE!  
IT GIVES YOU A CHARGE—GETS THE OLD  
ADRENALIN FLOWING!

MAYBE — BUT NOT  
OVER PLOUGHED FIELDS  
AND BRIDGES, THANK  
YOU VERY MUCH!

SUDDENLY...



OH, NO!  
I'VE JUST  
REMEMBERED!  
THE PACKAGE  
FROM LES SCOTT.  
IT'S SUPPOSED TO  
BE AT BARNBROOK  
TOWERS BY NOON  
AT THE LATEST!

TEN TO TWELVE!  
AND IT'S THIRTY MILES  
AWAY! I'VE LET LES  
DOWN... BLOWN IT!

BUT WAIT A  
MINUTE...  
THERE'S ONE  
ALTERNATIVE!



I'LL TRAVEL  
AS THE CROW  
FLIES... CROSS-  
COUNTRY!

WHAAATT?



TAKE IT EASY, CHUM — YOUR CRASH  
HELMET WILL DROP OFF! HAVE  
SOME GUM!

HUH?

SEE YOU  
AROUND!

REAR TYRE SKIDDING, THE GLEAMING BEAST LEAPT AWAY  
LIKE A BULLET FROM A GUN!

MAD! HE IS ONE  
WAY-OUT, STEAMING  
NUTCASE!

BUT HE'S  
ALSO ONE HECK  
OF A BIKER!  
THE FASTEST  
GUY ON TWO  
WHEELS I'VE  
EVER SEEN!

AND THEN,  
WITH THE  
PRECIOUS  
MINUTES  
TICKING  
PAST...

OH, NO!  
WHAT A PLACE  
TO BUILD A ROTTEN  
MOTORWAY... JUST  
IN FRONT OF BARN-  
BROOK TOWERS!  
I'VE HAD IT!

NEXT  
MOMENT,  
EDDIE'S SHARP  
EYES PICKED OUT...

A BRIDGE! THEY'VE  
STARTED TO BUILD A  
BRIDGE ACROSS! AND I CAN  
SEE THE PERFECT PATH  
FOR ME AND THE  
BEAST...

LES SCOTT HAS DONE  
ME LOTS OF FAVOURS...  
GOT ME ON TWO WHEELS.  
THERE'S NO WAY I'M GOING  
TO LET HIM DOWN THAT  
PACKAGE WILL BE  
DELIVERED ON TIME!

...THAT  
GIRDER!

...WHICH WAS ONLY BARE CENTIMETRES  
WIDER THAN THE BEAST'S TYRES!

**Don't miss the WORLD OF SPEED Booklet starting in next week's issue!**

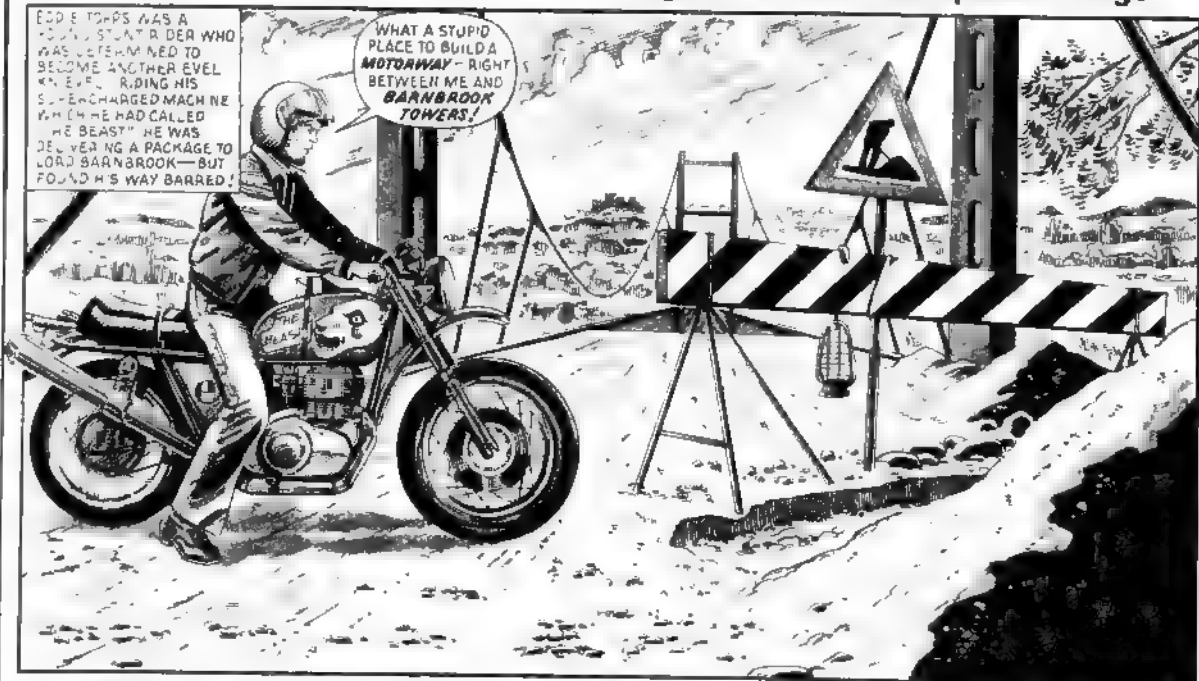
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**Only Eddie would have driven across a grider on a half-completed bridge!**

EDDIE TOPPS WAS A  
FOUR-STAR RIDER WHO  
WAS DETERMINED TO  
BECOME ANOTHER LEVEL  
KNIFE. RIDING HIS  
SUPERCHARGED MACHINE  
WHEN HE HAD CALLED  
"THE BEAST" HE WAS  
DELIVERING A PACKAGE TO  
LOAD BARNBROOK—BUT  
FOUND HIS WAY BARRED!

WHAT A STUPID  
PLACE TO BUILD A  
MOTORWAY—RIGHT  
BETWEEN ME AND  
BARNBROOK  
TOWERS!



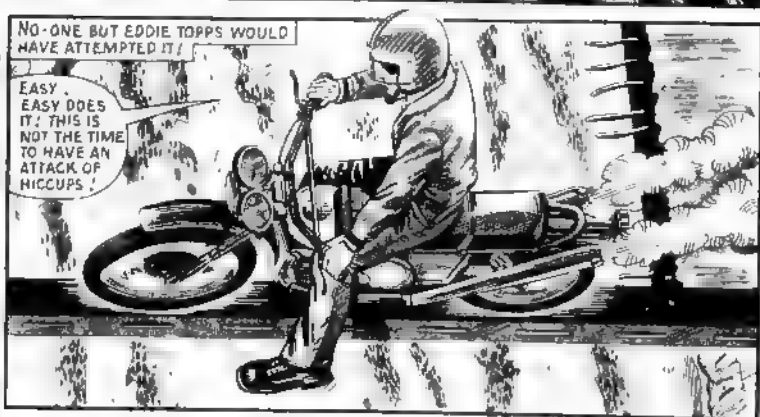
# TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS



BUT WHERE THERE'S  
TWO WHEELS, THERE'S  
A WAY ACROSS THE  
GIRDER OF THIS HALF-  
FINISHED MOTORWAY  
BRIDGE!

NO-ONE BUT EDDIE TOPPS WOULD  
HAVE ATTEMPTED IT!

EASY,  
EASY DOES  
IT! THIS IS  
NOT THE TIME  
TO HAVE AN  
ATTACK OF  
HICCUPS!

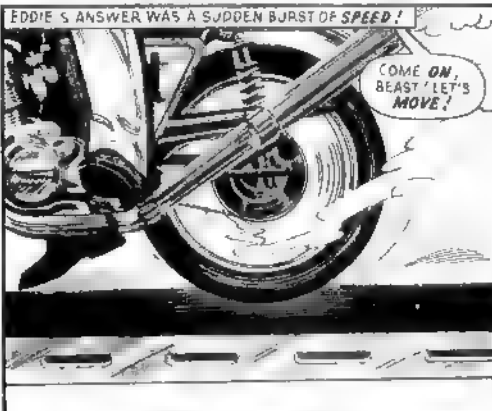


BUT THEN

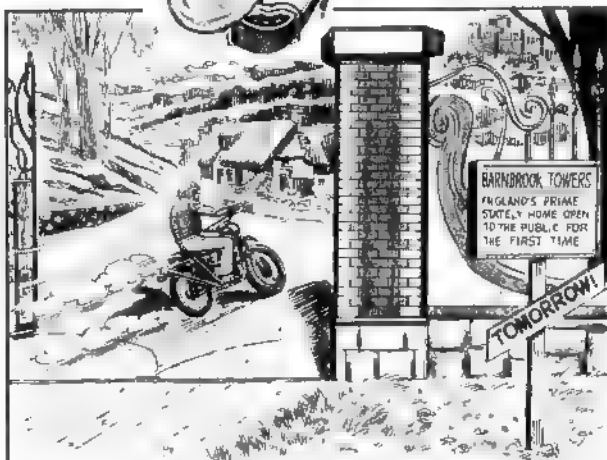
AAAAHH! I'M  
LOSING IT! THE  
BACK WHEEL'S  
SLIPPING!



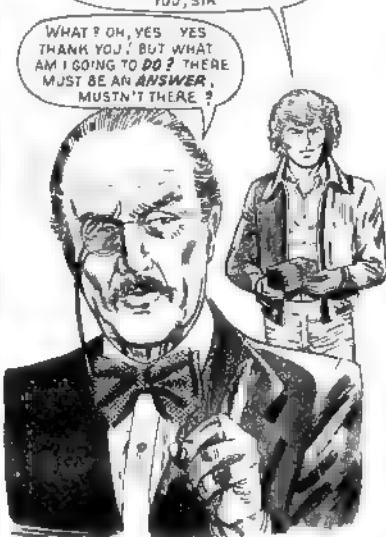




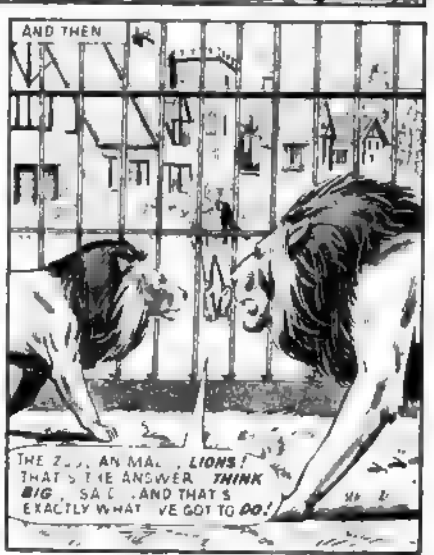
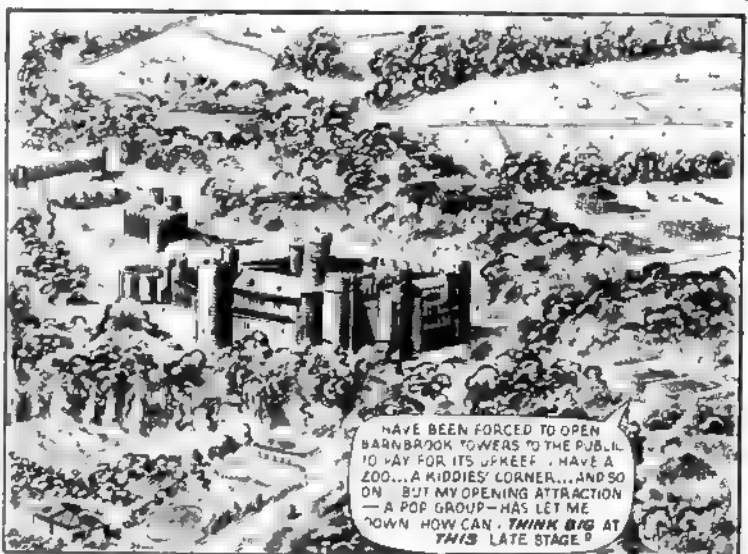
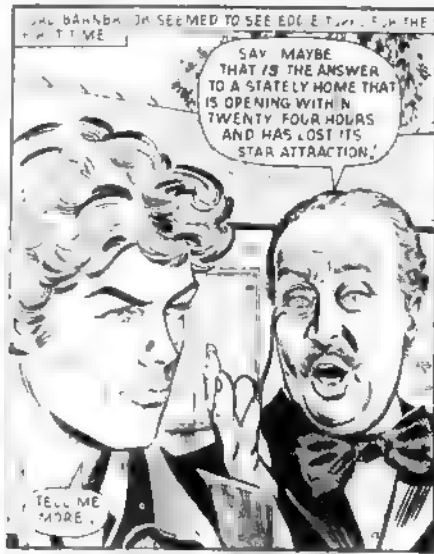
AND EDDIE CELEBRATED HIS DARING LEAP WITH...A BUBBLE GUM BUBBLE!



LORD BARNBROOK? I'VE GOT A PACKAGE FROM LES SCOTT FOR YOU, SIR



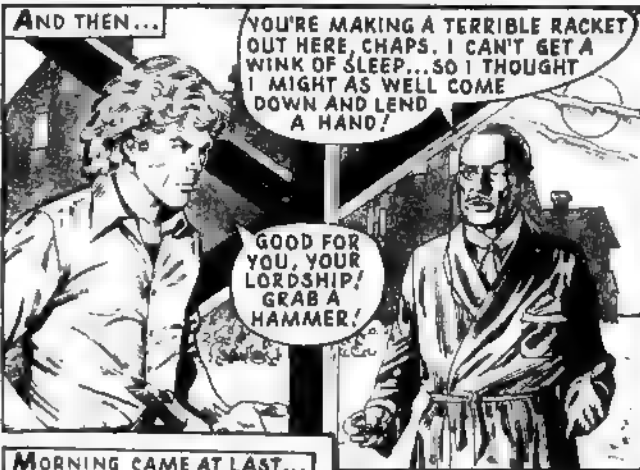




**Will Eddie's plan succeed? Discover the answer next week!**



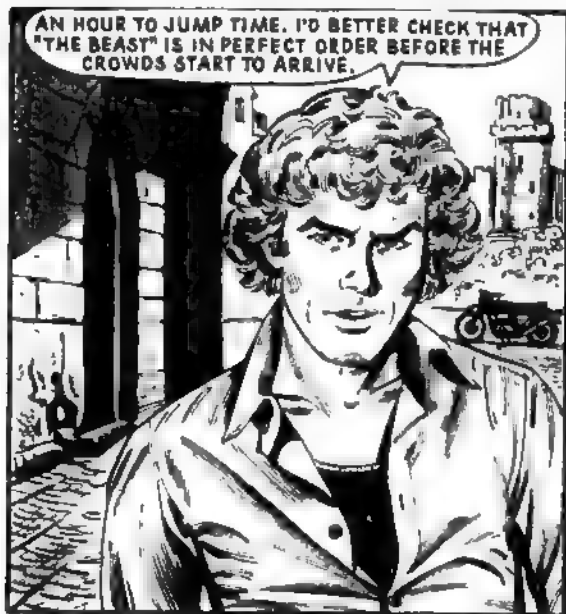
# Eddie's first stunt was to jump over a cage full of lions!



MORNING CAME AT LAST...







AN HOUR TO JUMP TIME. I'D BETTER CHECK THAT "THE BEAST" IS IN PERFECT ORDER BEFORE THE CROWDS START TO ARRIVE.

THE HUGE, SUPERCHARGED MACHINE SNARLED INTO THROBBING LIFE!



YOU SOUND GREAT, BEAST! AND THE BEST WAY TO WIND MYSELF UP FOR MY FIRST PUBLIC PERFORMANCE IS... SOME SPEED!



LOOK AT HIM SHIFT!

HE MUST BE DOING AT LEAST A TON!

EDDIE MAY BE CRAZY, BUT HE CAN SURE HANDLE A RACING MACHINE!



PROMPTLY AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, BARNBROOK TOWERS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC...

SEE EDDIE TOPPS DEFEAT DEATH WITH HIS SENSATIONAL LEAP!

LOOK, DAD! A STUNT RIDER! I DEFINITELY WANT TO SEE HIM!

EDDIE TOPPS? NEVER HEARD OF HIM. I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY'D HAVE GONE AFTER WENDALL WONDER, THE FAMOUS AMERICAN RIDER!

JUST BEHIND WAS...WENDALL WONDER HIMSELF! THIS IS GOING TO BE INTERESTING, GREEN. THE LITTLE MECHANIC I FIRED IS TRYING TO PUT ME OUT OF WORK!



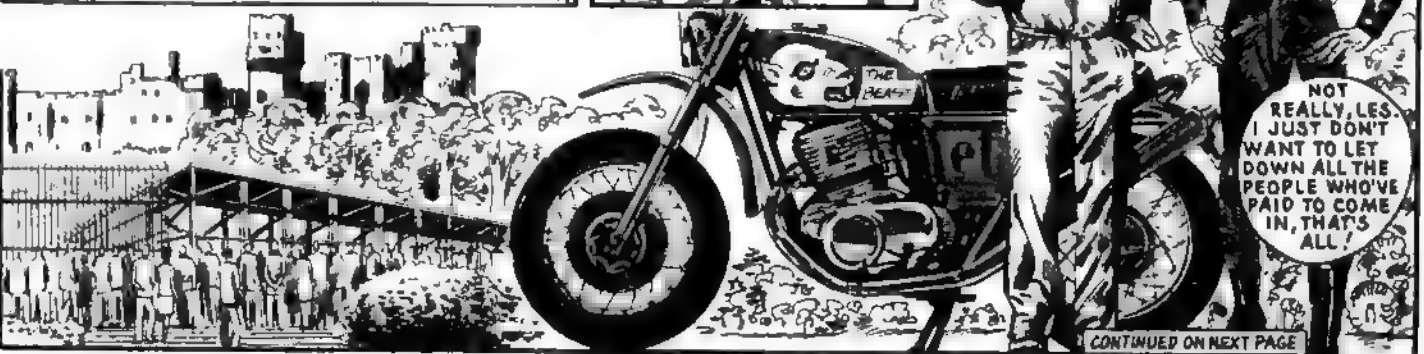
I SHOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH, MISTER WONDER. IT TAKES YEARS OF EXPERIENCE TO SUCCEED IN YOUR BUSINESS. YOUNG TOPPS IS JUST A VERY KEEN AMATEUR!

WELL, AMATEUR OR NOT, HE'S ATTEMPTING A PROFESSIONAL'S STUNT. I'VE NEVER TRIED TO JUMP A CAGE OF LIONS BEFORE!



BY MIDDAY, CROWDS WERE MASSED EXPECTANTLY ROUND THE ACTION AREA...

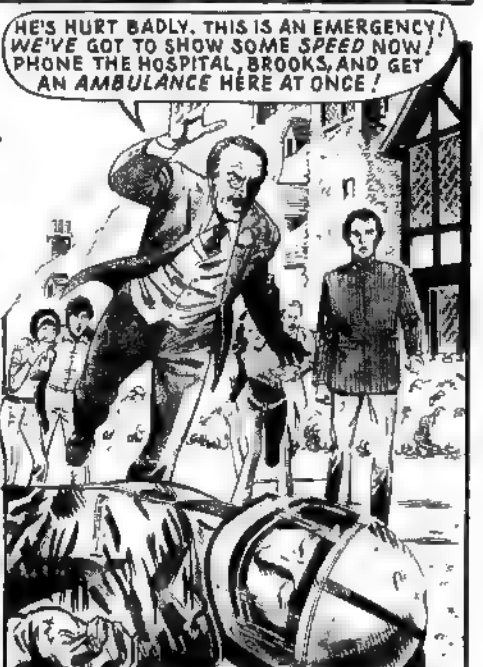
HOW ARE YOU FEELING, EDDIE... NERVOUS?



NOT REALLY, LES. I JUST DON'T WANT TO LET DOWN ALL THE PEOPLE WHO'VE PAID TO COME IN, THAT'S ALL!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





**Is this the end of Eddie's stunt career? The answer's in the next issue!**



# Eddie's crash-landing won him fans . . . and a stay in hospital!

EDDIE TOPPS WAS A YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BECOME ANOTHER EVEL KNEIVEL. HE HAD JUST PERFORMED A DANGEROUS LEAP OVER A LIONS' CAGE AT LORD BARNBROOK'S STATELY HOME... BUT HAD CRASHED BADLY ON LANDING!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



THE NEW AGREEMENT WAS SEALED WITH A HANDSHAKE!



OUCH! DON'T SQUEEZE TOO HARD, LES... I THINK I MIGHT HAVE BROKEN SOMETHING!

QUITE APART FROM BEING A GOOD RIDER, THE KID'S AS HARD AS NAILS! WHEN YOU'RE A STUNT-RIDER, YOU HAVE TO LEARN TO TAKE THE FALLS!



AND THE OUTCOME WAS...

BROKEN COLLAR BONE, BROKEN WAIST AND VARIOUS OTHER BITS AND PIECES. NOT BAD REALLY, LES, I COULD HAVE BROKEN MY NECK!

IF YOU SAY SO, SON!



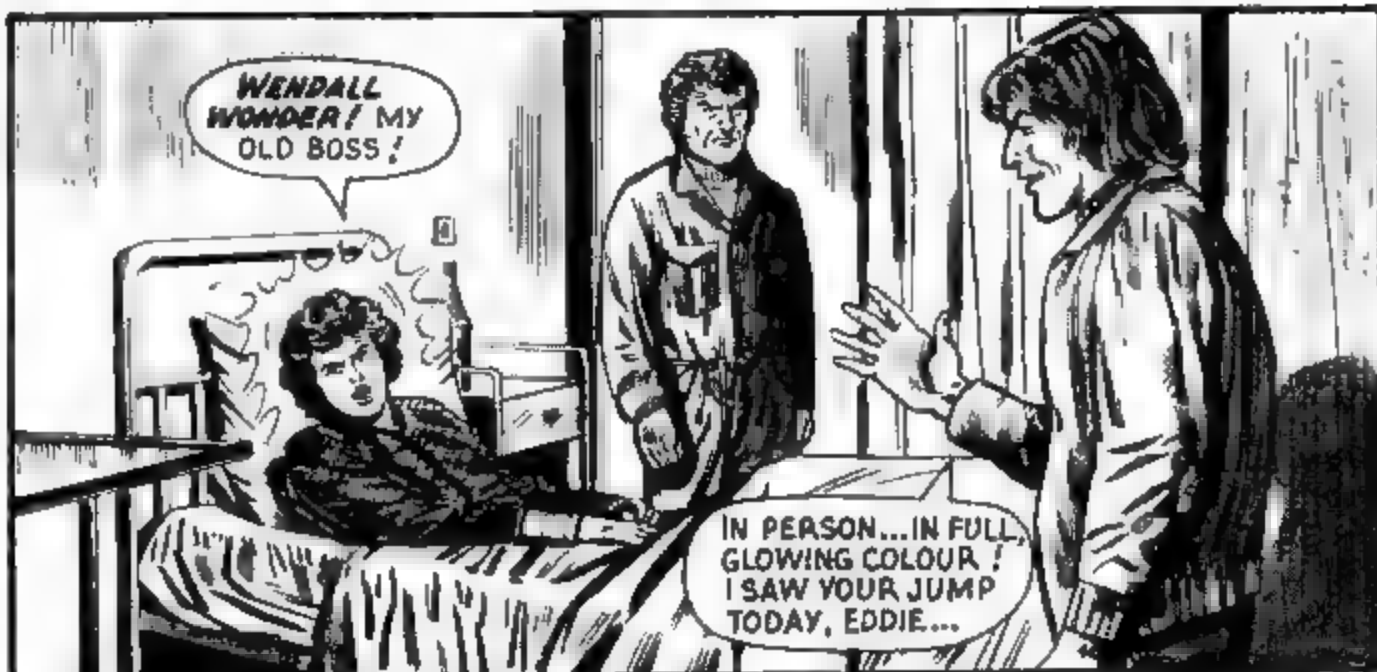
AND THEN...

ANOTHER VISITOR FOR YOU, MISTER TOPPS.

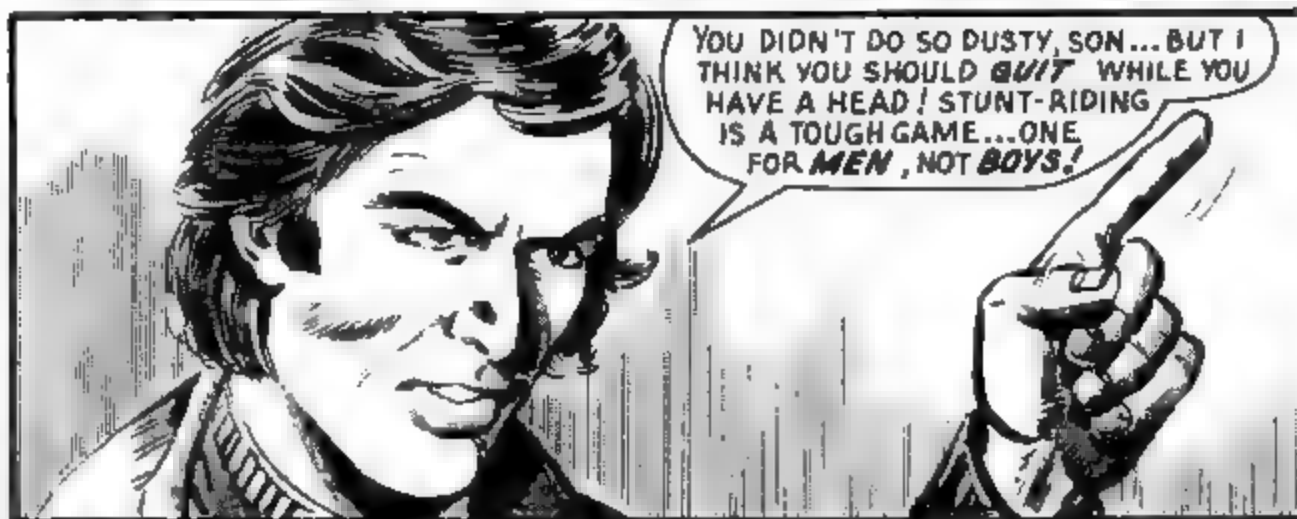
THE NAME'S EDDIE, LOVE... AND YOU CAN STEER HIM STRAIGHT IN. THE MORE THE MERRIER!



WENDALL WONDER! MY OLD BOSS!

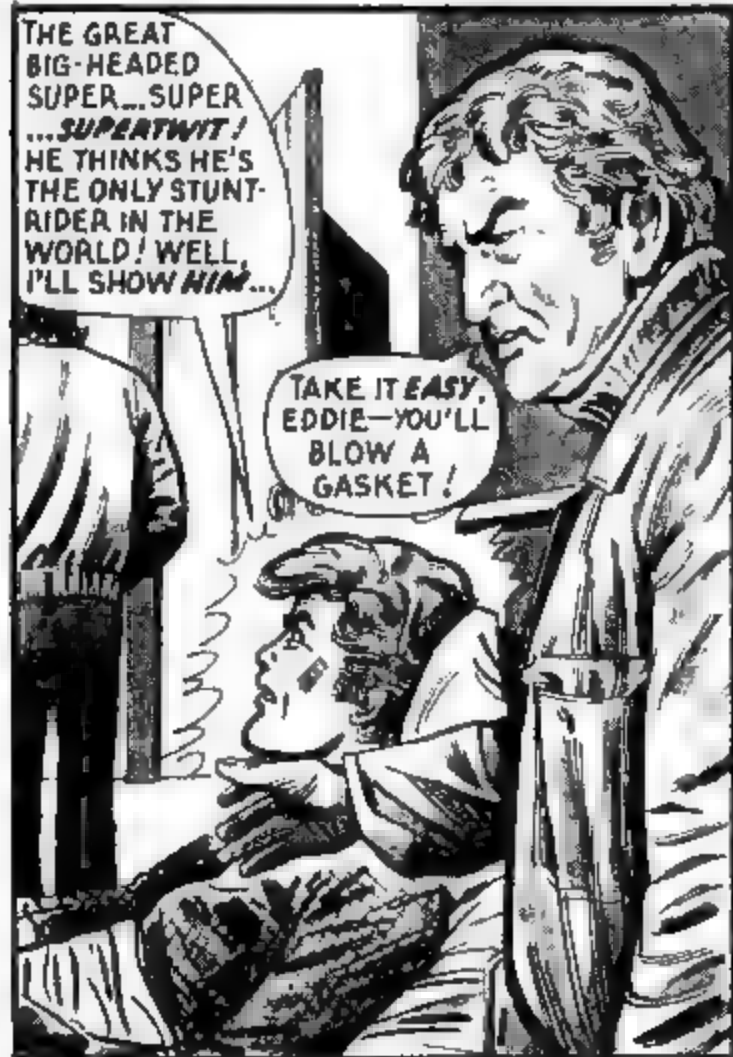


IN PERSON... IN FULL GLOWING COLOUR! I SAW YOUR JUMP TODAY, EDDIE...



YOU DIDN'T DO SO DUSTY, SON... BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD QUIT WHILE YOU HAVE A HEAD! STUNT-RIDING IS A TOUGH GAME... ONE FOR MEN, NOT BOYS!

THE GREAT BIG-HEADED SUPER... SUPER... SUPERTWIT! HE THINKS HE'S THE ONLY STUNT-RIDER IN THE WORLD! WELL, I'LL SHOW HIM...



TAKE IT EASY, EDDIE—YOU'LL BLOW A GASKET!

I'M GOING TO GET BETTER IN DOUBLE-QUICK TIME... AT A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR... AND THEN I'LL WIPE THAT SMUG AMERICAN SMILE OFF HIS FAT FACE!



AND, SINGLE-MINDED TO THE END, EDDIE PROCEEDED TO DO JUST THAT!

THESE X-RAYS ARE REMARKABLE, MISTER TOPPS. YOUR BREAKS HAVE KNITTED TOGETHER PERFECTLY. TALK ABOUT SPEED...

THAT'S MY BUSINESS, DOC. NOW I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO WORK.



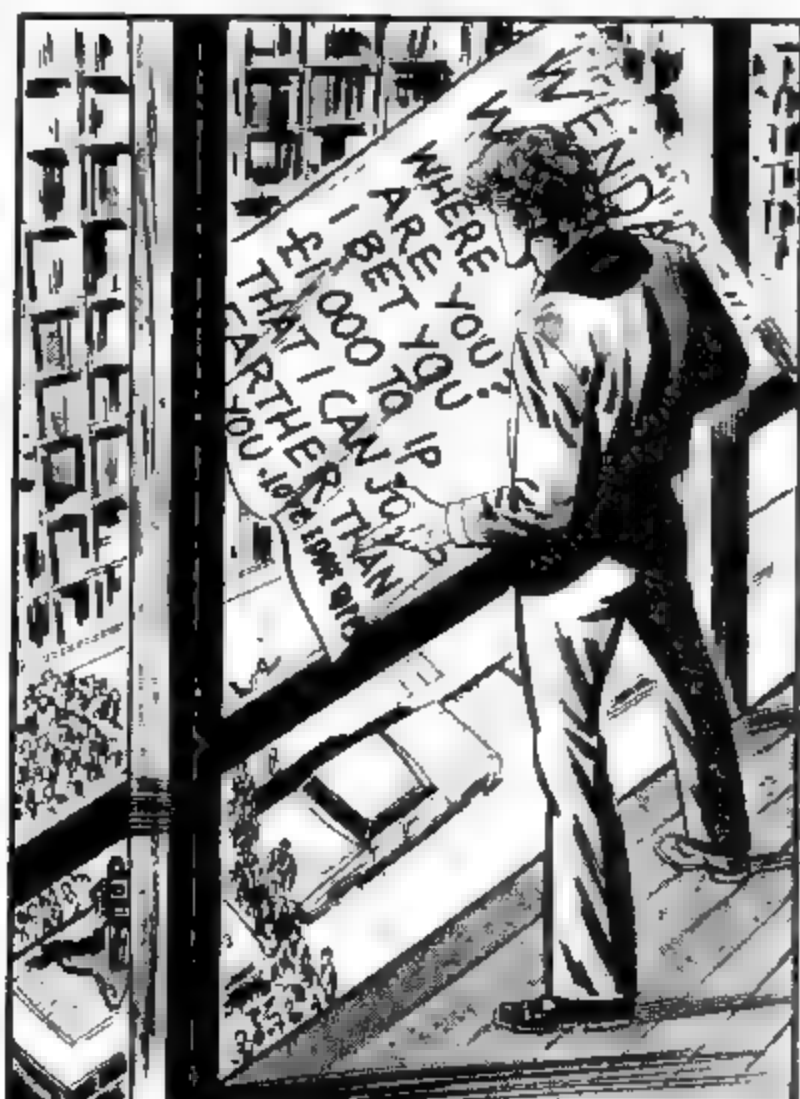




EDDIE'S PLAN WAS TO GO TO A MULTI-STOREY OFFICE BLOCK BEING ERRECTED...



PRESS AND TELEVISION WERE THERE IN NO TIME...



IT WAS THE PUBLICITY STUNT TO END ALL PUBLICITY STUNTS!



More speed thrills with Eddie Topps in next week's issue!



The paper for fast-moving, fast-thinking readers!

# SPEED

12p

5th APRIL, 1980

EVERY MONDAY

I'M THE DARING  
YOUNG MAN ON THE  
FLYING MACHINE...

GERONIMO!

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE YOUNG  
STUNT-RIDER WHO WAS  
PETER VINED TO BECOME  
ANOTHER EVEL KN EVEL, AND  
HE HAD CHALLENGED THE GREAT  
WENDALL WONDER TO A JUMPING  
MATCH. NOW EDDIE WAS IN STRICT  
TRAINING FOR THE MASSIVE LEAP  
OVER A GORGE.



TOPPS  
ON  
WHEELS

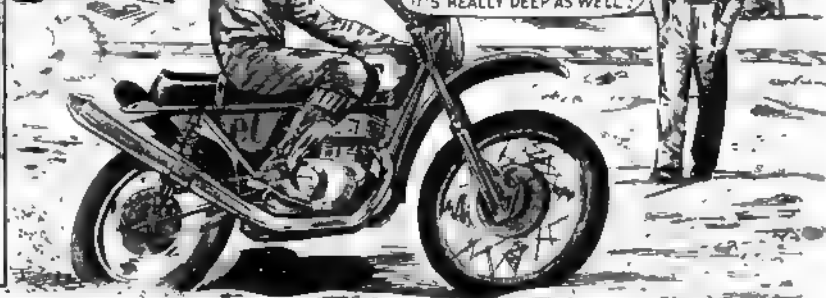
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AND A ONE WHEEL  
LANDING  
JOB!

EDDIE CALLED BACK  
TO A MANAGER  
SCRAPMETAL DEALER  
LES.



WELL LES  
—HOW DID  
DO?

FINE SON BUT YOU MUSTN'T  
FORGET WHATEVER GORGE IS  
A LONG WAY TO CLEAR...AND  
IT'S REALLY DEEP AS WELL!

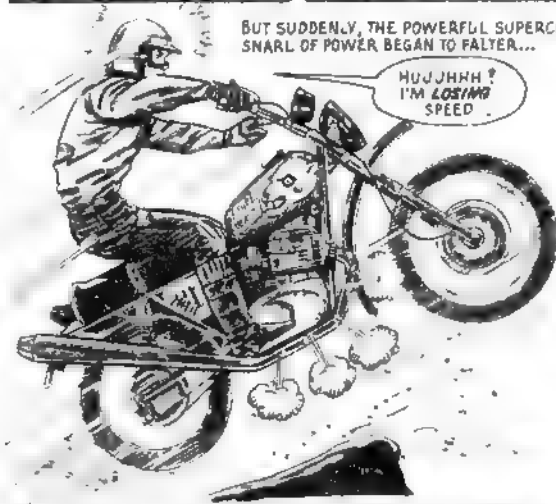
STOP WORRYING LES YOU  
SOUND LIKE SOME FUSS POT  
GRANDPA... I'LL NEVER GET ANY  
WHERE... I'M IN BUSINESS WITHOUT  
TAKING A FEW RISKS AND  
REMEMBER I GOT A BIG PLUS ON  
MY SIDE  
**THE BEAST!**



HIM AND THAT SPEED RUN,  
HE CARES MORE ABOUT IT  
THAN HE DOES HIS OWN  
SKIN!

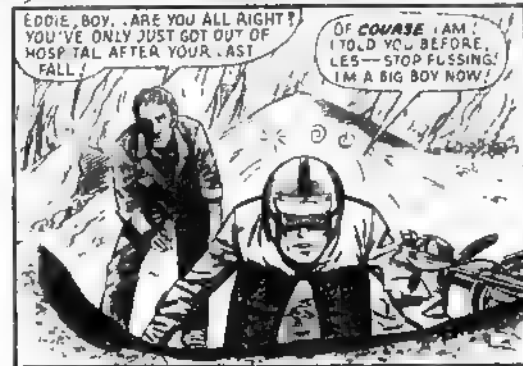
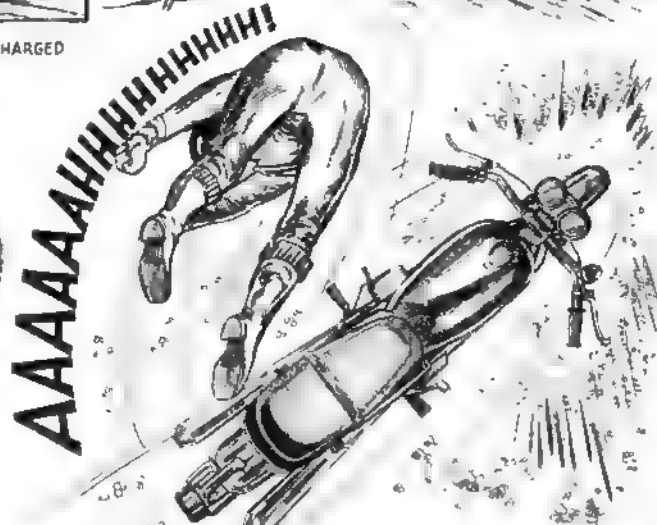


AWAY WE GO,  
BEAST—**MOVE IT!**  
THIS TIME I'LL REALLY  
MAKE LES SIT UP!



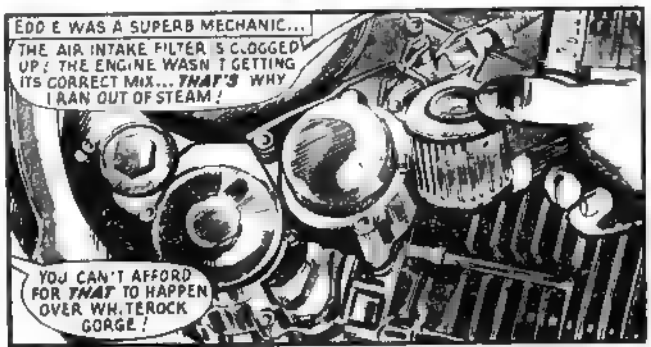
BUT SUDDENLY, THE POWERFUL SUPERCHARGED  
SNARL OF POWER BEGAN TO FALTER...

HUUJHHH?  
I'M LOSING  
SPEED



EDDIE, BOY... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?  
YOU'VE ONLY JUST GOT OUT OF  
HOSPITAL AFTER YOUR LAST  
FALL!

OF COURSE I AM!  
I TOLD YOU BEFORE,  
LES—STOP FUSSING!  
I'M A BIG BOY NOW!



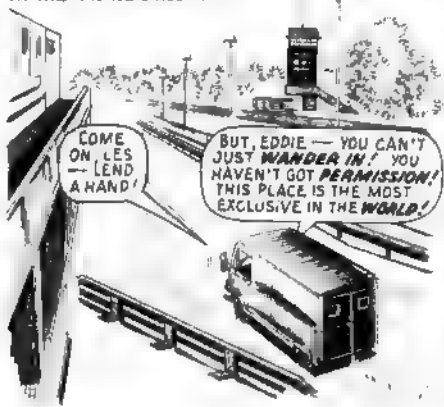
EDDIE WAS A SUPERB MECHANIC...  
THE AIR INTAKE FILTER WAS CLOGGED  
UP; THE ENGINE WASN'T GETTING  
ITS CORRECT MIX... **THAT'S WHY**  
I RAN OUT OF STEAM!

YOU CAN'T AFFORD  
FOR **THAT** TO HAPPEN  
OVER WHATEVER  
GORGE!





AT THE RACING CIRCUIT...



**There's more action with Eddie Topps in next week's SPEED!**



## Eddie was arrested for speeding — on a racing circuit!

**E**DDIE TOPPS WAS THE YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BECOME THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL AND HE HAD CHALLENGED THE GREAT WENDALL WONDER TO A JUMP OVER WHITEROCK GORGE. BUT FIRST HE WAS TESTING HIS SUPER-CHARGED SPEED-MACHINE "THE BEAST" ROUND THE GRAND-STONE PARK MOTOR-RACING CIRCUIT...



SUDDENLY...

HEY, WHAT GIVES? A RACING CAR IS CREEPING UP ON ME!



THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE CAR AND ITS DRIVER...

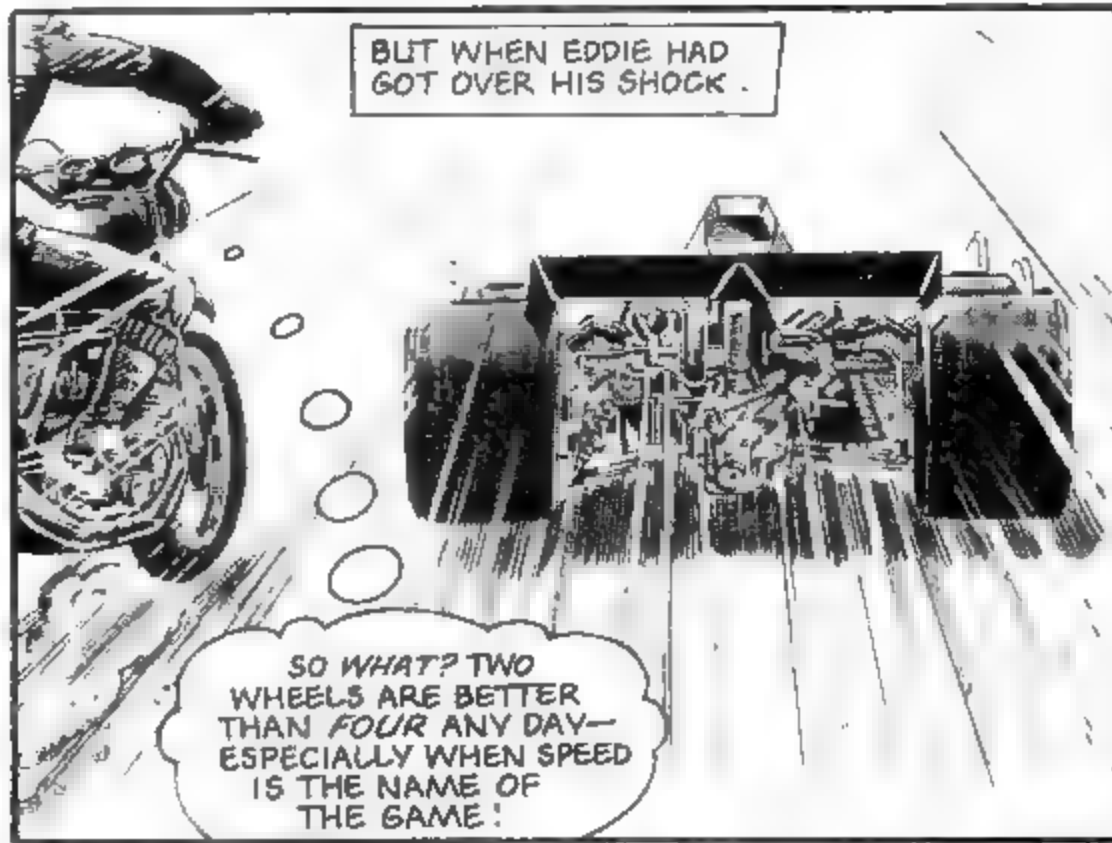
IT—IT'S ALDO MARCHETTI... THE TRIPLE WORLD MOTOR RACING CHAMP!

### CHAMPION



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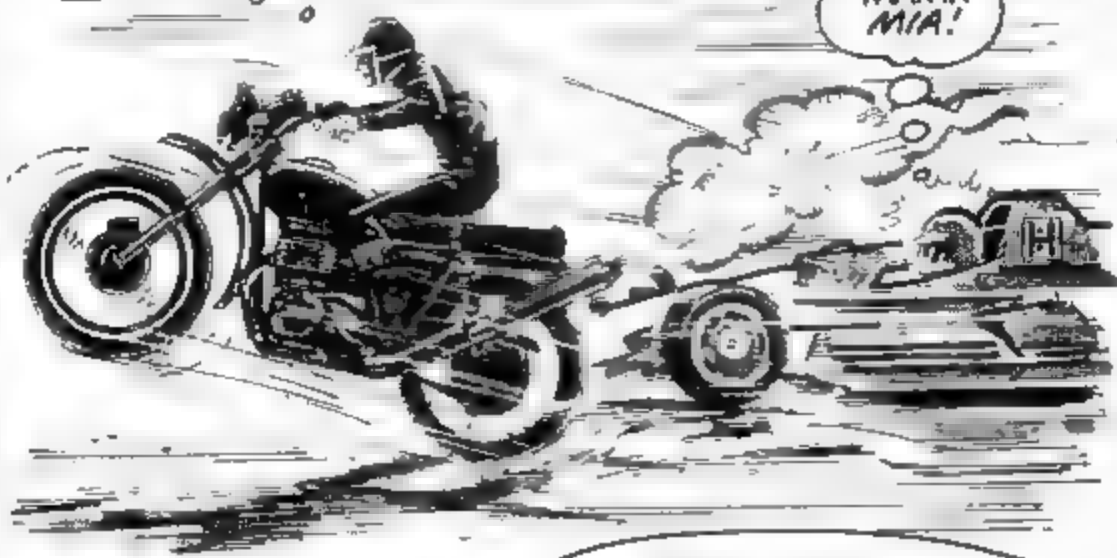
BUT WHEN EDDIE HAD GOT OVER HIS SHOCK...

SO WHAT? TWO WHEELS ARE BETTER THAN FOUR ANY DAY—ESPECIALLY WHEN SPEED IS THE NAME OF THE GAME!

"THE BEAST" LEAPT FORWARD WITH A TREMENDOUS SURGE OF POWER...

GET A LOAD OF THAT, PAL!

MAMA MIA!



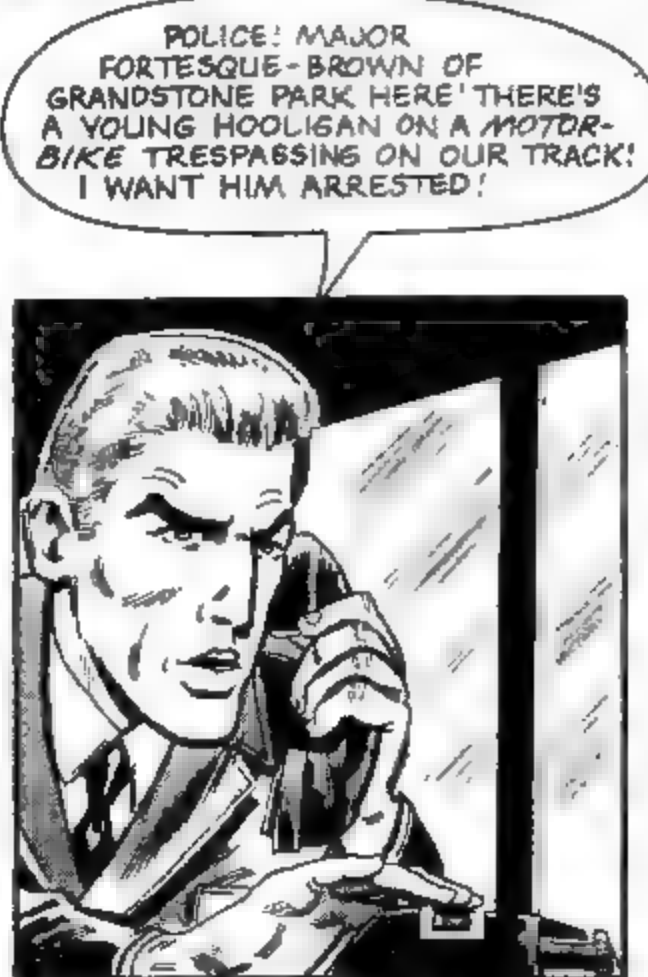
LES SCOTT, EDDIE'S MANAGER, LOOKED ON IN AWE...

NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! A BLOOMING MOTOR-BIKE BURNING UP A RACING CAR! THERE'LL BE TROUBLE... I CAN FEEL IT IN MY FUNNY BONES!



THE GRANDSTONE PARK OFFICIALS WERE ALMOST BURSTING WITH RED-FACED RAGE...

HOW... HOW DARE HE? THE WORLD MOTOR RACING CHAMPION, NO LESS...



POLICE! MAJOR FORTESQUE-BROWN OF GRANDSTONE PARK HERE! THERE'S A YOUNG HOOLIGAN ON A MOTOR-BIKE TRESPASSING ON OUR TRACK! I WANT HIM ARRESTED!



HQ TO KILO GOLF TANGO. PROCEED TO GRANDSTONE PARK RACE TRACK. DISTURBANCE REPORTED INVOLVING A MOTOR-CYCLIST

ROGER, HQ... WILCO!

POLICE

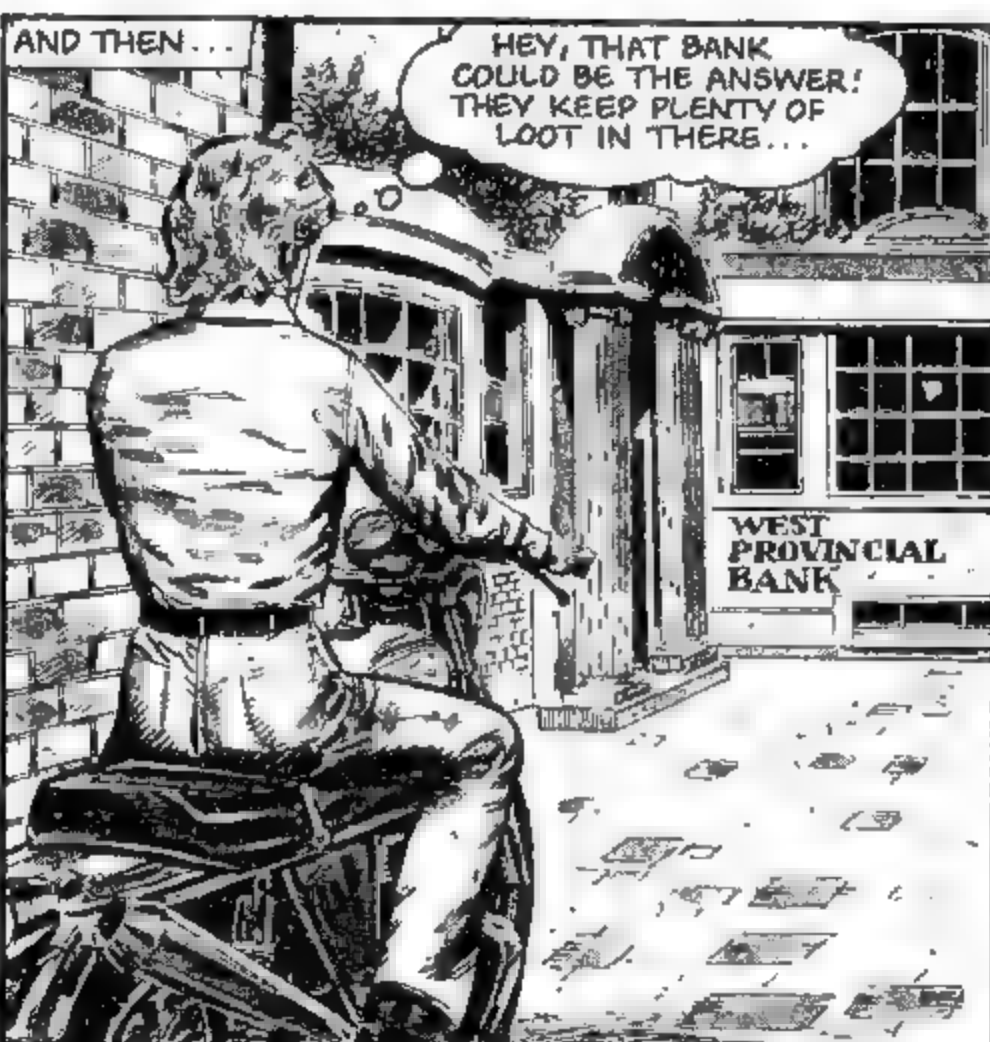
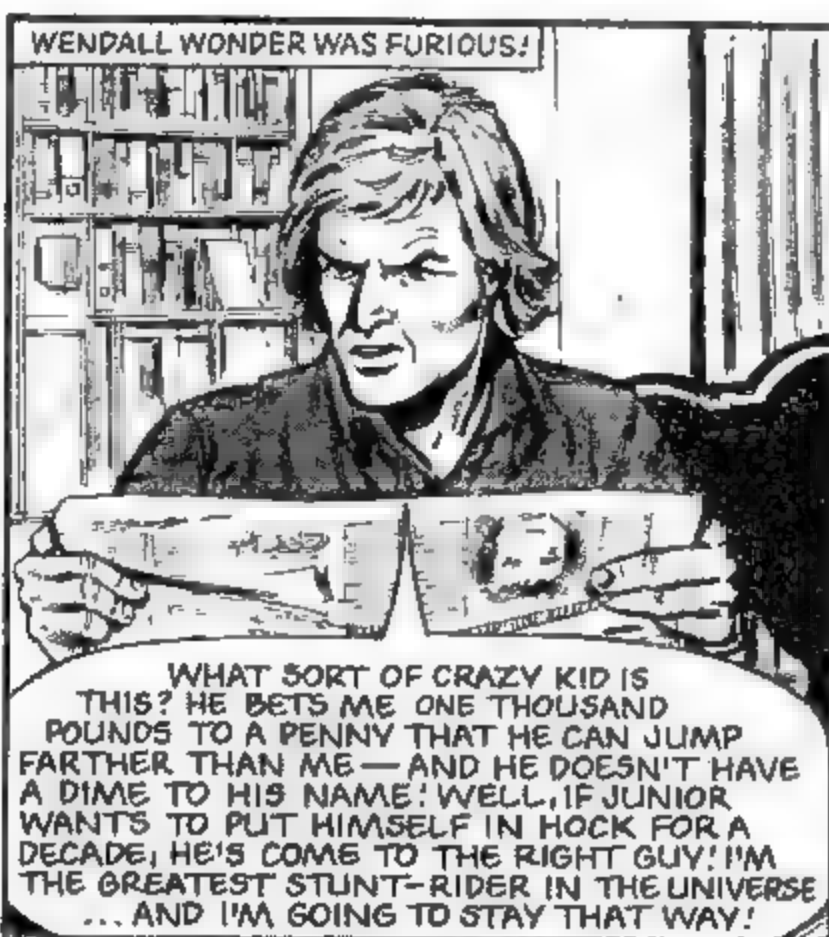
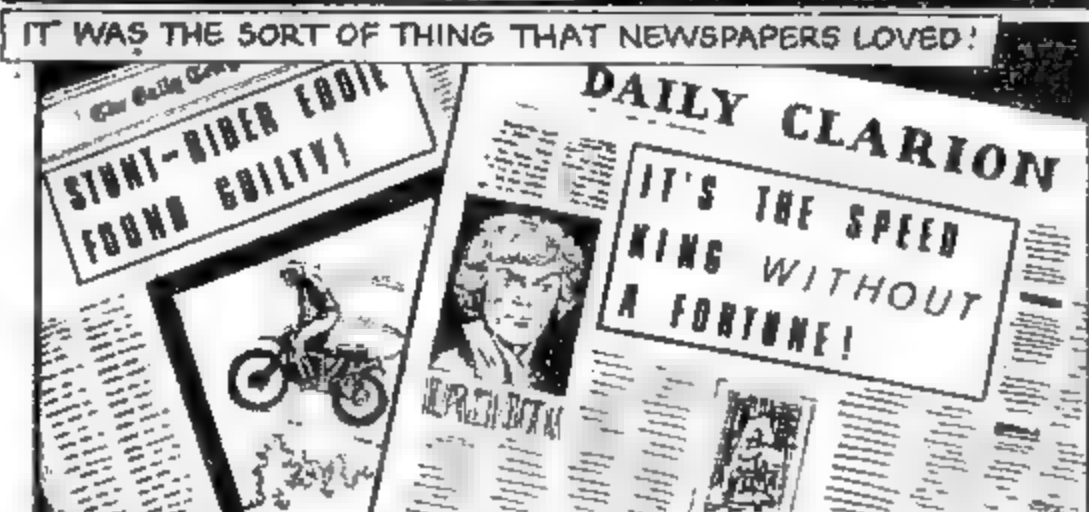


AND WHEN EDDIE TOPPS FINALLY SLOWED DOWN...

THANKS FOR THE BURN-UP, SIGNOR MARCHETTI. IT WAS AN HONOUR.

I ENJOYED IT, MY FRIEND—EVEN IF I DID NOT WIN. I SALUTE YOU. I AM HAPPY I NORMALLY RACE AGAINST CARS!





**More lightning-fast action with Eddie again in the next issue!**



# How to get money from a bank — Eddie Topps style!

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE YOUNG STUNT RIDER WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BECOME THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL. AND HE HAD CHALLENGED THE GREAT WENDALL WONDER TO A JUMP OVER WHITEROCK GORGE. BUT HE WAS SHORT OF MONEY, SO...

I'M BORACIC LINT — SKINT! THAT BANK IS PILED HIGH WITH LOOT — SO WHAT BETTER PLACE TO ASK FOR IT?

I WANT TO SEE THE MANAGER, LOVE. DEAD URGENT, IT IS. BIG FINANCIAL STUFF!

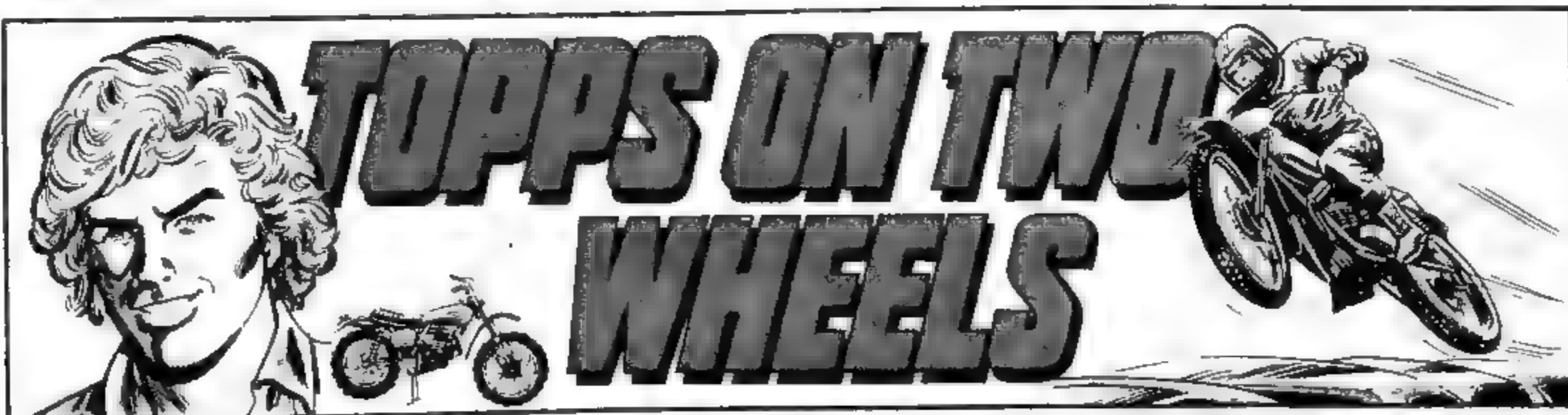
Y-YES, SIR!



SOON...

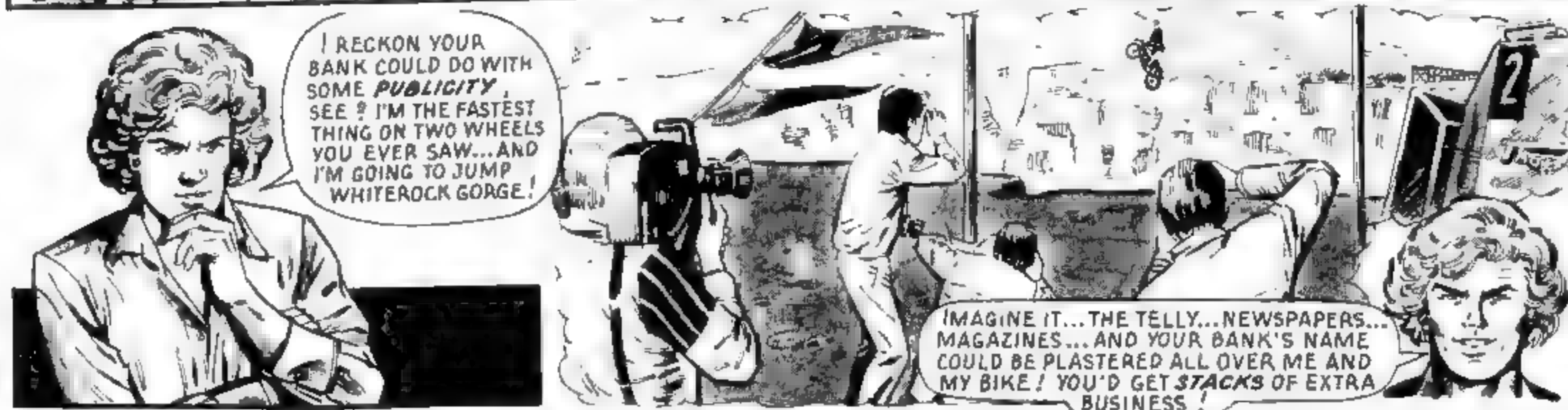
IS THERE SOME QUERY ABOUT YOUR ACCOUNT, SIR? D-D YOU WISH TO PURCHASE SOME SHARES...?

ARE YOU JOKING, MATE? EDDIE TOPPS IS THE NAME. I HAVEN'T GOT A BANK ACCOUNT. MAINLY BECAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT ANY CASH! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE!



I RECKON YOUR BANK COULD DO WITH SOME PUBLICITY, SEE? I'M THE FASTEST THING ON TWO WHEELS YOU EVER SAW... AND I'M GOING TO JUMP WHITEROCK GORGE!

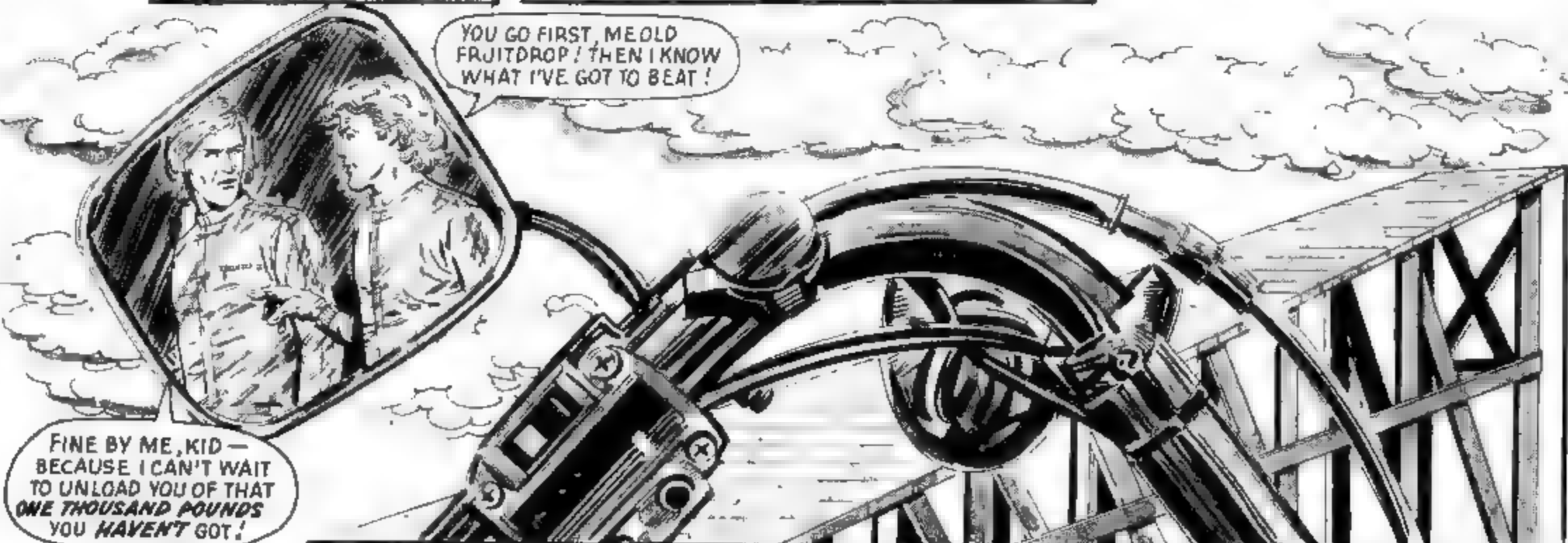
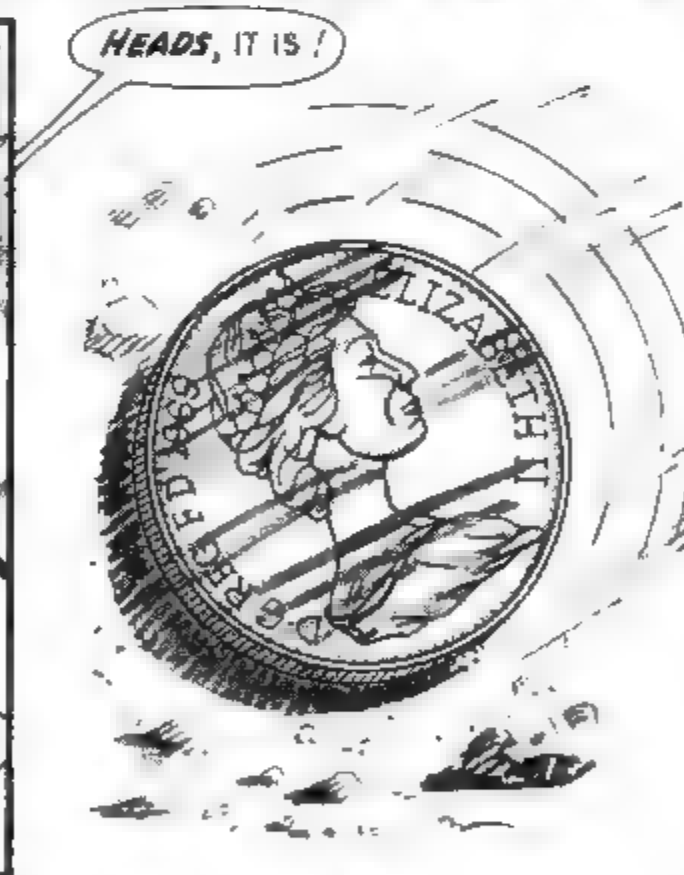
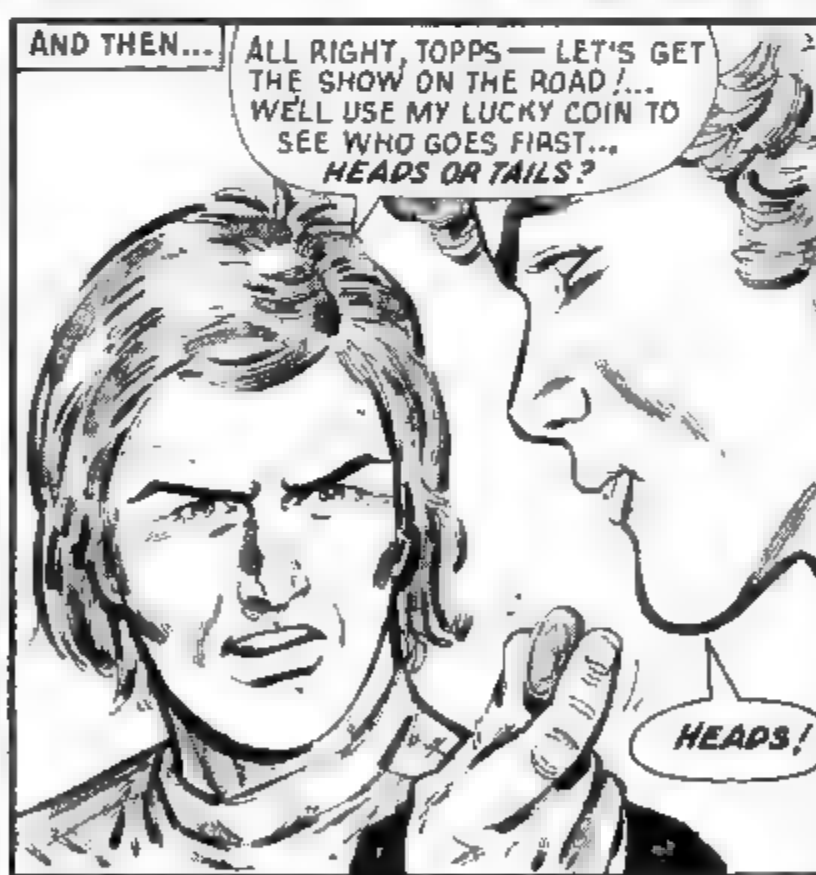
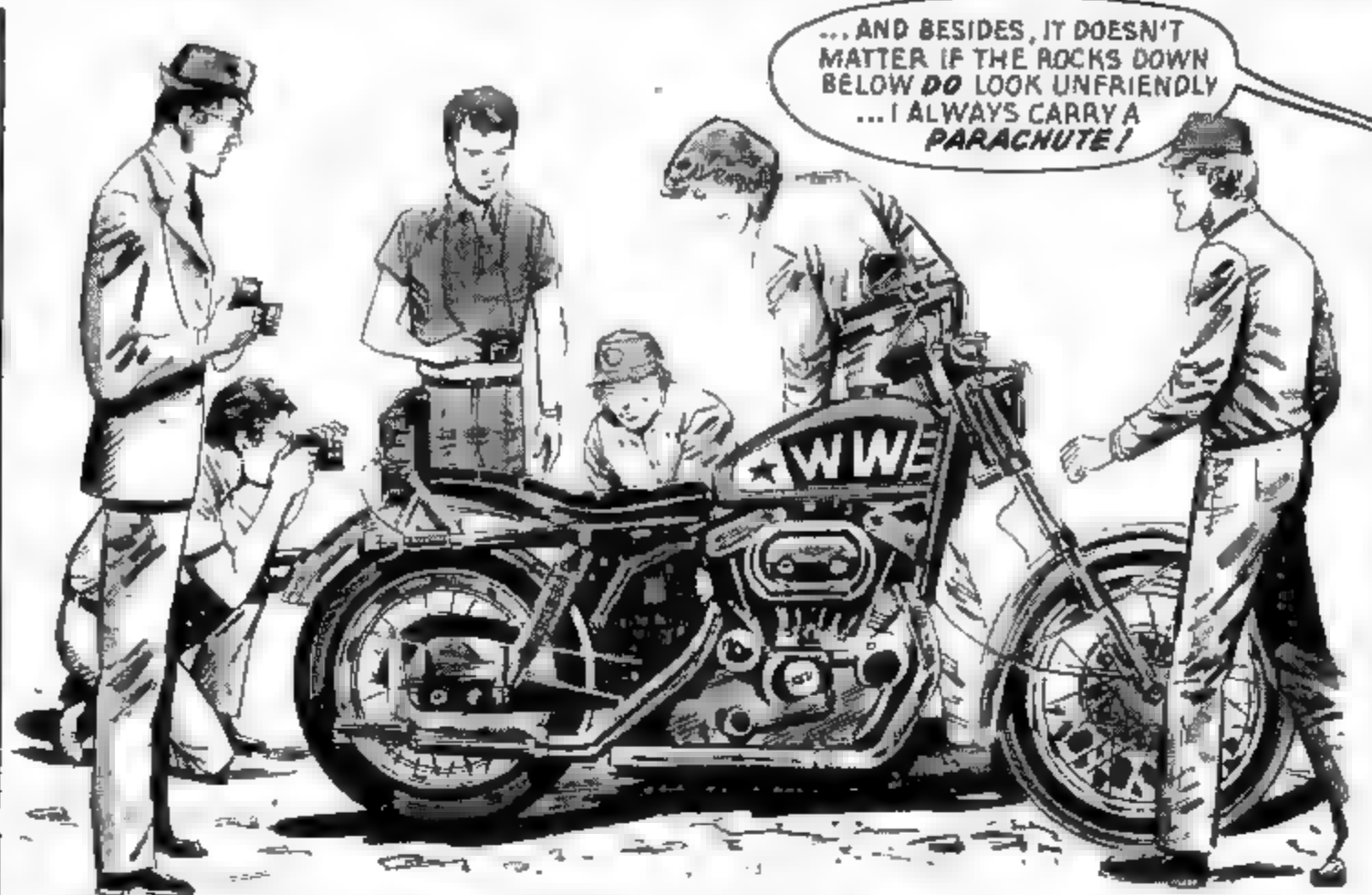
IMAGINE IT... THE TELLY... NEWSPAPERS... MAGAZINES... AND YOUR BANK'S NAME COULD BE PLASTERED ALL OVER ME AND MY BIKE! YOU'D GET STACKS OF EXTRA BUSINESS!











Don't miss the outcome of the challenge-match in next week's episode!



# It was the stunt match of the year — Eddie Topps v Wendall Wonder!

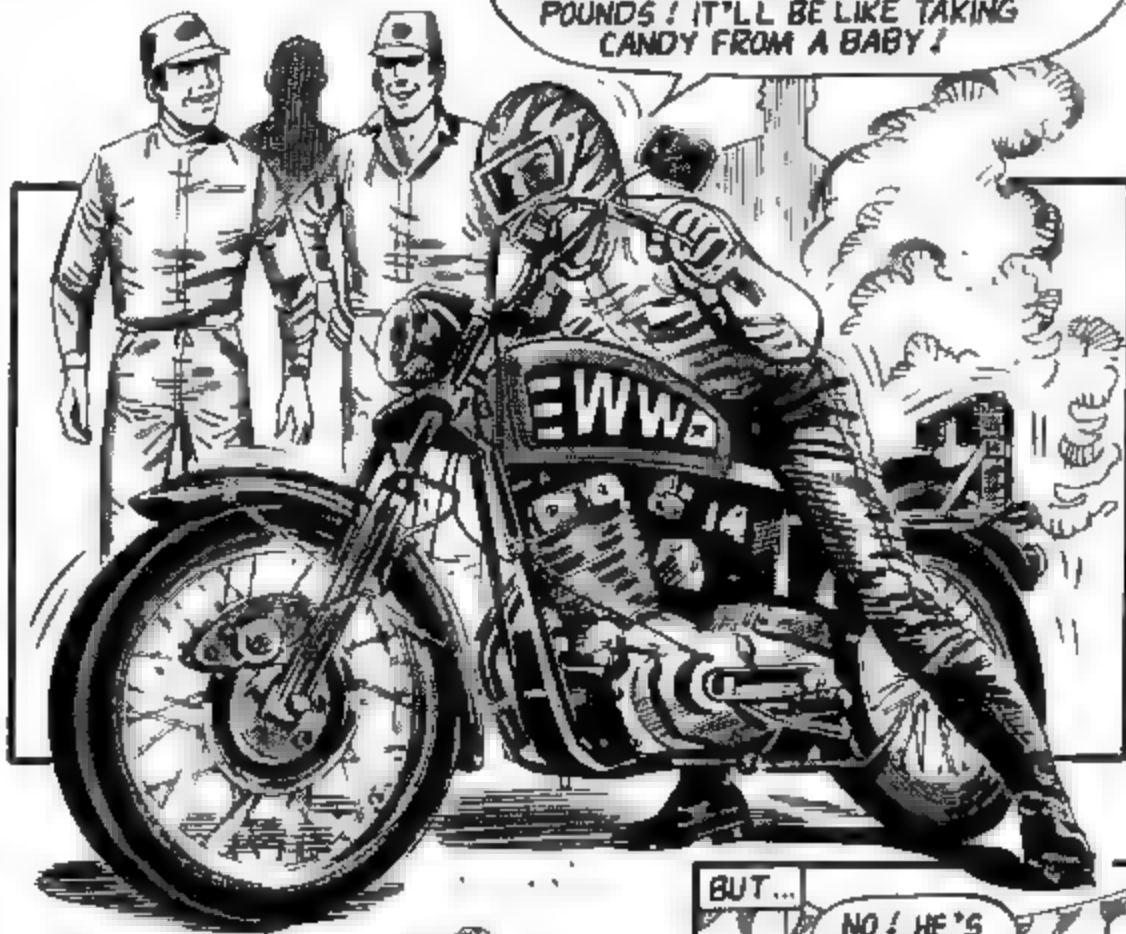
EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BECOME THE NEXT EVEL KNEVEL. IN ORDER TO GET HIMSELF IN THE PUBLIC EYE, HE HAD CHALLENGED THE GREAT WENDALL WONDER TO A JUMP OVER WHITEROCK GORGE... FOR A BET OF £1,000 AGAINST 1P!

WELCOME TO WHITEROCK GORGE, VIEWERS YOU CAN SEE STRETCHED OUT ON THE EAST BANK THE RAMP UP WHICH THE TWO RIDERS WILL TRAVEL BEFORE THEY SPEED THROUGH THE AIR ON THEIR MOTORBIKES...





OKAY, GUYS—LET'S GO! THE SOONER I GET ACROSS THAT GAP, THE SOONER I EARN MYSELF AN EASY THOUSAND POUNDS! IT'LL BE LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!



WENDALL WONDER'S AWAY!



WHAT INCREDIBLE POWER! THAT BIKE'S ALMOST JET-PROPELLED!

HE'S TAKEN OFF!



THERE HE GOES TOWARDS THE FAR BANK!

I BET HE WON'T DO IT! HE'LL NEED TO USE THAT PARACHUTE HE'S GOT STRAPPED TO HIS BIKE!



BUT...

NO! HE'S MADE IT!

A FANTASTIC JUMP BY THE KING OF STUNT-RIDERS!

AND A GREAT LANDING! HE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK LIKE COMING OFF!



EDDIE TOPPS AND HIS MANAGER, LES SCOTT, HAD WATCHED CLOSELY.

NICE JUMP! WELL, LES, ME OLD CHINA—IF I'M NOT TO BE A GRAND OUT OF POCKET, I'VE GOT TO CLEAR THE GORGE, I'VE GOT TO JUMP FARTHER THAN OLD BIG-HEAD!

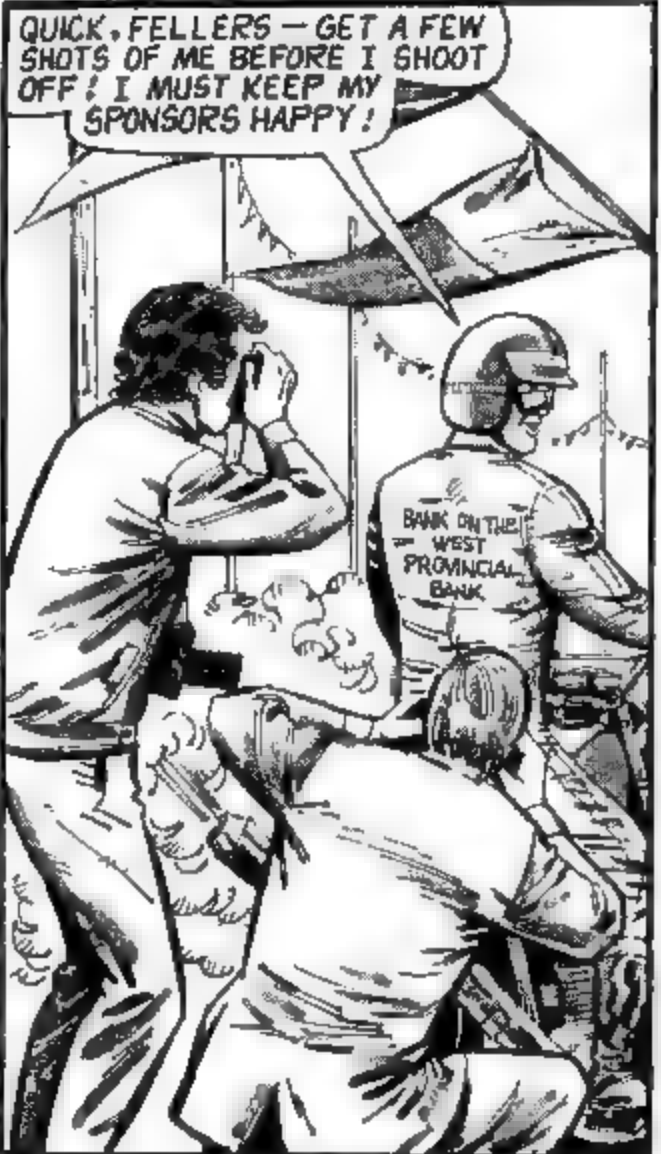


HUH! YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE, EDDIE AFTER ALL, YOU'RE RIDING "THE BEAST"!

BUT I'M STILL KEEPING MY FINGERS CROSSED!

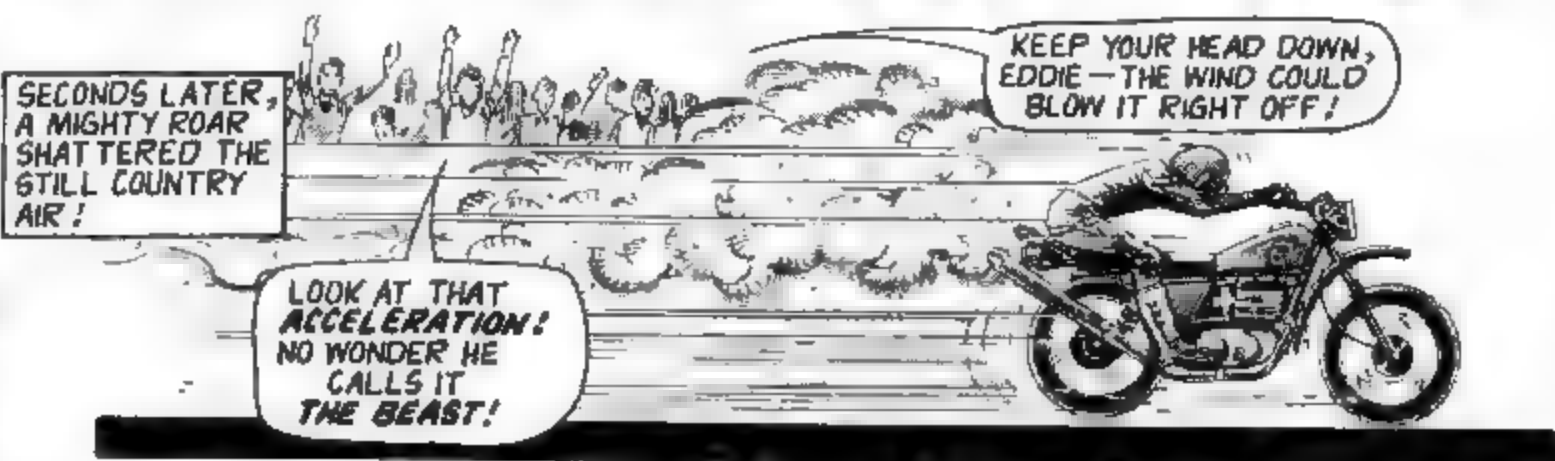


QUICK, FELLERS—GET A FEW SHOTS OF ME BEFORE I SHOOT OFF! I MUST KEEP MY SPONSORS HAPPY!



SECONDS LATER, A MIGHTY ROAR SHATTERED THE STILL COUNTRY AIR!

LOOK AT THAT ACCELERATION! NO WONDER HE CALLS IT THE BEAST!



KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, EDDIE—THE WIND COULD BLOW IT RIGHT OFF!

THEN, SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S HAPPENING?



EDDIE'S TURNING AWAY FROM THE RAMP! HE'S NOT GOING TO JUMP!

BUT...

SORRY ABOUT THAT, FOLKS—I FORGOT MY BUBBLE GUM!

OH, NO! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



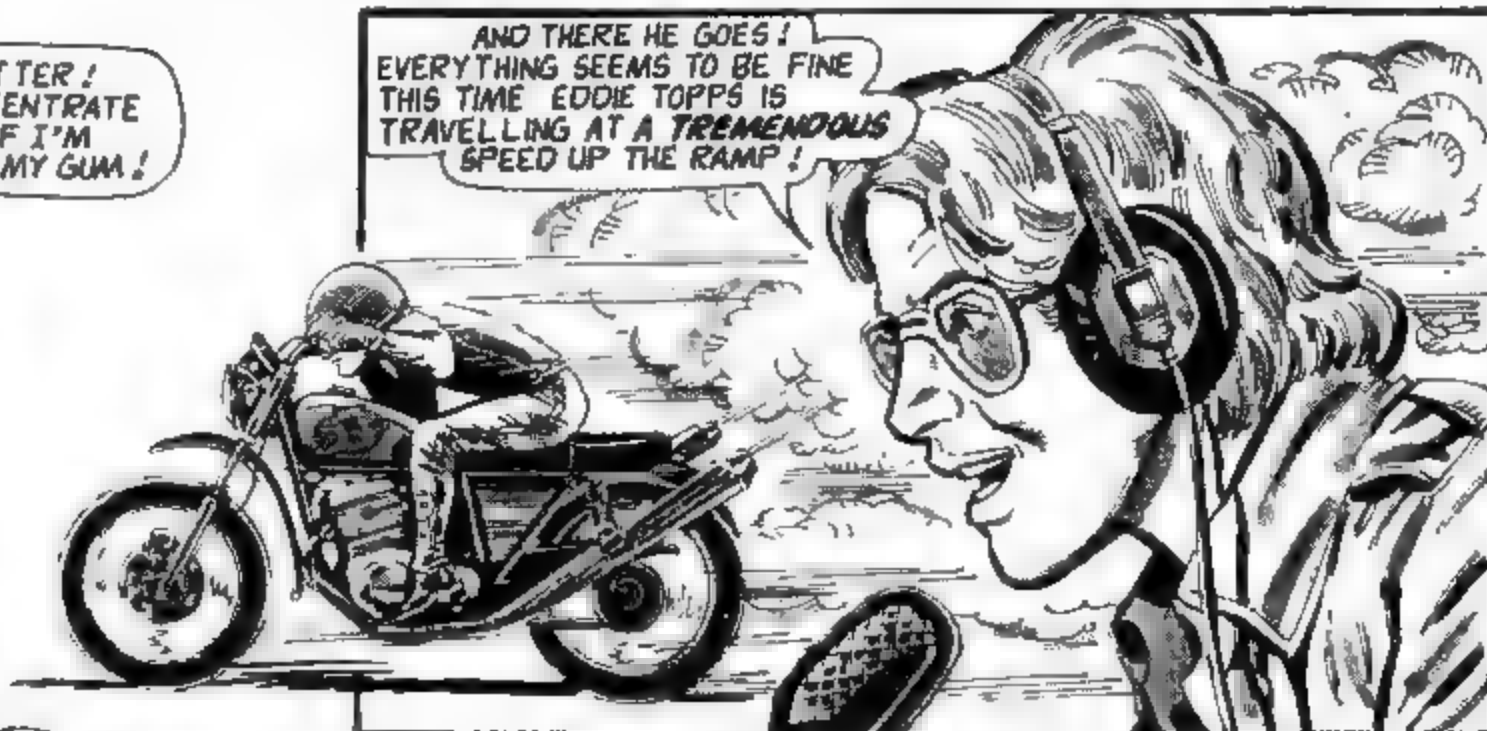
WHAT A CHARACTER!

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THAT'S BETTER!  
I CAN'T CONCENTRATE  
PROPERLY IF I'M  
NOT CHEWING MY GUM!



AND THERE HE GOES!  
EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE FINE  
THIS TIME EDDIE TOPPS IS  
TRAVELLING AT A TREMENDOUS  
SPEED UP THE RAMP!



AND HE'S FLYING!  
COME ON, EDDIE  
...COME ON!

YOU'VE GOT TO  
DO IT, EDDIE!



HE'S GOING TO LAND  
ON THOSE WICKED LOOKING,  
RAZOR SHARP ROCKS!



A MAGNIFICENT  
JUMP BY EDDIE  
TOPPS!

AND HE'S BEATEN  
WENDALL WONDER'S  
MARK, TOO!

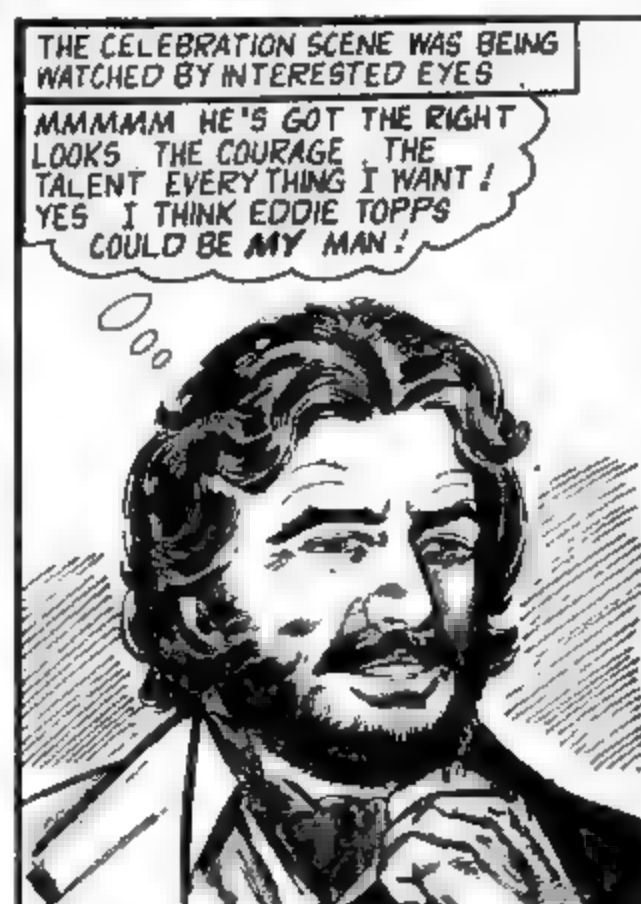


MISTER WONDER... SIR! I  
DON'T HAVE TO PAY YOU A  
THOUSAND QUID... BUT  
YOU HAVE TO PAY ME...  
**ONE PENNY!**



TOPPS BY NAME... TOPPS  
BY NATURE! AND AS  
SOMEONE ONCE SAID...  
**I AM THE GREATEST!**

YOU CERTAINLY ARE,  
EDDIE! YOU'LL GO  
RIGHT TO THE TOP!



THE CELEBRATION SCENE WAS BEING  
WATCHED BY INTERESTED EYES

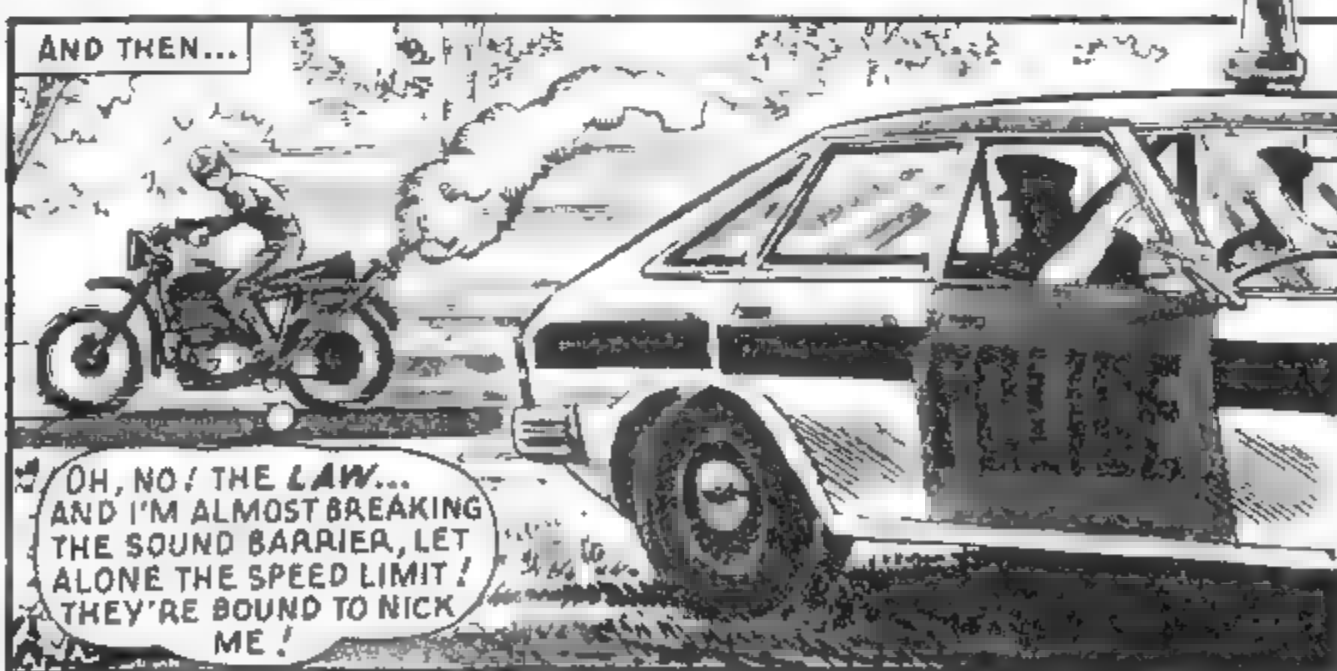
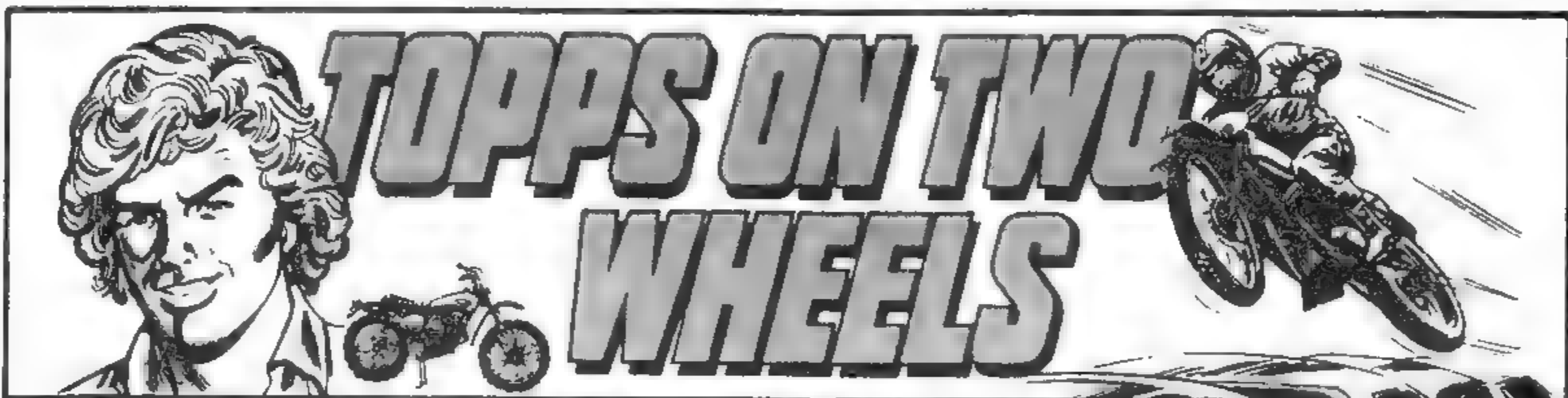
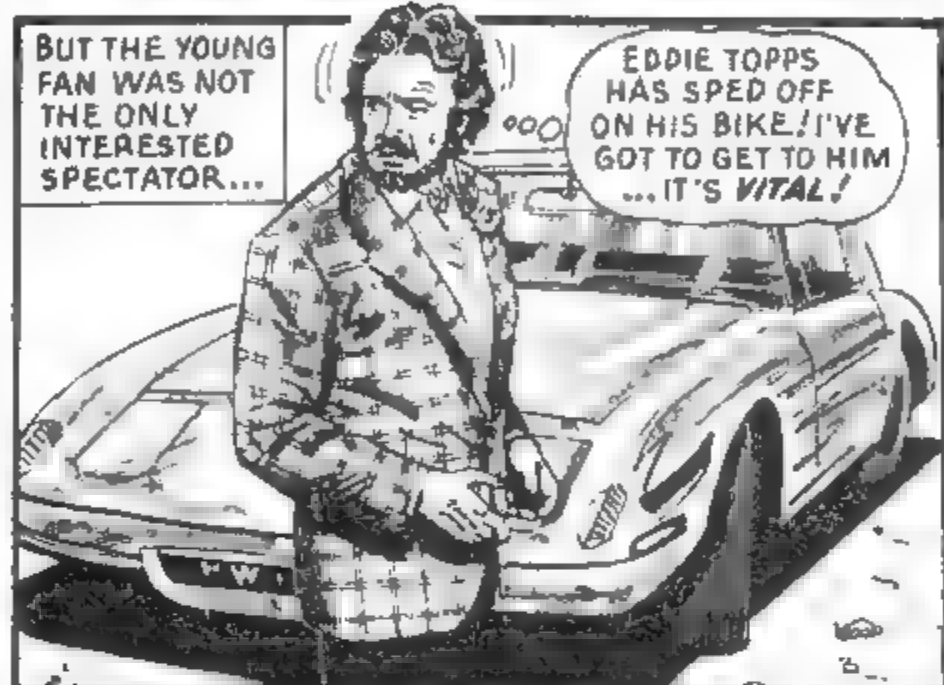
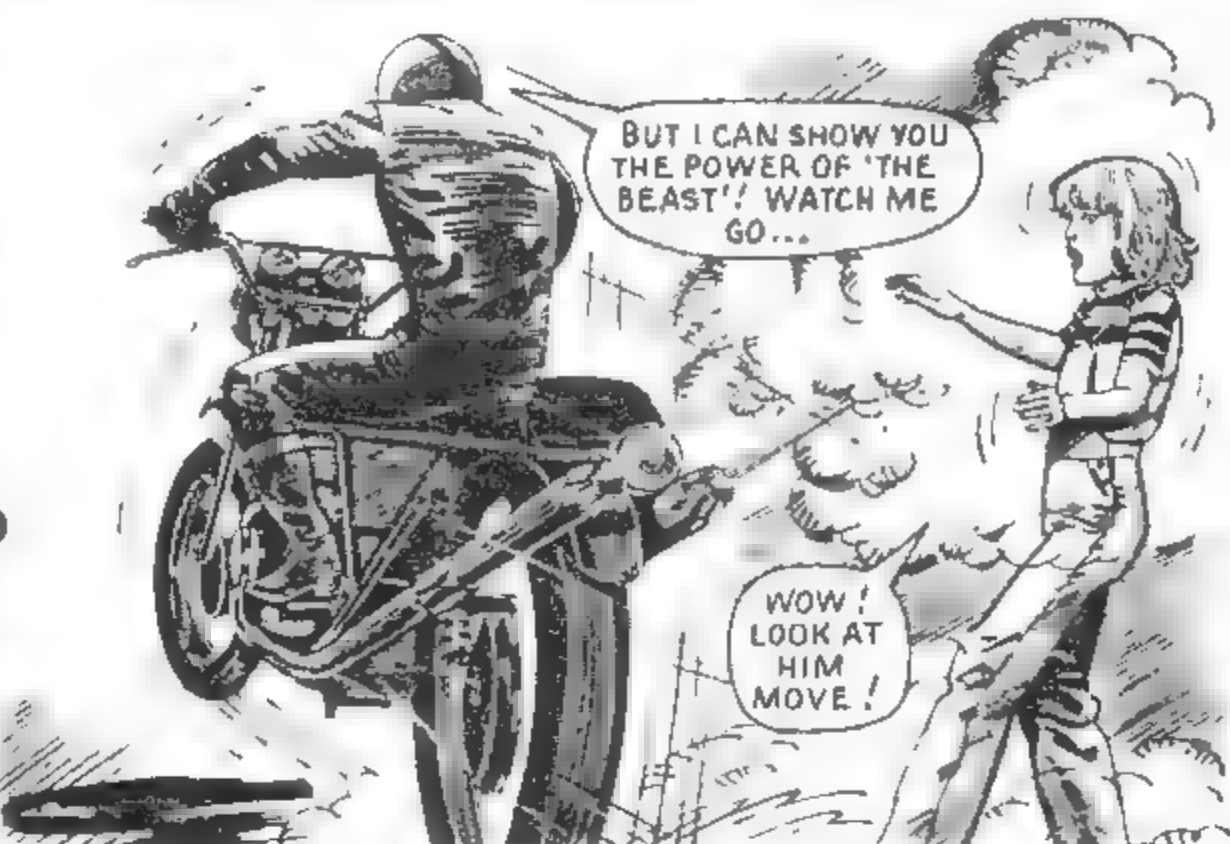
MMMMM HE'S GOT THE RIGHT  
LOOKS THE COURAGE THE  
TALENT EVERYTHING I WANT!  
YES I THINK EDDIE TOPPS  
COULD BE MY MAN!

**There's more fast-moving action with Eddie again next week!**

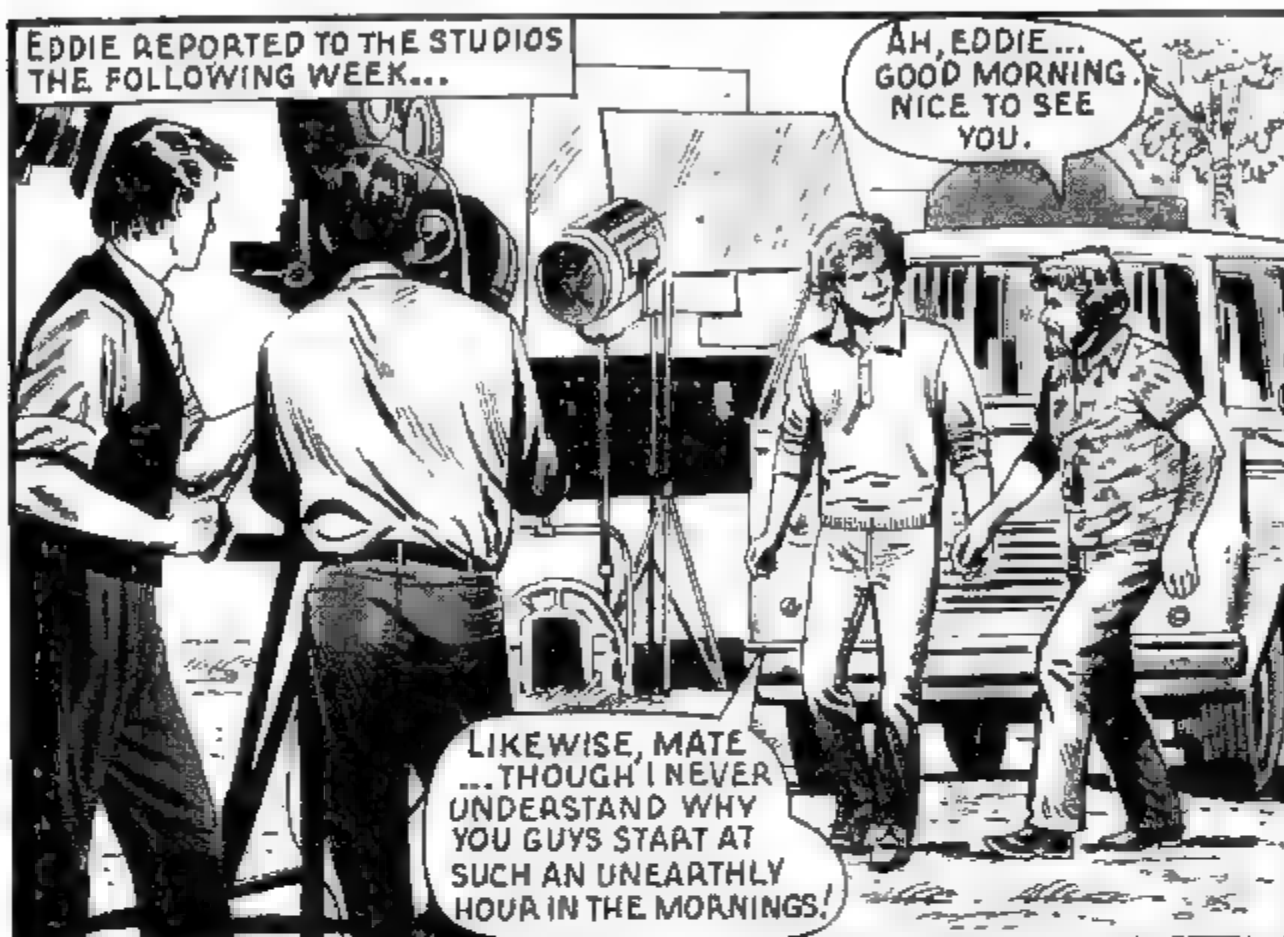


# Who was the mystery man following our speeding stunt-star?

MEET EDDIE TOPPS... THE YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO INTENDED TO BECOME THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL. EDDIE HAD JUST BEATEN STUNT-STAR WENDALL GORGE IN A MOTOR-CYCLE JUMP OVER THE MASSIVE WHITEROCK GORGE. BUT NOT ALL HIS FANS WERE HAPPY...







How will things develop? Find out in the next all-action "SPEED"!



Just when he thought he had it made, Eddie got a shocking surprise!



EDDIE TOPPS WAS A DARING YOUNG RIDER WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BECOME THE NEXT EVIL KN EVIL. HE HAD ACCEPTED A JOB AS A STAND-IN STUNT MAN IN A MOVIE - AND WITHIN MINUTES HAD CLASHED WITH THE FILM'S LEADING MAN... WITH DISASTROUS CONSEQUENCES!

WAKEY, WAKEY PAL! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT YOU SO HARD. BUT IT SERVES YOU RIGHT FOR TAKING A SWING AT ME FIRST!



THE FILM'S PRODUCER JUSTIN DE VILLE STEPPED IN HURRIEDLY.

YOU POP OFF AND HAVE A ST DOWN AND A CUP OF COFFEE MAX. ALL ER BE SHOWING EDDIE'S FIRST STUNT.



THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR... A BIT OF TWO-WHEELED ACTION!



IT'S QUITE SIMPLE EDDIE. WANT YOU TO DIVE OUT THROUGH THAT WINDOW, JUMP ON TO YOUR BIKE, CRASH THROUGH THE FENCE AND RACE OFF DOWN THE LANE... ALL AS FAST AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN!

SORRY MATE - CAN'T DO THAT!

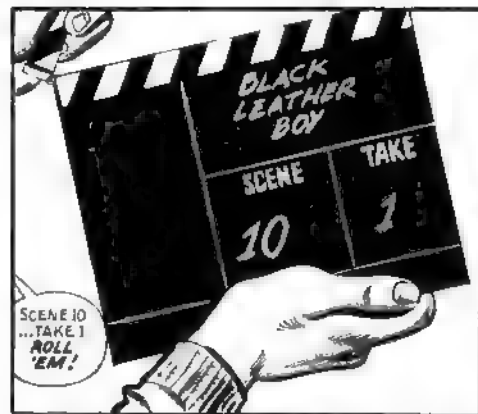


I'M GHT SCRATCH MY BIKE 'THE BEAST', GOING THROUGH THE FENCE. I'VE GOT A MUCH BETTER IDEA. YOU GET THE CAMERAS ROLLING... I DON'T NEED ANY REHEARSALS!



I MUST BE GOING A BIT SOFT IN THE HEAD - BUT HE'S SO CONFIDENT THAT ACTUALLY BELIEVE HIM!

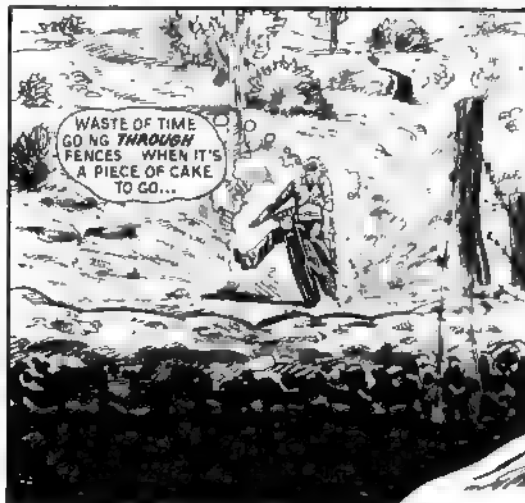
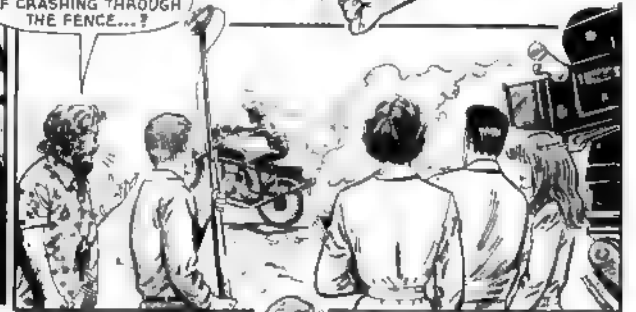




SECONDS LATER, EDDIE ERUPTED INTO VIEW AMID A WELTER OF FLYING GLASS!



PERFECT! BUT WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO INSTEAD OF CRASHING THROUGH THE FENCE...?



THEN EDDIE REALLY OPENED UP!



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AND AS IF TO ENDORSE IT, THE ENTIRE FILM CREW BROKE INTO A SPONTANEOUS ROUND OF APPLAUSE...



BUT ONE PERSON WAS NOT IMPRESSED...THE FILM'S LEADING MAN, MAX STARR!



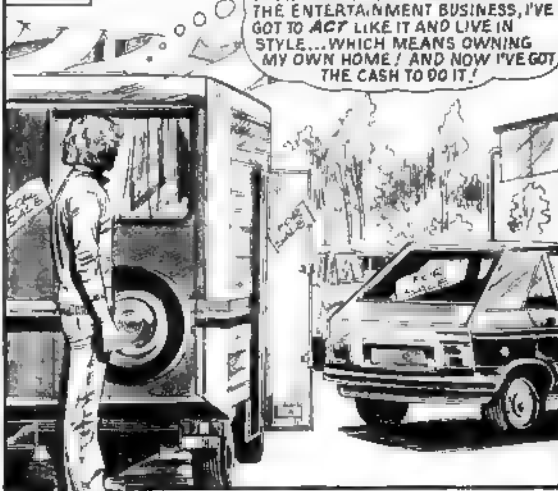
THEN...

BY THE WAY, EDDIE—I FORGOT TO GIVE YOU PART OF YOUR FEE IN ADVANCE HERE YOU ARE.

LOVELY LOOT! THANKS, JUSTIN—I COULD DO WITH SOME CASH WITH MY PERSONAL FUNDS SO LOW!



LATER...



THE SALE WAS QUICKLY CARRIED OUT...



EDDIE PARKED AT THE FILM STUDIOS THAT NIGHT...



AND SO...



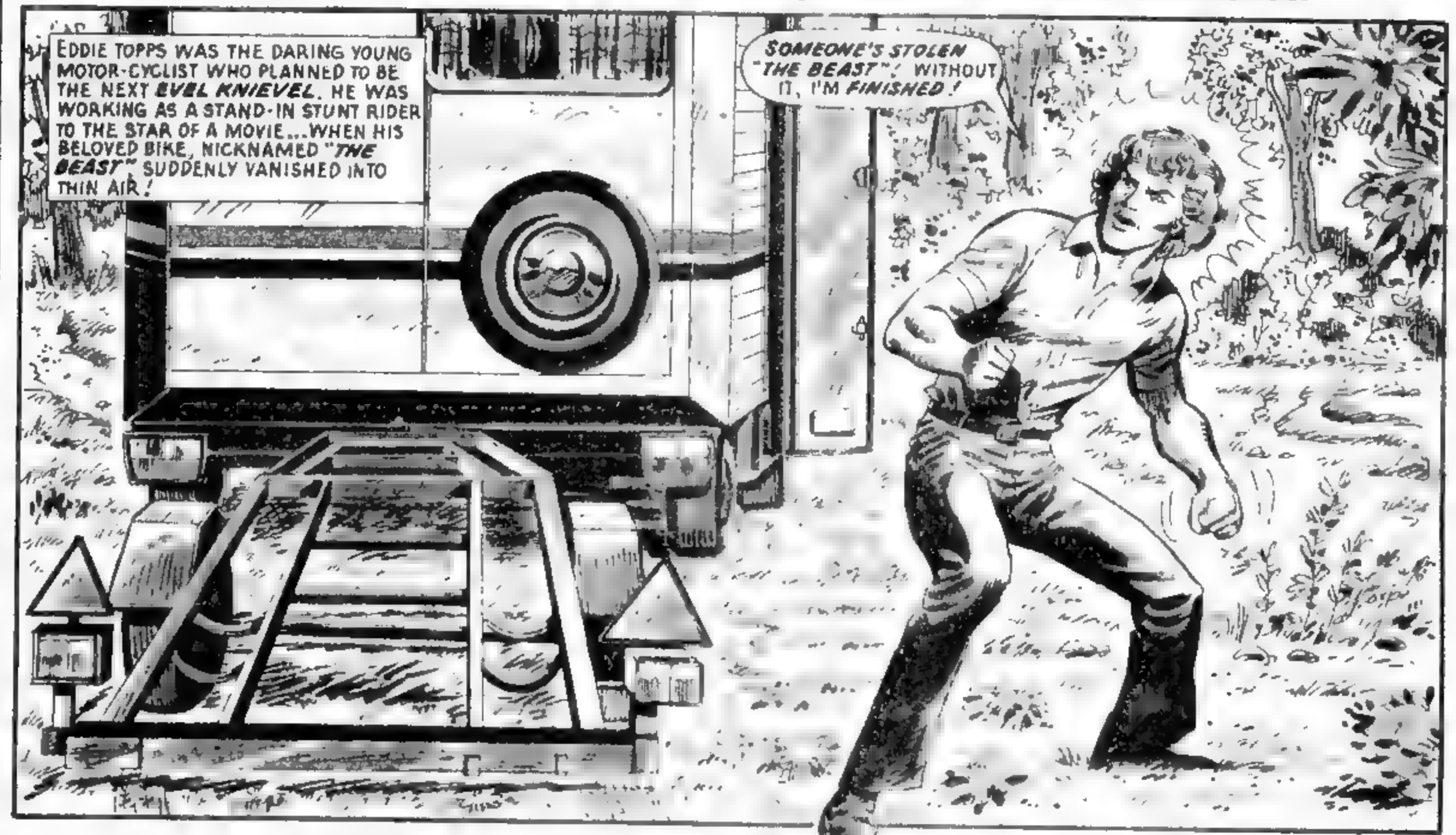
What will Eddie do now? Find out in next week's exciting instalment!



# Eddie went on a hectic cross-country chase to recover The Beast!

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG MOTOR-CYCLIST WHO PLANNED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL. HE WAS WORKING AS A STAND-IN STUNT RIDER TO THE STAR OF A MOVIE... WHEN HIS BELOVED BIKE, NICKNAMED "THE BEAST" SUDDENLY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

SOMEONE'S STOLEN "THE BEAST"! WITHOUT IT, I'M FINISHED!



## TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS

THE FILM SET WAS SOON IN AN UPROAR!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, EDDIE — SURELY NO-ONE WOULD STEAL IT AS A JOKE ...?

I'LL TELL YOU THIS, MATE — WHEN I FIND THE BLOKE WHO'S TAKEN IT, HE WON'T BE LAUGHING!

EVEN AT THAT MOMENT...



SHOULD BE SAFE TO START UP NOW, HERB! WE'RE MILES AWAY FROM THE STUDIOS!

OKAY... HERE GOES!

THE SUPERCHARGED ROAR OF POWER SHATTERED THE SILENCE...



IT'S DEAFENING!

HOP ON A BIT SHARPISH THEN AND LET'S CLEAR OFF BEFORE EDDIE TOPPS FINDS US!

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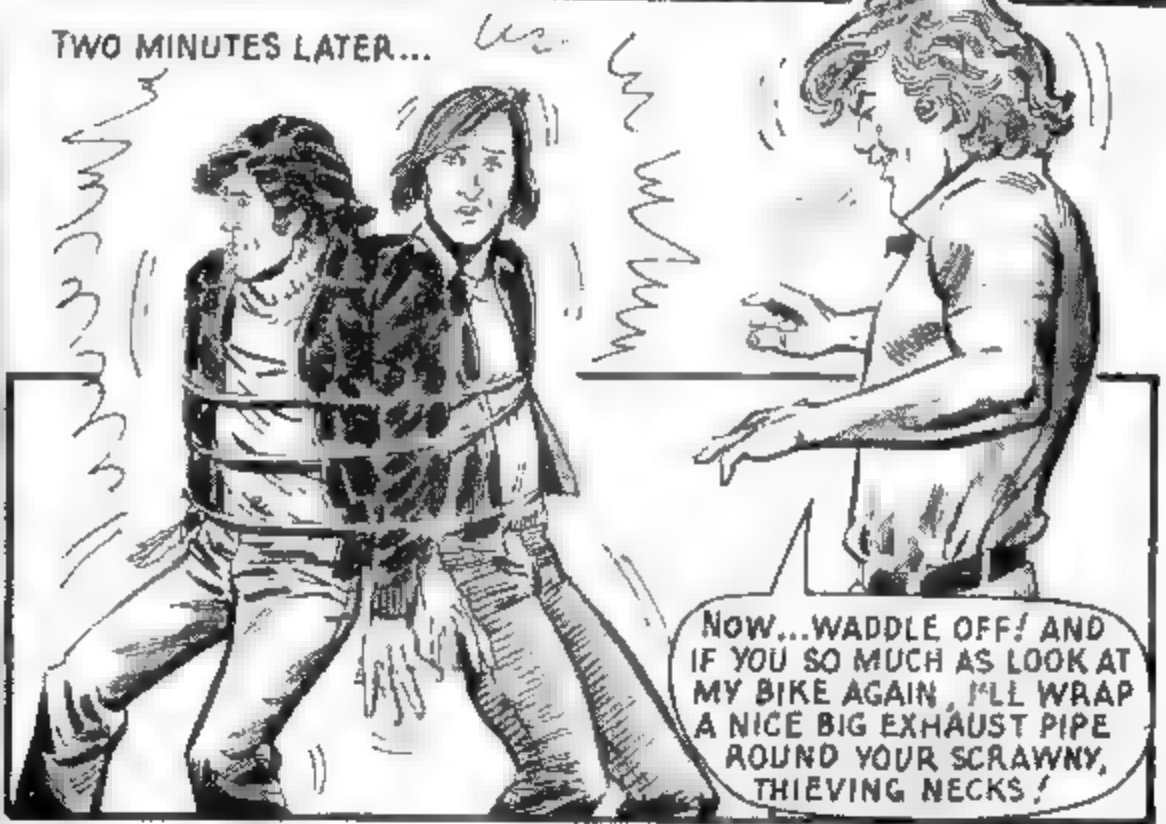




'HE?' WHO'S HE WHEN HE'S AT HOME?

MAX STARR—THE STAR OF THE MOVIE THEY'RE MAKING!

EDDIE HAD ALREADY CLASHED WITH THE FILM'S STUCK-UP LEADING MAN!



TWO MINUTES LATER...

NOW...WADDLE OFF! AND IF YOU SO MUCH AS LOOK AT MY BIKE AGAIN, I'LL WRAP A NICE BIG EXHAUST PIPE AROUND YOUR SCRAWNY, THIEVING NECKS!



SOON...

HERE COMES EDDIE NOW...AND HE'S GOT HIS BIKE BACK!

WHAT A PERFORMER! HE ALWAYS DOES THE IMPOSSIBLE!



EDDIE MARCHED STRAIGHT UP TO THE WHITE-FACED STAR OF THE PICTURE...

MAXIE BABY—I'D LIKE YOU TO KNOW YOU'VE WASTED FORTY POUNDS! YOUR TWO PALS DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

W-WHAT? I—I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...



OH, YES YOU DO, MATE! AND I DON'T LIKE THE SNEAKY WAY YOU OPERATE!

TRY THAT FOR SIZE!

AARRGGHH!



FOR THE SECOND TIME IN TWO DAYS, MAX STARR WAS OUT COLD!

EDDIE! WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?

BECAUSE HE ARRANGED TO HAVE MY BIKE STOLEN! HE DESERVED IT!

MOVIE PRODUCER JUSTIN DE VILLE GAVE A GROAN...



YOU CRAZY HOTHEAD, EDDIE! YOUR TEMPER HAS RUINED THE MAKING OF THIS PICTURE...

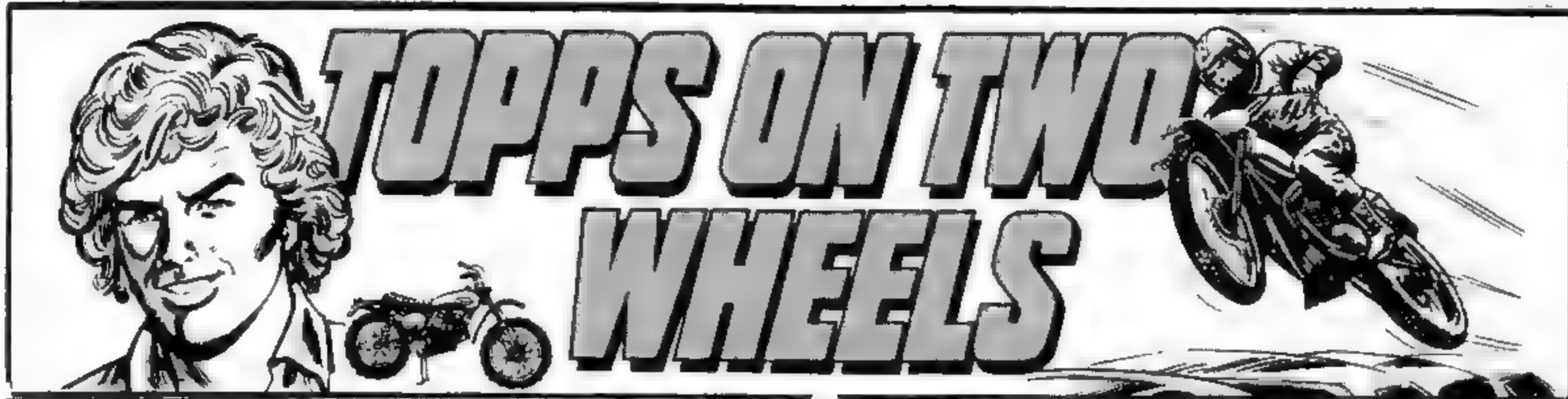


...LOOK AT HIS BLACK EYE! OUR LEADING MAN WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANY FILMING FOR DAYS!

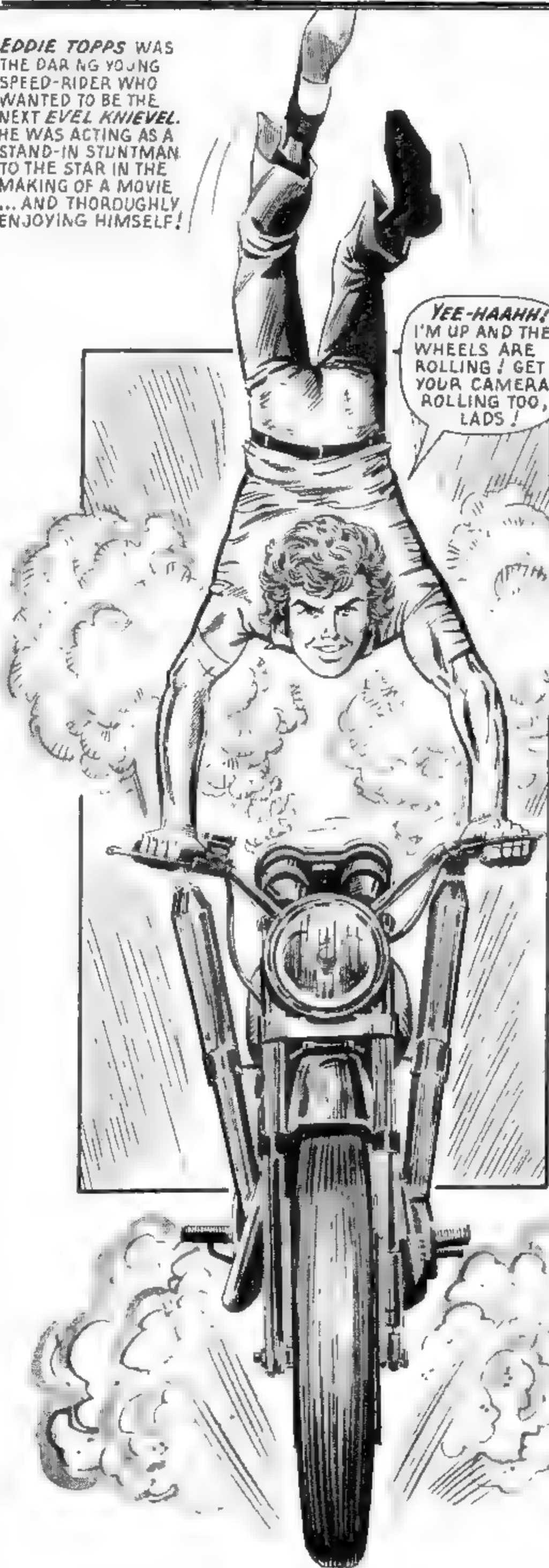
Look out for more lightning action with Eddie Topps again next week!



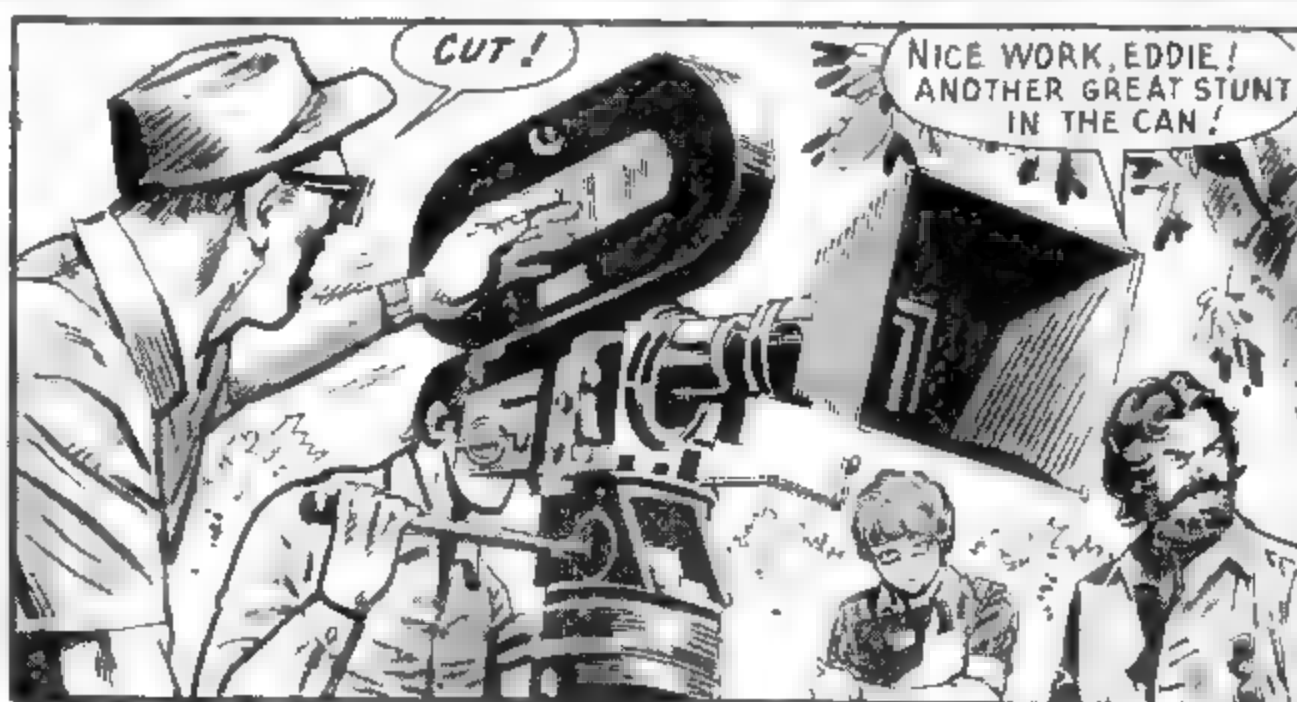
Film stuntman Eddie did a stunt that wasn't in the script!



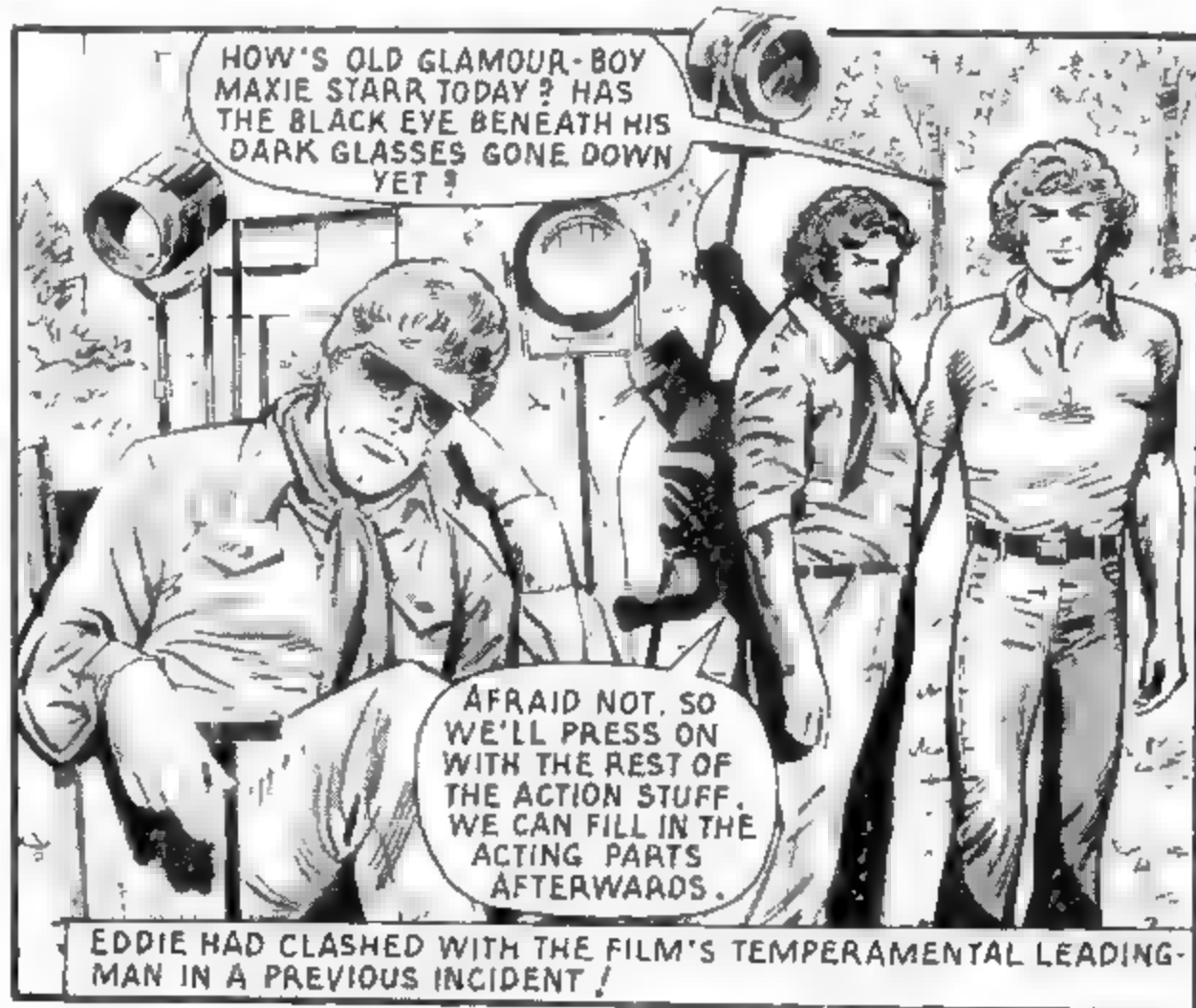
EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG SPEED-RIDER WHO WANTED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL. HE WAS ACTING AS A STAND-IN STUNTMAN TO THE STAR IN THE MAKING OF A MOVIE... AND THOROUGHLY ENJOYING HIMSELF!



YEE-HAAHH!  
I'M UP AND THE  
WHEELS ARE  
ROLLING! GET  
YOUR CAMERAS  
ROLLING TOO,  
LADS!



NICE WORK, EDDIE!  
ANOTHER GREAT STUNT  
IN THE CAN!



HOW'S OLD GLAMOUR-BOY  
MAXIE STARR TODAY? HAS  
THE BLACK EYE BENEATH HIS  
DARK GLASSES GONE DOWN  
YET?

AFRAID NOT, SO  
WE'LL PRESS ON  
WITH THE REST OF  
THE ACTION STUFF.  
WE CAN FILL IN THE  
ACTING PARTS  
AFTERWARDS.

EDDIE HAD CLASHED WITH THE FILM'S TEMPERAMENTAL LEADING-MAN IN A PREVIOUS INCIDENT!



CHEER UP,  
HANDSOME!  
I'LL MAKE SURE  
ALL YOUR FANS  
THINK IT'S YOU  
DOING THE  
STUNTS!

GET  
LOST,  
TOPPS!

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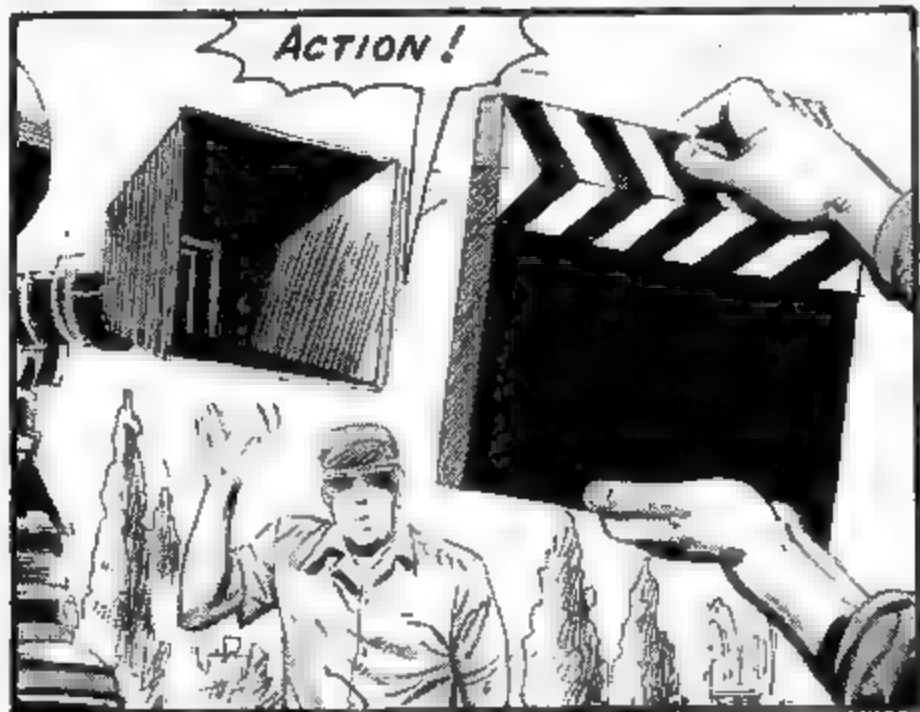
AND THEN...

IN THE STORY, YOU'RE BEING CHASED BY A CAR-LOAD OF CROOKS. YOU ROAR THROUGH THE FOUNTAINS, UP ON TO THAT ROOF... ALL THE WAY ROUND AND BACK DOWN AGAIN. GOT IT?

RIGHT ON, JUSTIN — YOU'RE THE BOSS!



ACTION!



"THE BEAST" LEAPT AWAY LIKE A BULLET FROM A GUN!



BOY, IS HE SHIFTING!

HE'S GOING THROUGH THOSE FOUNTAINS LIKE A HUMAN TIDAL WAVE!

THE FILM CAMERAS FOLLOWED THE HIGH-SPEED CHASE...



LOOK—EDDIE'S MAKING THE CAR LOOK LIKE IT'S STANDING STILL!

RATHER HIM THAN ME! IT'S BAD ENOUGH GOING AT THAT SPEED ON THE GROUND, LET ALONE UP ON A ROOF!

LOVELY VIEW UP HERE... BUT I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK DOWN...

ROUND 1 GO...



SUDDENLY...



WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S THE FOUNTAINS DOWN THERE. AND I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT WILL BLOW OLD BLACK EYE MAXIE'S MIND!

NEXT MOMENT...

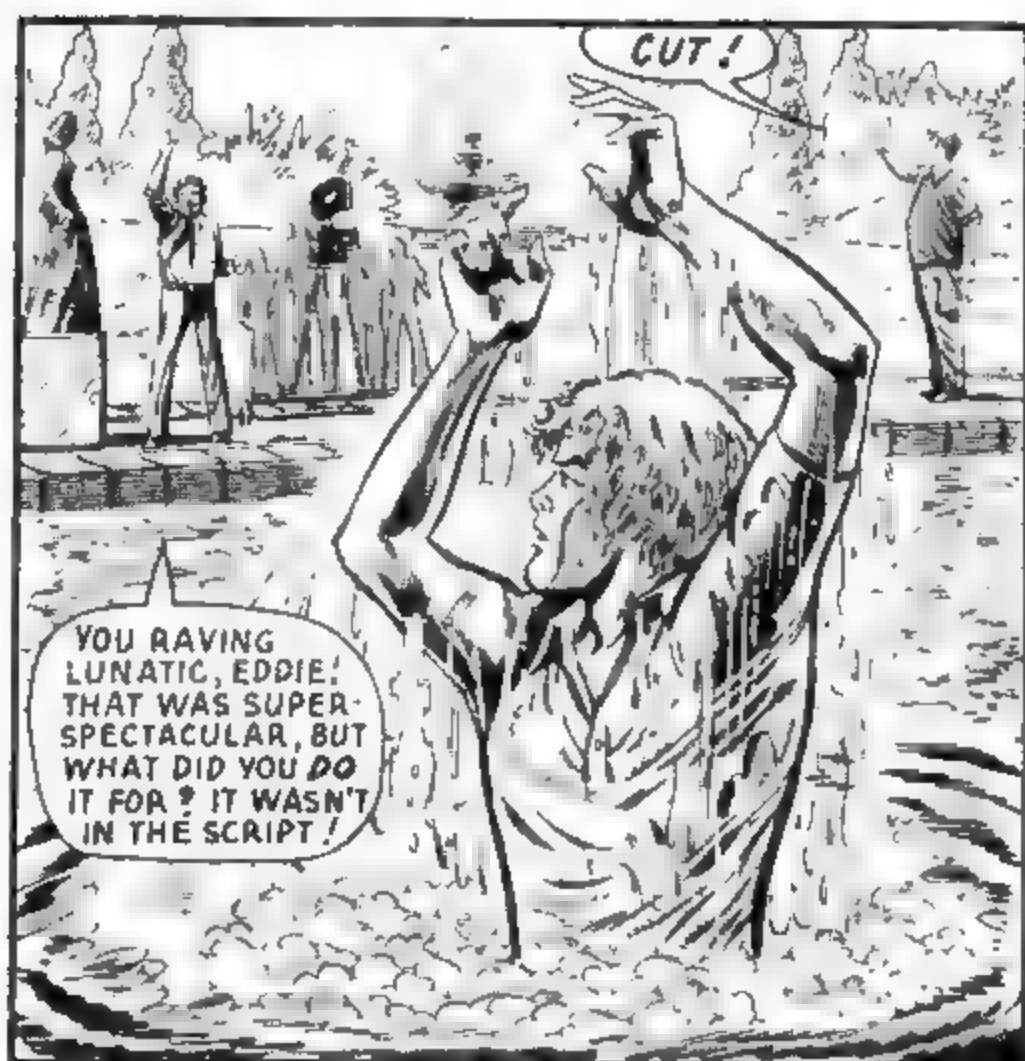
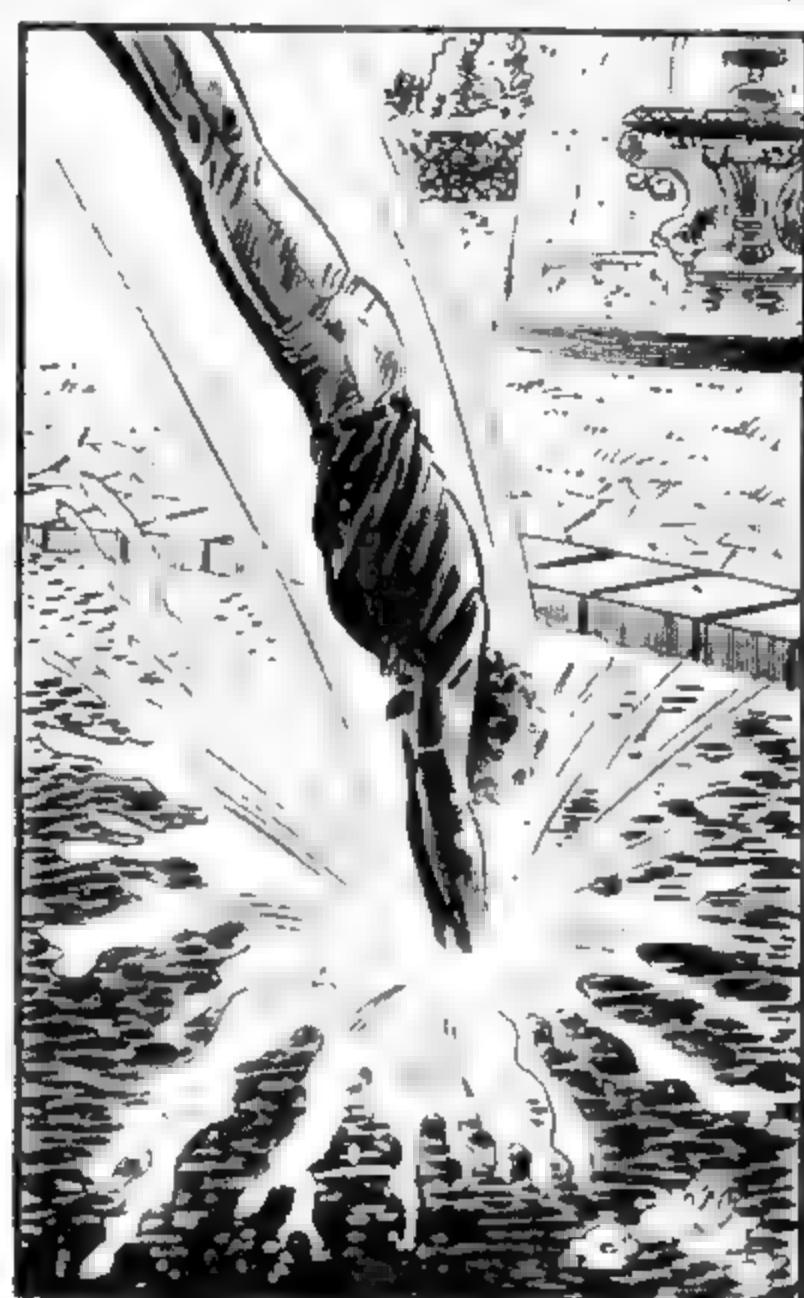
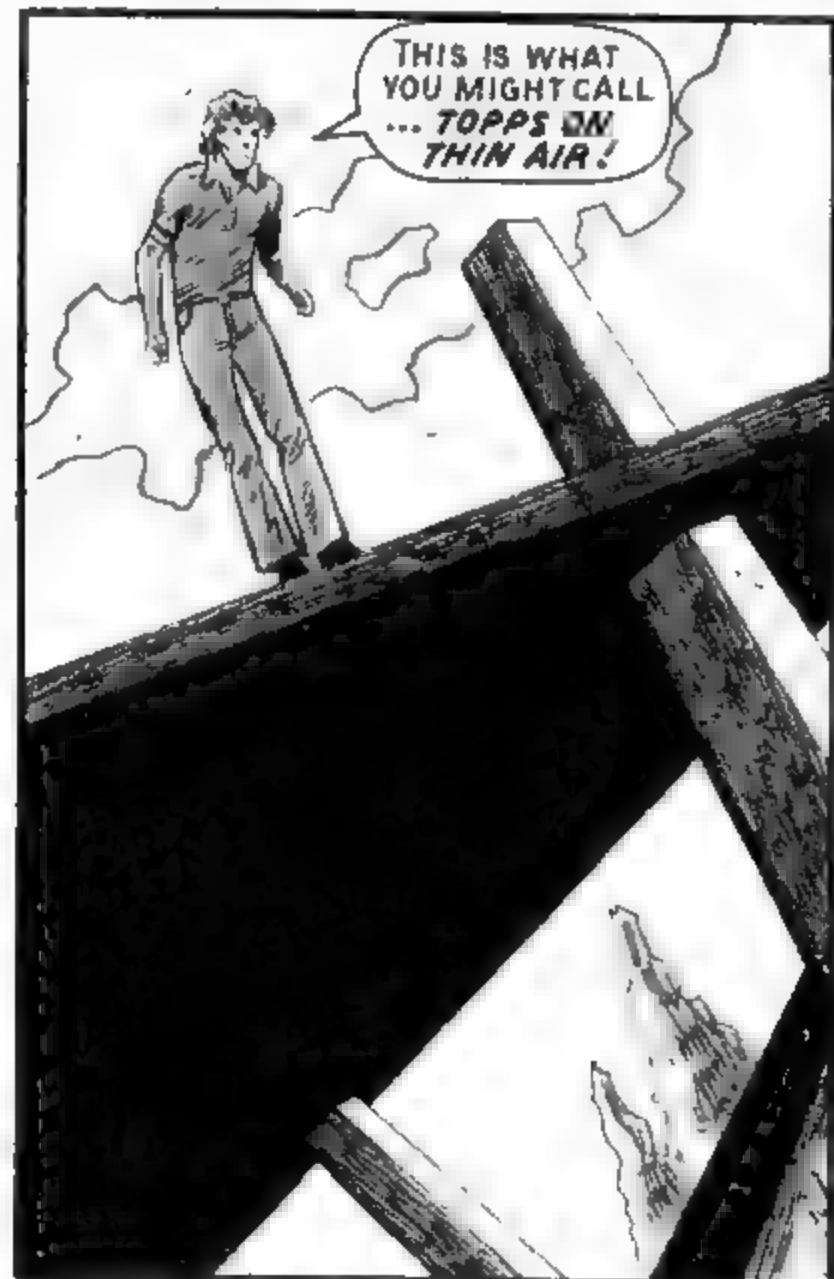
HEY, WHAT'S EDDIE PLAYING AT? HE'S LAID HIS BIKE OVER!

HE'S SUPPOSED TO SHOOT BACK DOWN AGAIN, WITH US AFTER HIM!



THE CAMERAS ARE STILL ROLLING... HE'LL SPOIL THE WHOLE SEQUENCE.



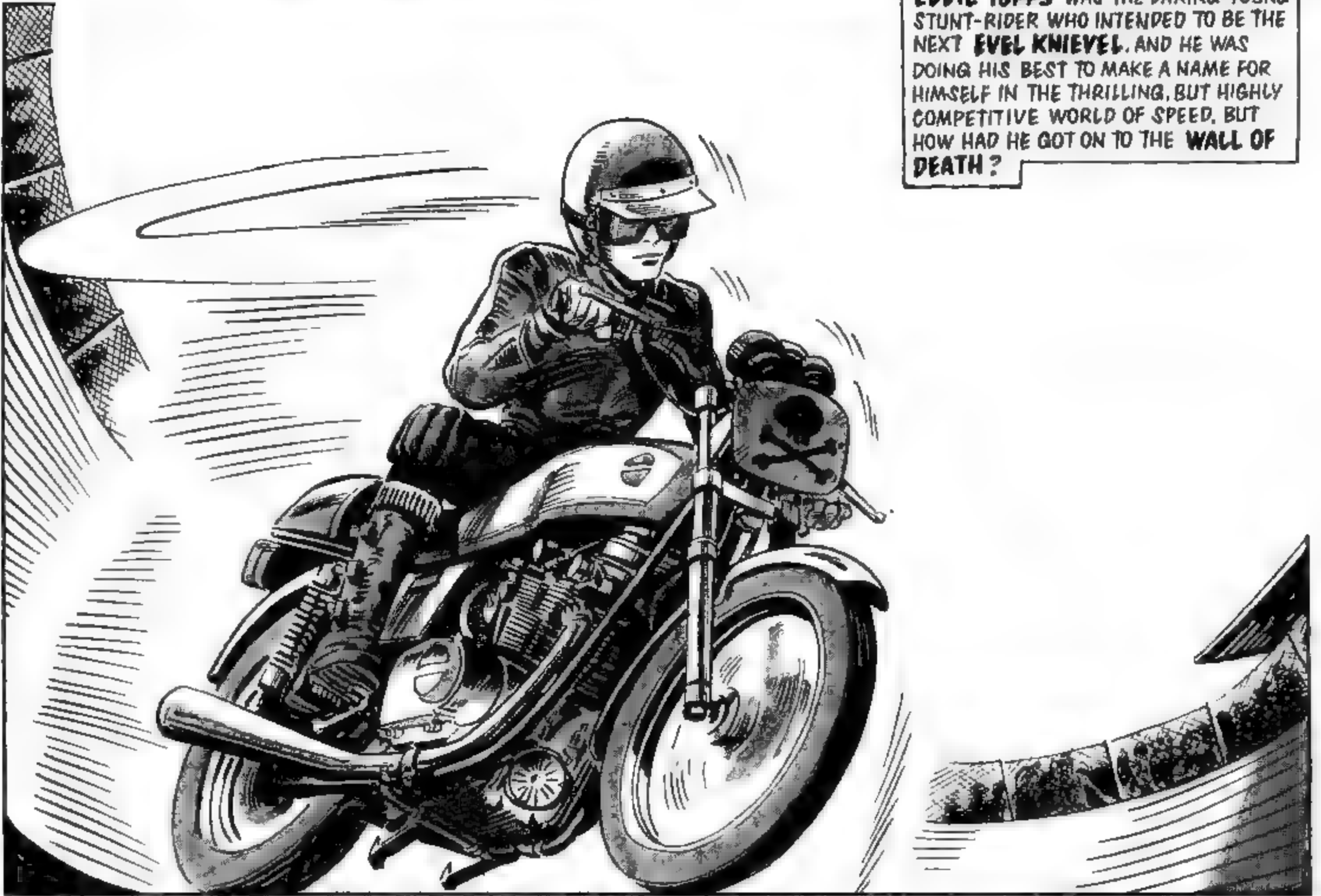


Join Eddie for a thrilling new story next week!



## Eddie's latest stunt took him on to the wall of death!

**EDDIE TOPPS** WAS THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO INTENDED TO BE THE NEXT **EVEL KNIEVEL**. AND HE WAS DOING HIS BEST TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF IN THE THRILLING, BUT HIGHLY COMPETITIVE WORLD OF SPEED. BUT HOW HAD HE GOT ON TO THE **WALL OF DEATH**?



IT HAD ALL STARTED TWO DAYS PREVIOUSLY...



I'M GOING TO HAVE A TRIP ROUND THE COUNTRY NOW I'VE GOT MY NEW HOME ON WHEELS, LES...SEE IF I CAN FIND A DROP OF HIGH-SPEED ACTION!

OKAY, SON—BUT DON'T FORGET I'M YOUR MANAGER. GIVE ME A CALL ON THE BLOWER IF ANYTHING BIG CROPS UP!

AND TAKE CARE OF THAT BIKE OF YOURS!



DON'T WORRY—"THE BEAST" GETS LOOKED AFTER BETTER THAN A BABY!

TWO HUNDRED MILES LATER, EDDIE WAS IRRESISTIBLY DRAWN TO THE BRIGHT LIGHTS AND BLARING MUSIC OF...



...A CIRCUS AND FAIRGROUND! I HAVEN'T BEEN TO ONE FOR YEARS! MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

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... WHICH WAS HOW HE LANDED UP ON THE BUMPER CARS!



GOR... YOU BIRDS... ALWAYS BULLYING US FELLERS, YOU ARE!

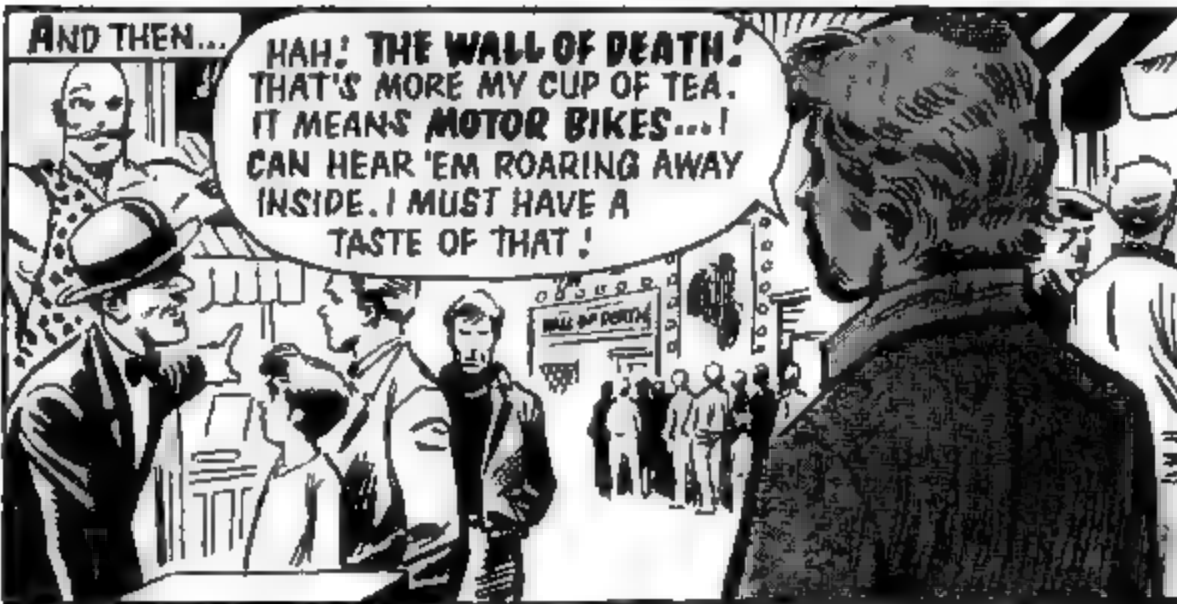
GO ON WITH YOU! WOMEN DRIVERS ARE MUCH BETTER THAN MEN!

SURE! WE JUST KNOCK THEM OUT OF THE WAY!



AND THEN...

HAH! THE WALL OF DEATH! THAT'S MORE MY CUP OF TEA. IT MEANS MOTOR BIKES... I CAN HEAR 'EM ROARING AWAY INSIDE. I MUST HAVE A TASTE OF THAT!



BUT WHEN EDDIE FILED INSIDE...

HANG ON! I RECOGNISE THOSE PRETTY BLOND CURLS! IT MUST BE... IT HAS TO BE...

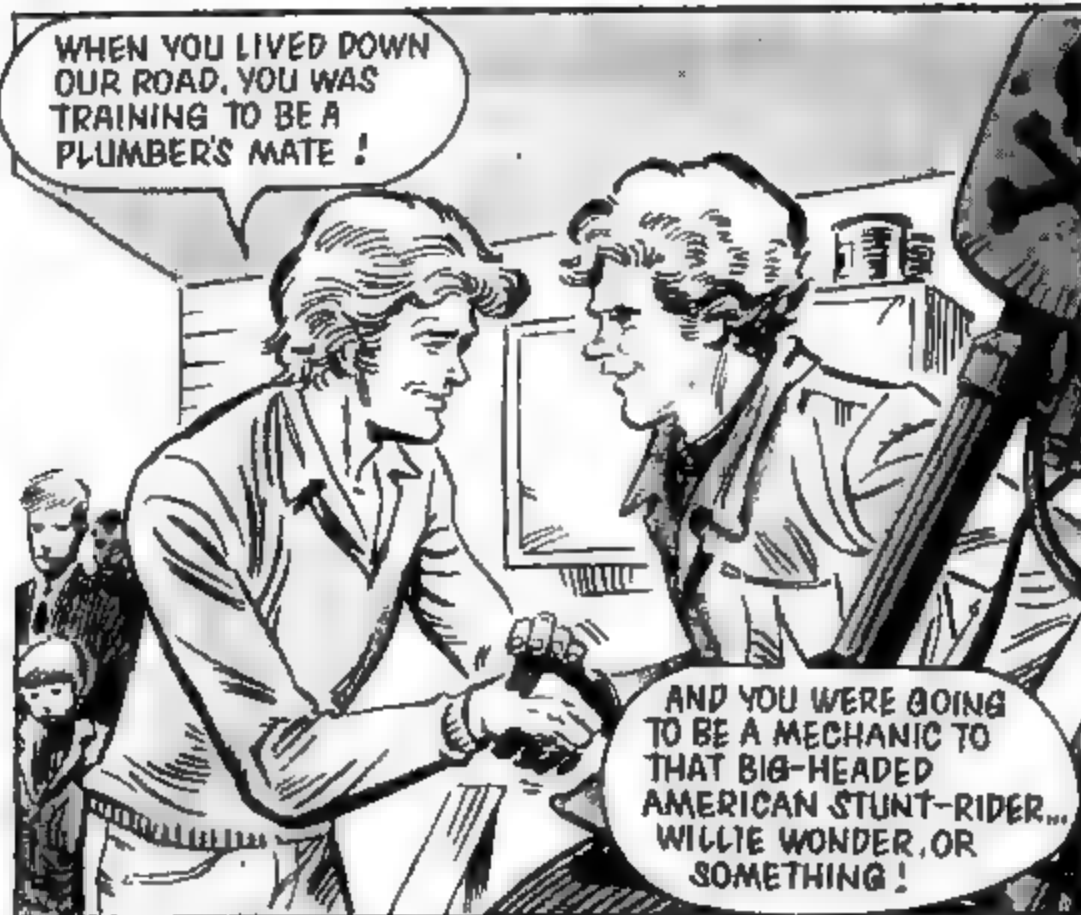
IT IS! IT'S CURLY KEEBLE!



EDDIE TOPPS! THE SPEEDY NUTCASE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



WHEN YOU LIVED DOWN OUR ROAD, YOU WAS TRAINING TO BE A PLUMBER'S MATE!



AND YOU WERE GOING TO BE A MECHANIC TO THAT BIG-HEADED AMERICAN STUNT-RIDER... WILLIE WONDER, OR SOMETHING!

WELL, I'M A STUNT-RIDER MYSELF NOW... HAVING A SMASHING TIME! BUT YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY DICING WITH DEATH ON THE WALL, ARE YOU, CURLY?



CURLY KEEBLE'S HAPPY SMILE CLOUDED OVER...



I AM, EDDIE - BUT THINGS AREN'T SO GOOD AT THE FAIRGROUND. IT'S ALMOST AS IF THERE'S A JINX ON US. WE SEEM TO STUMBLE FROM DISASTER TO DISASTER THESE DAYS. CAN'T EXPLAIN IT. DEAD WORRYING IT IS!

NEXT MOMENT...



YOU BET!

I'VE GOT TO GET GOING. TIME TO START THE SHOW! HANG ABOUT, EDDIE - I'LL SEE YOU AFTERWARDS!



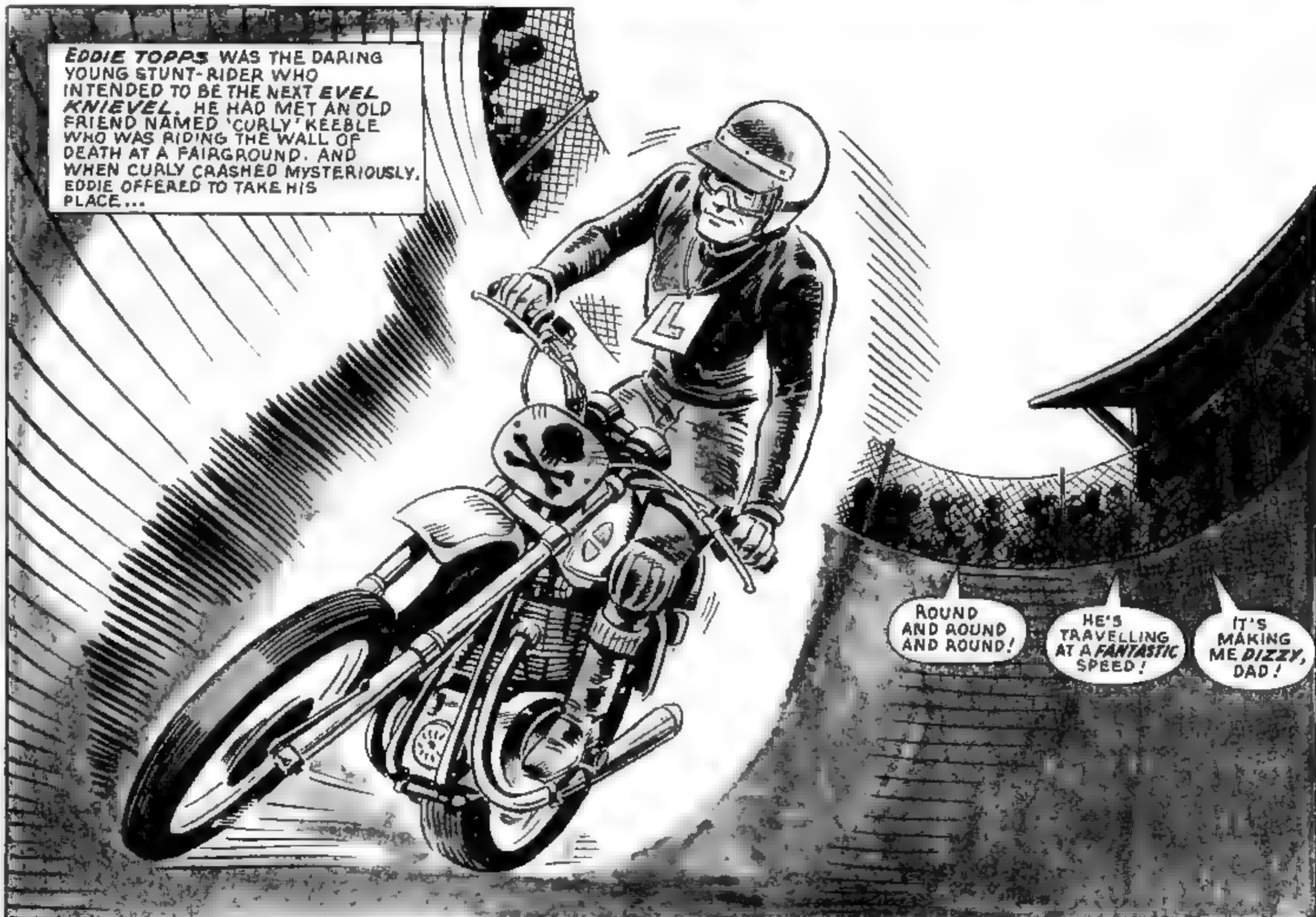


**What will happen to Eddie now? Find out next week!**



Eddie set out to discover who was causing the fairground disasters!

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO INTENDED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL. HE HAD MET AN OLD FRIEND NAMED 'CURLY' KEEBLE WHO WAS RIDING THE WALL OF DEATH AT A FAIRGROUND. AND WHEN CURLY CRASHED MYSTERIOUSLY, EDDIE OFFERED TO TAKE HIS PLACE...



ROUND AND ROUND AND ROUND!

HE'S TRAVELLING AT A FANTASTIC SPEED!

IT'S MAKING ME DIZZY, DAD!



THE YOUNGSTER WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE!

SWIPE ME! ROARING ROUND THIS WALL IS MAKING MY HEAD SPIN! IF—IF I DON'T GET A GRIP OF MYSELF, I'M GOING TO COME OFF JUST LIKE CURLY!



AS USUAL, EDDIE TOOK THE EASIEST WAY OUT — HE SIMPLY CLOSED HIS EYES!



THAT'S BETTER! AS LONG AS I KEEP UP MY SPEED, IT'S EASIER IF I DON'T LOOK WHERE I'M GOING!

AND, AT LAST...

YES! GREAT RIDING!

HE'S SLOWING DOWN AND LOSING HEIGHT NOW!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



BUT WHEN EDDIE FINALLY DISMOUNTED...

YEEOWWW!  
I *KNEW* I WAS  
GIDDY!



EDDIE TOPPS?  
MY NAME'S JOHN  
MACDONALD...OR  
'MAC' FOR SHORT.  
I OWN THIS FAIR-  
GROUND. I WANT  
TO THANK YOU FOR  
STANDING IN FOR  
CURLY KEEBLE.

HAPPY  
TO HELP  
OUT.



WE'VE SUFFERED  
A TERRIBLE RUN OF  
SO-CALLED ACCIDENTS  
AND TROUBLES LATELY.  
EVERYTHING'S BEEN  
GOING WRONG...



THERE  
WAS THE CAR  
THAT CAME OFF  
OUR "NIGHTMARE  
RIDE" ROLLER-  
COASTER—LUCKILY,  
NO-ONE WAS IN IT  
AT THE TIME!



...THEN THE FIRE  
THAT DESTROYED  
FOUR OF OUR SIDE-  
SHOWS...



...AND THE TIME THAT  
OUR GENERATOR SUDDENLY  
WENT WRONG AND SHUT OFF  
OUR ELECTRICITY, WHICH  
MEANT WE HAD TO CLOSE  
DOWN FOR TWO DAYS.



FORTUNATELY NO-ONE HAD BEEN  
HURT...UNTIL TODAY AND POOR OLD  
CURLY LANDED UP IN DOCK. BUT IT'S  
ALL TOO MUCH OF A COINCIDENCE,  
IF YOU ASK ME...I RECKON SOME-  
ONE'S TRYING TO RUIN US!



WELL, IF IT'LL HELP, I'M DOING NOTHING  
SPECIAL JUST NOW, MAC. YOU CAN PUT ME  
ON THE PAYROLL TILL CURLY  
COMES BACK IF  
YOU WANT!

THANKS, EDDIE.  
WALL OF DEATH  
RIDERS ARE FEW  
AND FAR BETWEEN  
...EVEN ONES WHO  
GET GIDDY!

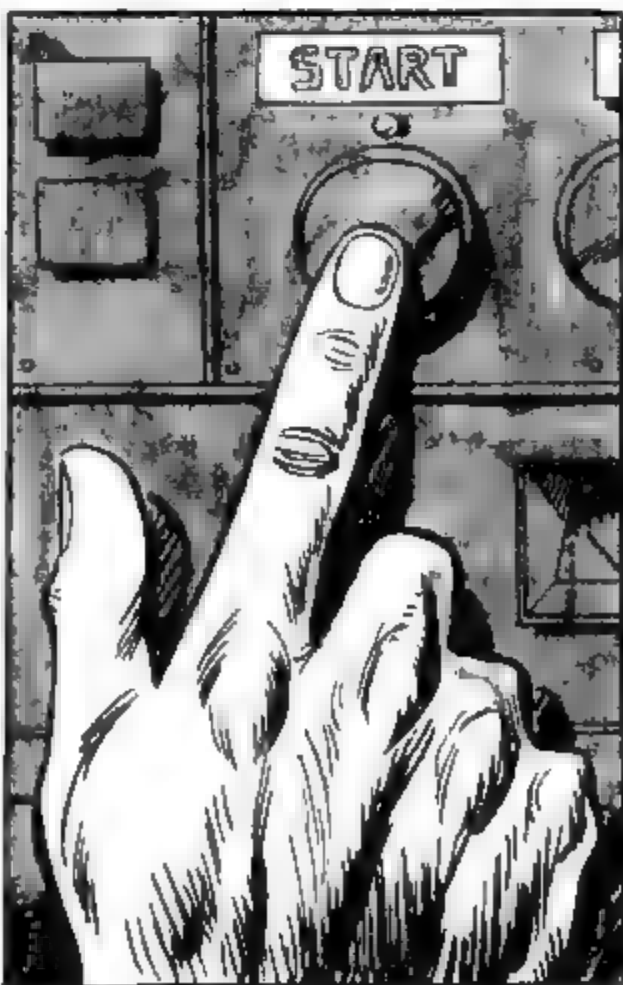


AND WHILE I'M RIDING  
THAT DIZZY WALL TWICE  
A NIGHT, I'LL TRY AND TRACK  
DOWN THE HORRIBLE HOUND  
WHO'S DOING ALL THOSE  
DIABOLICAL NASTIES!





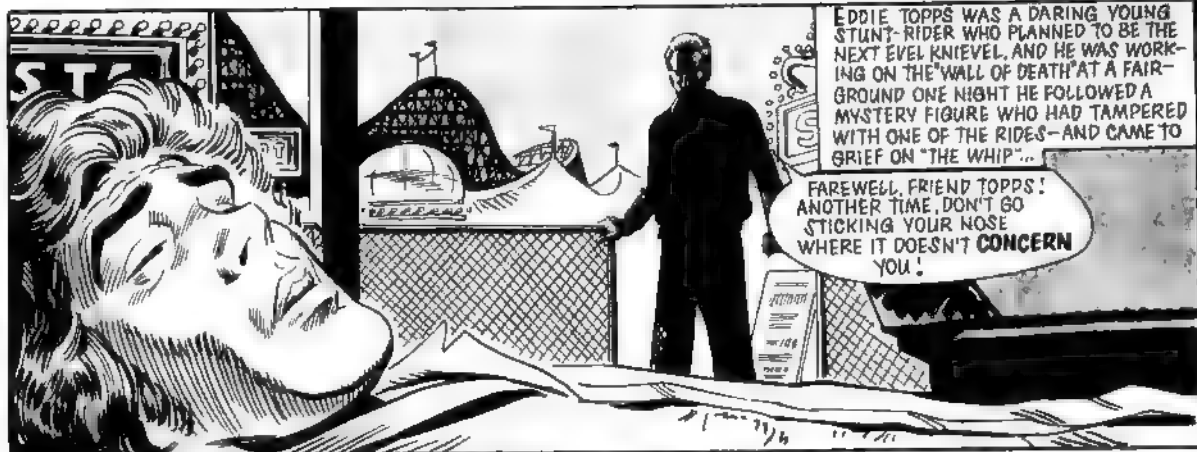
EDDIE WAS TO GET HIS CHANCE EARLIER THAN HE EXPECTED. THAT SAME NIGHT...



**Is Eddie finished? Don't miss next week's exciting instalment!**

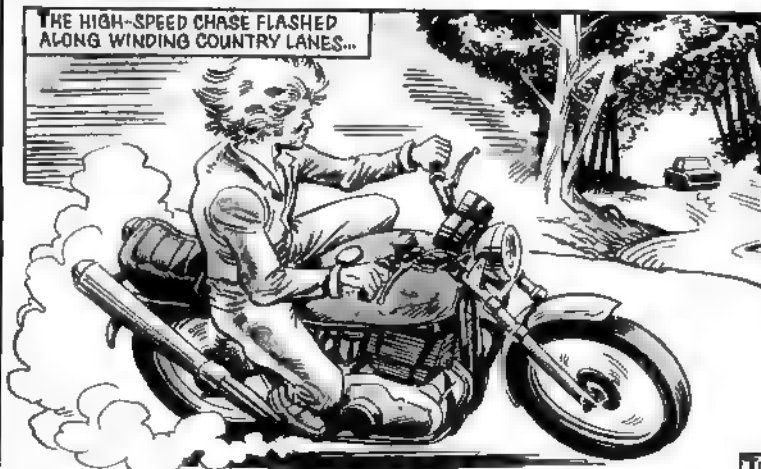


Eddie faced a pulverising death at the hands of the mystery man!



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...I'LL TAKE  
A BOAT  
INSTEAD!



HERE! WHAT'S  
YOUR GAME?

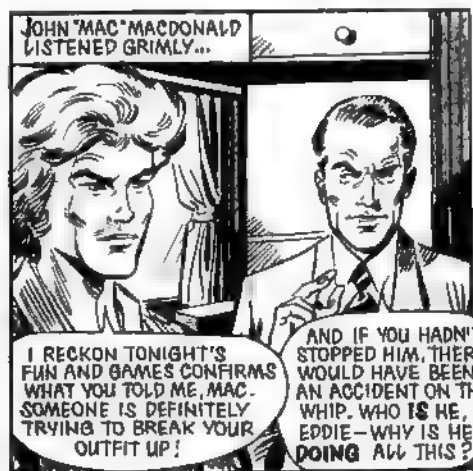
SORRY TO WAKE YOU,  
CAP'N- BUT I DIDN'T HAVE  
MUCH CHOICE. IT WAS  
EITHER THIS OR A MIDNIGHT  
DIP- AND YOU WON!



IT TOOK EDDIE HALF-  
AN-HOUR TO EXPLAIN  
THINGS, BUT, AT LAST...

THANKS,  
CAP'N- YOU'RE  
A PAL!

THAT MYSTERY  
BLOKE HAS LONG  
SINCE GONE. I'D  
BETTER GET BACK  
TO THE FAIRGROUND  
AND SEE THE  
GUVNOR!



JOHN "MAC" MACDONALD  
LISTENED GRIMLY...

I RECKON TONIGHT'S  
FUN AND GAMES CONFIRMS  
WHAT YOU TOLD ME, MAC.  
SOMEONE IS DEFINITELY  
TRYING TO BREAK YOUR  
OUTFIT UP!

AND IF YOU HADN'T  
STOPPED HIM, THERE  
WOULD HAVE BEEN  
AN ACCIDENT ON THE  
WHIP. WHO IS HE,  
EDDIE- WHY IS HE  
DOING ALL THIS?



HE'S HAD ONE GO AT ME,  
MAC- AND FAILED. I'D BET  
MY LAST TEN PENCE  
HE'LL BE BACK AGAIN-  
AND THIS TIME I'LL BE  
READY AND WAITING!



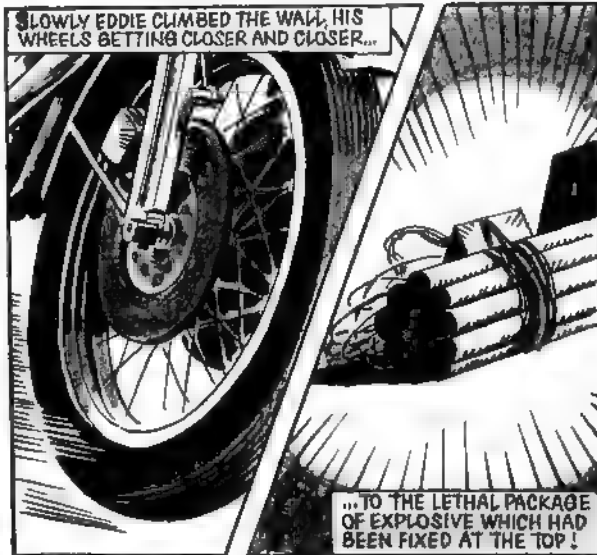
NEXT AFTERNOON, EDDIE WENT  
TO THE WALL OF DEATH...

I'VE GOT TO  
BEAT THIS GIDDY  
FEELING... WHICH  
MEANS GETTING  
SOME PRACTICE  
IN!

OKAY, EDDIE-  
HELP  
YOURSELF!



RIGHT,  
WE'RE  
OFF!



SLOWLY EDDIE CLIMBED THE WALL, HIS  
WHEELS GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER...

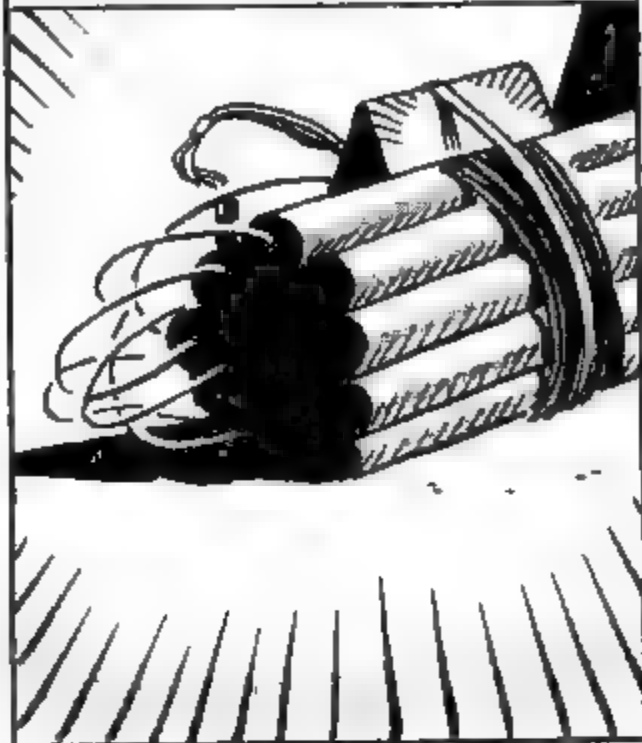
... TO THE LETHAL PACKAGE  
OF EXPLOSIVE WHICH HAD  
BEEN FIXED AT THE TOP!

**Will Eddie be killed? Find out in next week's exciting episode!**



# The Wall of Death was about to claim another victim . . . Eddie Topps!

EDDIE TOPPS WAS A DARING YOUNG MOTOR-CYCLIST WHO INTENDED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNEVEL. HE WAS RIDING THE 'WALL OF DEATH' AT A FAIRGROUND, BUT SOMEONE WAS ARRANGING A MYSTERIOUS STRING OF "ACCIDENTS" — AND EDDIE WAS THE LATEST TARGET!



THE WHEELS OF EDDIE'S SPEEDING MACHINE CLIMBED EVER CLOSER TOWARDS THE DEATH-DEALING PACKAGE...



THEN...



WHAT HAPPENED?

THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION ON THE WALL OF DEATH!

IT JUST DISINTEGRATED!

BUT EDDIE TOPPS WAS IN THERE... HE WAS PRACTISING!



HERE HE IS! WE'VE FOUND HIM!

HE'S STILL ALIVE, THANK THE STARS!



EDDIE'S HUMOUR HADN'T DESERTED HIM!

THE WALL OF DEATH THEY CALL THAT PLACE? I'M NOT SURPRISED... IT WAS NEARLY THE DEATH OF ME!



JOHN MACDONALD, THE FAIRGROUND OWNER, WAS QUICKLY ON THE SCENE...



AT THE HOSPITAL, EDDIE VISITED CURLY KEEBLE, WHO HAD EARLIER MET WITH AN 'ACCIDENT' ON THE WALL OF DEATH...



LATER...



JOHN MACDONALD LISTENED WITH EVER-WIDENING EYES...



SO EDDIE'S BIG PLAN WENT INTO ACTION...



AND, AS USUAL, WHERE EDDIE WAS... SO WAS THE RADIO, PRESS AND TELEVISION.

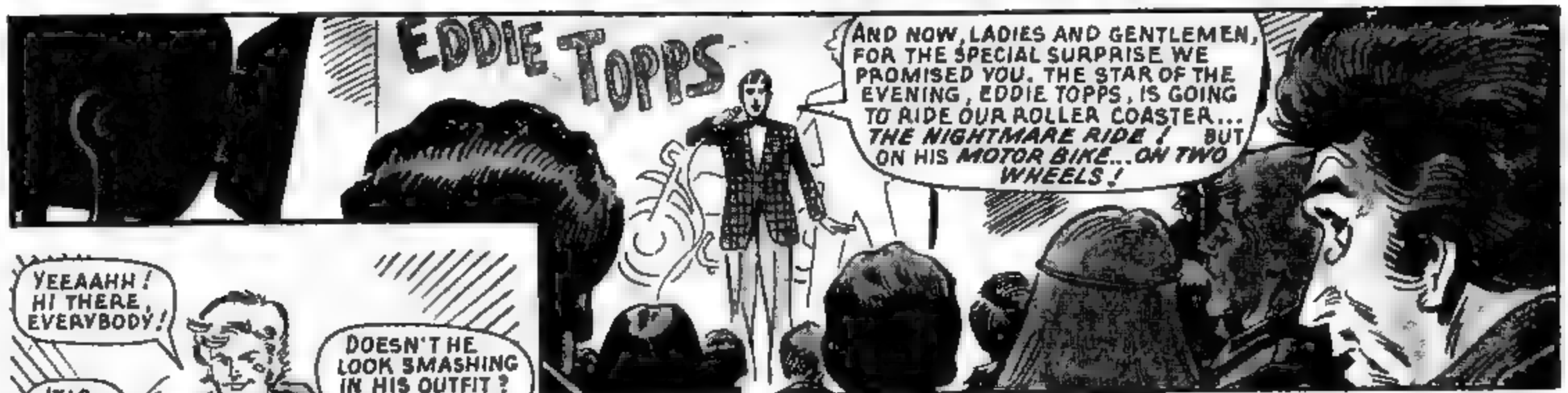


THE FAIRGROUND WAS OVERFLOWING WITH PEOPLE...



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**How will Eddie get out of this situation? Read on next week!**



**In the middle of a dangerous stunt, Eddie's goggles clouded over!**

EDDIE TOPPS, THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO INTENDED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL, WAS WORKING AT A FAIRGROUND WHICH WAS BEING SABOTAGED BY A MYSTERY MAN HE WAS NOW DOING THE PUBLICITY GIMMICK OF A LIFETIME-RIDING THE "NIGHTMARE RIDE" ON HIS SUPER-CHARGED MOTOR-BIKE, "THE BEAST"!



**BUT THEN...  
DISASTER!**

**AAAAHH!  
MY GOGGLES!  
THEY'RE  
CLOUDING  
OVER! I CAN'T  
SEE!**

**AND RIGHT AT THE VERY TOP  
OF THE NIGHTMARE RIDE...**

**CRAAASSSSHHH!**







AAAAH!  
HE'S CRASHED  
THROUGH  
THE BARRIER!  
HE'LL BE  
KILLED!

EDDIE'S BLOWN  
IT THIS TIME! THIS  
STUNT WAS TOO  
MUCH FOR HIM!



QUICK-SOMEONE  
DIAL NINE-  
NINE-NINE!

YES, SEND  
FOR AN  
AMBULANCE!

NOT EVEN EDDIE  
TOPPS CAN SURVIVE  
A FALL FROM THAT  
HEIGHT!



BUT 'FUN CITY' WAS AN AMUSEMENT  
WITH HUNDREDS OF AIR-FILLED  
CUSHIONS FOR KIDS TO BOUNCE ON.  
AND, INCREDIBLY...

HIVA, FANS!

HE-HE'S  
OKAY!  
I DON'T  
BELIEVE  
IT!

HE'S DONE  
THE IMPOSSIBLE  
AGAIN!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN  
BORN WITH A LUCKY  
HORSE-SHOE IN HIS  
MOUTH!



TRUST YOU TO HAVE  
FOUND THE ONE SPOT  
WHERE YOU WOULDN'T  
FLATTEN YOURSELF,  
EDDIE!

THERE'S NOT EVEN  
A SCRATCH ON  
"THE BEAST"-THESE  
HUGE, AIR-FILLED  
CUSHIONS THE KIDS  
NORMALLY BOUNCE  
UP AND DOWN ON  
MADE A DEAD COMFY  
LANDING GROUND!



WHEN JOHN MACDONALD, THE OWNER OF THE  
FAIRGROUND, ARRIVED...

WHAT HAPPENED,  
EDDIE? YOU WERE  
GOING GREAT  
UNTIL YOU SUDDENLY  
SHOT OFF THE TRACK!

IT WAS OUR MYSTERY MISTER  
HORRIBLE AGAIN, MAC. YOU'D POSTED  
THE BOYS ALL AROUND TO NAB THE  
CREEP... BUT THIS TIME HE GOT  
DANGEROUSLY CLOSE...



...HE PAINTED  
SOME DEADLY GOO  
OVER MY GOOGLES!  
IT CLOUDED UP AND  
STOPPED ME FROM  
SEEING WHEN IT  
CAME INTO  
CONTACT WITH  
THE AIR!



BUT NOW THAT  
NARROW SQUEAK'S  
OVER... I DON'T  
INTEND TO CHEAT  
THE CROWD!

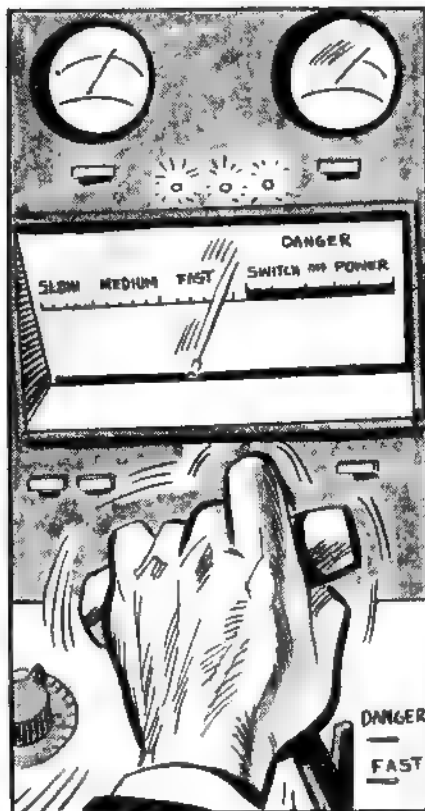
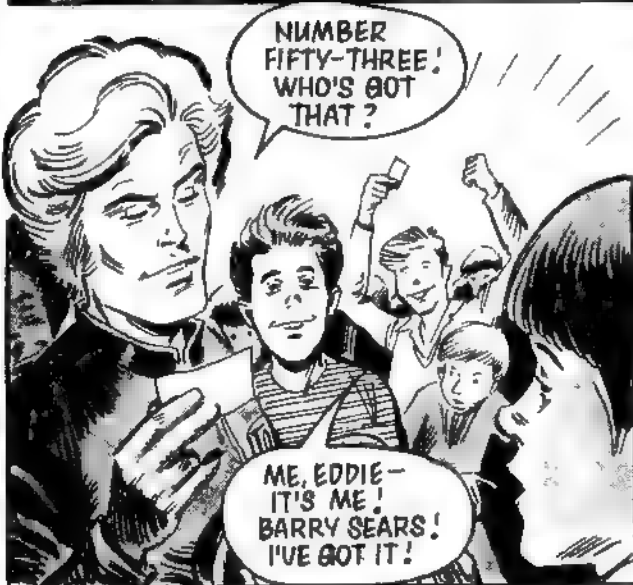
STONE ME-  
HE'S GOING  
TO DO THE  
RIDE AGAIN!



THIS TIME THERE WERE NO HANG-UPS...  
EDDIE FLASHED ROUND AT INCREDIBLE  
SPEED ON HIS TWO WHEELS!

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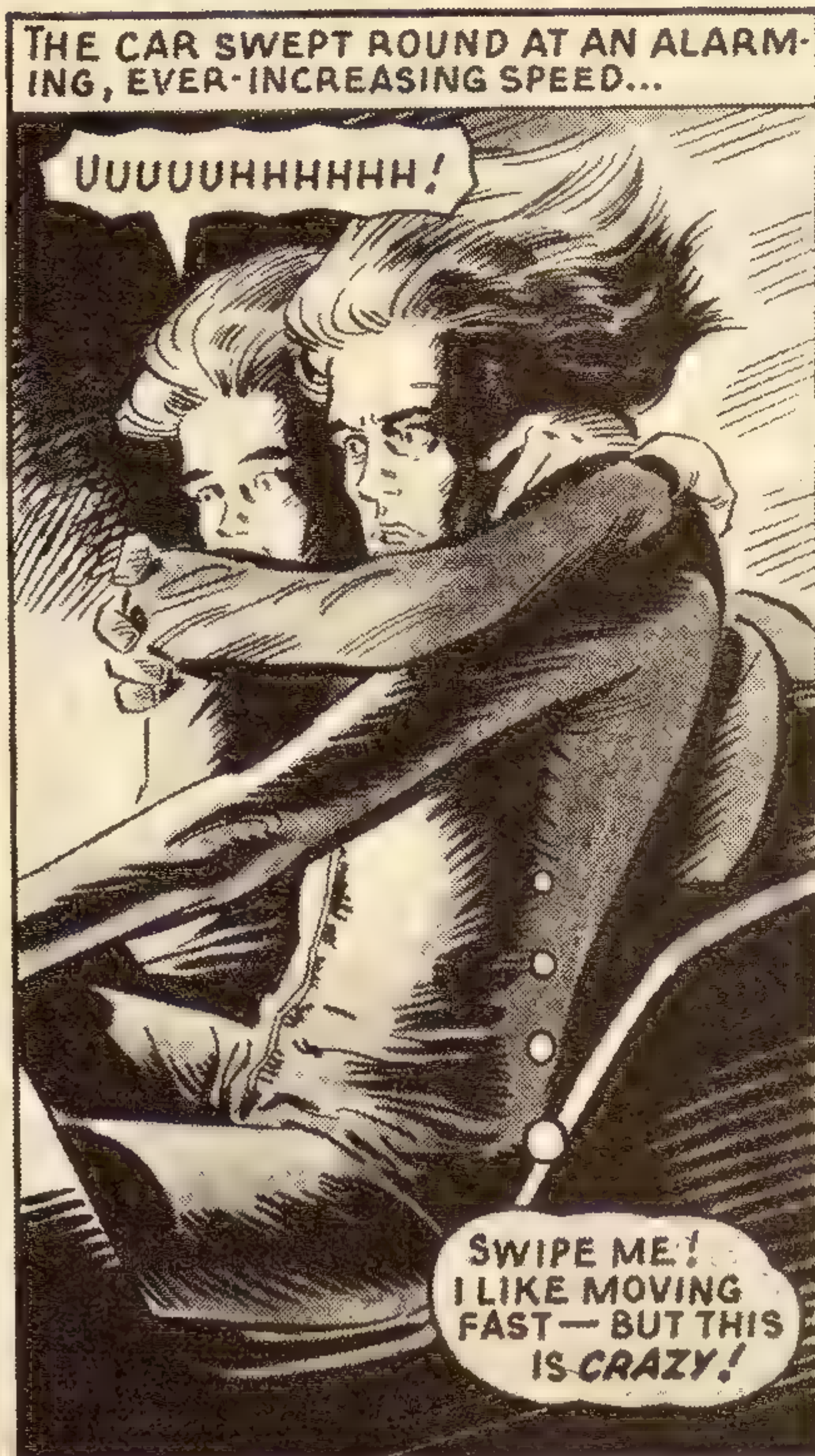
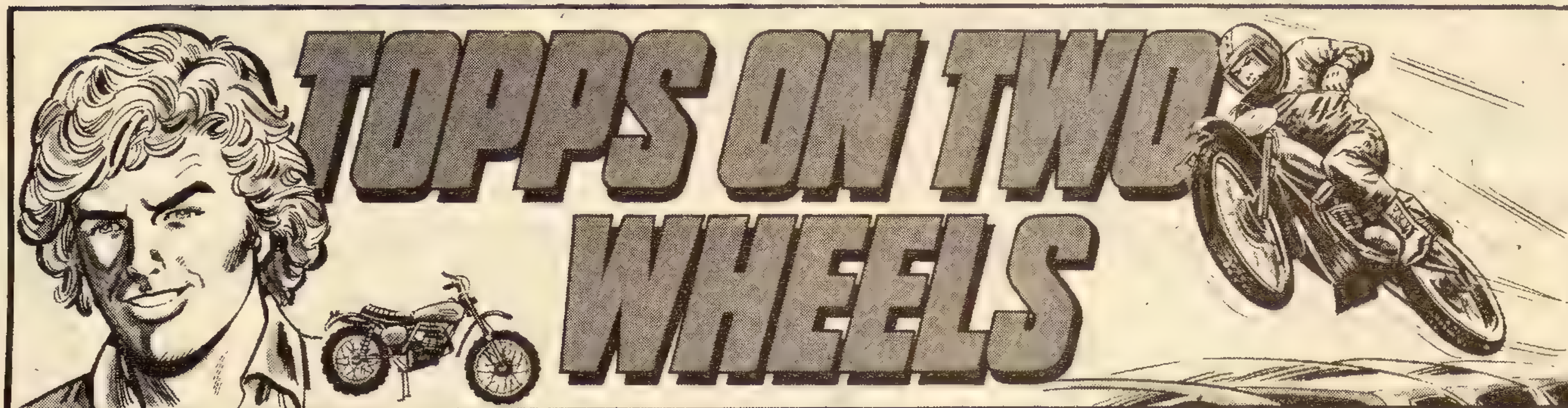




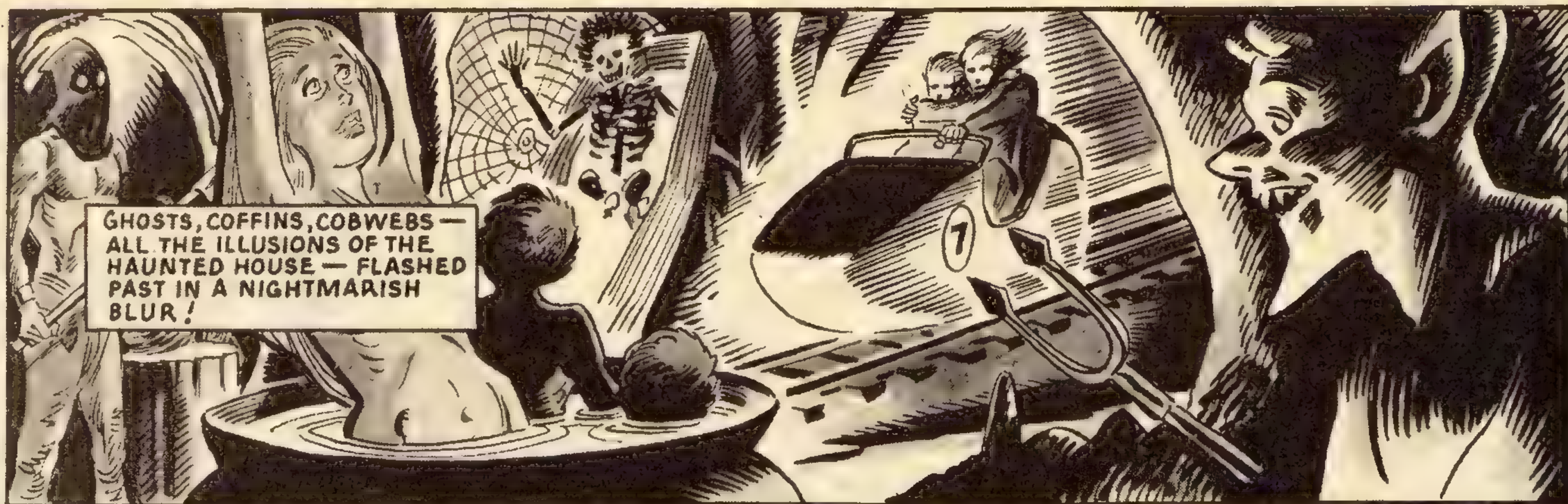
**Can Eddie avoid a disaster in the Haunted House? Read on next week!**



# Eddie made a desperate leap from a speeding roller car!







GHOSTS, COFFINS, COBWEBS — ALL THE ILLUSIONS OF THE HAUNTED HOUSE — FLASHED PAST IN A NIGHTMARISH BLUR!



EDDIE... EDDIE! WE'RE... GOING TO COME OFF THE RAILS SOON... I KNOW WE ARE!

AND YOU'RE VERY LIKELY RIGHT, KIDDO! I'VE GOT TO GET YOU OFF — AND QUICK!



AND AS THE SPEEDING CAR SHOT OUT INTO THE OPEN...

THIS IS A REQUEST STOP, BARRY. YOU WANT OFF, RIGHT?

EH? WELL, YES...



...THEN AWAY YOU GO!

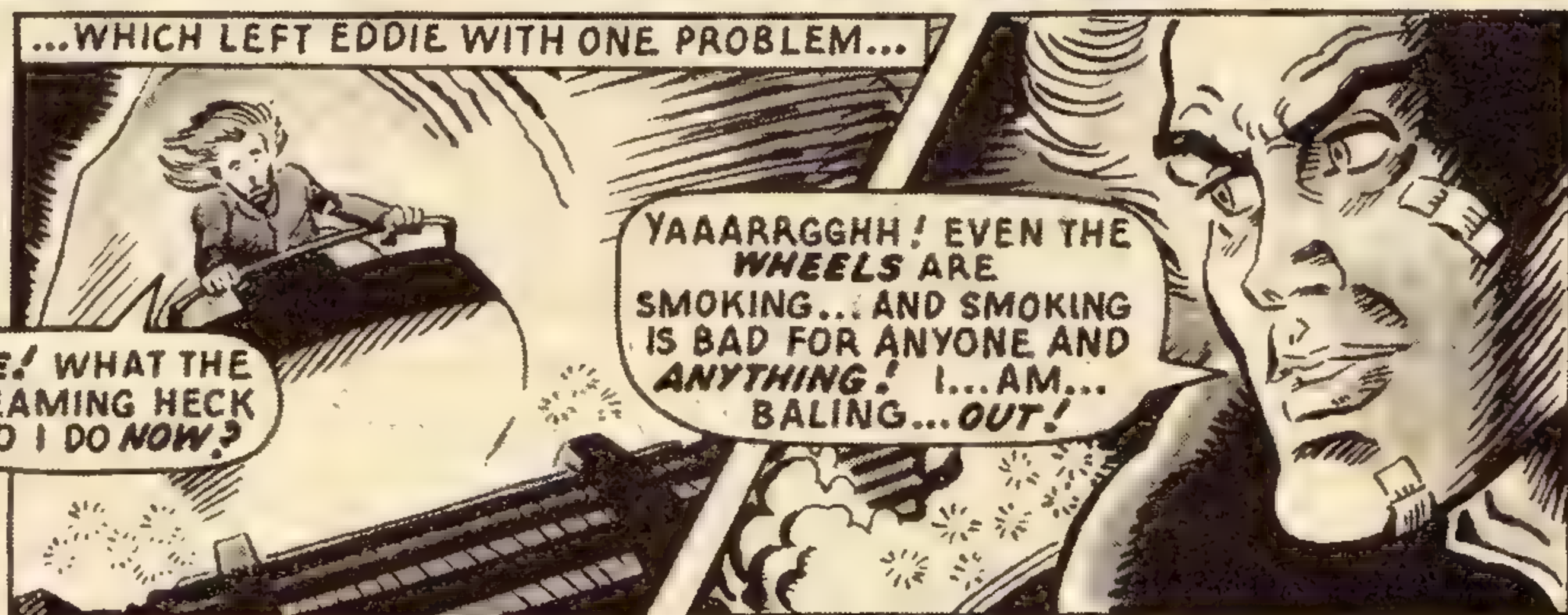
CATCH HIM, CROWD!



GOT HIM!

WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON IN THERE?

EDDIE'S TRAVELLING ROUND LIKE THE SIX-MILLION DOLLAR MAN GONE WILD!



...WHICH LEFT EDDIE WITH ONE PROBLEM...

ME! WHAT THE STEAMING HECK DO I DO NOW?

YAAARRGGHH! EVEN THE WHEELS ARE SMOKING... AND SMOKING IS BAD FOR ANYONE AND ANYTHING! I... AM... BALING... OUT!



EDDIE SPOTTED A DARK SHADOW ABOVE... AND LEAPED!

GOT YOU!

I KNOW PEOPLE SAY I'M UP THE POLE... BUT THANKS FOR LETTING ME SHARE YOURS, BONY!



AND EVEN ON HIS TWO FEET, EDDIE COULD NEVER BE ACCUSED OF MOVING SLOWLY!

STRICTLY  
ADMITTANCE  
POOL ROOM

IF OLD HORRIBLE IS  
GOING TO BE ANYWHERE,  
IT'LL BE THE CONTROL  
ROOM WHERE HE WAS  
DOING HIS NASTY TRICKS!

IT'S HIM!  
ROTTEN  
RAT-FACE  
HIMSELF!

I DON'T CARE  
WHAT YOU  
LOCK, MATE  
— I DID  
KARATE AT  
EVENING  
CLASSES!

EDDIE FOUND HIMSELF BACK IN THE FAIRGROUND! BUT THE  
MYSTERIOUS MISTER X WAS EQUALLY DETERMINED TO STOP  
HIM!

STONE THE CROWS!  
THE CREEP'S GRABBED  
A RIFLE FROM THAT  
SHOOTING GALLERY!

EEEKKK!

WHOOOPPS!

WATCH IT,  
CLUMSY!

HERE—LOOK WHAT  
YOU'VE DONE TO MY  
SUPERSOFT ICE  
CREAM! YOU—YOU  
LOUT!

SORRY, SWEETNESS—  
NOTHING PERSONAL! I'LL  
BUY YOU ANOTHER IF YOU  
HANG ABOUT A BIT...

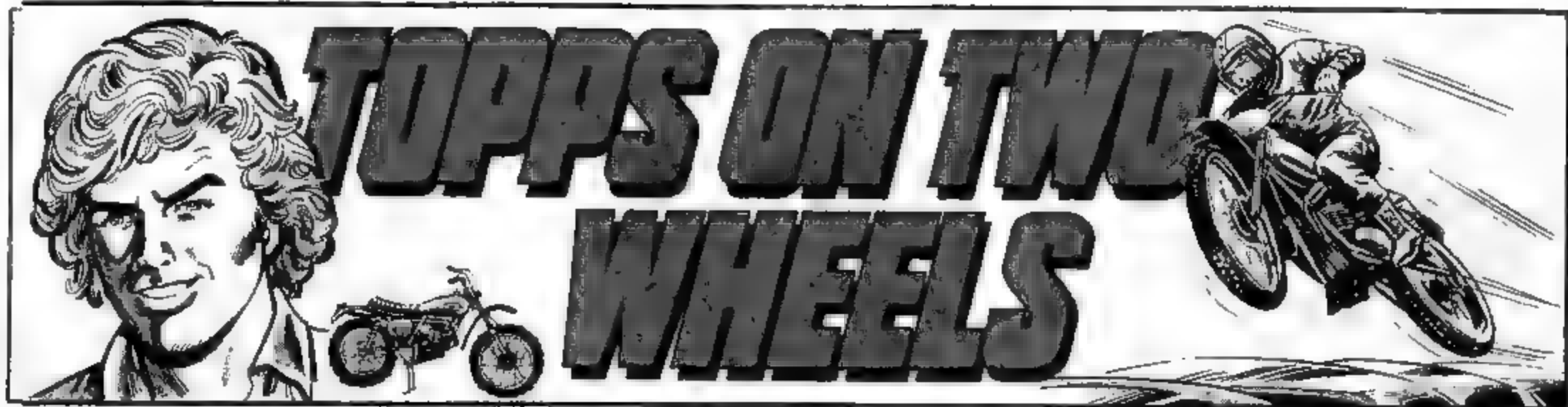
... BUT FIRST I'VE  
GOT TO GRAB MY  
WHEELS AND NAB A  
GUY CALLED HORRIBLE!  
NO WAY DOES HE  
THROW ME OFF  
THIS TIME!

**Will Eddie finally catch Mr X? See what happens next week!**



After a hectic chase Eddie came face-to-face with the mystery man!

**E**DDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO INTENDED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL, AND HE WAS WORKING AT A FAIRGROUND THAT WAS BEING SABOTAGED BY A MYSTERY MAN. BUT NOW EDDIE WAS HOT ON HIS TRAIL! ...



**THE MASSIVE SUPERCHARGED MACHINE SWEEPED ALONG AT INCREDIBLE SPEED...**



**BUT THEN...**

**A LEVEL CROSSING! THE GATES ARE STARTING TO CLOSE...**



**EDDIE SLAMMED ON HIS BRAKES IN A SKIDDING BROADSIDE!**

**YEEAAHH! JUST! I WAS ALMOST A WRITE-OFF THERE!**



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NEARBY WAS A DISUSED BRIDGE...



AND EDDIE CLEARED NOT ONLY THE RAILWAY TRACK... BUT A TRAIN AS WELL!



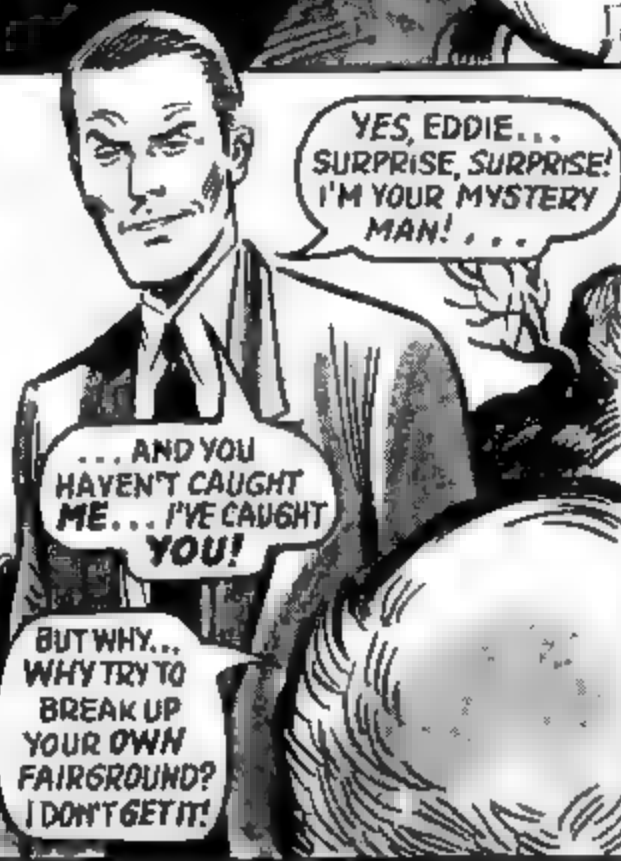
AT LAST, WHEN EDDIE'S SENSES CLEARED...



A COLD, MOCKING, AND ALL TOO FAMILIAR VOICE BROKE IN!



YES, EDDIE... SURPRISE, SURPRISE! I'M YOUR MYSTERY MAN!...



I'LL EXPLAIN WHILE YOU'RE WAITING FOR YOUR TRAIN! IT'S AN INSURANCE FIDDLE... A BIG ONE. ALL THE MYSTERIOUS 'ACCIDENTS' MEANT A BIG LOSS OF EARNINGS, WHICH MEANT I COULD CLAIM...







SO LONG, EDDIE.  
IT WAS NICE  
KNOWING YOU. YOU'RE  
A GOOD RIDER, TOO...  
SORRY... WERE A  
GOOD RIDER!

I'VE SEEN THIS  
ON THE FILMS—  
BUT NO WAY  
SHOULD IT HAPPEN  
TO ME!



SUDDENLY...

AND YOU'RE A  
NASTY BIT OF WORK!  
TAKE THAT,  
MATE!

UUUUUU-  
RRRRR!



LUCKY I WAS IN THE BROWNIES,  
EDDIE. I CAN  
UNDO KNOTS!

YOU'RE THE GIRL  
I BASHED INTO AT THE  
FAIRGROUND! ...  
I REMEMBER YOU NOW,  
I SQUASHED YOUR  
ICE CREAM!  
BUT WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING HERE?

SIMPLE. I FOLLOWED  
YOU TO TELL YOU OFF  
FOR PUSHING ME AROUND  
... AND SAW YOU LAND  
YOURSELF IN TROUBLE!



THANKS, BEAUTIFUL!  
THAT WAS ONE TRAIN  
I DIDN'T WANT TO  
CATCH!

DOLORES  
IS THE  
NAME



TWO WEEKS LATER, EDDIE MET HIS OLD PAL, WALL  
OF DEATH RIDER CURLY KEEBLE,  
WHEN HE WAS  
DISCHARGED  
FROM  
HOSPITAL...

YOU KNOW ME, CURLY...  
NO GOOD AT EXPLANATIONS.  
JOHN MACDONALD HAS HAD TO  
GO ABROAD AND HE'S SOLD THE  
FAIRGROUND TO AN INVESTMENT  
COMPANY. YOU'VE BEEN  
APPOINTED MANAGER!

SWIPE ME!  
THAT'S GREAT, EDDIE!



BUT ONE THING I AM GOOD AT IS MAKING  
DEALS! AS LONG AS MACDONALD PROMISES  
NEVER TO RETURN, THE LAW WILL  
NEVER BE TOLD WHAT HE DID!



AND NOW EDDIE HAD A COMPANION!

COME ON, DOLORES!  
... I'LL BUY YOU AN  
ICE-CREAM!

ABOUT TIME, TOO!  
I CAN'T STAND  
MEAN  
BOY-FRIENDS!

Join Eddie for the start of a great, new story next week!



A great new story with our daring big bike stuntman starts today!

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO INTENDED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL. HIS BIGGEST THRILL IN LIFE WAS SPEED ON TWO WHEELS... PREFERABLY WHILST DOING DANGEROUS THINGS!

OKAY, 'BEAST'... LET'S GO... AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSEPOWER!

EDDIE WAS PRACTISING HIS STUNT-JUMPING WHILE ON HOLIDAY... MUCH TO THE PLEASURE OF OTHER HOLIDAYMAKERS... ESPECIALLY THE YOUNGSTERS!

LOOK AT HIS SPEED! IT'S FANTASTIC!

CRAZY, YOU MEAN, SON! THESE EVEL KNIEVEL TYPES WHO DO DAFT JUMPS HAVE GOT TO BE!



# TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS



GERONIMO!

BUT...



YAAARRGGHH! CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





OUCCH! THAT HURT! I DON'T DO IT VERY OFTEN... BUT WHEN I DO... IT'S PAINFUL!



NEXT MOMENT...

CALL YOURSELF A STUNT-RIDER, EDDIE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE A PROPER SPEED MAN! WHAT DID YOU GO AND DIG YOUR NOSE IN THE SAND FOR?



IT WAS EDDIE'S NEW GIRL FRIEND...

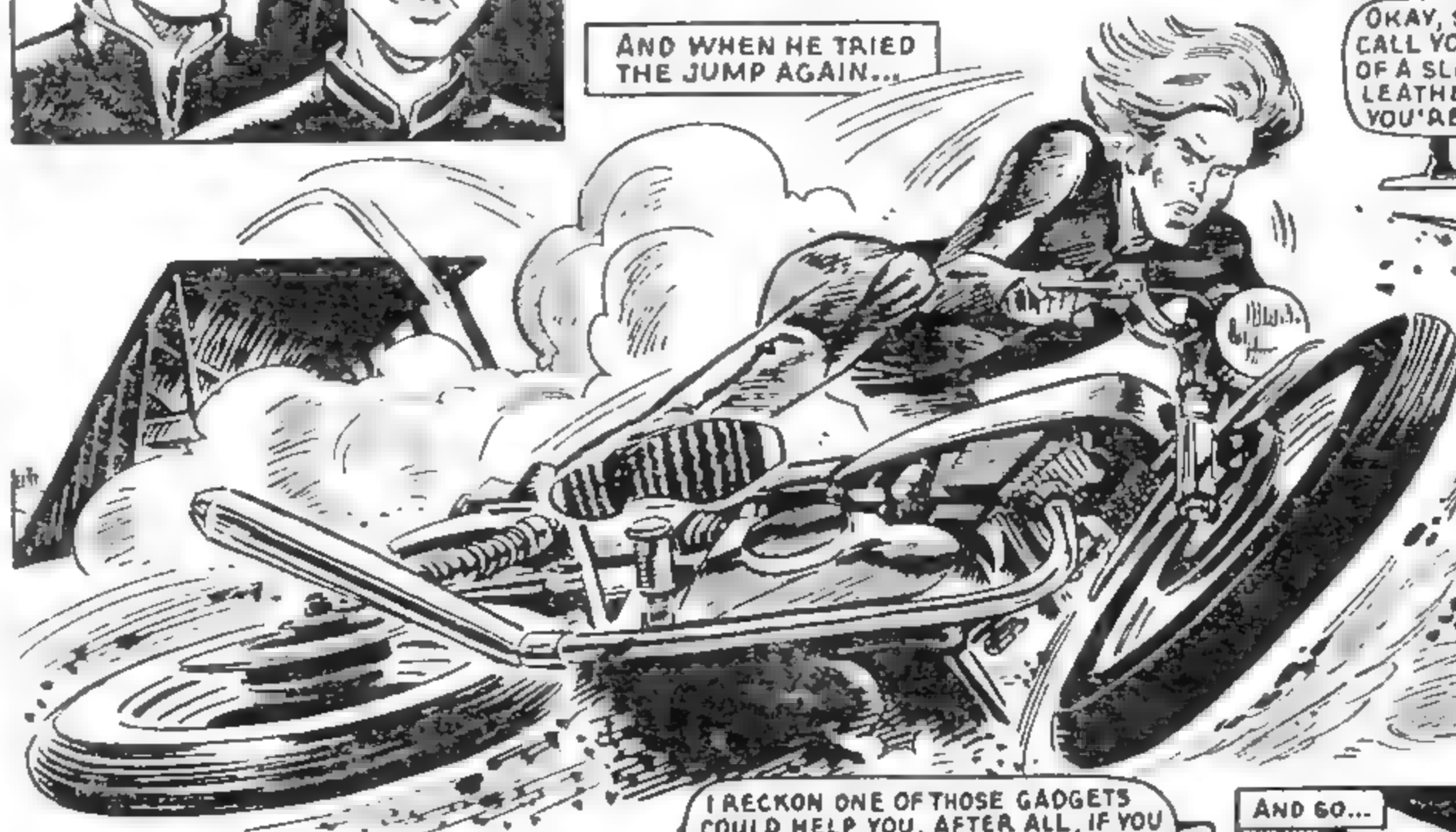
DOLORES! I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED... CRITICISING JUST LIKE A WOMAN! I'M TRYING A NEW TRICK... LANDING ON MY BACK WHEEL AND STAYING THERE!



BUT...

SHUT UP, EDDIE! YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE BEING CALLED DOLORES... EVEN THOUGH IT IS MY NAME! I HATE IT, DO YOU HEAR?

AND WHEN HE TRIED THE JUMP AGAIN...



OKAY, SWEETIE—IN FUTURE I'LL CALL YOU KITTEN! YOU REMIND ME OF A SLEEK BLACK CAT WITH ALL THAT LEATHER GEAR ON, ANYWAY. ALL YOU'RE LACKING IS THE WHISKERS!

AAAAHHH! IDIOT'S MY MIDDLE NAME!

AGREED!



BUT 'KITTEN' HAD A QUICK BRAIN...

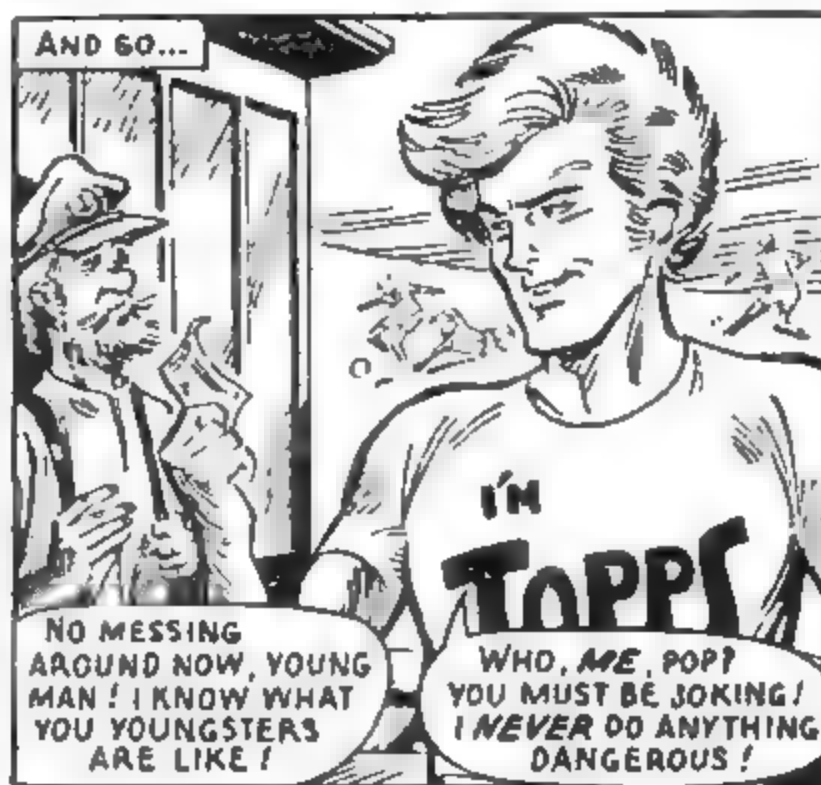
LISTEN, EDDIE—YOU'RE HAVING DIFFICULTY LANDING ON YOUR BACK WHEEL... SO WHY NOT TRY ONE OF THOSE WATER BIKES?

HUH? A WATER BIKE?



I RECKON ONE OF THOSE GADGETS COULD HELP YOU. AFTER ALL, IF YOU CAN LAND PROPERLY ON THE BACK, FLOAT OF A WATER BIKE, SURELY A BACK WHEEL WILL BE A CINCH!

MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!



AND 60...

NO MESSING AROUND NOW, YOUNG MAN! I KNOW WHAT YOU YOUNGSTERS ARE LIKE!

WHO, ME, POP? YOU MUST BE JOKING! I NEVER DO ANYTHING DANGEROUS!



OVER THERE, EDDIE!  
CATCH THE WAVES  
RIGHT AND YOU COULD  
DO A SMASHING JUMP!

OKAY — BUT IF I TAKE A DIVE AND  
LOOK LIKE I'M DROWNING, PULL  
ME OUT!

EDDIE EXPLODED INTO A SUDDEN,  
FANTASTIC BURST OF SPEED...

...AND THE  
OWNER  
WATCHED  
IN HORROR!

NO...NO! LOOK AT HIM!  
THE YOUNG TEARAWAY IS  
HEADING FOR THE BREAK  
— WATER! HE'S GOING TO  
SMASH UP MY BIKE...

BUT EDDIE  
HAD FOUND HIS  
SEA LEGS!

YEEEEAAHHH!  
AND OVER WE GO!

...AND A  
PERFECT  
LANDING, EH,  
KITTEN!

YAHOOOO!  
YOU SAID IT,  
EDDIE!

BUT KITTEN WAS NOT THE ONLY  
INTERESTED SPECTATOR!

DID YOU SEE THAT, JAMIE...  
QUITE MAGNIFICENT! IT'S EDDIE  
TOPPS ALL RIGHT... AND JUST  
THE ONE TO SAVE THE KESTRELS!  
WHAT DO YOU SAY?

WOOF-  
WOOF!

OKAY, IF YOU LIKE  
HIM... THEN EDDIE  
TOPPS IS MOST  
DEFINITELY THE  
GUY WE'RE LOOK-  
ING FOR!

There's more lightning-fast action with Eddie again next week!



Enter the **SPEED GO-KART GRAND PRIX**—

**DETAILS  
INSIDE!**

# SPEED

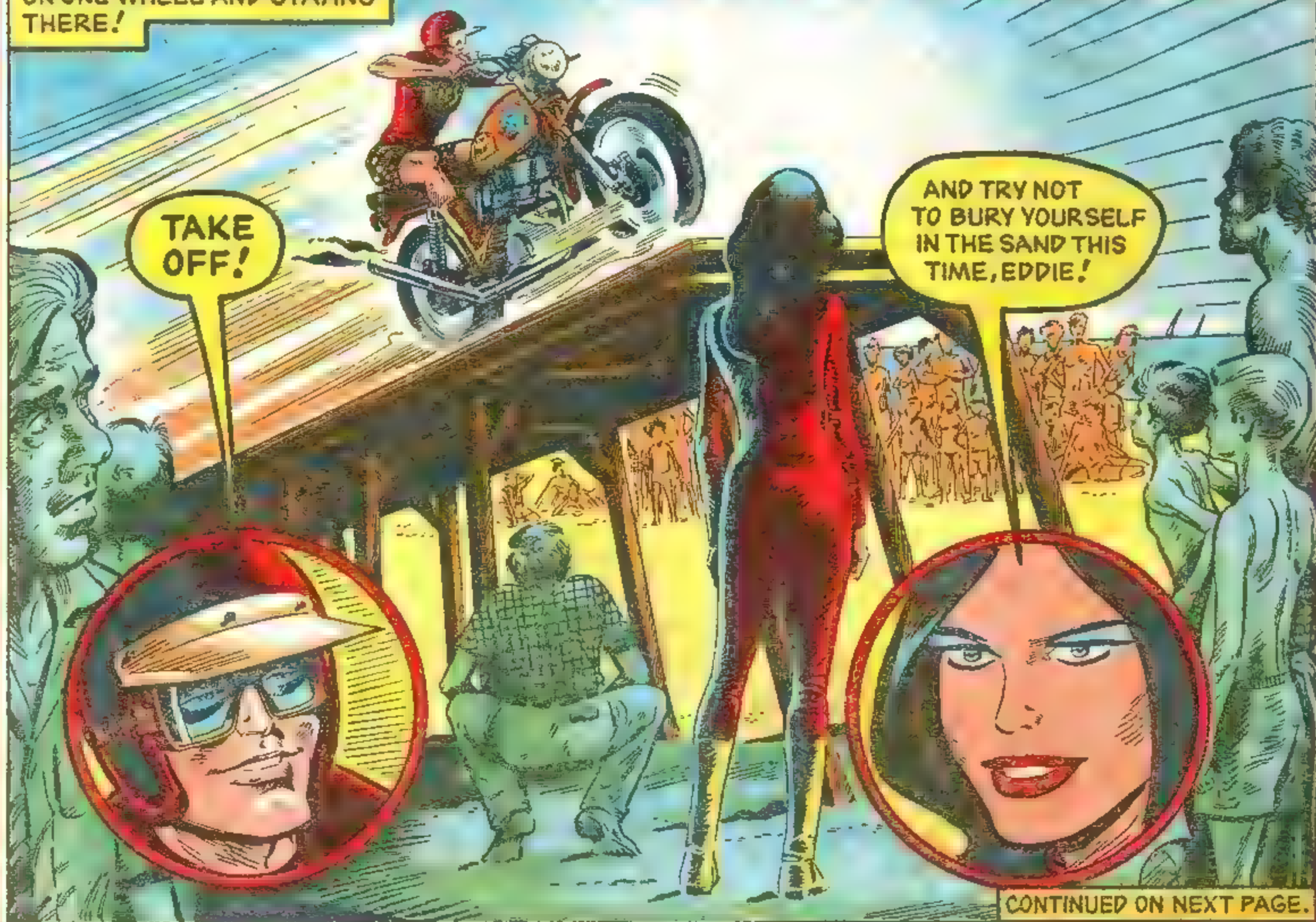
**14p**

**30th AUGUST, 1980**

**EVERY MONDAY**

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO INTENDED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNEIVEL. HE WAS AT THE SEASIDE WITH HIS GIRL-FRIEND, WHO HE HAD NICKNAMED 'KITTEEN', DOING HIS BEST TO PERFECT A NEW TRICK... LANDING ON ONE WHEEL AND STAYING THERE!

## TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





EDDIE SOARED HIGH INTO THE AIR ASTRIDE HIS HUGE SPEED-IRON, "THE BEAST"...

LOOK AT THAT! HE'S BRILLIANT!

HE SURE IS! HE GETS SO MUCH HEIGHT IN HIS JUMPS HE'LL HAVE TO START TAKING SKYDIVING LESSONS SOON!

AND...

A PERFECT LANDING ON HIS BACK WHEEL!

YEEAAHH! I'M DOWN!

BUT WILL HE STAY UP...?



YOU BET! HE'S DONE IT WITH EASE!

WHAT A BALANCING ACT!

A PERMANENT "WHEELIE" GREAT!

EDDIE IS THE TOPS, OKAY!



EDDIE'S GIRLFRIEND WAS PLEASED—

NICE ONE, EDDIE I TOLD YOU THAT PRACTICING ON THOSE WATER BIKES WOULD HELP, DIDN'T I?

YOU DID, KITTEN... YOU DID! REMIND ME TO BUY YOU ANOTHER ICE CREAM SOMETIME!

YAAAAHHH! MIND MY BIKE, HOUND! THE BEAST DOESN'T LIKE WATER, SALTY OR OTHERWISE!



HA, HA, HA! I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE A SPEED MERCHANT... NOT A SLOWCOACH!



OOH! WHAT A SWEET LITTLE DOG! HE'S SWIMMING OUT TO FETCH A BALL!



SORRY ABOUT THAT, EDDIE... MY DOG JAMIE SEES SO MUCH OF MOTOR-BIKES...

...HE TREATS THEM AS GOOD FRIENDS!

THAT'S UNUSUAL, PAL. HOW COME?



I'M JEFF MASTERS, MANAGER OF THE KESTRELS, THE LOCAL SPEEDWAY TEAM. BUT THIS WILL BE OUR LAST YEAR. WE'RE DYING. WE CAN'T STOP LOSING...

...SO WE'RE NOT ATTRACTING THE CROWDS. NO CROWDS... NO MONEY, NO MONEY... NO KESTRELS!



EDDIE DIDN'T HESITATE...

OH, NO! WE CAN'T HAVE THAT! ANYTHING TO DO WITH MOTOR-BIKES MUST NEVER BE UNSUCCESSFUL...

...HANG ABOUT WHILE I STRAIN THE OLD THINKING MACHINE!



HE BEGAN TO BLOW FIERCELY ON HIS FAVOURITE BUBBLE GUM...

AHEM! DOES HE ALWAYS... ER... DO THIS SORT OF THING?

SURE DOES, MISTER M...

...EDDIE TOPPS IS DIFFERENT... AS YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!

SO SAYING, EDDIE SHOT AWAY IN A SHOWER OF SAND!

AND AT LAST...

I'VE GOT IT! YOU NEED A GIMMICK, JEFF... TO BRING THE CROWDS BACK...

...LEAVE EVERYTHING TO ME!

CRUIKEY! ER... I MEAN... THANK YOU!

OO-ER!

WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW?

WELL, WHAT DID YOU THINK JEFF... NOT BAD EH?

ER... VERY GOOD, EDDIE. BUT... ER... WHAT WAS IT YOU... ER... WERE DEMONSTRATING?

COR... STONE ME! ARE YOU THICK? I'M YOUR GIMMICK!

...YOUR NEW STAR ATTRACTION! I'M TAKING UP SPEEDWAY RIDING AND SIGNING ON FOR THE KESTRELS!

I'VE GOT THIS GREAT IDEA, SEE? I'LL WEAR A BLACK MASK, AND YOU BILL ME AS MISTER UNKNOWN. THE MAN FROM NOWHERE! THE CROWDS WILL FLOCK IN TO SEE ME!...

...IT CAN'T LOSE!

BUT AS USUAL, KITTEN HAD THE LAST WORD!

MAYBE THE IDEA CAN'T LOSE, EDDIE... BUT WHAT ABOUT THE RIDER? YOU'VE NEVER RIDDEN ON A SPEEDWAY TRACK BEFORE!... WHAT HAPPENS IF MISTER UNKNOWN NEVER WINS?

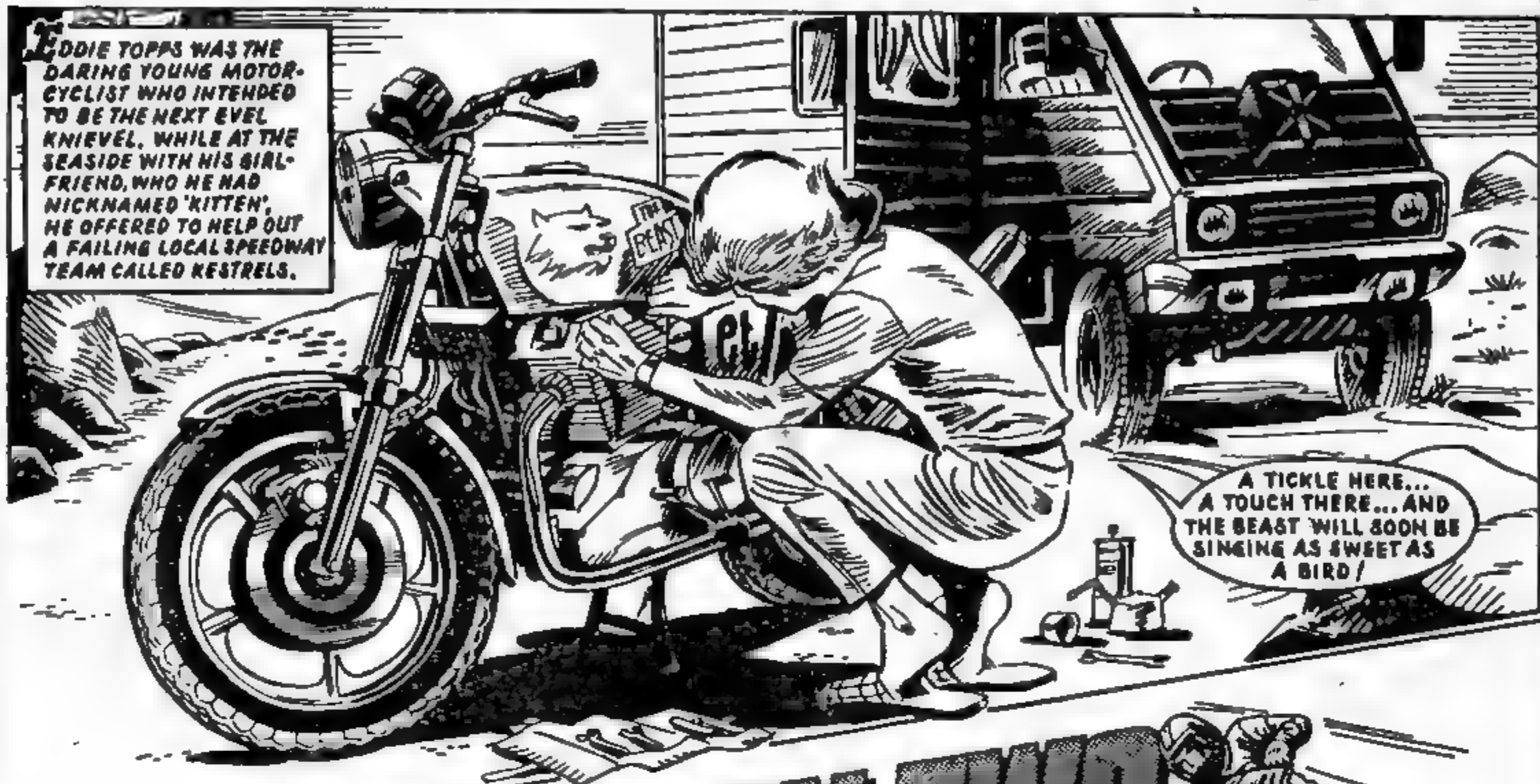
YOU KNOW SOMETHING... I HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT THAT!

Join Eddie Topps for more lightning fast action next week!



**Eddie joined the Kestrels and became "Mister Unknown"!**

**EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG MOTORCYCLIST WHO INTENDED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL. WHILE AT THE SEASIDE WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND, WHO HE HAD NICKNAMED 'KITEN', HE OFFERED TO HELP OUT A FAILING LOCAL SPEEDWAY TEAM CALLED KESTRELS.**



# TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS



**WITH A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION OF SOUND, EDDIE'S SUPERCHARGED MACHINE SHATTERED THE SILENCE!**



**SUDDENLY...**







EDDIE!  
I...WANT...  
TO...TALK...  
TO...YOU!

I WISH  
YOU WOULDN'T  
SHOUT! YOU'RE  
DEAFENING ME!

LATER, AT THE SPEEDWAY  
TRACK...

HI THERE, JEFF—  
I'VE COME FOR MY FIRST  
SPEEDWAY LESSON!



RIGHT—GET A SET OF  
THOSE LEATHERS ON THEN.  
DIRT-TRACK RACING ON SHALE  
IS A GRUBBY BUSINESS!

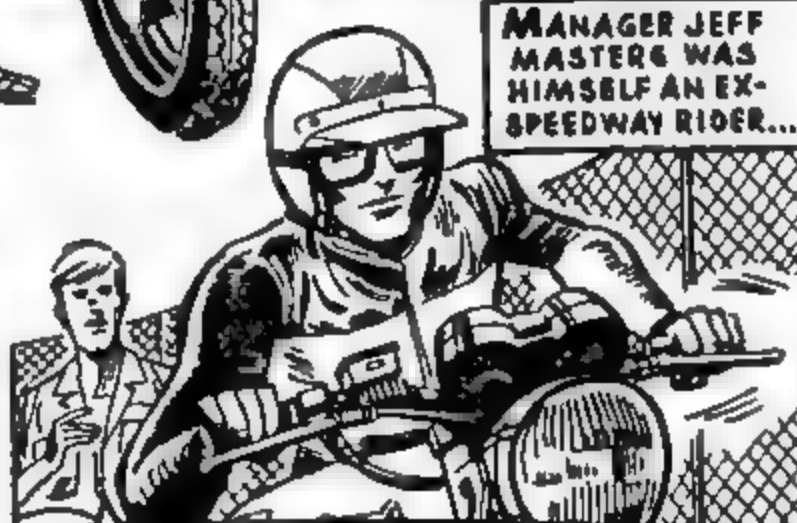


YOU LEAN  
YOUR MACHINE  
OVER WHEN YOU TAKE  
THE BENDS, USING  
YOUR INSIDE FOOT  
TO STEADY  
YOURSELF!



I'VE FINISHED YOUR  
MASK. WANT TO TRY IT ON?

SURE THING. YOU'RE  
ABOUT TO MEET **MISTER  
UNKNOWN**, THE NEW  
MYSTERY RIDER OF THE  
KESTRELS!



MANAGER JEFF  
MASTERS WAS  
HIMSELF AN EX-  
SPEEDWAY RIDER...

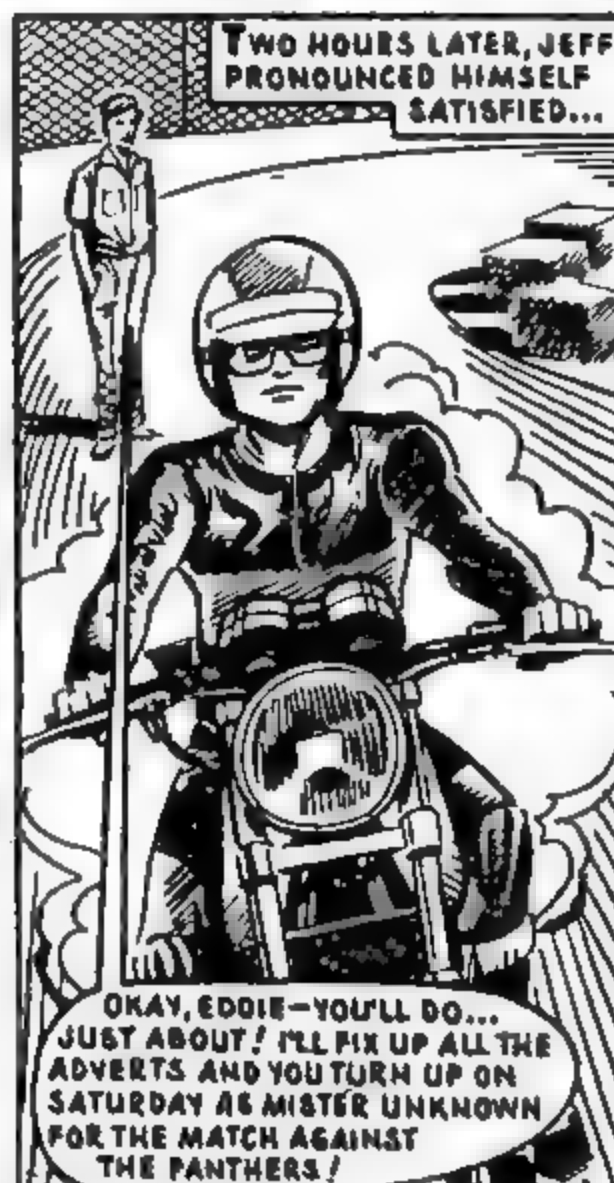
NOW—WE KNOW THAT **SPEED** IS OF PARAMOUNT  
IMPORTANCE...BUT SO IS THE **DISTANCE** YOU  
TRAVEL. THE INSIDE POSITION IS ALWAYS THE BEST!



BUT... SWIPE ME! YOU'VE PUT THE EYE-HOLES  
IN THE WRONG PLACE! I CAN'T  
FLAMING WELL SEE!

OH, STOP  
MOANING! YOU  
ALWAYS WORRY  
ABOUT LITTLE,  
UNIMPORTANT  
THINGS!

NO...NO! NO **WHEELIES**!  
YOU'RE NOT STUNT-RIDING  
NOW! YOU'RE SPEEDWAY  
RACING! AND THAT  
WASTES TIME!



TWO HOURS LATER, JEFF  
PRONOUNCED HIMSELF  
SATISFIED...

OKAY, EDDIE—YOU'LL DO...  
JUST ABOUT! I'LL FIX UP ALL THE  
ADVERTS AND YOU TURN UP ON  
SATURDAY AS **MISTER UNKNOWN**  
FOR THE MATCH AGAINST  
THE PANTHERS!



OH, I FORGOT! YOU'D BETTER  
GET A **RAMP** BUILT, TOO, JEFF,  
BECAUSE YOUR NEW MYSTERY  
RIDER IS GOING TO DO A SPECIAL  
JUMP THAT'LL REALLY GET THE  
CROWD HUMMING!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



THE MISTER UNKNOWN MESSAGE WAS SPREAD FAR AND WIDE...

EXCITING  
NEW RIDER  
JOINING KESTRELS!  
COME AND SEE  
MISTER UNKNOWN!  
BIG PLUS -  
KESTRELS' PANTHERS  
SATURDAY!

BIG  
KESTRELS'  
SURPRISE! MYSTERY  
RIDER FOR  
LOCAL  
SPEEDWAY  
TEAM!

NEWSPAPERS!

AND EVEN AERIAL  
ADVERTISING!

THE WHOLE TOWN WAS  
BUZZING...

WHO  
IS HE?  
HAVEN'T  
A CLUE... BUT I'M GOING  
ALONG TO FIND OUT!

ME,  
TOO!

GOOD  
GIMMICK,  
A MASKED  
MAN!

EDDIE AND KITTEN WERE AT THE SPEEDWAY  
STADIUM ON SATURDAY...

LOOK AT THE CROWDS  
PILING IN, EDDIE - ALL JUST  
TO SEE YOU, THE MYSTERY  
MASKED RIDER! AT LEAST  
IT'LL COVER UP YOUR FACE!

WELL, I HOPE  
YOU'VE ALTERED  
THE MASK -  
OTHERWISE  
EVERYONE WILL  
BE LAUGHING  
AT ME!

DID YOU HEAR THAT,  
KITTEN? I'M EVEN GREATER  
THAN I THOUGHT I WAS!

THAT'LL  
BE THE DAY!  
JUST SHUT UP  
AND GIVE THEM  
THEIR SURPRISE  
STUNT!

COME TO THE KESTRELS!  
MEET MISTER UNKNOWN!

LOOK AT THE  
CROWD, EDDIE!  
IT'S ABOUT TEN  
TIMES OUR USUAL  
ATTENDANCE!

WELL, LET'S HOPE THE KESTRELS  
WIN! THAT'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

BUT FIRST CAME THE BIG JUMP...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET ME  
INTRODUCE TO YOU THE KESTRELS' NEW MASKED  
RIDER - THE FANTASTIC, SCINTILLATING,  
UNBELIEVABLE MISTER UNKNOWN!

SECONDS  
LATER, EDDIE  
WAS ROARING  
UP THE RAMP  
AT HIGH-SPEED...

WHAT A FANTASTIC  
JUMP!

HE  
REALLY IS  
FANTASTIC!

WHAT A RIDER! I HOPE  
HE'S AS GOOD ON THE TRACK!

THE VISITING PANTHERS WERE  
ALSO WATCHING...

HEY - THIS  
FELLER'S A BIT  
DIFFERENT, ISN'T  
HE?

A SPEEDWAY  
RIDER WHO'S  
ALSO A STUNT  
RIDER!

THEN...

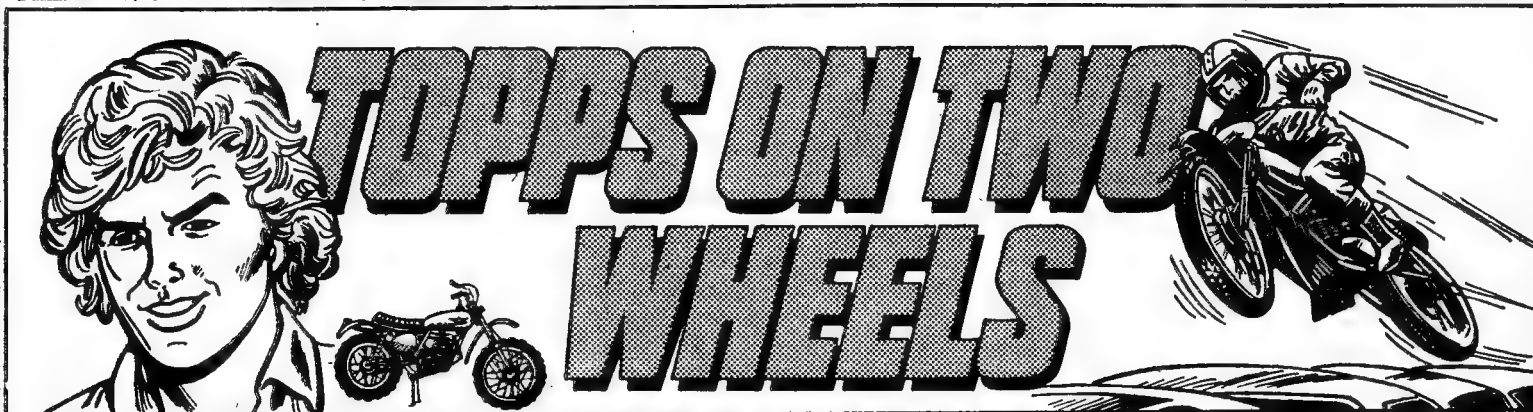
YOU ALMOST  
SOUND FRIGHTENED  
OF THE MASKED MAN.  
BUT HE HASN'T MET  
"TOE END" SNYDER  
YET, HAS HE?

ME!

What will "Toe End" Snyder do? Find out next week!



*The rival speedway rider set out to sabotage Eddie's bike – and Eddie!*



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



EDDIE'S STRUGGLE WITH THE REARING, BUCKING MACHINE BROUGHT THE CROWD TO ITS FEET!

LOOK AT THE MASKED RIDER!

HE'S TRAVELLING ALONG ON HIS BACK WHEEL ONLY!

WHAT WAS IT JEFF MASTERS SAID...? THE SHORTEST WAY ROUND MUST BE THE QUICKEST!...

...THE INSIDE OF THE TRACK! SO LET'S GIVE THESE GUYS A TASTE OF SPEED!

THE CROWD JUMPED EXCITEDLY TO ITS FEET AGAIN!

HE'S TAKING THEM ON THE INSIDE! FANTASTIC RIDING!

BUT HE WON'T DO IT—HE CAN'T! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ROOM!

AND, AT THE FINISHING LINE...

MISTER UNKNOWN WINS! THREE POINTS!

AND THE OTHER KESTREL SCRAPPED HOME SECOND!

MAXIMUM POINTS TO US! KESTRELS FIVE POINTS, PANTHERS ONE POINT!

SWIPE ME! WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT BUT I'M STILL UP WITH THE LEADERS! THIS ISN'T SO BAD NOW I'M GETTING THE HANG OF IT!

THE RACE WAS OVER FOUR LAPS, AND WITH ONE CIRCUIT STILL TO GO...

COME ON, EDDIE—COME ON! YOU CAN DO IT!

NOT SO LOUD, KITTEN! WE DON'T WANT THE CROWD TO KNOW THAT MISTER UNKNOWN IS EDDIE TOPPS! IT WOULD SPOIL EVERYTHING!

BUT BY NOW EDDIE WAS IN ONE OF HIS RECKLESS MOODS!

RIDE HIM, COWBOY!

I'M COMING BACK TO WATCH THE KESTRELS EVERY MEETING, IF IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE THIS!

ANOTHER WHEELIE! HE'S PASSING THEM ON ONE WHEEL!

AND THINGS WENT FROM GOOD TO BETTER FOR THE KESTRELS!

WE'VE WON AGAIN, EDDIE. THE LADS HAVEN'T PERFORMED LIKE THIS FOR YEARS! YOU'VE REALLY LIFTED THEM!

I THOUGHT THE KESTRELS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE RUBBISH... A WALKOVER!

THEY ARE NORMALLY! IT'S THIS MASKED BLOKE... HE'S MAKING ALL THE DIFFERENCE!

THEY'RE GOOD RIDERS... ALL THEY NEEDED WAS CONFIDENCE. A FEW WINS UNDER THEIR BELTS AND YOU'LL SOON BE BACK ON TOP OF THE LEAGUE!





HANG ABOUT!  
ANYBODY LOOKING? MUST  
HAVE A QUICK CHEW OF MY  
BUBBLE GUM BEFORE THE  
NEXT RACE! IT HELPS ME  
CONCENTRATE!



BUT SNYDER  
WAS GETTING  
ANGRIER BY  
THE MINUTE...

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER  
YOU'RE JUST PLAIN **UGLY** OR  
JUST **SHY**, MY MASKED FRIEND!  
BUT VERY SOON YOU MEET **ME**...  
AND THEN IT'S GOING TO BE A  
VERY DIFFERENT RACE!

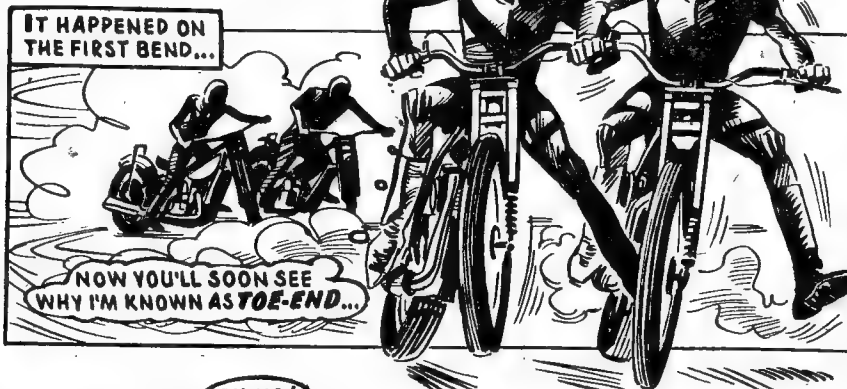


AND...

LOOK  
AT THE  
MASKED  
RIDER **THIS**  
TIME! HE'S  
SO FAST, HE'S  
LEAVING ALL  
THE OTHERS  
BEHIND!

THE AVERAGE  
SPEED IS ABOUT  
SEVENTY-FIVE  
MILES PER HOUR  
BUT I BET HE'S  
DOING A TON!

BUT  
WHO IS HE,  
I WONDER?



IT HAPPENED ON  
THE FIRST BEND...

NOW YOU'LL SOON SEE  
WHY I'M KNOWN AS **TOE-END**...



THE FINISHING CANNON BOOMED...

**YESSSS!**  
MISTER  
UNKNOWN  
WINS AGAIN!

HE'S WON HIS FIRST  
TWO RACES... CAN HE  
GET FIVE OUT OF FIVE?

THE KESTRELS ARE WALKING  
AWAY WITH THE MATCH!

AND SLIVLY, AMID THE  
PACK OF SPEEDING  
MACHINES AND  
FLYING SHALE...



**AAAAAAHHHHH!**

OH, NO!  
THE MASKED  
RIDER'S  
FALLEN!

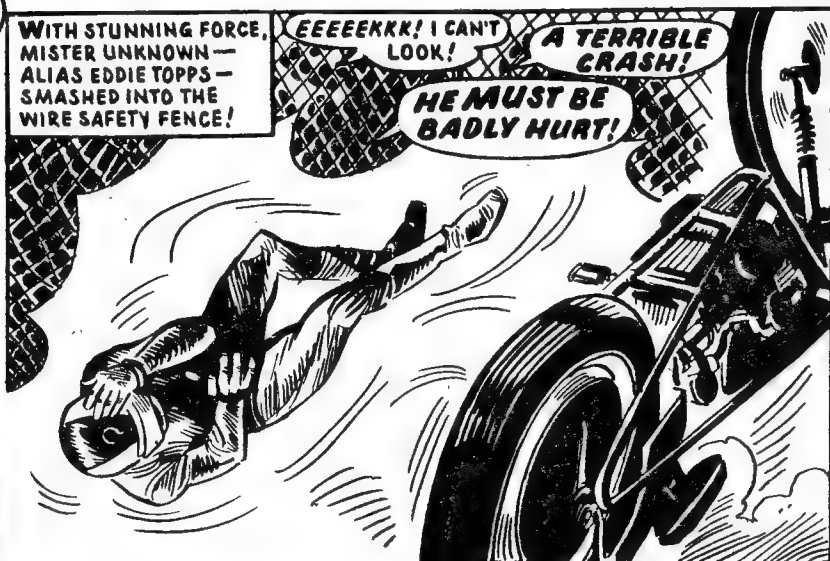
IT'S  
A BAD  
ONE!

WITH STUNNING FORCE,  
MISTER UNKNOWN —  
ALIAS EDDIE TOPPS —  
SMASHED INTO THE  
WIRE SAFETY FENCE!

**EEEEEEKK! I CAN'T  
LOOK!**

**A TERRIBLE  
CRASH!**

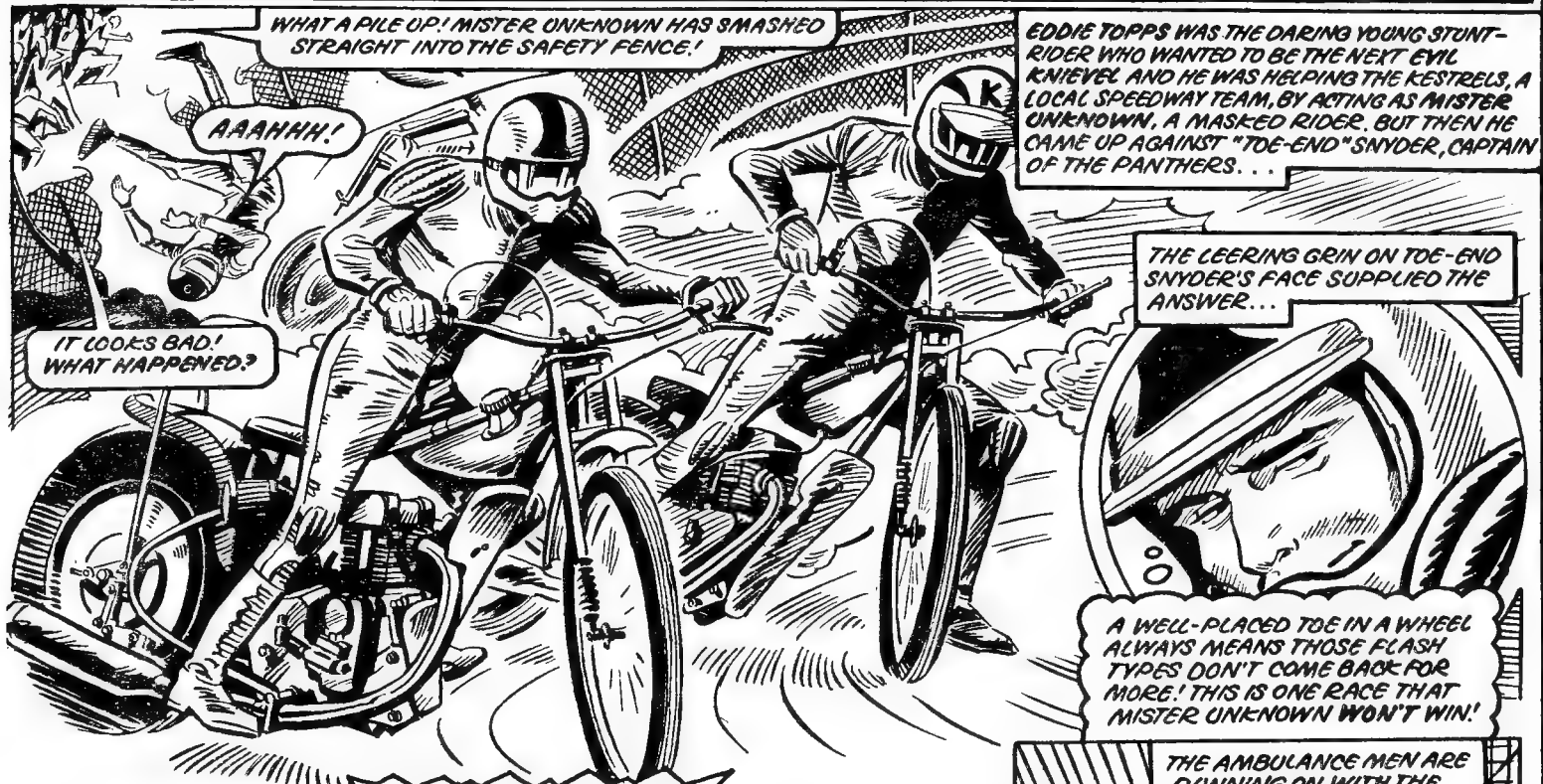
**HE MUST BE  
BADLY HURT!**



*Next week... the outcome of the frightening crash!*



*"Mister Unknown" walked away from a high-speed crash without a scratch!*



WHAT A PILE UP! MISTER UNKNOWN HAS SMASHED STRAIGHT INTO THE SAFETY FENCE!

AAAAHHH!

IT LOOKS BAD! WHAT HAPPENED?

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO WANTED TO BE THE NEXT EVIL KNIEVEL AND HE WAS HELPING THE KESTRELS, A LOCAL SPEEDWAY TEAM, BY ACTING AS MISTER UNKNOWN, A MASKED RIDER. BUT THEN HE CAME UP AGAINST "TOE-END" SNYDER, CAPTAIN OF THE PANTHERS...

THE LEERING GRIN ON TOE-END SNYDER'S FACE SUPPLIED THE ANSWER...

A WELL-PLACED TOE IN A WHEEL ALWAYS MEANS THOSE FLASH TYPES DON'T COME BACK FOR MORE! THIS IS ONE RACE THAT MISTER UNKNOWN WON'T WIN!

ATTENTION-ATTENTION! THE RACE IS ABANDONED!

NEXT MOMENT, THE WARNING KLAXON SOUNDED...

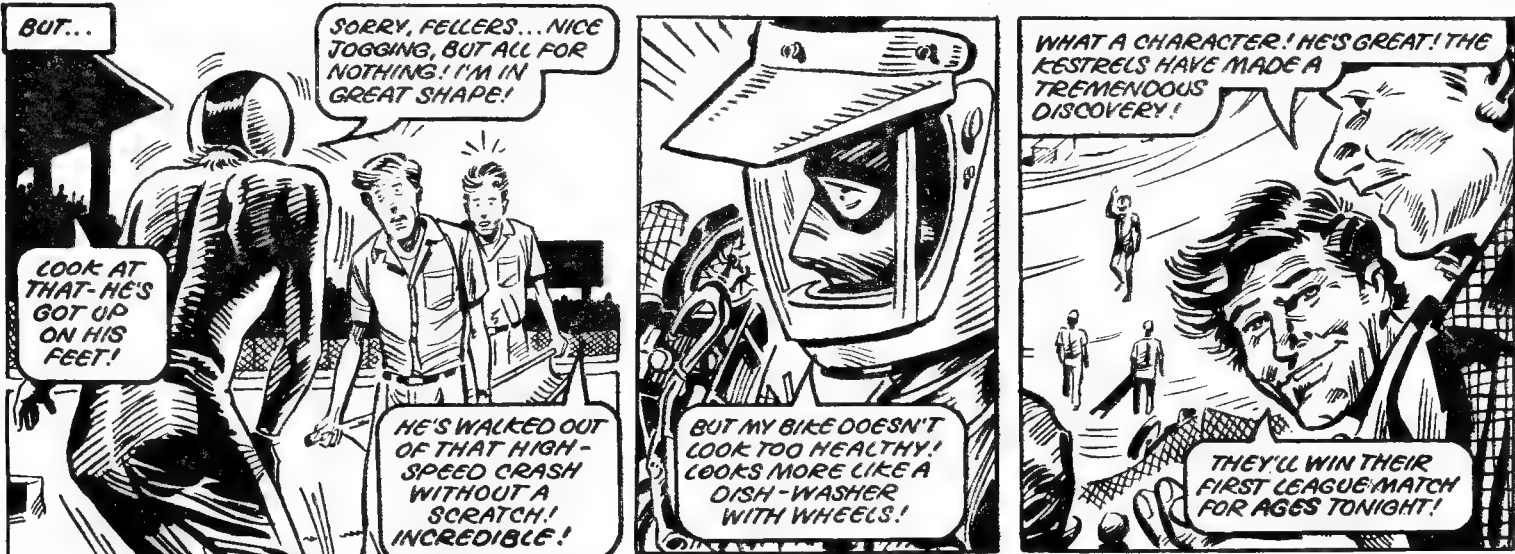
THEY HAD TO! THE SAFETY FENCE HAS COLLAPSED WHERE THE MASKED RIDER CRASHED INTO IT!

THE AMBULANCE MEN ARE RUNNING ON WITH THE STRETCHER!

MISTER UNKNOWN IS FLAT OUT! HE MUST BE BADLY HURT!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.







AND I SAY YOU WON'T, EDDIE TOPPS! YOU'LL KILL YOUR STUPID SELF! I PREFER A LIVE BOY-FRIEND, THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

EDDIE... KITTEN... SHOUSSH! PEOPLE WILL HEAR! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE UNKNOWN... THE MYSTERY MAN!

BUT...

AND NOW FOR THE RE-RUN OF THE LAST RACE! AND MISTER UNKNOWN WILL LINE UP WITH THE OTHERS!

MAN! LOOKS LIKE TOPPS WAS KIDDING! HE'S GOT A DIFF SHOULDER! ONE-ARMED RIDERS ARE JUST UP MY STREET... THEY DON'T GO SO FAST!

CAREFUL NOW YOU GO NOW, MASKED MAN... WE DON'T WANT YOU TO FALL OFF AGAIN! JUST HOLD ON TIGHT-WITH BOTH HANDS!

THEN THE TAPES SHOT UP.

THEY'RE AWAY!

AND THE OTHER KESTREL IS IN SECOND PLACE!

MISTER UNKNOWN IS RIDING BRILLIANTLY! HE'S TAKEN THE LEAD!

THEY'RE MAKING THE TWO PANTHERS EAT CINDERS!

SNYDER WAS TOTALLY DEMORAUSED...

THAT MASKED BLOKE'S GOING LIKE A CHAMPION! BUT NOW? HE'S GOT A BAD ARM! HE COULD HARDLY LIFT IT!

FABULOUS!

WHAT RIDING?

WHAT SPEED!

AND THERE WAS ANOTHER ADMIRING SPECTATOR... EDDIE TOPPS HIMSELF!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! I RECKON 'MISTER UNKNOWN' IS GOING EVEN FASTER THAN I WAS!

**SNYDER**

Who is the "new" Mister Unknown? Find out in the next thrilling episode!



CASH PRIZES TO BE WON - *EVERY WEEK!*

# SPEED

14p

27th SEPTEMBER, 1980

EVERY MONDAY

## TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO WANTED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL AND, POSING AS THE MASKED MISTER UNKNOWN, HE WAS HELPING THE KESTRELS, A LOCAL SPEED-WAY TEAM. IN THE THIRD RACE HE HAD BEEN FORCED TO CRASH AND HAD INJURED HIS ARM, BUT IN THE RE-RUN...

LOOK AT MISTER UNKNOWN! HE'S RIDING LIKE A DEMON! WHAT SPEED!

HE MUST HAVE HURT HIMSELF IN THAT CRASH, BUT HE'S SHOWING NO SIGNS OF IT!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





MISTER UNKNOWN WINS!

AND THE OTHER KESTREL WILL BE SECOND. ANOTHER MAXIMUM POINTS TO US!

KESTRELS' MANAGER JEFF MASTERS WAS HAPPY...



YOU WERE GREAT, EDDIE... ABSOLUTELY GREAT! YOUR INJURY SEEMED TO DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC!



THAT'S NOT SURPRISING, JEFF... I HAVEN'T GOT AN INJURY!

STONE ME! IT... IT'S KITTEN, EDDIE'S GIRL-FRIEND!



THERE WAS NO WAY EDDIE COULD RIDE WITH THAT BAD SHOULDER OF HIS. I'VE DONE A SPOT OF BIKING BEFORE, SO I BORROWED HIS GEAR AND JUMPED IN!

THEN EDDIE TOPPS ARRIVED...



NICE ONE, KITTEN—ALMOST AS GOOD AS ME—AND NO-ONE SEEMED TO GUESS MISTER UNKNOWN WAS SOMEONE ELSE! BUT YOU'D BETTER WATCH "TOE-END" SNYDER WHEN YOU RACE AGAIN. HE'LL BE GUNNING FOR YOU!

DON'T WORRY, EDDIE—I'VE GOT A LITTLE PLAN FOR OUR NASTY FRIEND IF HE TRIES ANY MORE DIRTY TRICKS!

AT LAST...



AND HERE WE COME TO THE FINAL RACE OF THE MEETING. CAN MISTER UNKNOWN SCORE MAXIMUM POINTS FROM HIS FIVE RIDES AND COMPLETE A MARVELLOUS COMEBACK FOR THE KESTRELS?



THEY'RE AWAY!

HE WON'T DROP ME THIS TIME. I'LL TUCK IN RIGHT BEHIND...AND WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE, A WELL-PLACED KICK WILL SEE HIM OFF!

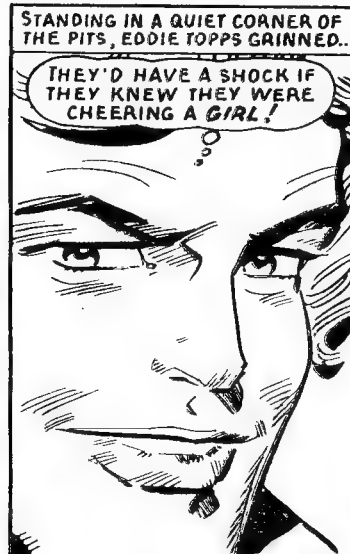
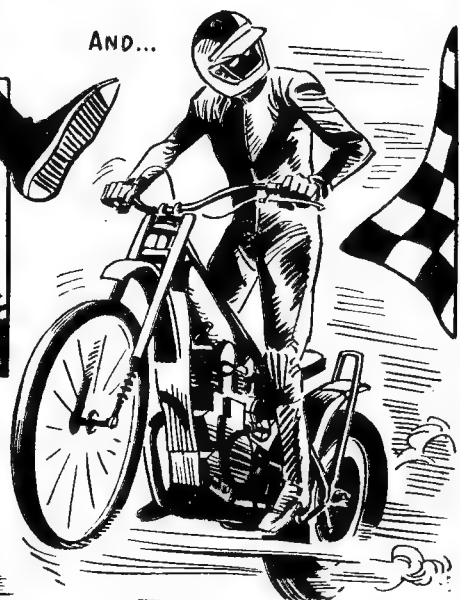
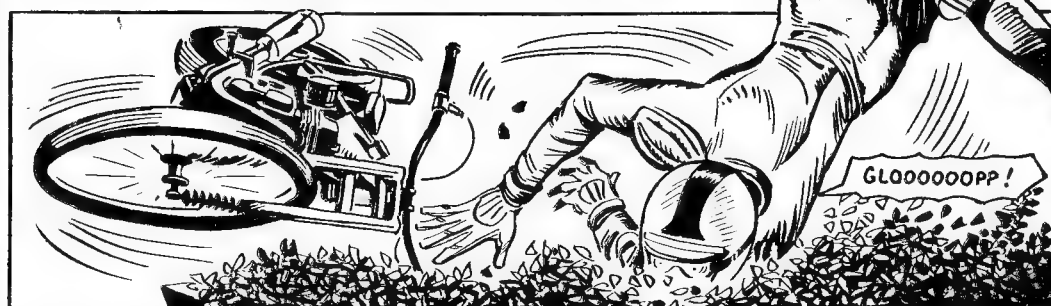
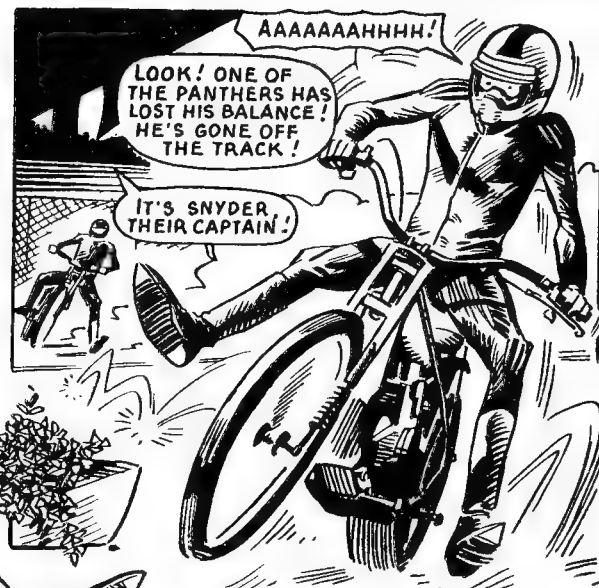


IN A CORNER OF THE PITS, EDDIE LOOKED ON ANXIOUSLY AS THEY APPROACHED THE FINAL BEND...



WATCH YOUR WHEELS, GIRL—YOU'RE GOING INTO THE FINAL BEND! SNYDER'S BOUND TO TRY SOMETHING NOW!





ROCKET MISSILES... a super pull-out Poster... starts next week!



The rival speedway rider had a score to settle with Eddie!

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO WANTED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL... AND HE WAS RIDING FOR THE KESTRELS, A LOCAL SPEEDWAY TEAM, AS 'MISTER UNKNOWN', THE MASKED RIDER. THEY HAD STARTED WITH A CRUSHING VICTORY OVER THE PANTHERS, THE FOLLOWING MORNING, EDDIE AND HIS GIRL FRIEND, WHO HE HAD NICKNAMED 'KITTEN', WERE ENJOYING ALL THE PUBLICITY THEY HAD RECEIVED...

WHAT A FANTASTIC WRITE-UP, KITTEN... THE PAPERS ARE FULL OF THE KESTRELS!

FULL OF YOU, YOU MEAN, EDDIE! MISTER UNKNOWN HAS CAUGHT THE PUBLIC'S IMAGINATION... THE KESTRELS ARE BACK ON THE MAP!

# TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS

BUT EDDIE ONLY GRINNED...

LEAVE OFF—YOU'RE ONLY FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS! YOU KNOW YOU TOOK MY PLACE WHEN I SMASHED UP MY ARM LAST NIGHT!

WHY, YOU—YOU—! I DON'T NEED COMPLIMENTS, EDDIE TOPPS... ESPECIALLY FROM A GUY WHO DOESN'T TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY! I'M GOING!

DON'T SLAM THE GATE AFTER YOU THEN, SWEETIE—YOU'LL UPSET THE COWS!

HA, HA, HA! TEMPER! TEMPER!



BUT LATER, WHEN EDDIE WAS TINKERING WITH HIS SUPERCHARGED MOTORBIKE...

WELL, WELL, WELL—IF IT'S NOT OUR FRIEND MISTER UNKNOWN... **WITHOUT HIS MASK ON!**

OH-OH! LOOKS LIKE BOTHER WITH A GREAT BIG 'B'!

"TOE-END" SNYDER OF THE PANTHERS! THE FRIENDLY RIDER WHO KICKS PEOPLE OFF BIKES!

RIGHT FIRST TIME, PAL! AND I **DON'T** LIKE BEING TAKEN FOR A MUG, EITHER... BY YOU OR YOUR CRAFTY STAND-IN!



I GET THE FEELING I'M OUTNUMBERED BY FIVE TO ONE! I'VE GOT A DODGY ARM—BUT I'LL HAVE MORE CHANCE ON "THE BEAST" THAN TAKING ON THESE NASTIES!

EDDIE MOVED LIKE LIGHTNING!

SORRY, FELLERS—CAN'T STOP! YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!

GAAAH! THE SLIPPERY SO-AND-SO'S GETTING AWAY! AFTER HIM!

AND HIS DIFFICULT CROSS-COUNTRY COURSE TOOK ITS TOLL!

DESPITE HIS ONE GOOD ARM, EDDIE RODE LIKE THE WIND!

NUMBER TWO DIDN'T KEEP HIS HEAD DOWN...

GNNNNNUUNNGGG!

...AND NUMBER THREE DIDN'T LIKE HEIGHTS!

EEEEKKKKKKK!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





AAAAARRGGGHHH!

WHICH-LEFT  
NUMBER  
FOUR...WHO  
WAS NOT  
GOOD AT  
TURNING!



SO IT'S  
JUST YOU  
AND ME,  
TOE-END...  
AND IT'S  
MOTOR BIKES  
AT DAWN!

HERE!  
WHAT-WHAT  
YOU ON ABOUT-?



CHAAARRGGGE!

YAAAHHHHH!



LOOKS LIKE YOU CHICKENED OUT,  
SNYDER! YOU'RE IN THE MIRE,  
GOOD AND PROPER! SO GET LOST  
AND DON'T COME BACK!

WELL, I BUMPED INTO JEFF  
MASTERS, THE KESTRELS' MANAGER,  
IN THE VILLAGE. HE'S OFFERED ME A  
CONTRACT TO RIDE AS *MISS*  
UNKNOWN. WHAT DO YOU THINK  
OF *THAT*,  
THEN?



MARVELLOUS-FANTASTIC-  
GREAT-SMASHING! AND WHILE  
YOU'RE DOING IT, I FANCY EXPLORING  
PASTURES NEW!

WHAT?



LATER...

THAT'S ME,  
GORGEOUS-BONE  
IDLE! I'VE DONE NOTHING  
ALL DAY EXCEPT LIE  
HERE AND LOOK  
HANDSOME!



SEE YOU SOON, KITTEN!  
BE GOOD WHILE I'M AWAY!

GRRRRRRR! MEN!  
ESPECIALLY EDDIE TOPPS!

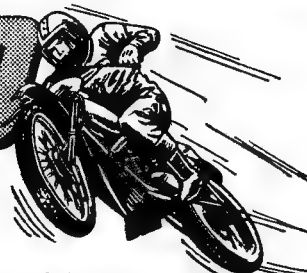
A great new adventure – starring Eddie Topps – begins next week!



## Roaring, white-hot flames enveloped Eddie and his bike!



## TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS



EDDIE, AS ALWAYS, WAS HIS NORMAL SELF!





JUST A HINT OF ANXIETY TOUCHED EDDIE'S FACE...

I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT THOSE TWO BLOKES WITH THE HARDWARE! YOU SURE I WON'T END UP LIKE THE SUNDAY JOINT I TRIED TO COOK LAST WEEK - BURNT TO A CINDER?

I PROMISE YOU, EDDIE - ALL YOUR LEATHERS HAVE BEEN SPECIALLY TREATED - AND YOUR FUEL TANK HAS BEEN FIRE-PROOFED!

SOUNDS GOOD!

HANG ON TO YOUR HATS... GRIT YOUR TEETH... HOLD YOUR BREATH, EVERYBODY! HERE COMES THE... EDDIE TOPPS FIRE DIVE!

EDDIE OPENED UP... AND THE BEAST SHOT FORWARD LIKE A SHELL FROM A GUN!

WOW! LOOK AT HIM GO!

HE'S MOVING SO FAST, HE'S JUST A BLUR!

BUT WHERE DOES THE FIRE BIT COME IN?

THIS IS THE EASY BIT... IN A SPLIT-SECOND I'M ABOUT TO BECOME A SITTING DUCK!

THE ROARING, WHITE-HOT FLAMES COMPLETELY ENVELOPED EDDIE AS HE SHOT THROUGH THE AIR!

I'LL BET EDDIE'S WORKED OUT THE ODDS BEFORE HE DOES A DANGEROUS STUNT!

AAAAHH! THEY'RE BURNING HIM! HE'LL BE HURT!

BUT NO-ONE - LEAST OF ALL, EDDIE TOPPS - REALISED THAT THERE WAS A BAD SPLIT IN ONE OF THE WOODEN SUPPORTS...

A PERFECT LANDING! WHAT A RIDER!

WHAT A STUNT! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!

IS HE BRAVE - OR JUST PLAIN MAD?

...AND THE FORCE OF THE HEAVY MACHINE HAD WEAKENED IT STILL FURTHER!

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





HIS EVERY MOVE WAS  
BEING WATCHED...

EDDIE WAS THE SHINING HERO  
OF THOUSANDS OF YOUNGSTERS...

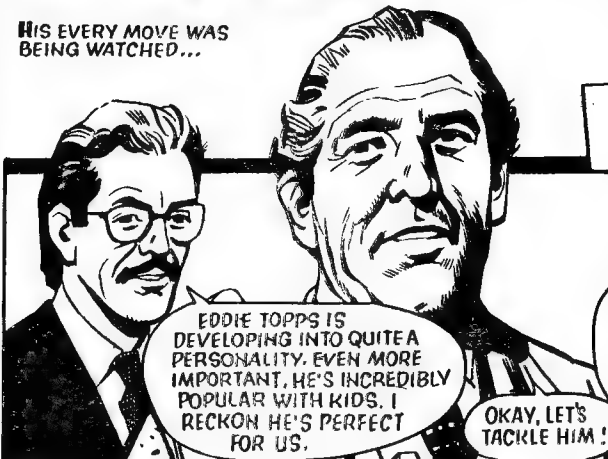
CAN I HAVE  
YOUR AUTOGRAPH,  
EDDIE?

ME,  
TOO!

SIGN  
MY BOOK,  
PLEASE!

CALL IN TO SEE US  
IN THE MORNING...  
AND WE'LL INTRODUCE  
YOU TO "THE SCRAMBLER".

IT'S A  
DATE!



THEN SUDDENLY, THERE CAME  
AN EAR-SPLITTING CRACK...



EDDIE WAS ONE OF THE  
FIRST ON THE SCENE...



THEN HE FOUND  
HIMSELF BEING  
PULLED AWAY BY  
ANGRY YOUNG  
HANDS!



**Next week - Eddie visits hospital and makes a rash promise!**



**The kids blamed Eddie and his stunt for the injury to their father!**





EDDIE HAD TO STAY AT THE SHOW FOR PUBLIC APPEARANCES. BUT AS SOON AS IT WAS OVER...

I MUST GET ALONG TO THE HOSPITAL BEFORE VISITING TIME IS OVER AND SEE HOW THAT FELLER WITH THE SIX KIDS IS!

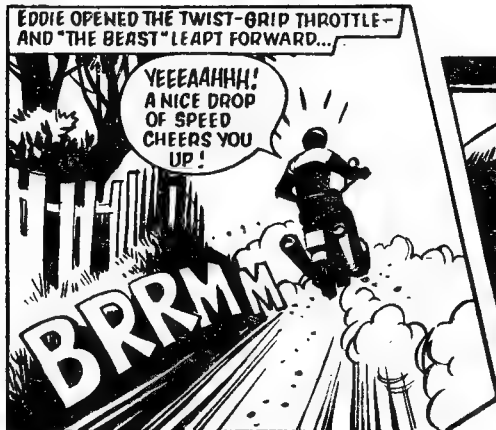


SWIPE ME—TWENTY PAST SEVEN! I'LL HAVE TO GET A SHIFT-ON IF I'M GOING TO MAKE IT!



EDDIE OPENED THE TWIST-GRIP THROTTLE—AND "THE BEAST" LEAPT FORWARD...

YEEEAHHH! A NICE DROP OF SPEED CHEERS YOU UP!



DID YOU SEE THAT, GEORGE?

DEFINITELY OVER THE TOP! HE'S GOT TO BE NABBED!



AND SO...

OH, NO! THAT'S ALL I NEEDED!



YOU DO REALISE YOU WERE GOING FASTER THAN SEVENTY MILES PER HOUR? THAT'S THE SPEED LIMIT!

IF YOU SAY SO—YOU'RE THE EXPERTS! EDDIE TOPPS IS THE NAME!

AND, AFTER BEING 'BOOKED' BY THE POLICEMEN...



BUT WHERE THERE'S A 'WHEELIE', THERE'S A WAY! NO HARD FEELINGS, FELLERS!

HUH?

I THOUGHT HIS NAME WAS FAMILIAR! HE'S THE FAMOUS STUNT-RIDER! AND YOU SAID HE COULDN'T RIDE THAT THING!

YOU YOUNGSTERS ARE A FLAMING MENACE ON THESE POWERFUL MACHINES. DODGING ABOUT AND SPEEDING! NONE OF YOU CAN RIDE THEM PROPERLY.

IF YOU SAY SO... AGAIN!

EDDIE TOPPS...?



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

EXCUSE ME, LOVE—A MAN WAS BROUGHT IN EARLIER. THERE WERE SOME KIDS WITH HIM...

HOW COULD I FORGET? MISTER POWER, YOU MEAN. HE'S UP IN WARD TEN!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.





Be the first to know SPEED's BIG news in next week's issue!



★ BIG NEWS ISSUE! BIG NEWS ISSUE! ★

# SPEED

14p

25th OCTOBER, 1980

EVERY MONDAY

EDDIE TOPPS WAS THE YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO WANTED TO BE THE NEXT EVEL KNEIVEL. A MAN HAD BEEN INJURED ACCIDENTALLY AT ONE OF HIS SHOWS, AND EDDIE HAD PROMISED TO TAKE CARE OF HIS SIX CHILDREN BY INVOLVING THEM IN THE LAUNCHING OF AN EXCITING NEW SPEED BIKE HE HAD BEEN ASKED TO PROMOTE BY THE BRITISH BICYCLE COMPANY...

YAHOOO!



**TOPPS  
ON TWO  
WHEELS**

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



BUT WHEN EDDIE WENT TO TELL THE KIDS THE NEWS, THEY ATTACKED HIM WITH A CREAM CAKE...

TAKE THAT, EDDIE TOPPS!

OUR DAD GOT HURT BECAUSE OF YOU...WE DON'T WANT YOU ROUND OUR HOUSE!

IN OTHER WORDS — GET LOST, MOTOR BIKE CREEP!



EDDIE'S REACTION WAS AS UNEXPECTED AS HIS WELCOME!

MMMM! NICEST CREAM CAKE I'VE TASTED FOR YEARS! WHO MADE IT?

UUUUHHH? HE'S NOT EVEN CROSS!



LISTEN, KIDS...GO BACK TO THIS AFTERNOON. IF YOU REMEMBER, THAT PLATFORM COLLAPSED ABOUT TEN MINUTES AFTER I LANDED ON IT! SO IT MUST HAVE BEEN FAULTY, RIGHT? I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS, BUT WHY BLAME ME?



I'VE SEEN YOUR DAD IN HOSPITAL AND HE'S HAPPY FOR YOU TO COME ON A TWO-WEEK TOUR WITH ME...AS LONG AS YOU'RE GOOD AT ONE THING...RIDING BIKES!

BUT WHY?

A TWO-WEEK TOUR? DOING WHAT?

I'LL TELL YOU IN A MINUTE...FIRST...I KNOW YOUR SURNAME IS POWER. I WANT TO KNOW YOUR OTHER NAMES.

OKAY, EDDIE...LINE UP, KIDS!



I'M JOHN.

MY NAME'S SHEENA.

WE'RE THE TWINS, KEITH AND LIZ.

I'M ROBIN, THE ELDEST.

AND I'M ANDREW BUT I LIKE ANDY BETTER.

BUT OUT IN THE BACK GARDEN...

YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU LOT HAVE GOT JUST ONE BIKE BETWEEN YOU?



THAT'S RIGHT! DAD CAN'T AFFORD BIKES FOR US ALL. WE JUST TAKE TURNS.

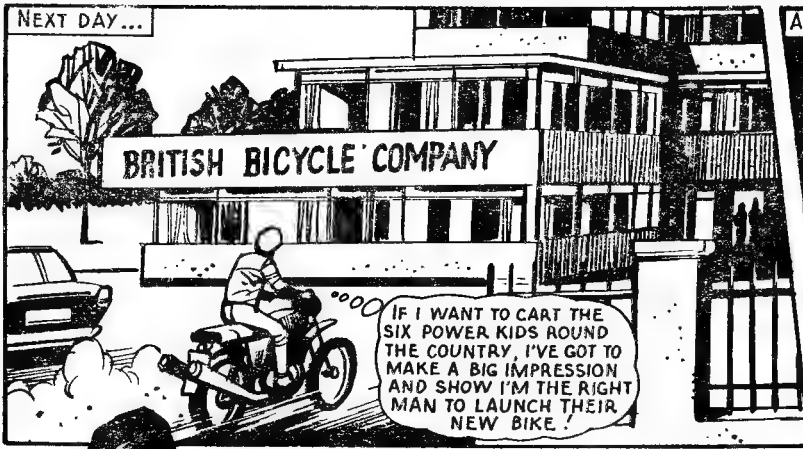


WE CAN ALL RIDE IT THOUGH, EDDIE. EVEN THE TWINS...THOUGH WE HAVE TO LOWER THE SADDLE!

OKAY, KIDS! TOMORROW I'M SHOOTING ROUND TO SEE THE BBC...THE BRITISH BICYCLE COMPANY. KEEP PRACTISING...I'LL BE IN TOUCH!



NEXT DAY...



AND, SO...

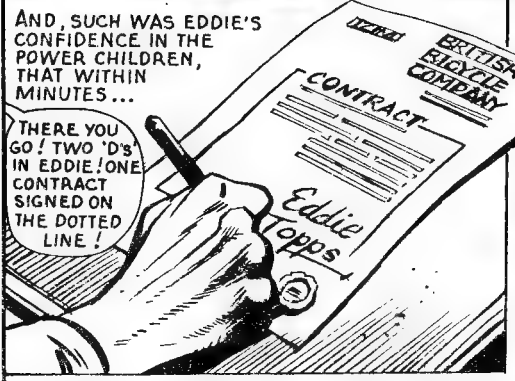


EDDIE HAD HIS WORDS ALL READY...

NO TROUBLE. IT'S A KIDS' BIKE—SO WE NEED KIDS TO SELL IT FOR YOU. IN FACT, I'VE GOT SOME LINED UP. ALL I NEED ARE THE BIKES!

AND, SUCH WAS EDDIE'S CONFIDENCE IN THE POWER CHILDREN, THAT WITHIN MINUTES...

THERE YOU GO! TWO 'D'S' IN EDDIE! ONE CONTRACT SIGNED ON THE DOTTED LINE!



AND, AS USUAL WITH EDDIE, EVERYTHING HAPPENED AT SPEED!

SIX KIDS...SIX SUPER NEW SCRAMBLER BIKES! KIND REGARDS OF YOUR UNCLE EDDIE AND THE BIKE COMPANY!

COR...LOOK!

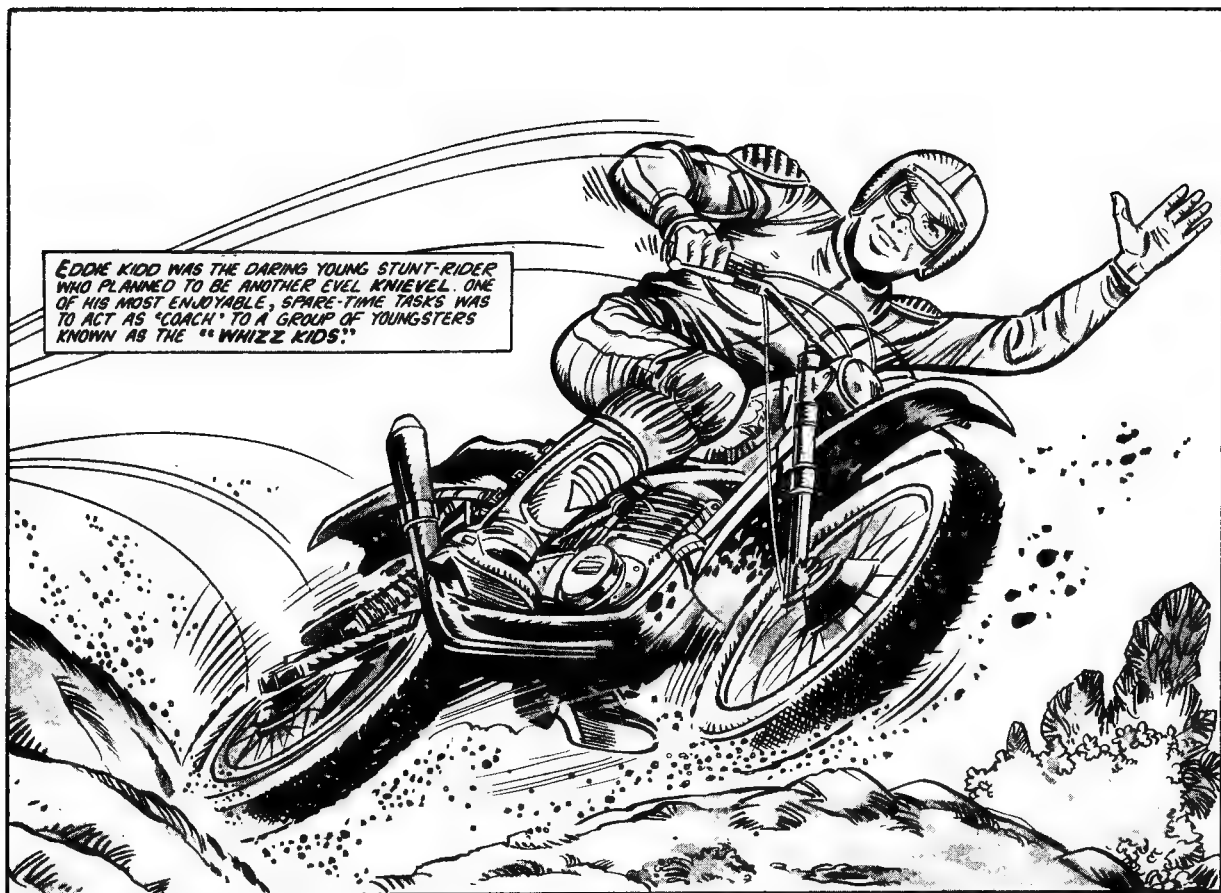
ONE EACH!

WHOOPEEE!



There's more action with Eddie in the next, new-look issue!

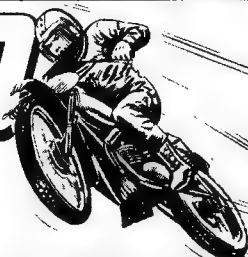




EDDIE KIDD WAS THE DARING YOUNG STUNT-RIDER WHO PLANNED TO BE ANOTHER EVEL KNIEVEL. ONE OF HIS MOST ENJOYABLE, SPARE-TIME TASKS WAS TO ACT AS "COACH" TO A GROUP OF YOUNGSTERS KNOWN AS THE "WHIZZ KIDS".



# TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS



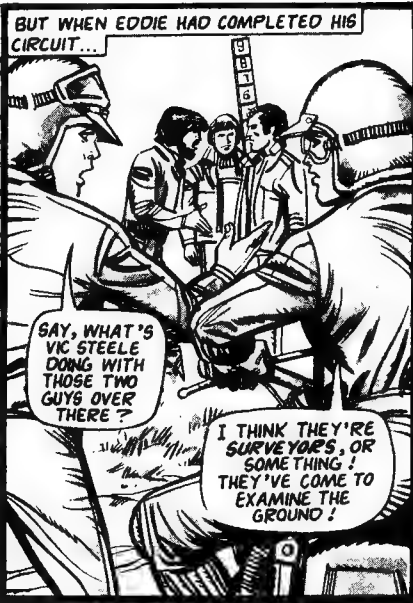
GET DOWN LOW ON THAT TANK, IAN. YOU GET LESS WIND RESISTANCE THAT WAY!

VIC STEELE WAS THE ORGANISER OF THE WHIZZ KIDS...

THEY'RE A GOOD BUNCH, EDDIE. THEY CAN'T RIDE MOTOR BIKES ON THE ROAD LEGALLY UNTIL THEY'RE SIXTEEN, BUT THIS PRIVATE TRACK IS THE PERFECT ANSWER!











MISTER SWAIN ? I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WANTS TO CLOSE DOWN THE WHIZZ KIDS' RACE TRACK TO BUILD A FACTORY?

YES, THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO DO. WHO THE HECK ARE YOU, ANYWAY ?



EDDIE TOPPS, THE STUNT-RIDER. YOU REALISE YOU'RE GOING TO DEPRIVE RACERS OF THE FUTURE OF VALUABLE EXPERIENCE ?



LISTEN, TOPPS ! I OWN A PROPERTY COMPANY, A BUS COMPANY, RACE HORSES ... **EVERYTHING** ! I'M RICH AND SUCCESSFUL ... A FEW SILLY KIDS MEAN NOTHING TO ME !

EDDIE REACTED EVEN QUICKER THAN HE COULD RIDE !



IF YOU OWN RACE HORSES YOU MUST BE A GAMBLING MAN ! HOW ABOUT A LITTLE BET ? IF I BREAK THE WORLD RECORD BY LEAPING OVER A LONG LINE OF YOUR BUSES, YOU LEAVE THE RACE TRACK AS IT IS !

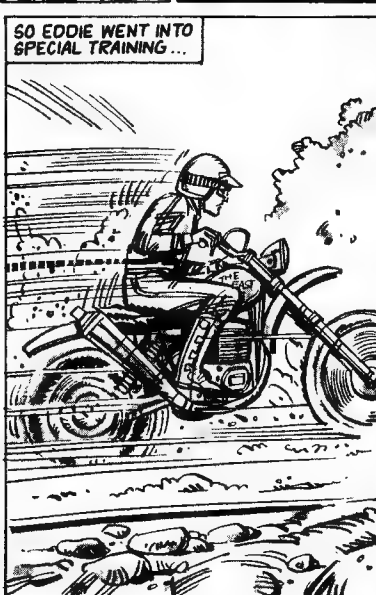


OKAY, TOPPS ... YOU'RE ON ... AS LONG AS YOU ADD TEN THOUSAND POUNDS OF YOUR OWN MONEY TO THE BET !

OKAY, YOURSELF ! TEN THOUSAND POUNDS IT IS !



TEN THOUSAND POUNDS ! SWIPE ME ! I HAVEN'T GOT THAT SORT OF MONEY ! IT MEANS I'VE GOT TO SUCCEED ... OR ELSE !



SO EDDIE WENT INTO SPECIAL TRAINING ...



COME ON, YOU BEAST - MOVE ! GIVE ME SOME MORE KNOTS !

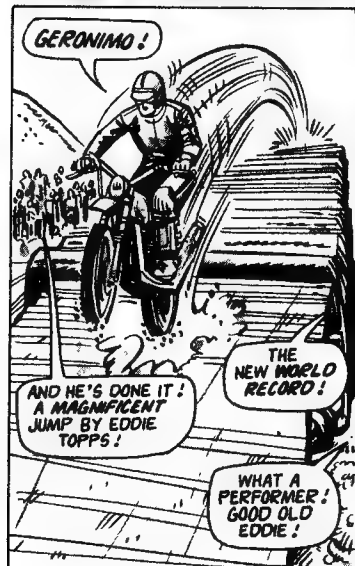
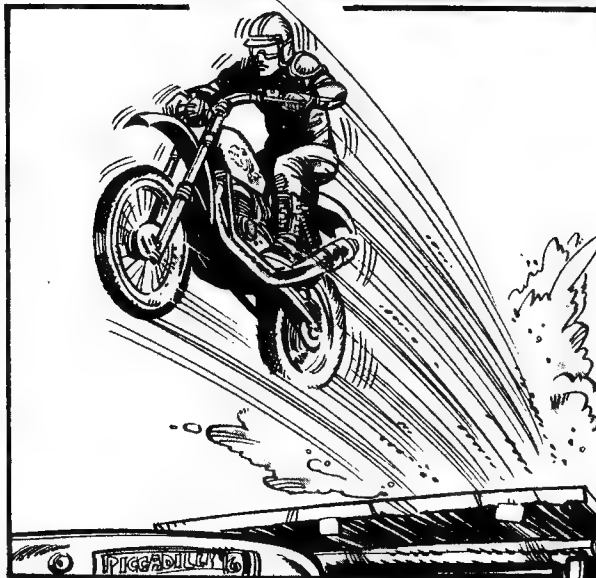
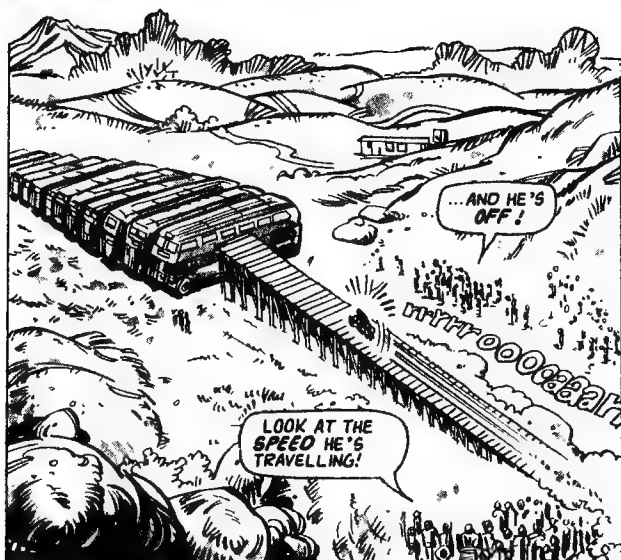








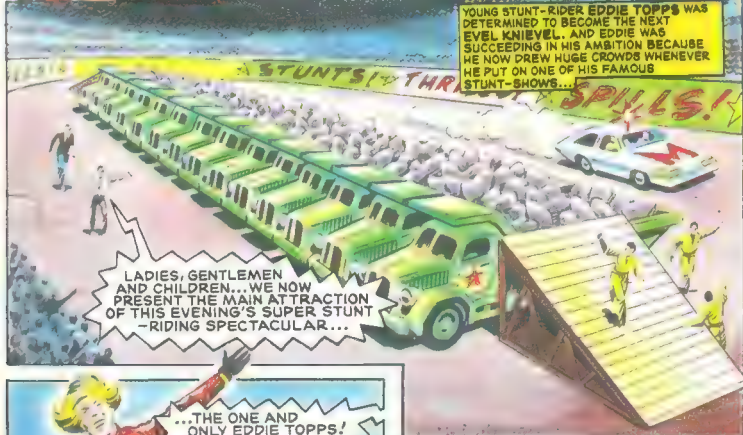




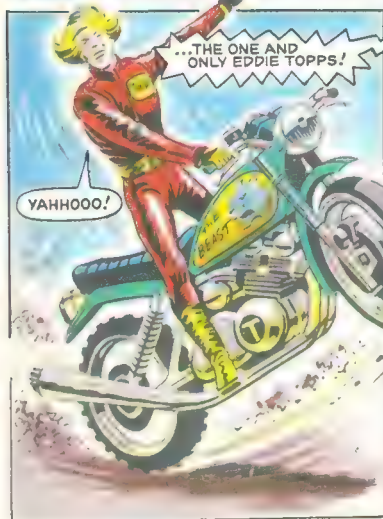




YOUNG STUNT-RIDER EDDIE TOPPS WAS DETERMINED TO BECOME THE NEXT EVEL KNIEVEL... AND EDDIE WAS SUCCEEDING IN HIS AMBITION BECAUSE HE NOW DREW HUGE CROWDS WHENEVER HE PUT ON ONE OF HIS FAMOUS STUNT-SHOWS...



LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN... WE NOW PRESENT THE MAIN ATTRACTION OF THIS EVENING'S SUPER STUNT-RIDING SPECTACULAR...



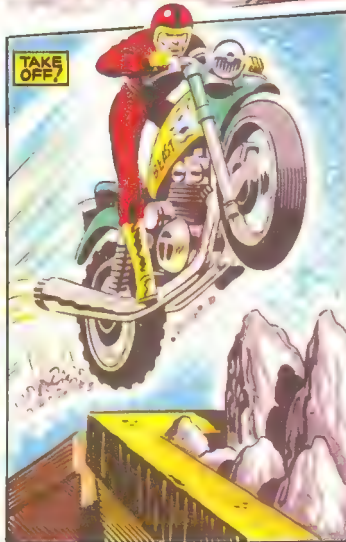
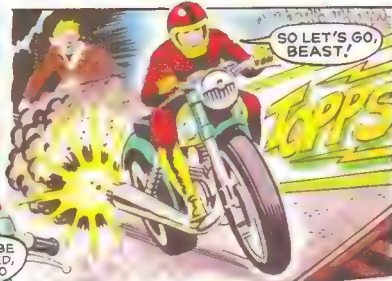
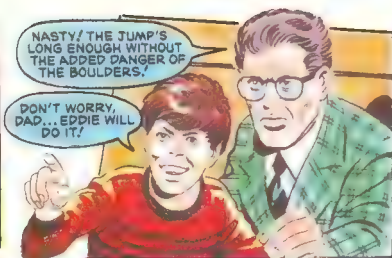
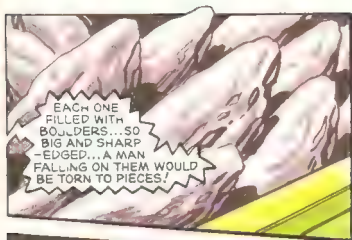
...THE ONE AND ONLY EDDIE TOPPS!

YAHOOOO!

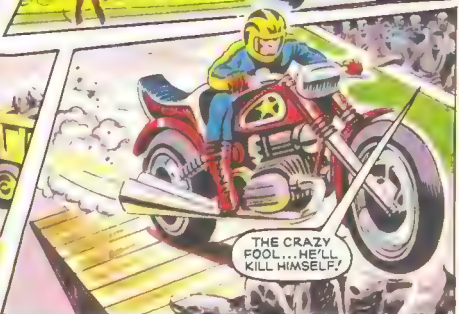
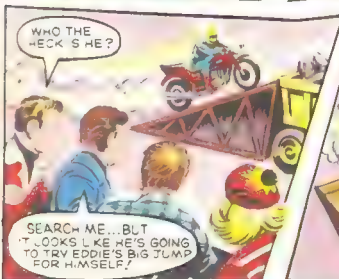
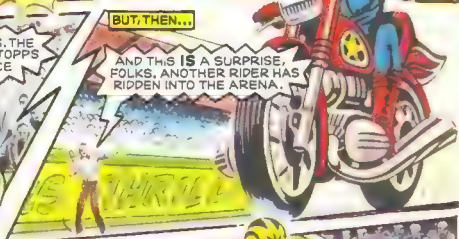
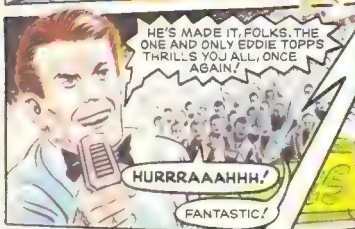
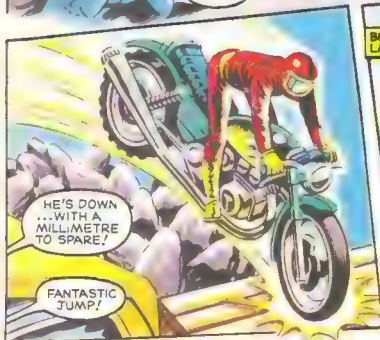


AND EDDIE'S DARE-DEVIL STUNT WILL BE TO JUMP OVER FOURTEEN GIANT TIPPER LORRIES!

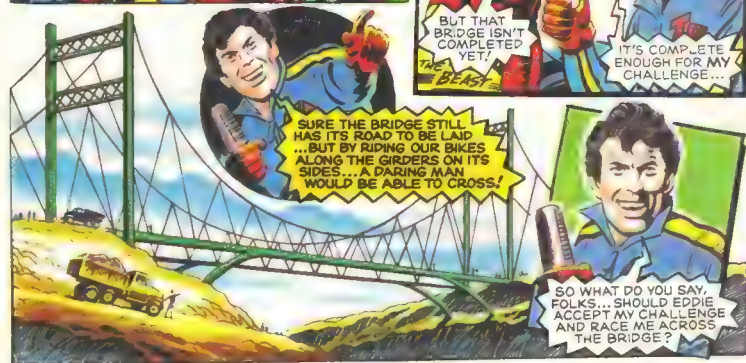
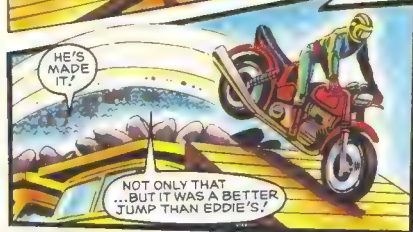
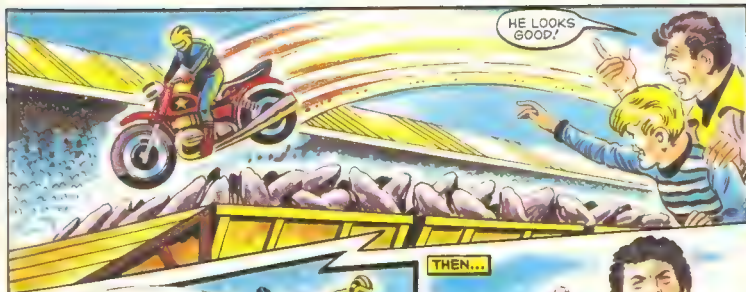




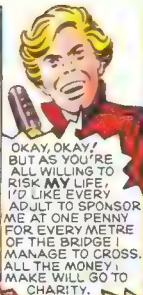




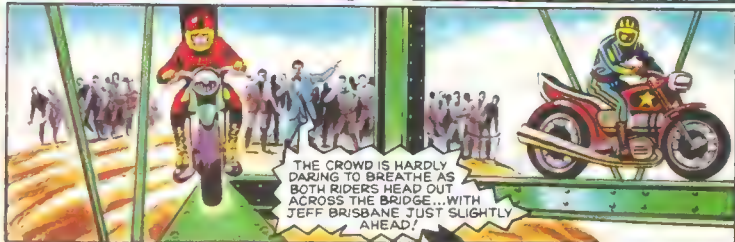




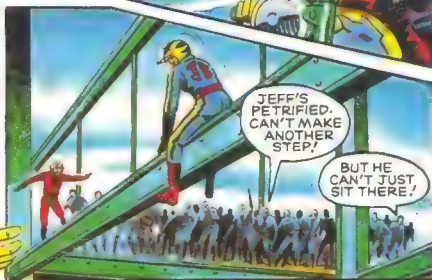
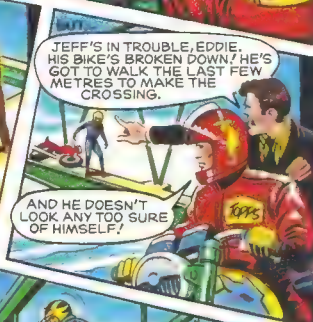
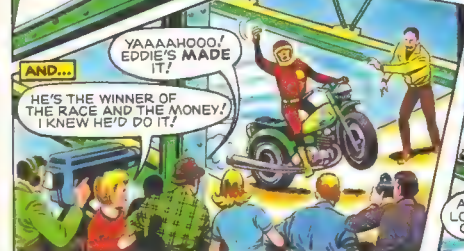
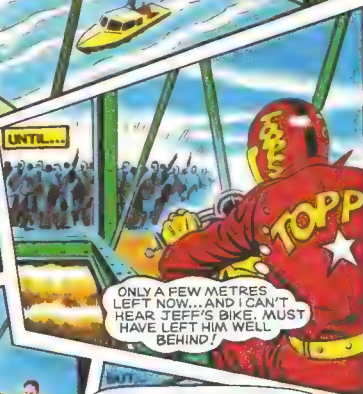
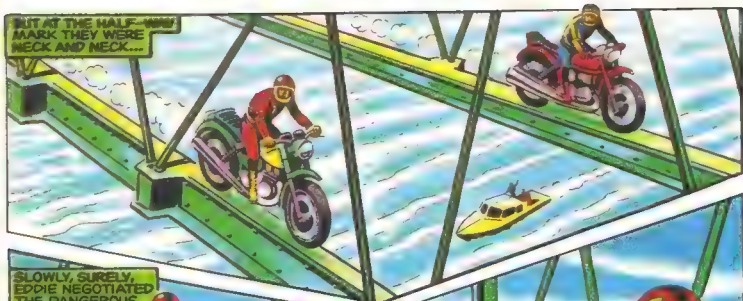




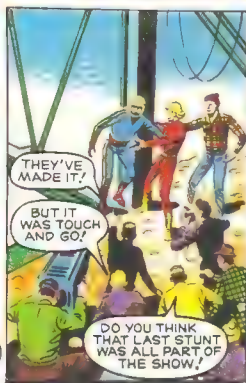
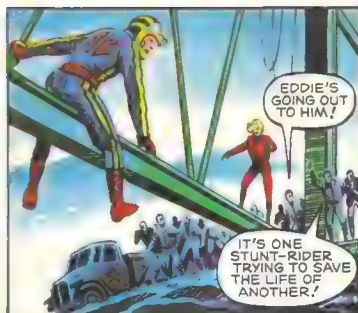
ONE WEEK LATER, A HUGE CROWD AND BIG MEDIA COVERAGE WAS AT THE HUNTER BRIDGE. PLUS, OF COURSE, THE TWO RIDERS...



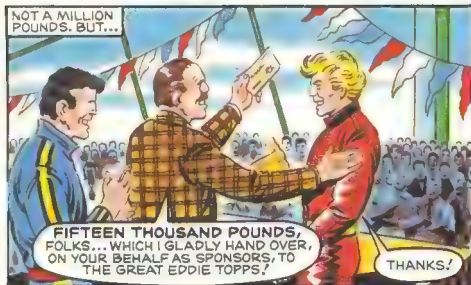












NOT A MILLION POUNDS. BUT...

FIFTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS, FOLKS... WHICH I GLADLY HAND OVER, ON YOUR BEHALF AS SPONSORS, TO THE GREAT EDDIE TOPPS!

THANKS!



AND THEN, TO LES SCOTT'S AMAZEMENT...

WELL DONE, JEFF. IT SEEMS LIKE MY IDEA FOR YOU TO THROW OUT THE CHALLENGE AT LAST WEEK'S SHOW HAS WORKED A TREAT.

HEY...YOU MEAN THIS WAS ALL A PUT UP JOB?



ALL EXCEPT THE LAST PART. LES. I NEVER REALISED JEFF DIDN'T HAVE A HEAD FOR HEIGHTS.

BUT GETTING THE CROWD TO SPONSOR US FOR CROSSING THE BRIDGE WAS, AND THE MONEY'S GOING TO A REALLY WORTHWHILE CAUSE!



SURE, BECAUSE NOW I HAVE IT WE CAN GET THE BUS WE PROMISED THE KIDS!

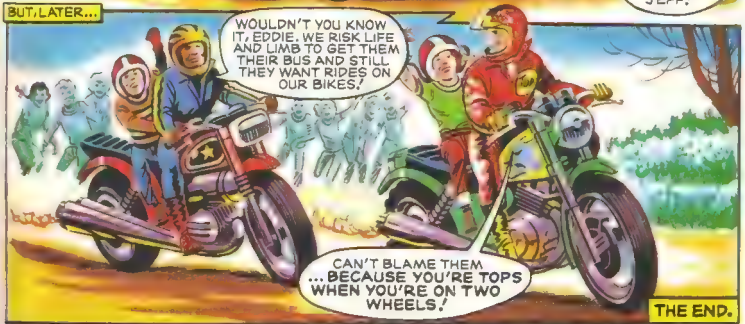
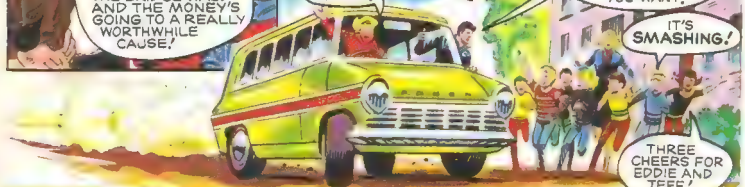
WE MADE IT, KIDS!

AND SO, A WEEK LATER, AT THE ST. MICHAEL'S HOME FOR ORPHAN CHILDREN...

YOUR VERY OWN BUS TO TAKE YOU ALL WHEREVER YOU WANT!

IT'S SMASHING!

THREE CHEERS FOR EDDIE AND JEFF!



WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT, EDDIE. WE RISK LIFE AND LIMB TO GET THEM THEIR BUS AND STILL THEY WANT RIDES ON OUR BIKES!

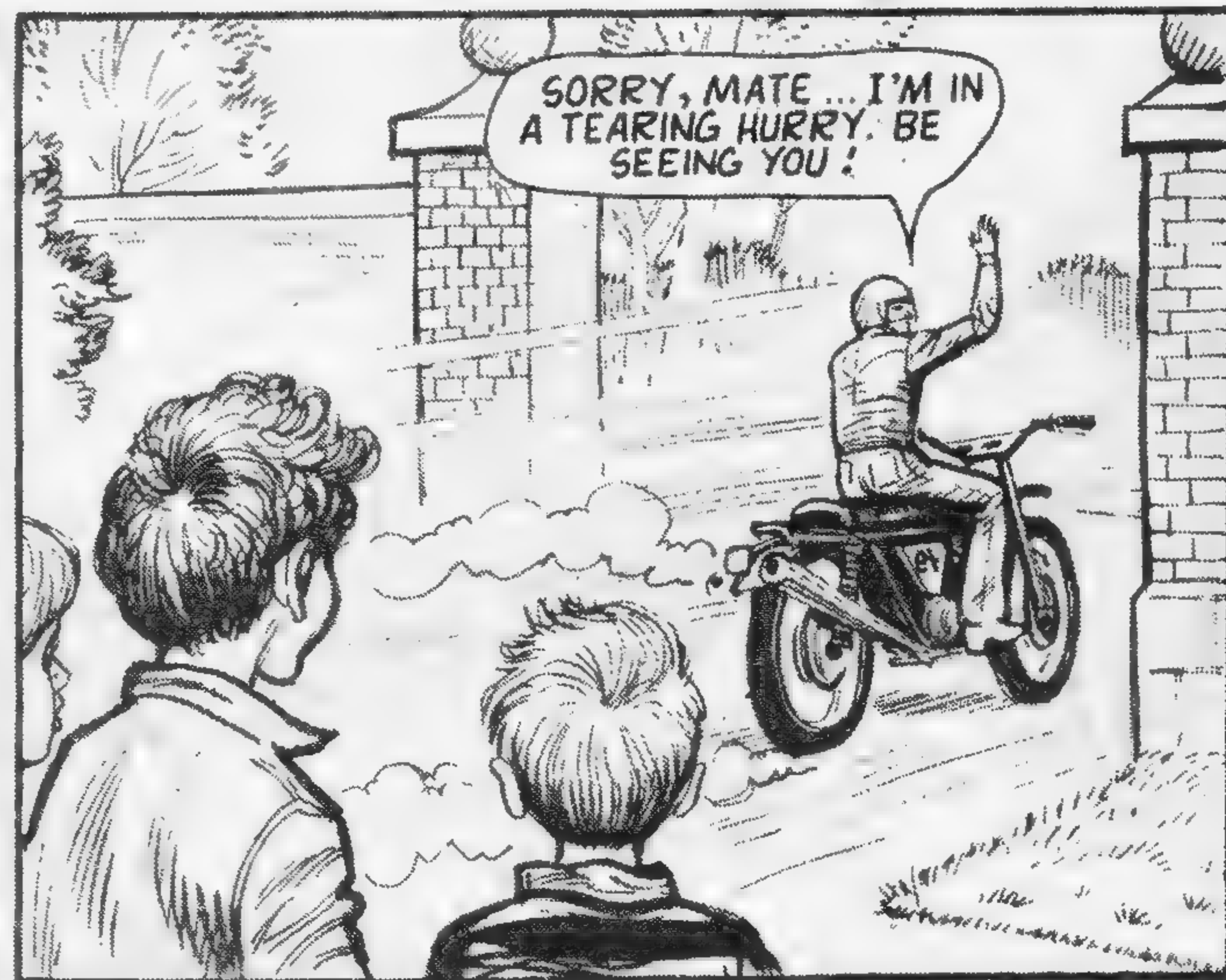
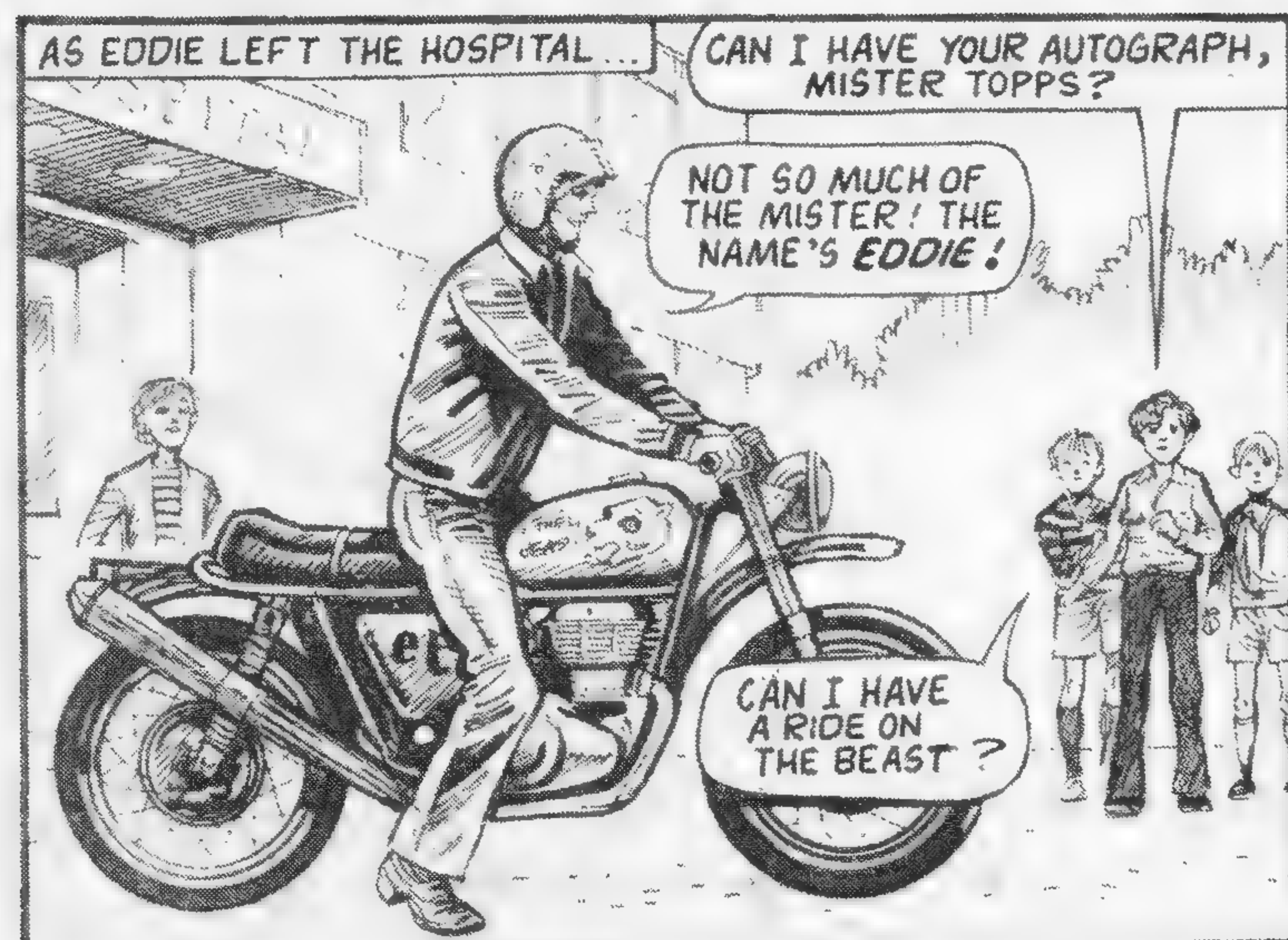
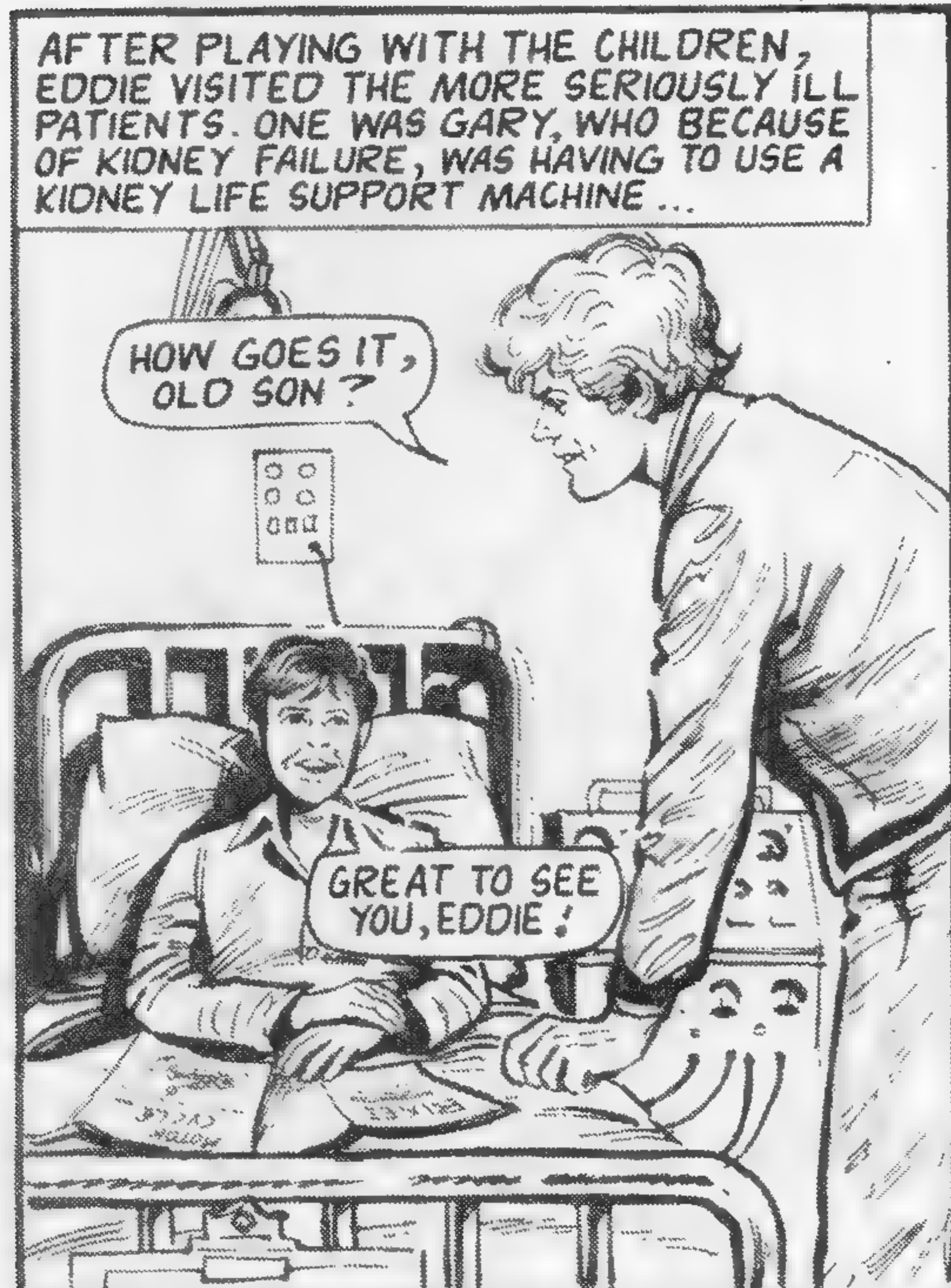
CAN'T BLAME THEM ... BECAUSE YOU'RE TOPS WHEN YOU'RE ON TWO WHEELS!

THE END.



# TOPPS ON TWO WHEELS

EDDIE TOPPS WAS A YOUNG STUNT RIDER WHO WAS DETERMINED TO BECOME ANOTHER EVEL Knievel. AS HIS FAME INCREASED, EDDIE WAS BECOMING MORE AND MORE IN DEMAND TO ATTEND SPECIAL FUNCTIONS. ONE TASK HE DID ENJOY PERFORMING WAS HIS REGULAR VISITS TO SEE THE SICK CHILDREN AT GREAT ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL IN LONDON...





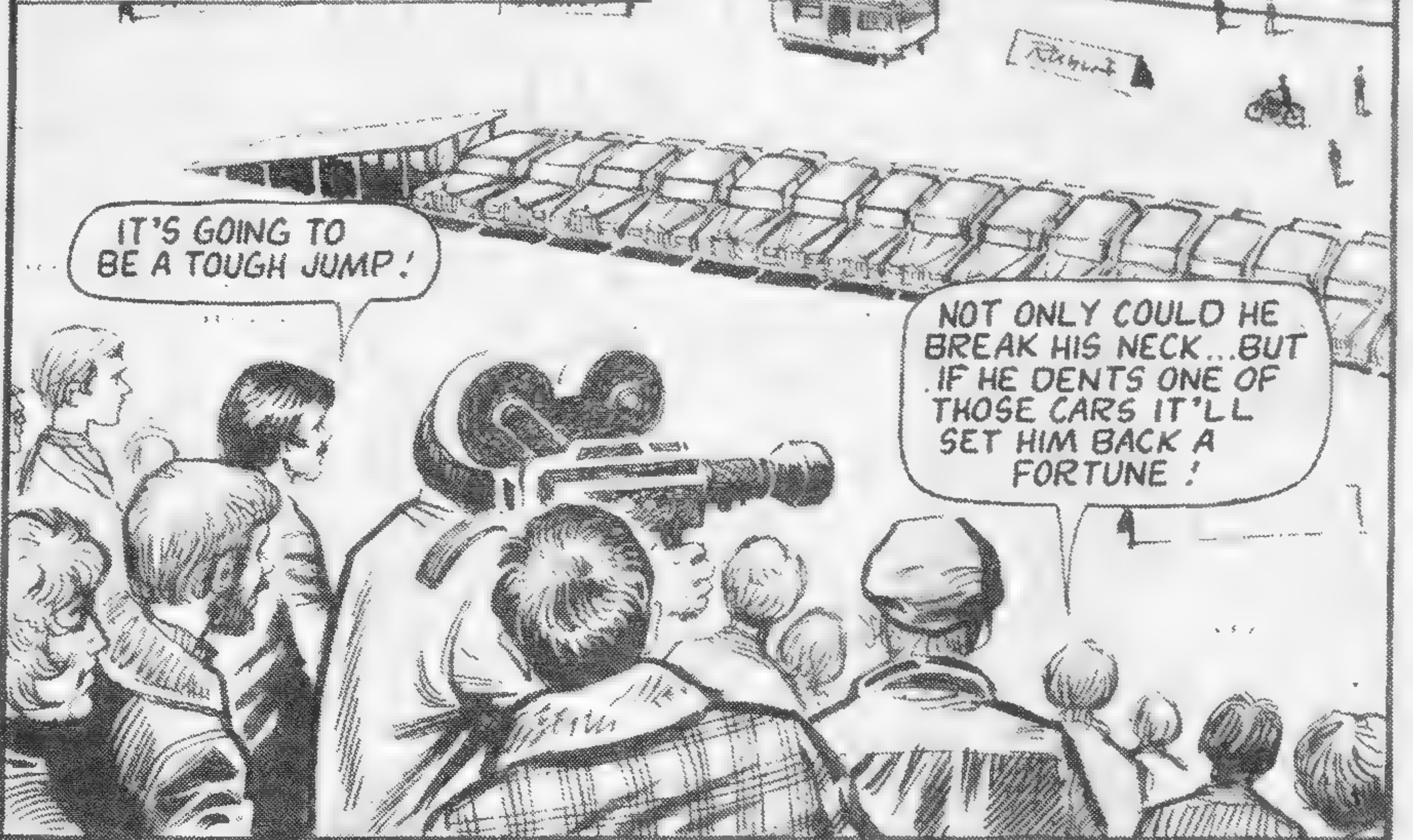
SOME WEEKS LATER, EDDIE WAS THE STAR ATTRACTION AT A STUNT SHOW. HIS MANAGER, LES SCOTT, WAS THERE TO ASSIST HIM...



OKAY! EVERYTHING'S SET. JUST WATCH THAT NECK OF YOURS... AND DON'T MAKE A MESS OF THE CARS. YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO TOUCH ONE OF THEM!

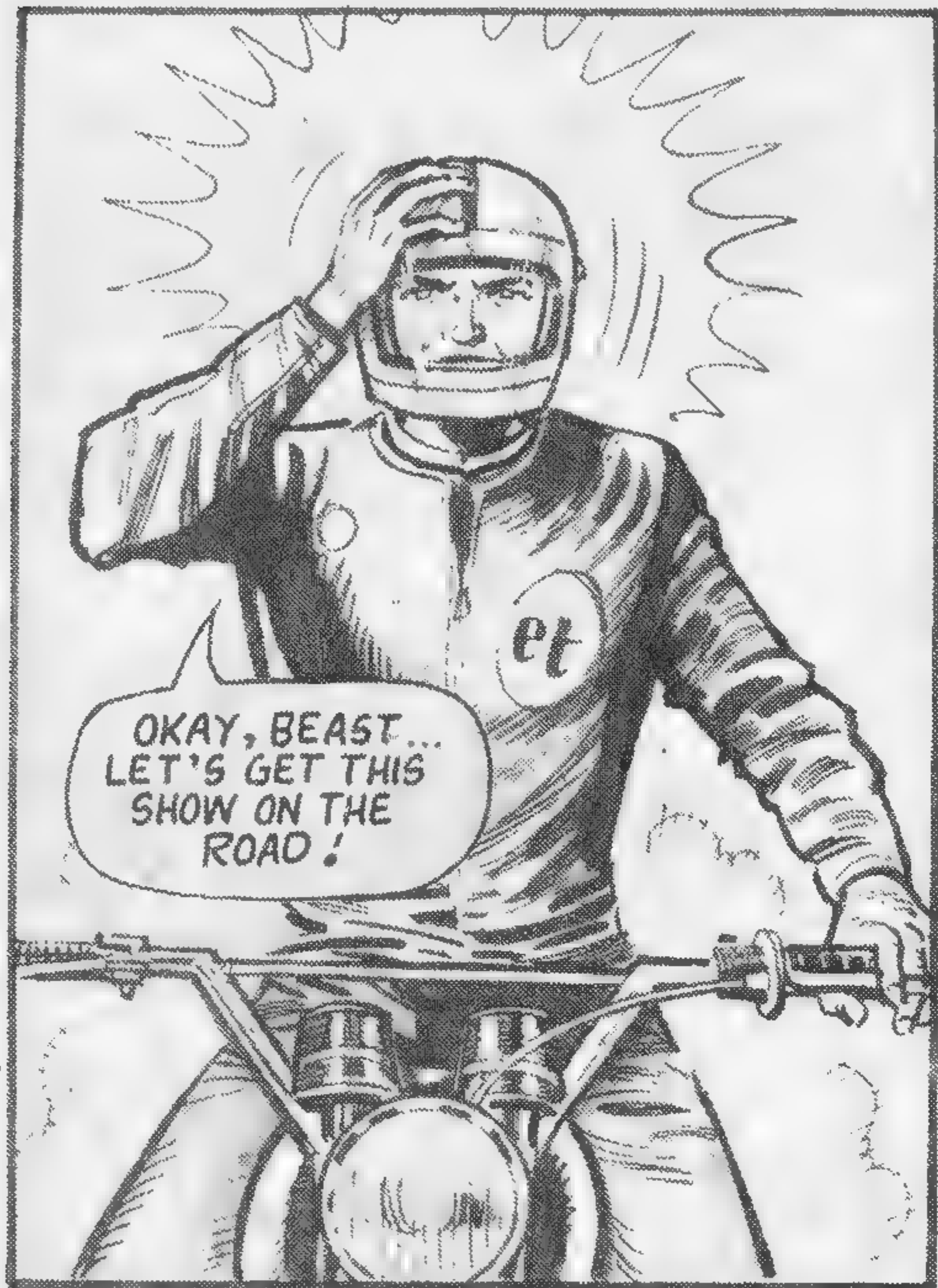
NO SWEAT, LES!

EDDIE'S TASK WAS TO LEAP OVER 18 GLEAMING ROLLS-ROYCE CARS...



IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH JUMP!

NOT ONLY COULD HE BREAK HIS NECK... BUT IF HE DENTS ONE OF THOSE CARS IT'LL SET HIM BACK A FORTUNE!



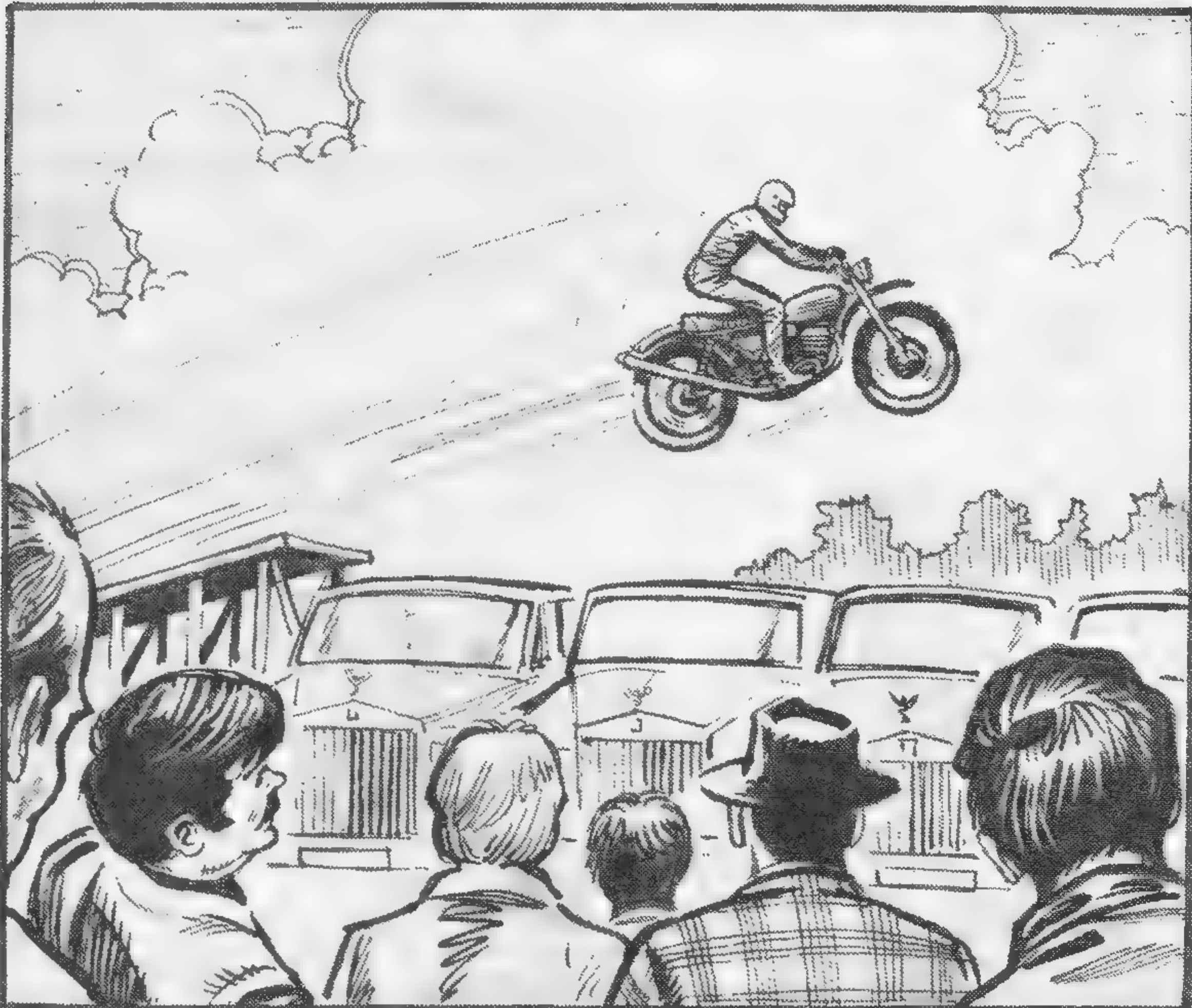
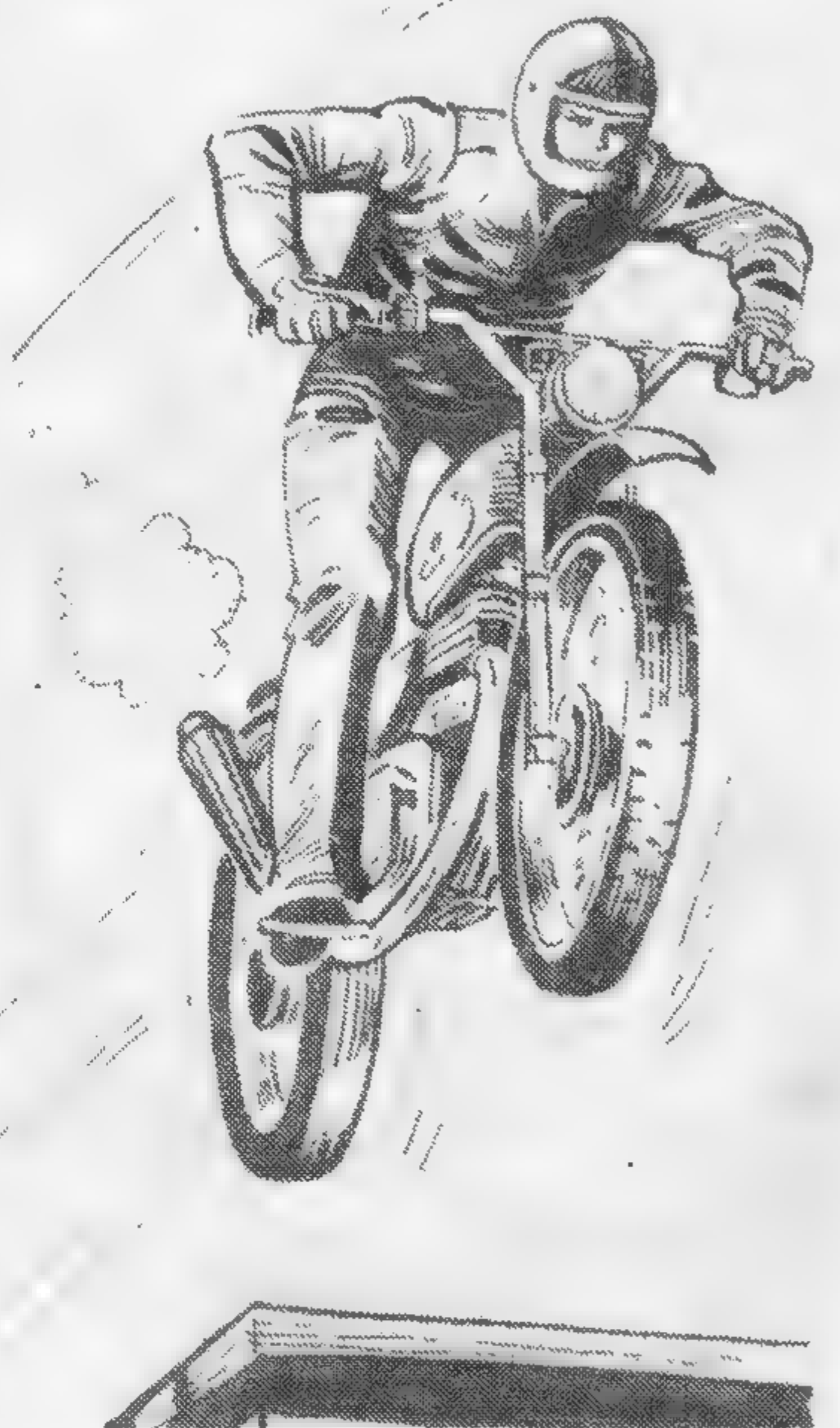
OKAY, BEAST... LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!



LOOK AT HIM GO!

HE'S SUPERSONIC!

TAKE OFF!



TIGHT... BUT GOOD ENOUGH!



A MASSIVE ROAR  
ERUPTED FROM  
THE CROWD...

GREAT JUMP!

HE'S GETTING  
BETTER  
AND BETTER!

GOOD OLD  
EDDIE!

THEN...

WOW! THAT POLICE  
CAR'S REALLY  
SHIFTING!

LATER, AS EDDIE  
DROVE HOME...

WATCH THE SPEED,  
EDDIE LAD! ON THE  
HIGHWAY YOU'RE  
JUST ANOTHER  
ROAD USER!

BUT A COUPLE OF MILES  
FARTHER ON, AS EDDIE  
ROUNDED A BEND IN  
THE ROAD...

WHAT THE...?  
HE'S GONE OFF  
THE ROAD!

ARE YOU TWO  
OKAY?

THINK - THINK SO.  
SHAKEN UP A BIT,  
THOUGH! IT'S THE  
SPECIAL BOX  
WE'RE WORRIED  
ABOUT!

INSIDE IS A DONOR'S KIDNEY WE HAD  
TO DELIVER TO GREAT ALEXANDRA  
HOSPITAL. SOME KID THERE IS  
SERIOUSLY ILL.

YEAH, I THINK I KNOW  
THE KID! NO WONDER YOU  
WERE MOVING SO FAST!

NOW IT WAS EDDIE'S  
TURN TO ACT FAST!

SEND AN AMBULANCE TO PICK UP  
TWO OF YOUR BOYS! I'M TAKING  
THE BOX THEY HAD TO DELIVER ON  
TO GREAT ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL.





THEN...



BUT THE CAR DRIVER WOULD NOT GIVE WAY...

NOTHING! THE FOOL'S FORCING ME TO TRY SOMETHING DANGEROUS...



AND...





THEN, A COUPLE OF MILES FARTHER ON...

TRAFFIC JAM ON THAT FLYOVER AHEAD... AND THE ROUNDABOUT BELOW IT IS ALSO JAMMED SOLID. THIS IS ALL I NEED!

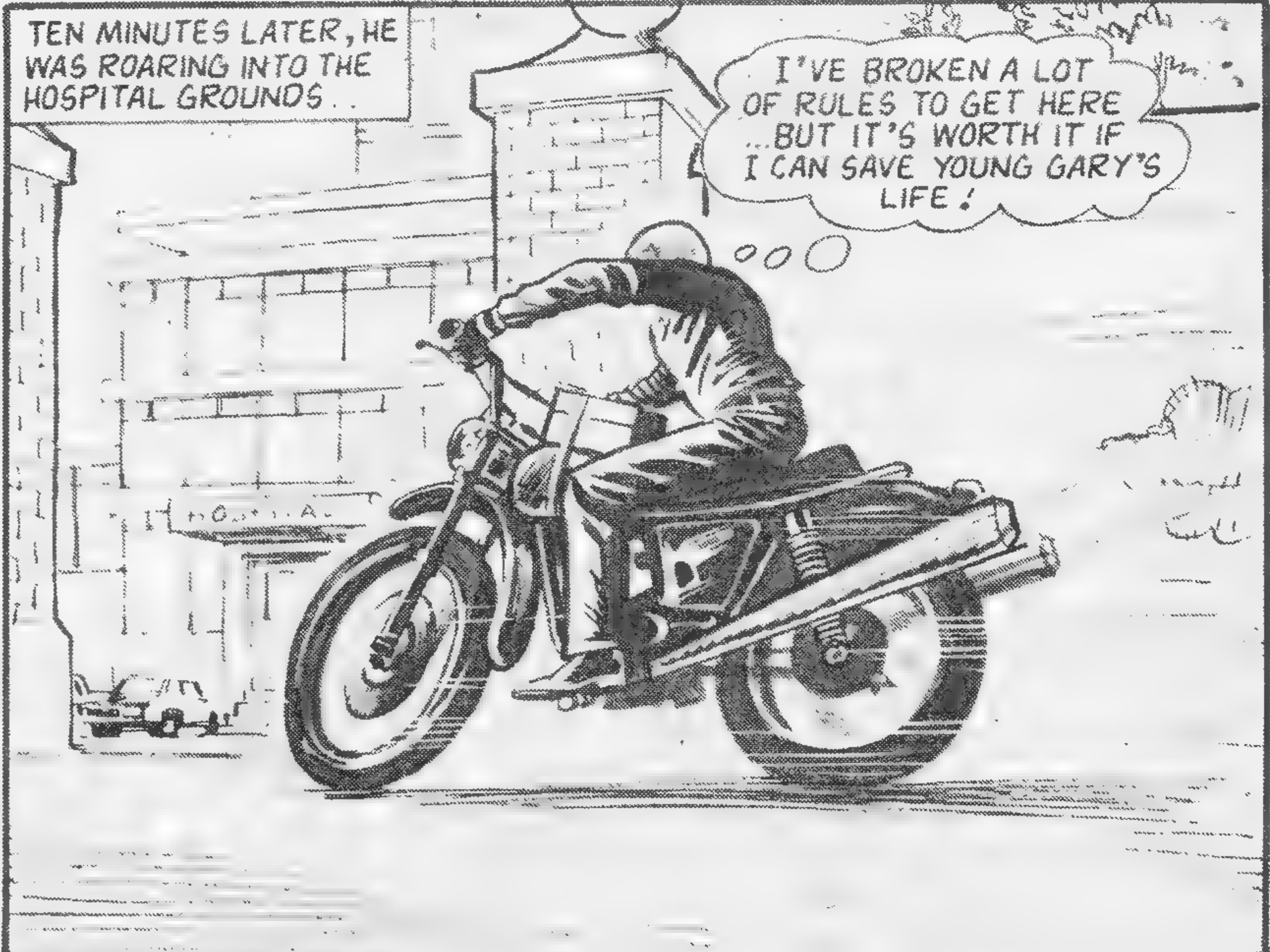
BUT WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY...

A TOUCH OF THE WOBBLIES HERE AND I'LL END UP IN HOSPITAL...

WHAT IS HE... SOME KIND OF NUTCASE?



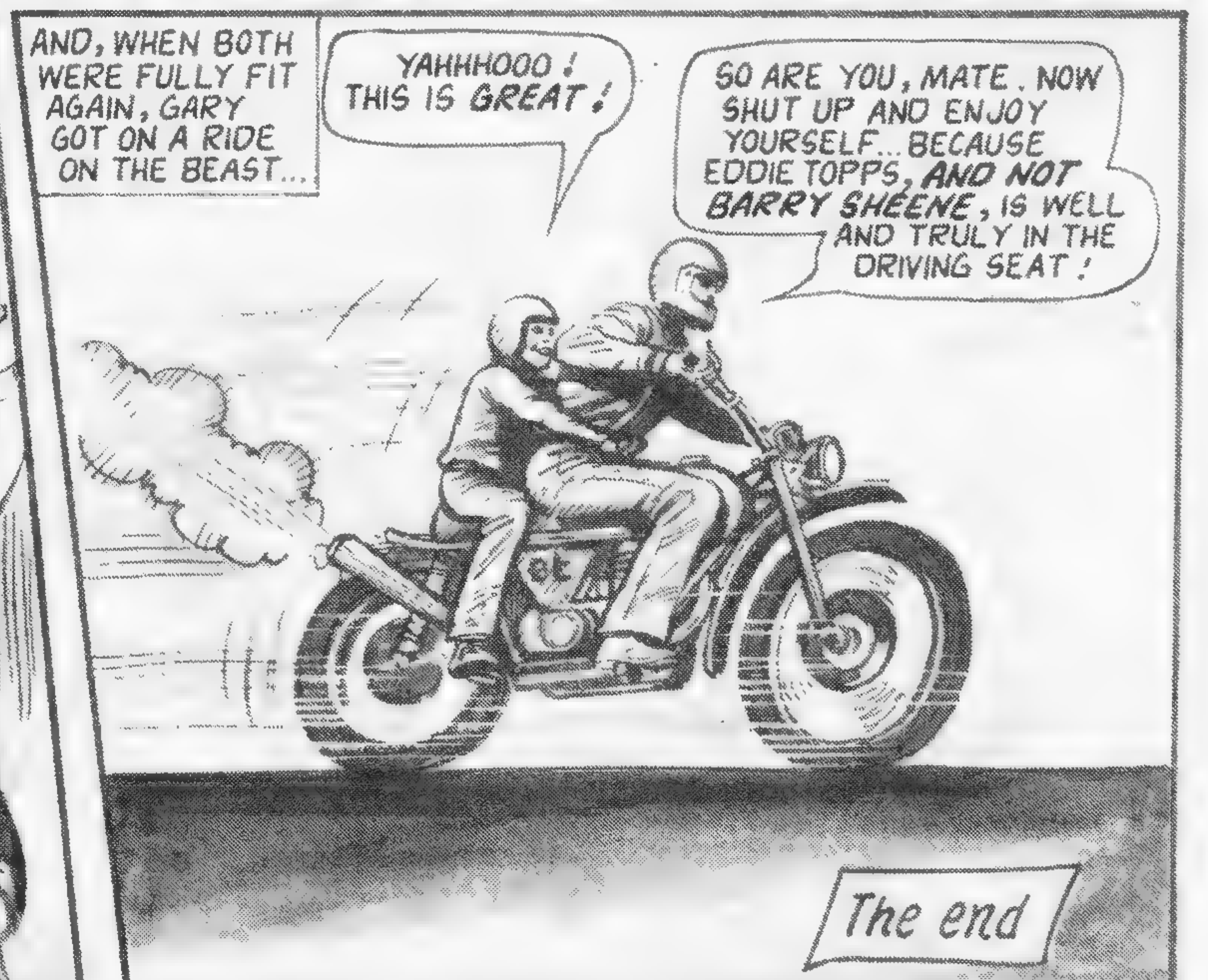
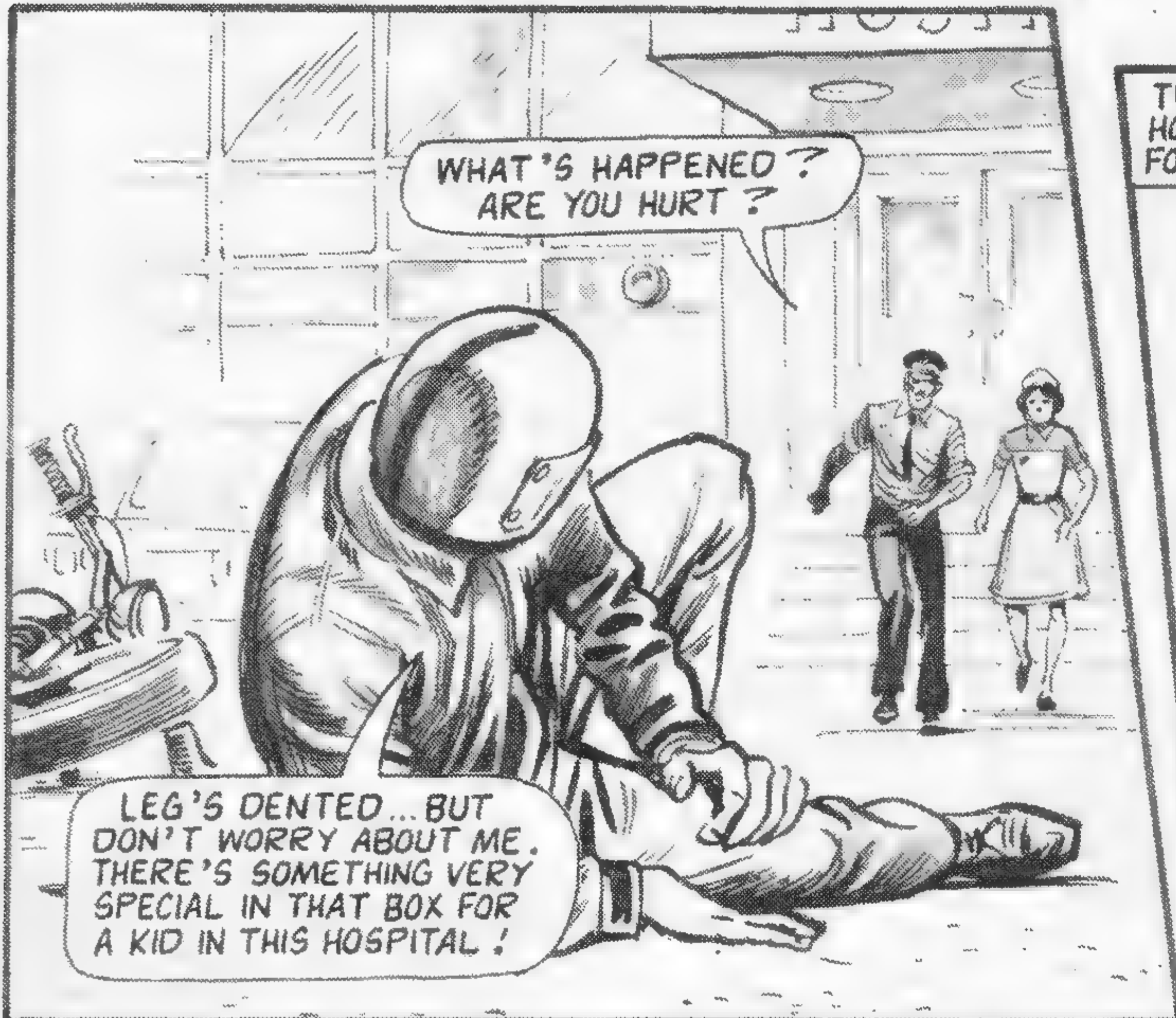
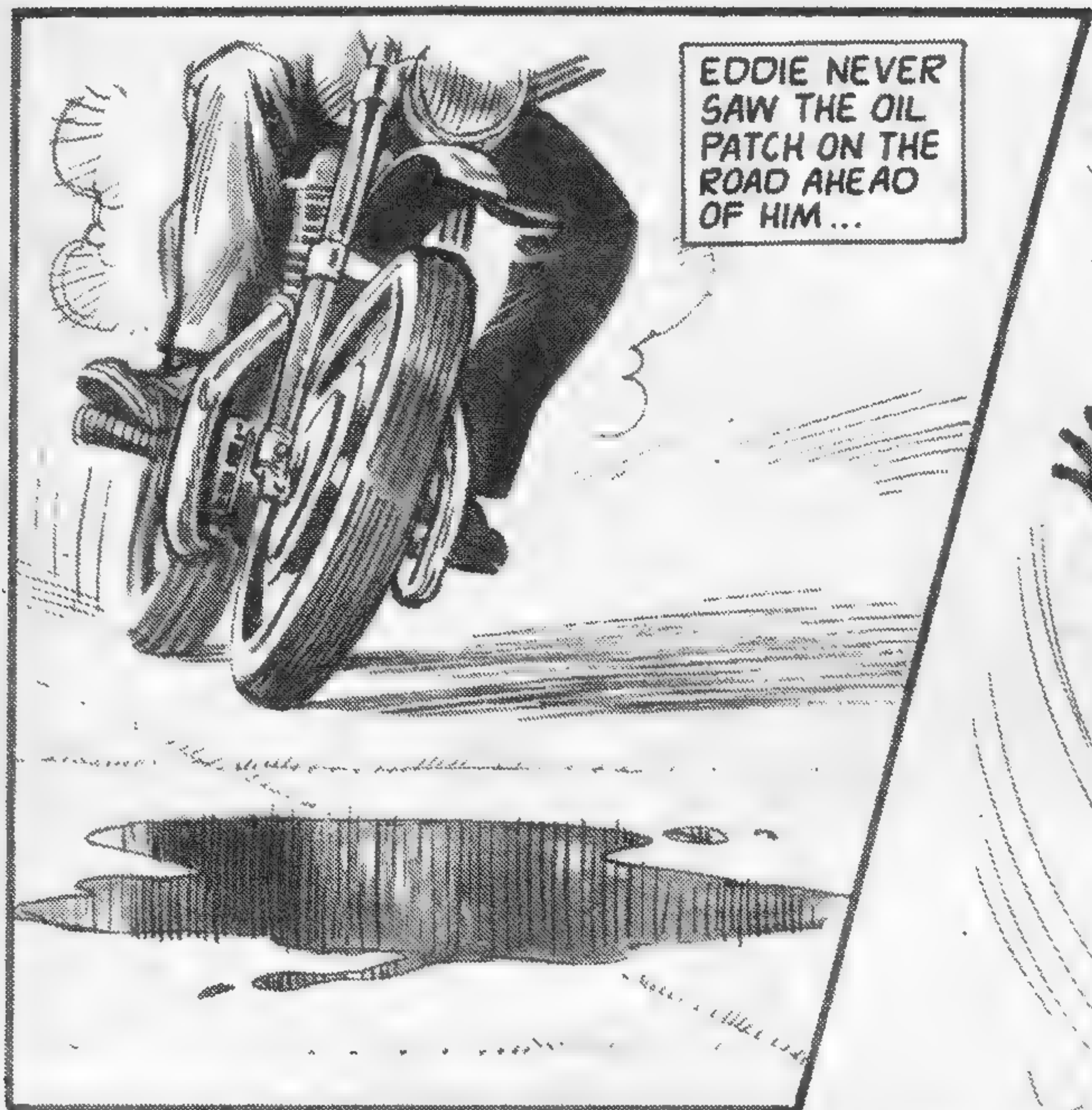
NUTCASE OR NOT ... I MADE IT!



TEN MINUTES LATER, HE WAS ROARING INTO THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS...

I'VE BROKEN A LOT OF RULES TO GET HERE ... BUT IT'S WORTH IT IF I CAN SAVE YOUNG GARY'S LIFE!





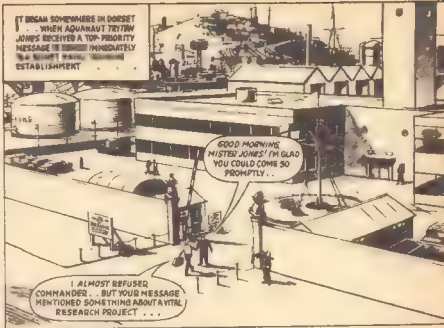


# TRITON



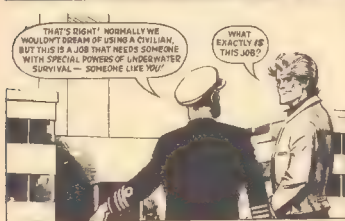
# JONES UNDERSEA ADVENTURER

IT BEGAN SOMEWHERE IN CORSET  
... WHEN AQUANAUT TRITON  
JONES RECEIVED A TOP-PRIORITY  
MESSAGE TO IMMEDIATELY  
REPORT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT



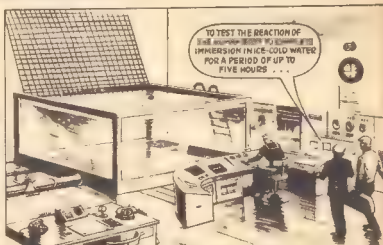
GOOD MORNING  
MISTER JONES! I'M GLAD  
YOU COULD COME SO  
PROMPTLY...

I ALMOST REFUSED,  
COMMANDER... BUT YOUR MESSAGE  
MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT A VITAL  
RESEARCH PROJECT...

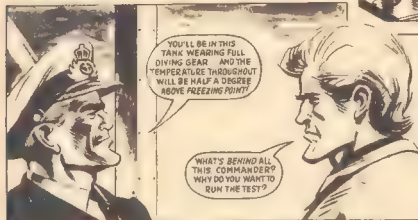


THAT'S RIGHT! NORMALLY WE  
WOULDN'T DREAM OF USING A CIVILIAN,  
BUT THIS IS A JOB THAT NEEDS SOMEONE  
WITH SPECIAL POWERS OF UNDERWATER  
SURVIVAL - SOMEONE LIKE YOU!

WHAT  
EXACTLY IS  
THIS JOB?



TO TEST THE REACTION OF  
THE HUMAN BODY TO COMPLETE  
IMMERSION IN ICE-COLD WATER  
FOR A PERIOD OF UP TO  
FIVE HOURS...



YOU'LL BE IN THIS  
TANK WEARING FULL  
DIVING GEAR, AND THE  
TEMPERATURE THROUGHOUT  
WILL BE HALF A DEGREE  
ABOVE FREEZING POINT!

WHAT'S BEHIND ALL  
THIS, COMMANDER?  
WHY DO YOU WANT TO  
RUN THE TEST?



THAT'S  
SOMETHING I CAN'T  
TELL YOU, JONES.  
IT'S A SECRET  
MATTER...

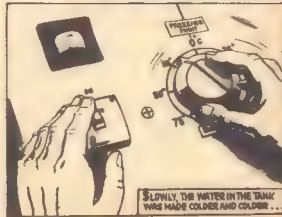
OKAY, YOU'RE  
THE BOSS! LET'S  
GET ON WITH  
IT...



MINUTES LATER, THE AQUANAUT WAS READY...

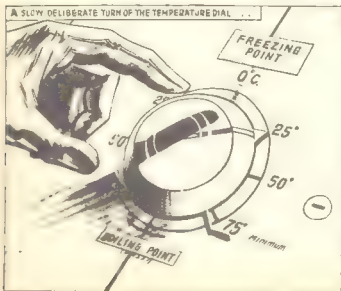
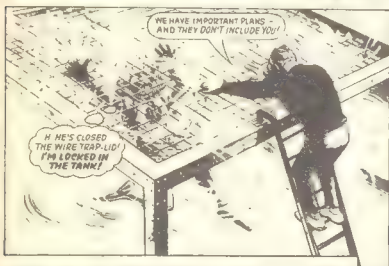
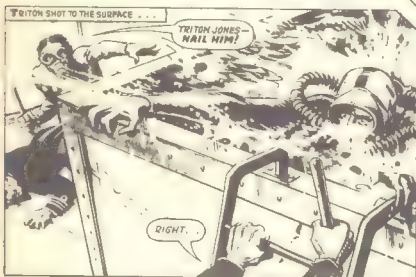
RIGHT,  
ADJUST THE CONTROL  
CIRCUIT! OPERATE  
THE COOLING  
SYSTEM!

A YE AYE,  
SIR.

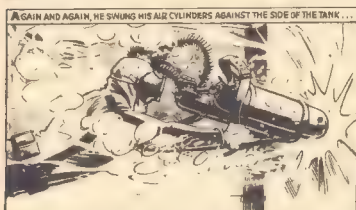


SLOWLY, THE WATER IN THE TANK  
WAS MADE COLDER AND COLDER...



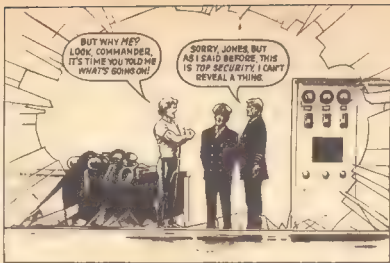
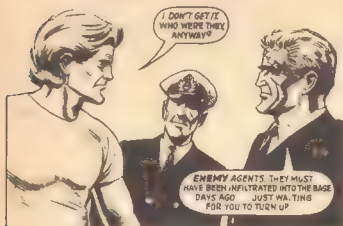




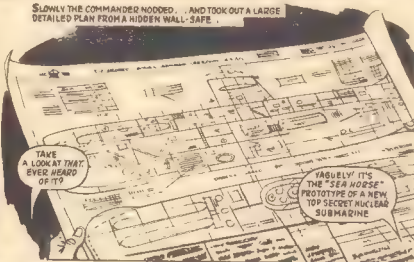
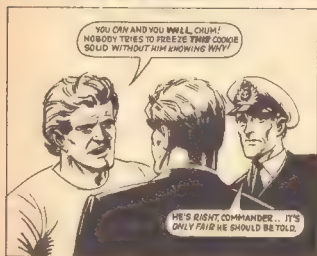




A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE COMMANDER WAS JOINED BY HIS ASSISTANT . . .



SLOWLY THE COMMANDER NODDED . . . AND TOOK OUT A LARGE DETAILED PLAN FROM A HIDDEN WALL-SAFE . . .



... THAT'S RIGHT! TWO WEEKS AGO SHE STARTED UNDERWATER TRIALS IN THE BERING STRAIT, OFF ALASKA . . .



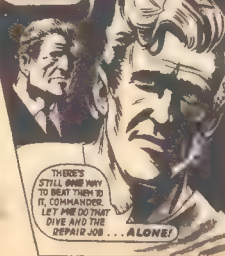
"... THEN ONE OF THE ELECTRONIC FEED-BACKS EXPLODED, WITH HER DIRECTIONAL GYRONAUTICS SHE PLUNGED STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM..."



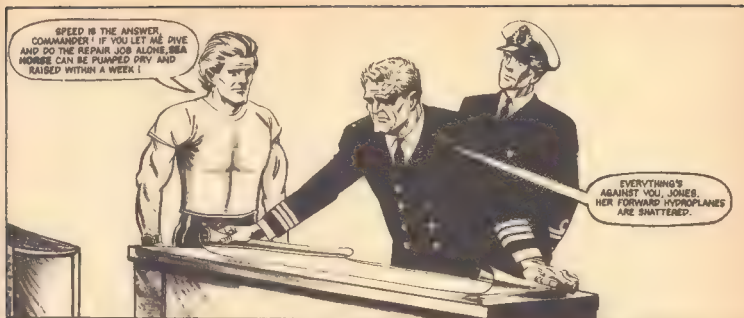
THE CREW ESCAPED, BUT "SEA HORSE" HERSELF IS LYING IN TEN FATHOMS OF WATER OFF WOTTON SOUND, FIVE MILES WATER!



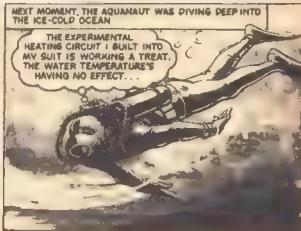
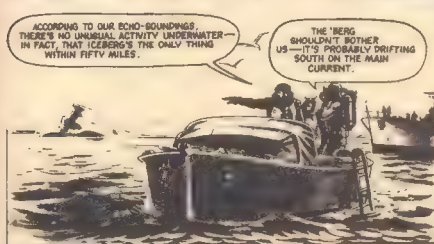
BUT THERE WON'T BE TIME, NOW OTHER POWERS KNOW "SEA HORSE" IS THERE, THEY'LL HAVE HER SECRET EQUIPMENT PICKED CLEAN IN A MATTER OF DAYS!







SO, TWO DAYS LATER, TRITON JONES WAS FLOWN TO A SUPPLY SHIP PATROLLING OFF THE ALASKAN COAST...





THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, A BLACK, MENACING SHADOW FELL ACROSS HIS BODY

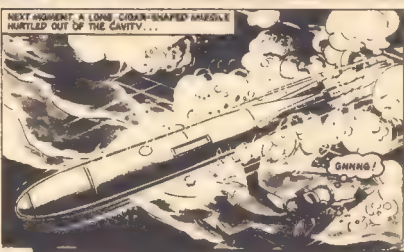


STRANGE  
THAT'S THE ICEBERG!  
IT'S DRIFTING  
THIS WAY

EVEN AS TRITON WATCHED, THERE WAS A FAINT HISsing SOUND AND



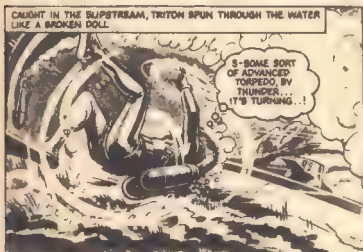
A-A SECRET  
OPENING THAT'S NO  
ORDINARY 'BERG. IT'S BEEN  
HOLLOWED OUT! TURNED  
INTO A FLOATING  
BASS!



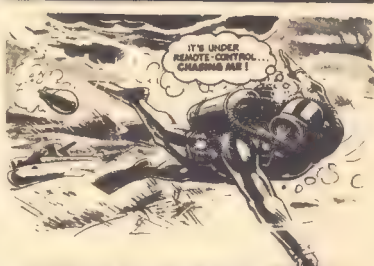
NEXT MOMENT, A LONG, CIGAR-SHAPED MISSILE  
HURTTLED OUT OF THE CAVITY...

GAHH!

CAUGHT IN THE SLIPSTREAM, TRITON SPUN THROUGH THE WATER LIKE A BROKEN DOLL



I-SOME SORT  
OF ADVANCED  
TORPEDO, BY  
THUNDER...  
IT'S TURNING...!



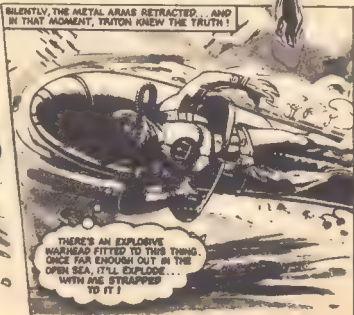
IT'S UNDER  
REMOTE-CONTROL...  
CHASING ME!

SECONDS LATER, AS THE MISSILE DROW LEVEL WITH HIM...



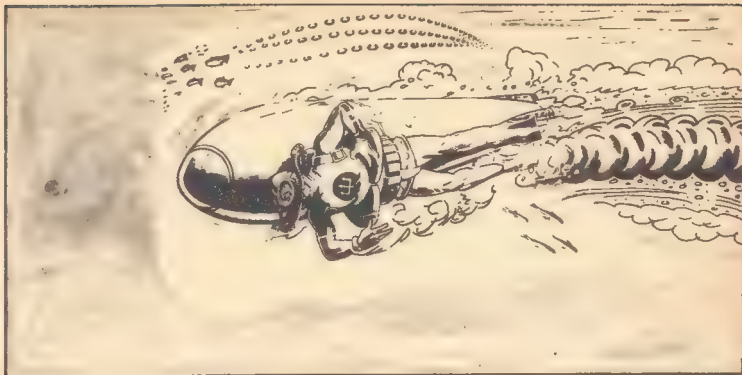
GAHH...  
EXTENDING METAL  
CLAMPS! I'M  
TRAPPED!

SILENTLY, THE METAL ARMS RETRACTED... AND  
IN THAT MOMENT, TRITON KNEW THE TRUTH!



THERE'S AN EXPLOSIVE  
WARHEAD FITTED TO THIS THING.  
ONCE FAR ENOUGH OUT IN THE  
OPEN SEA, IT'LL EXPLODE...  
WITH ME STRAPPED  
TO IT!





STRAPPED TIGHTLY AGAINST THE ANHOLE'S HULL, TRITON KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE FAINT CHANCE OF SAVING HIS LIFE...

SOMEWHERE THERE MUST BE A RELEASE MECHANISM FOR THESE CLAMPS. I'VE GOT TO FIND IT!

STRAINING WILDLY, HE SCRAPPED HIS FINGERS ALONG THE METAL...

A BUTTON... A LEVER! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING!

THEN, QUITE SUDDENLY...

THE TORPEDO—IT'S DIVING FOR THE SEA-BED! ONCE IT HITS THOSE ROCKS, I'VE HAD IT!

FRANTICALLY, TRITON WHIRLED HIS BODY SIDEWAYS. AND THEN... HE FOUND WHAT HE WAS LOOKING FOR!

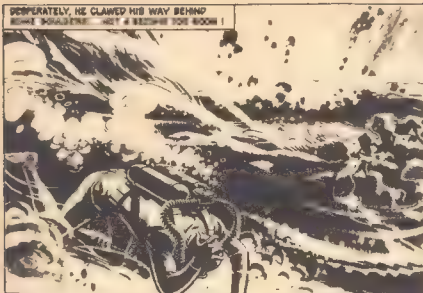
A LEVER—THIS MUST BE IT!

SUDDENLY, THE CLAMPS OPENED—TRITON WAS FREE!

A-ANOTHER FIFTEEN FEET AND SHE'LL HIT! COME, I'VE GOT TO PUMP COVER!



DESPERATELY, HE CLAWED HIS WAY BEHIND  
SOME SHALLOWS... NOT A BEATING FOR ROOM!



GRIM-FACED, HE SWAM BACK TOWARDS THE COAST... AND SOON



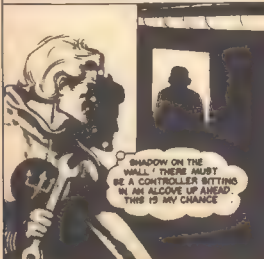
CAUTIOUSLY, THE AQUANAUT GROPPED HIS WAY ALONG THE GLEAMING ICE UNTIL AT LAST



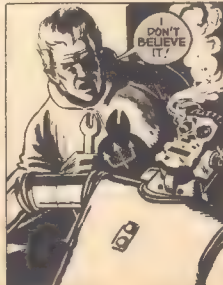
INSIDE, A FANTASTIC SIGHT MET HIS EYES...



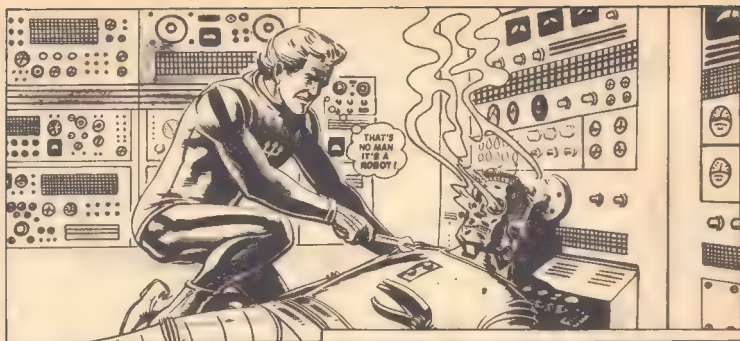
SHEDDING HIS AQUALLING EQUIPMENT, TRITON CREEPT TOWARDS A NARROW, DIMLY-LIT CORRIDOR...



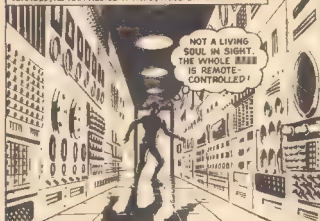
THE AQUANAUT LEAPT INTO THE ATTACK BUT...







AMAZED, HE RAN ALONG A WIDE, WELL-LIT CORRIDOR...



BACK IN THE MAIN CHAMBER, A COMPLICATED SYSTEM OF  
CRANES WAS LIFTING THE SEA HORSE INTO THE BELLY  
OF THE 'BERG



TURNING, HE RACED BACK TO THE  
CENTRAL CONTROL PANEL...



BUT SUDDENLY, AS HE BEGAN TO RE-PROGRAMME THE CIRCUITS



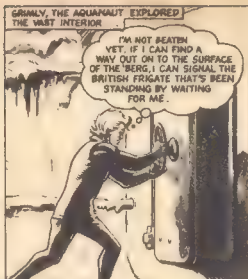
TRITON REALISED THE TRUTH







I'VE BLOWN THE EMERGENCY ALARM CIRCUIT THE 'BERG'S BEING CONTROLLED FROM THE MAIN ENEMY LAND-BASE NOW WHEREVER THAT IS!



GRIEVOUSLY, THE AQUANAUT EXPLORED THE VAST INTERIOR

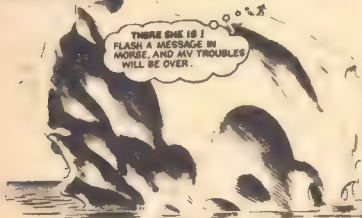
I'M NOT BEATEN YET. IF I CAN FIND A WAY OUT ON TO THE SURFACE OF THE 'BERG, I CAN SIGNAL THE BRITISH FRIGATE THAT'S BEEN STANDING BY WAITING FOR ME.

BEYOND, A LONG, SLENDER LADDER SWAYED UPWARDS FROM THE OPERATIONS DECK AND AT THE TOP



A HATCH! GOOD, MY LUCK'S IN

SECONDS LATER...



THERE SHE IS! FLASH A MESSAGE IN MORSE, AND MY TROUBLES WILL BE OVER.

BUT AS TRITON FUMLED FOR A SMALL, EMERGENCY HAND-ALARM...



THERE'S A SEA MIST ROLLING UP IN THUNDER! NO HOPE OF MAKING CONTACT NOW! I DON'T LIKE I'VE HAD IT!

CONTROLLED FROM THE ENEMY LAND-BASE, THE MASS OF ICE PLOUGHED WESTWARDS THEN, AS THE SUN BROKE THROUGH ONCE AGAIN



A HELICOPTER! THOSE RATS ARE COMING TO SEE WHAT WENT WRONG WITH THEIR ROBOT!

FRANTICALLY, TRITON MADE A DASH FOR THE HATCH... AND SLIPPED!



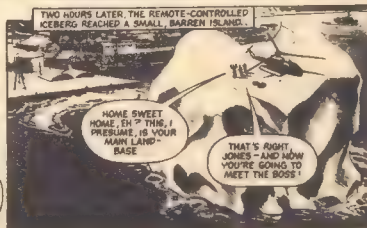
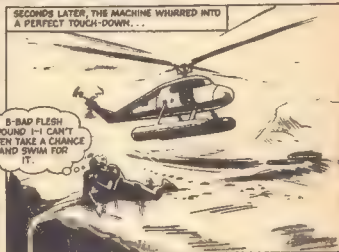
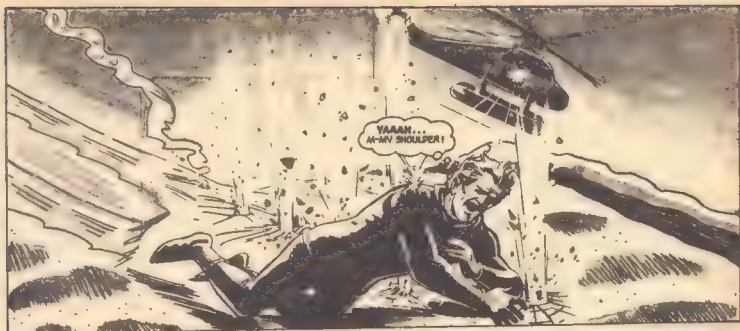
T-TOO LATE... THEY'VE SPOTTED ME!

NEXT MOMENT, A HAIL OF AUTOMATIC FIRE WAS SCYTHING ACROSS THE FACE OF THE 'BERG...

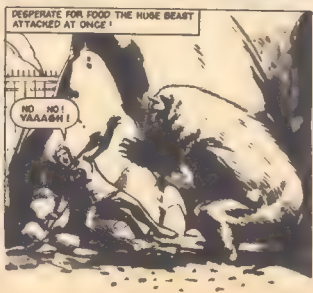
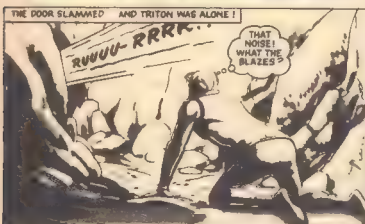
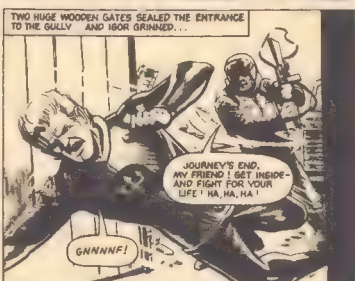
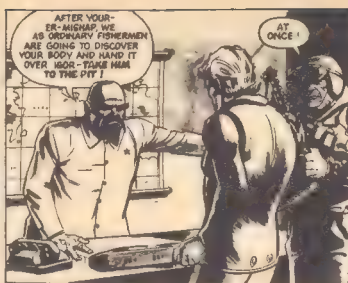
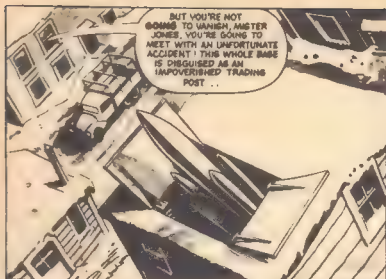


GEAAAGH!













GLEAMING, RAZOR-SHARP CLAIMS SCYTHED THROUGH THE AIR...



AS THE BEAR LUMBERED IN FOR THE KILL, TRITON GRABBED A LARGE ROCK AND HURLED IT FORWARD WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH!



A SLOW, MUSCLE-TEARING CLIMB. AND THEN...



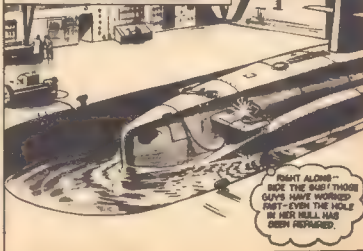
ANCHORED IN THE BAY WAS A FAKE, HOLLOWED-OUT ICEBERG IN WHICH THE 'SEA HORSE' HAD BEEN STOLEN...



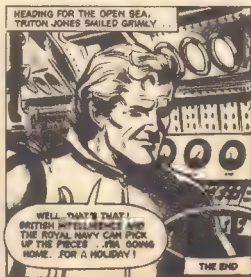
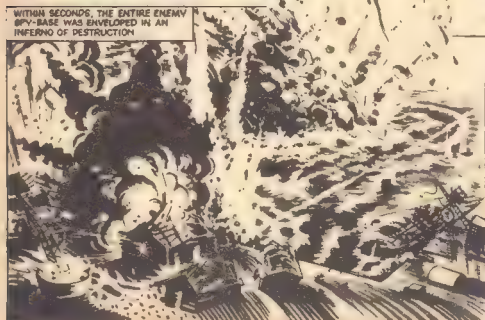
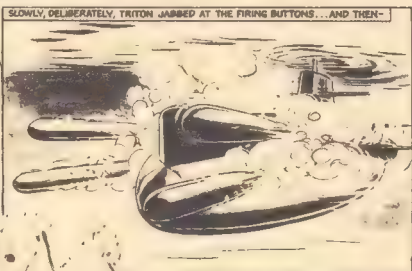
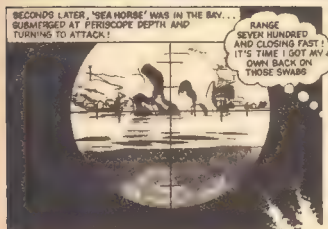
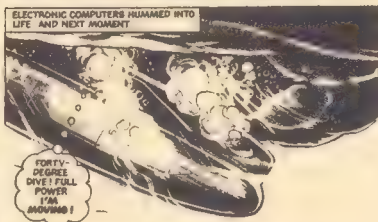
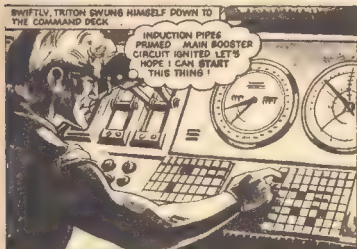
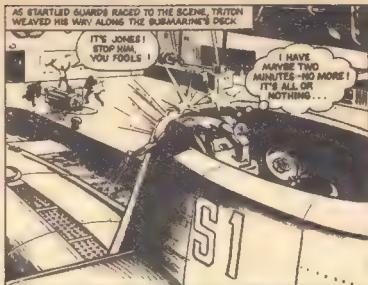
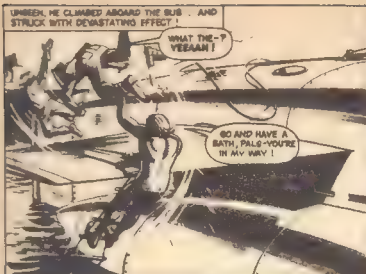
SWIMMING QUICKLY TO THE 'BERG, TRITON DIVED DEEP...



LUCK WAS WITH TRITON. LUNGS BURSTING, HE SURFACED INSIDE THE HOLLOW ICEBERG.





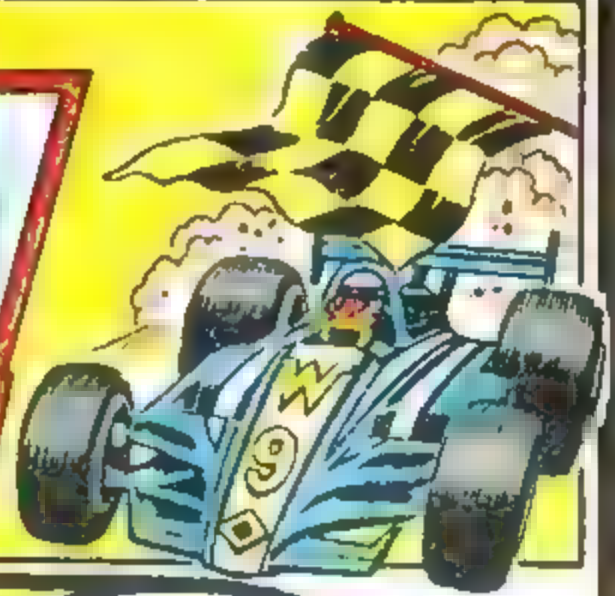




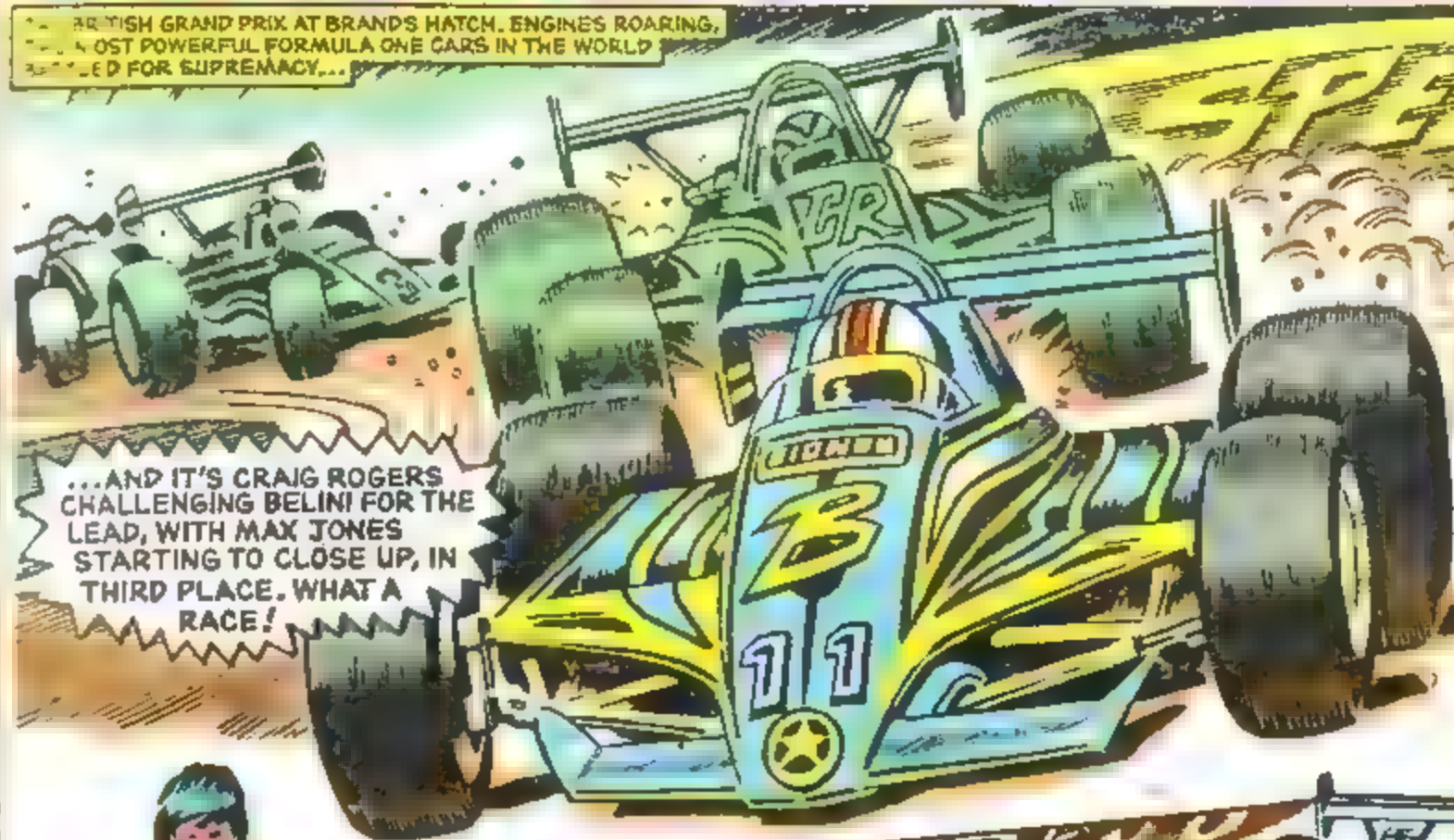
New story No.2...All the thrills and spills of Grand Prix racing in-



# WINNER!



BRITISH GRAND PRIX AT BRANDS HATCH. ENGINES ROARING, MOST POWERFUL FORMULA ONE CARS IN THE WORLD, RACING FOR SUPREMACY...



...AND IT'S CRAIG ROGERS CHALLENGING BELINI FOR THE LEAD, WITH MAX JONES STARTING TO CLOSE UP, IN THIRD PLACE. WHAT A RACE!



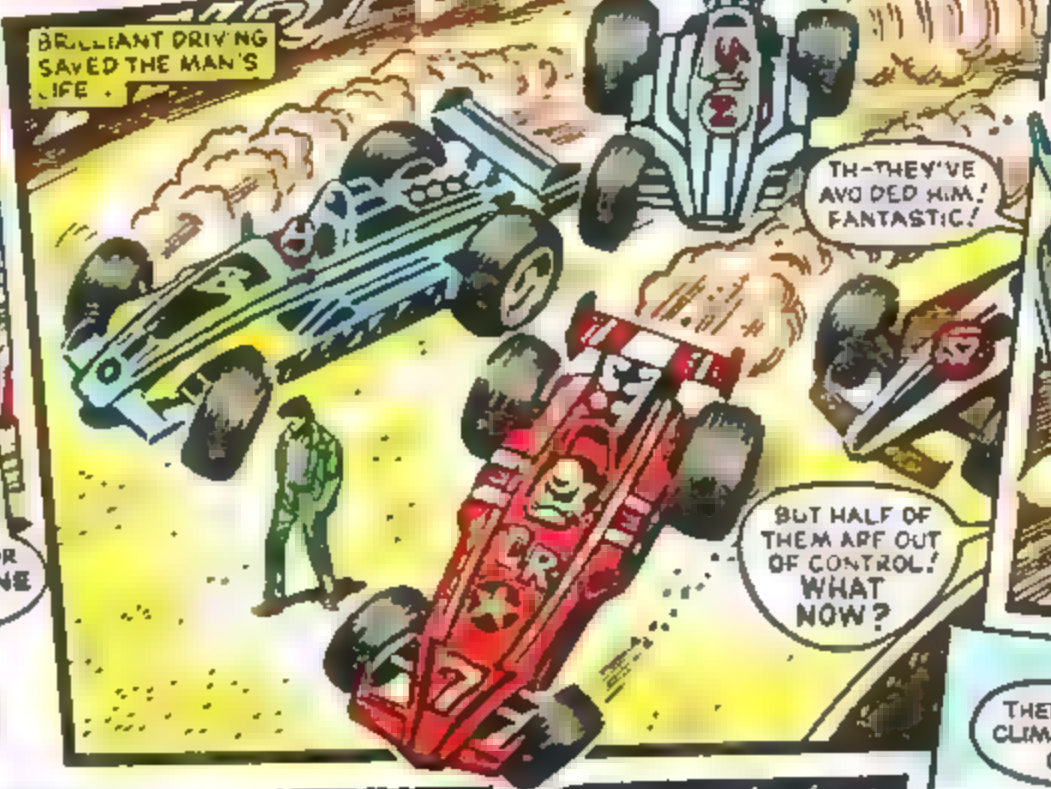
BUT, SUDDENLY!

LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE TRACK!



HE...HE'LL BE KILLED FOR SURE! SOMEONE STOP THE RACE!

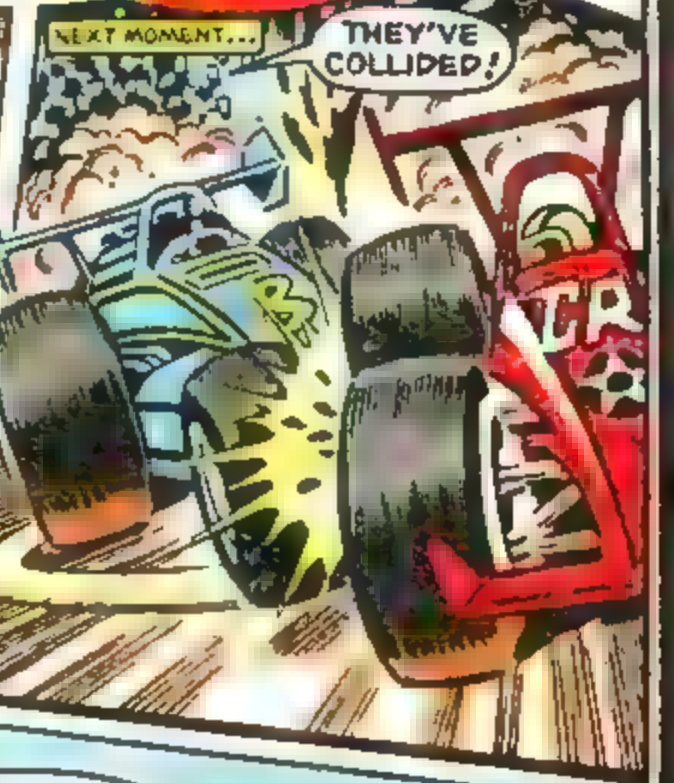
IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT! HE'S DONE FOR!



BRILLIANT DRIVING SAVED THE MAN'S LIFE

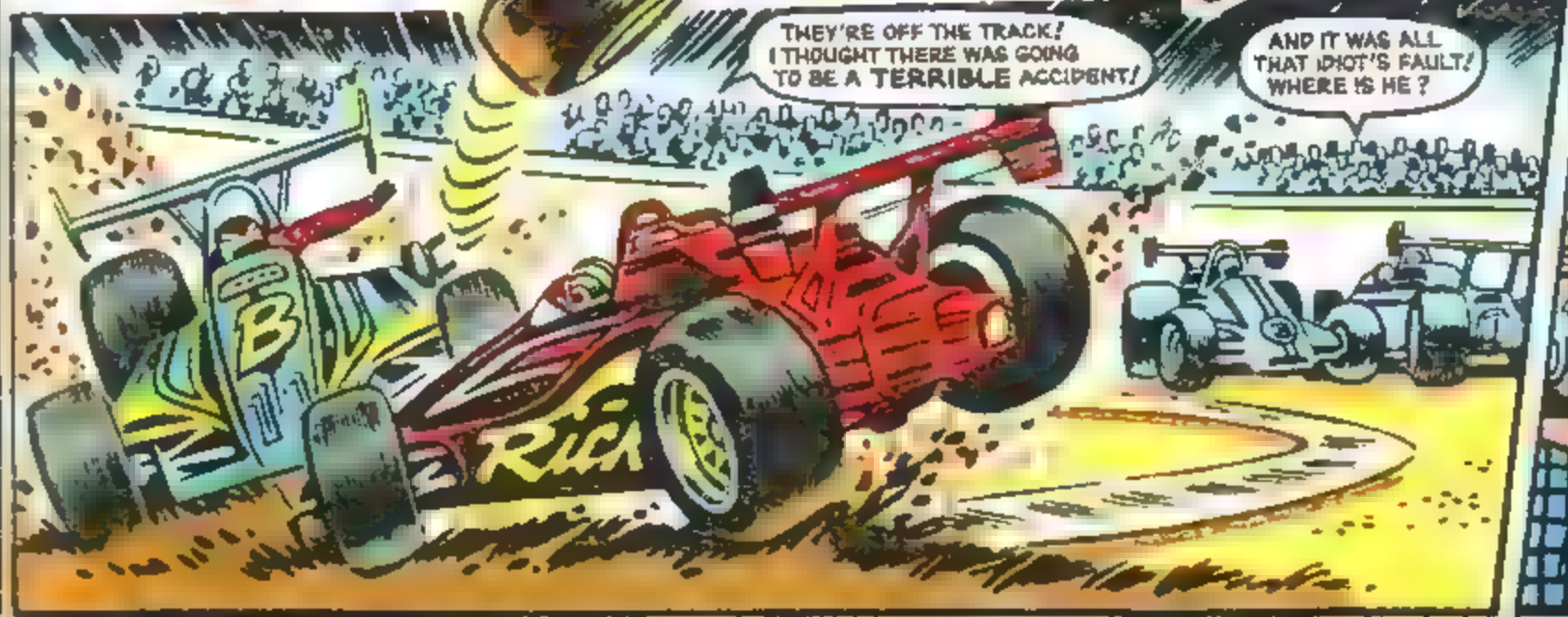
TH-THEY'VE AVOIDED HIM! FANTASTIC!

BUT HALF OF THEM ARE OUT OF CONTROL! WHAT NOW?



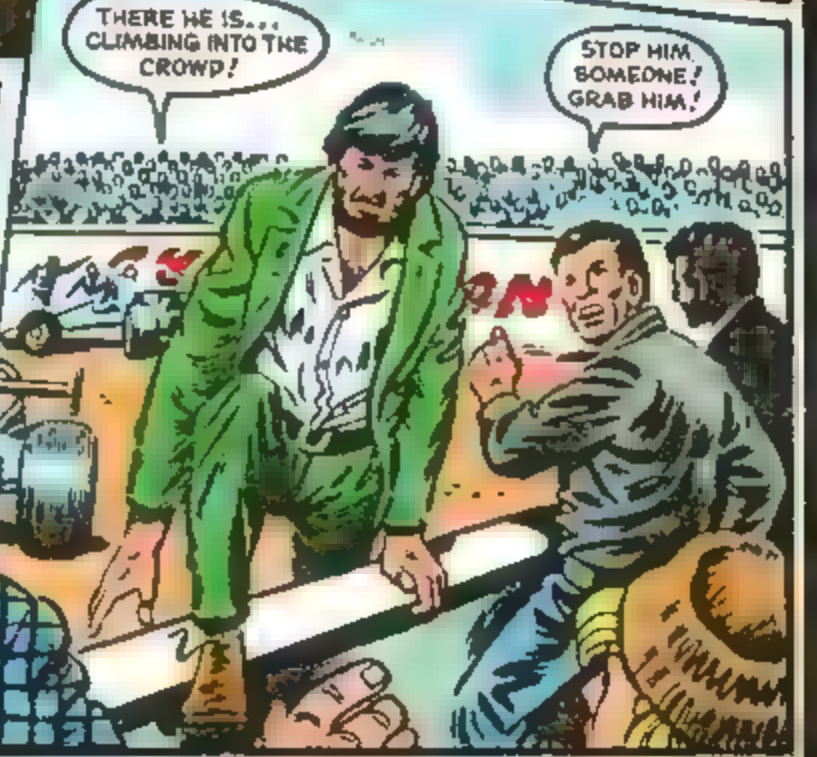
NEXT MOMENT...

THEY'VE COLLIDED!



THEY'RE OFF THE TRACK! I THOUGHT THERE WAS GOING TO BE A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!

AND IT WAS ALL THAT IDIOT'S FAULT! WHERE IS HE?



THERE HE IS... CLIMBING INTO THE CROWD!

STOP HIM! SOMEONE! GRAB HIM!



BUT IN THE GENERAL  
CONFUSION THE MAN  
DISAPPEARED INTO  
THE CROWD.

IT HAD BEEN VERY  
DIFFERENT TWELVE  
MONTHS EARLIER...

AND THE CARS ARE ON THE  
GRID FOR THE START OF THE  
NINETEEN SEVENTY-NINE  
BRITISH GRAND PRIX...

WHY CAN'T  
PEOPLE LEAVE  
ME ALONE? I'VE  
NOT DONE ANY  
HARM. IT WAS  
ALL SO DIFFERENT  
A YEAR AGO.

...AND THERE'S TREVOR WATSON  
IN POLE POSITION ONCE AGAIN!  
THE BRITISH STAR IS A FIRM  
FAVOURITE TO WIN HIS FOURTH  
GRAND PRIX OF THE SEASON!

FEELING OKAY, CHAMP?  
ALL SET TO SMASH THE  
LAP RECORD ON THE  
VERY FIRST LAP?

GIVE ME A CHANCE,  
TED. ON THE SECOND  
LAP, MAYBE...

IT WAS DIFFICULT TO REALISE THAT THE ACE  
GRAND PRIX DRIVER WAS THE SAME MAN  
WHO, A YEAR LATER, WAS TO WANDER ACROSS  
THE BRANDS HATCH TRACK!

THE START OF THE  
1979 GRAND PRIX...

SUDDENLY...

TREVOR WATSON'S  
LOST IT! HE'S  
SPINNING!

DISASTER!

IT'S THE MOST TERRIFYING CRASH I'VE  
EVER SEEN! THERE ARE GOING TO BE LOTS  
OF INJURIES... SOME OF THEM FATAL!  
AND ALL BECAUSE OF TREVOR  
WATSON!

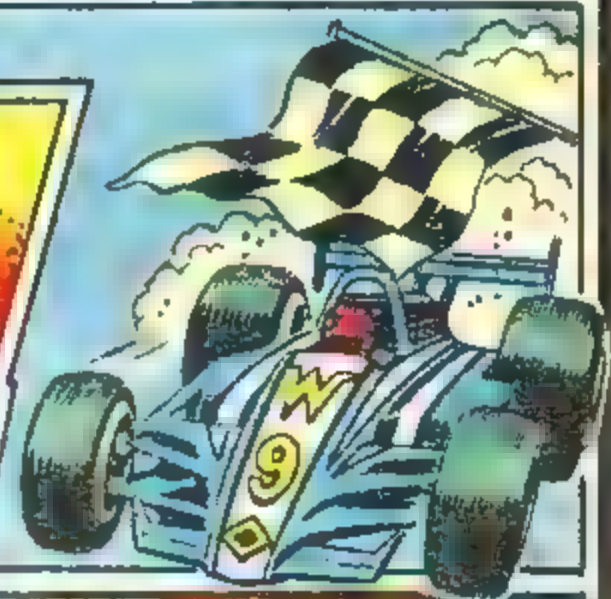
**Next week: The outcome of this terrifying pile-up!**



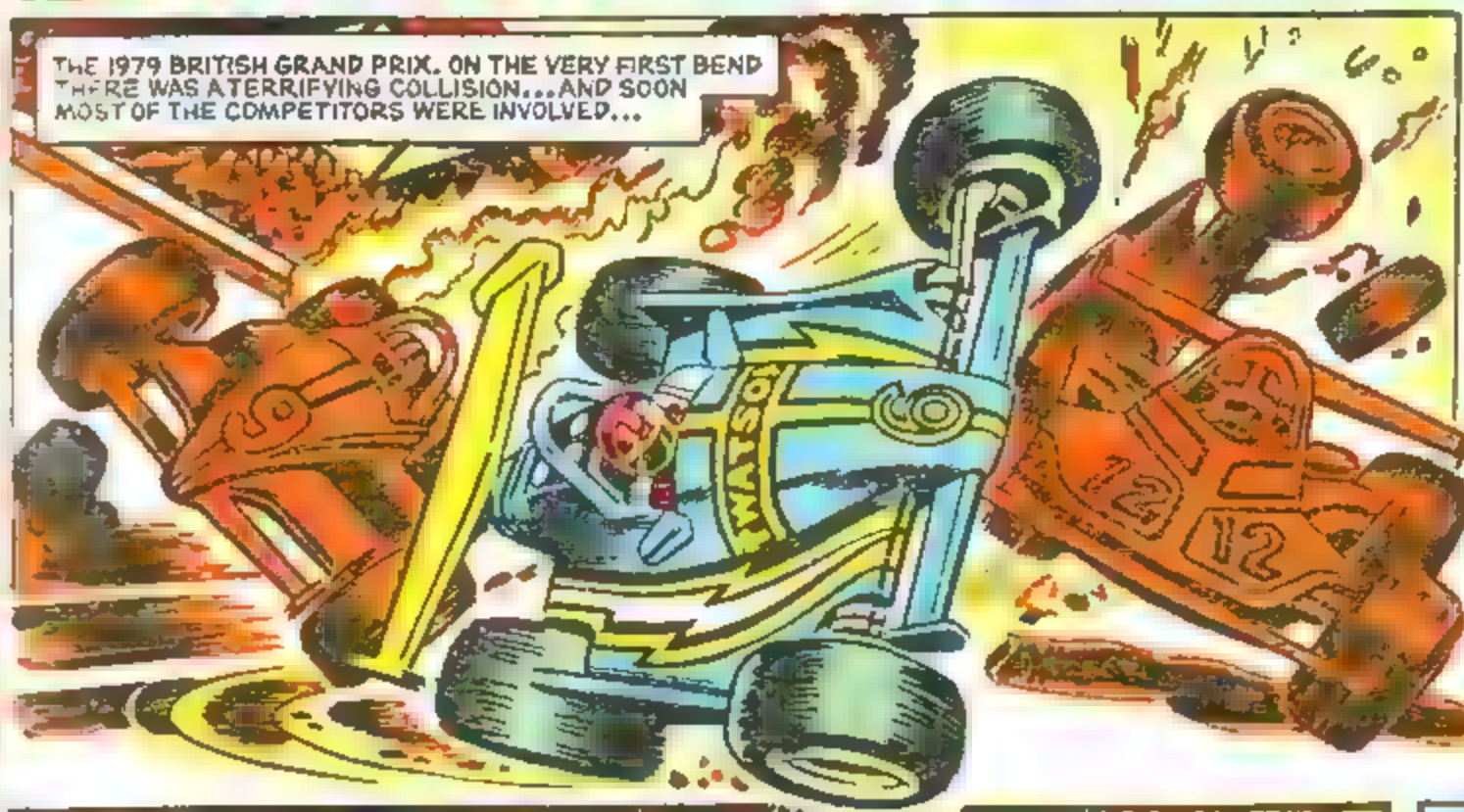
Trevor Watson was told the dramatic news – he must never race again!



# WINNER!



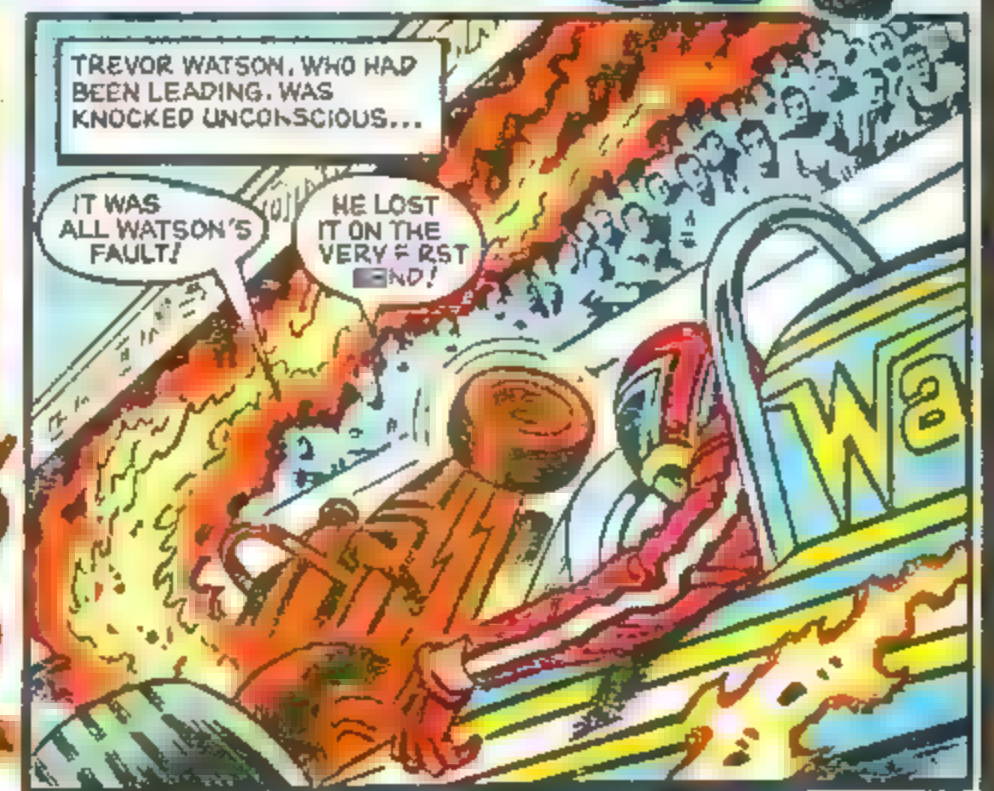
THE 1979 BRITISH GRAND PRIX. ON THE VERY FIRST BEND THERE WAS A TERRIFYING COLLISION...AND SOON MOST OF THE COMPETITORS WERE INVOLVED...



TREVOR WATSON, WHO HAD BEEN LEADING, WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS...

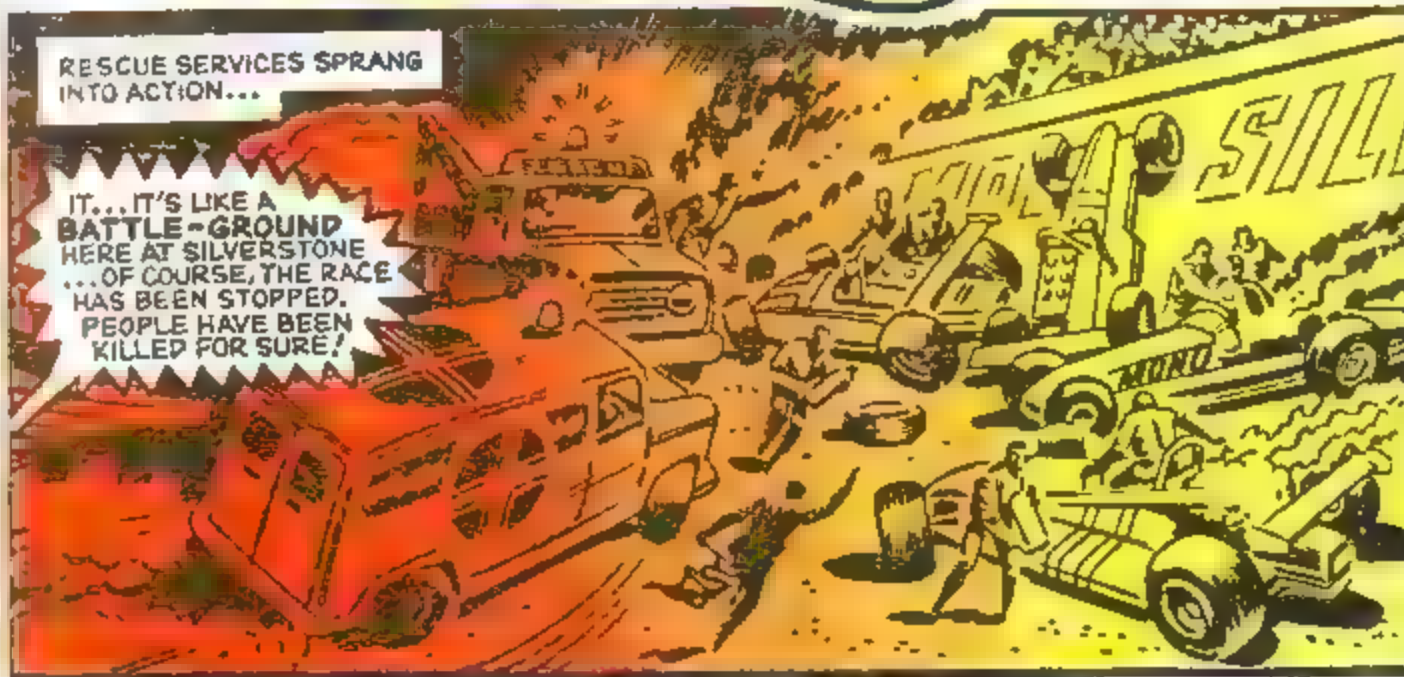
IT WAS ALL WATSON'S FAULT!

HE LOST IT ON THE VERY FIRST BEND!

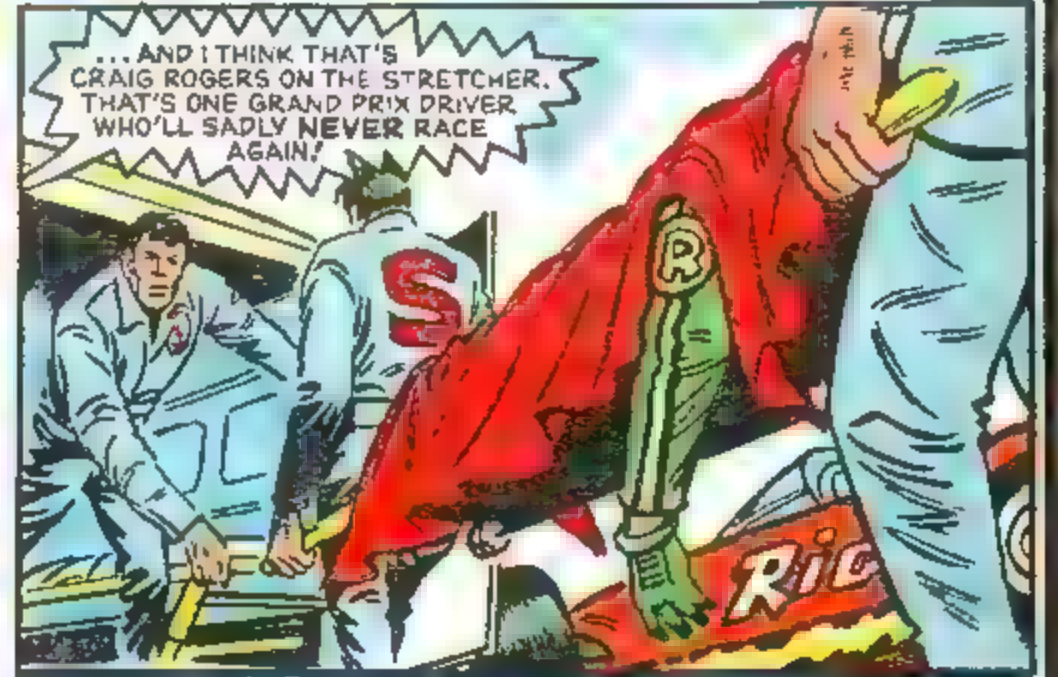


RESCUE SERVICES SPRANG INTO ACTION...

IT...IT'S LIKE A BATTLE-GROUND HERE AT SILVERSTONE...OF COURSE, THE RACE HAS BEEN STOPPED. PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED FOR SURE!



...AND I THINK THAT'S CRAIG ROGERS ON THE STRETCHER. THAT'S ONE GRAND PRIX DRIVER WHO'LL SADLY NEVER RACE AGAIN!



THAT'S THE MAN WHO CAUSED THE WHOLE CRASH! TREVOR WATSON'S UNCONSCIOUS...AND JUST LOOK AT THAT DENT IN HIS CRASH HELMET!

IN THE AMBULANCE THAT RUSHED TREVOR TO HOSPITAL...

PHEW...SEE THAT BRUISING?

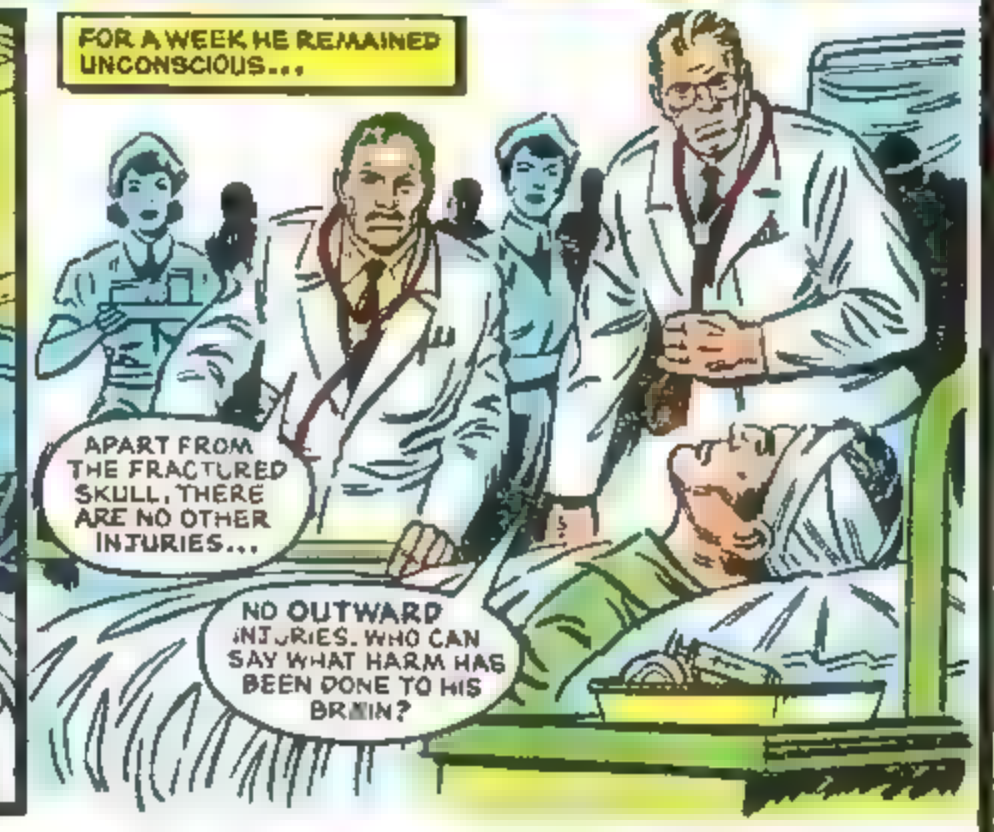
NO WONDER HE'S KNOCKED OUT! HE TOOK A REAL BANG!



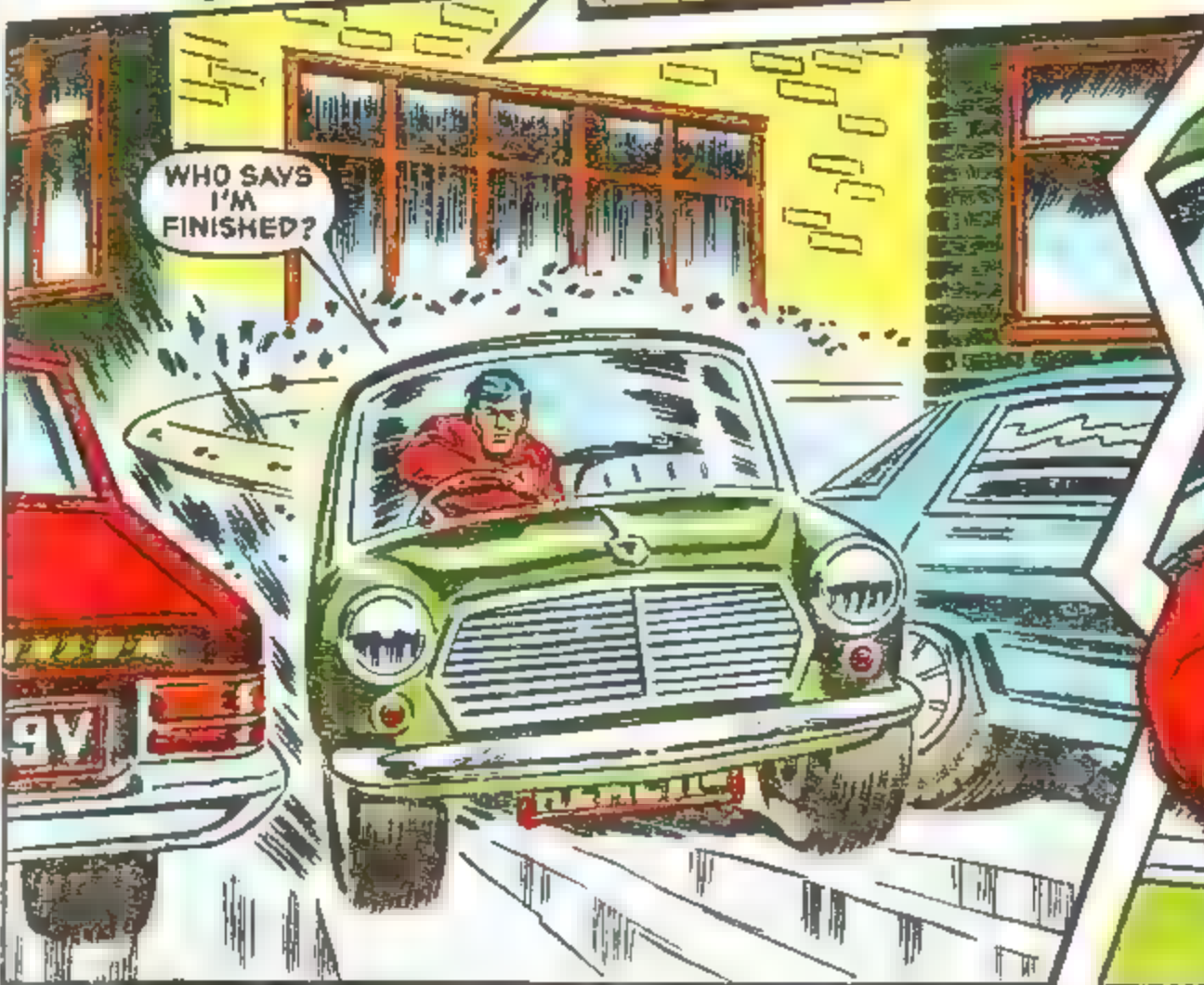
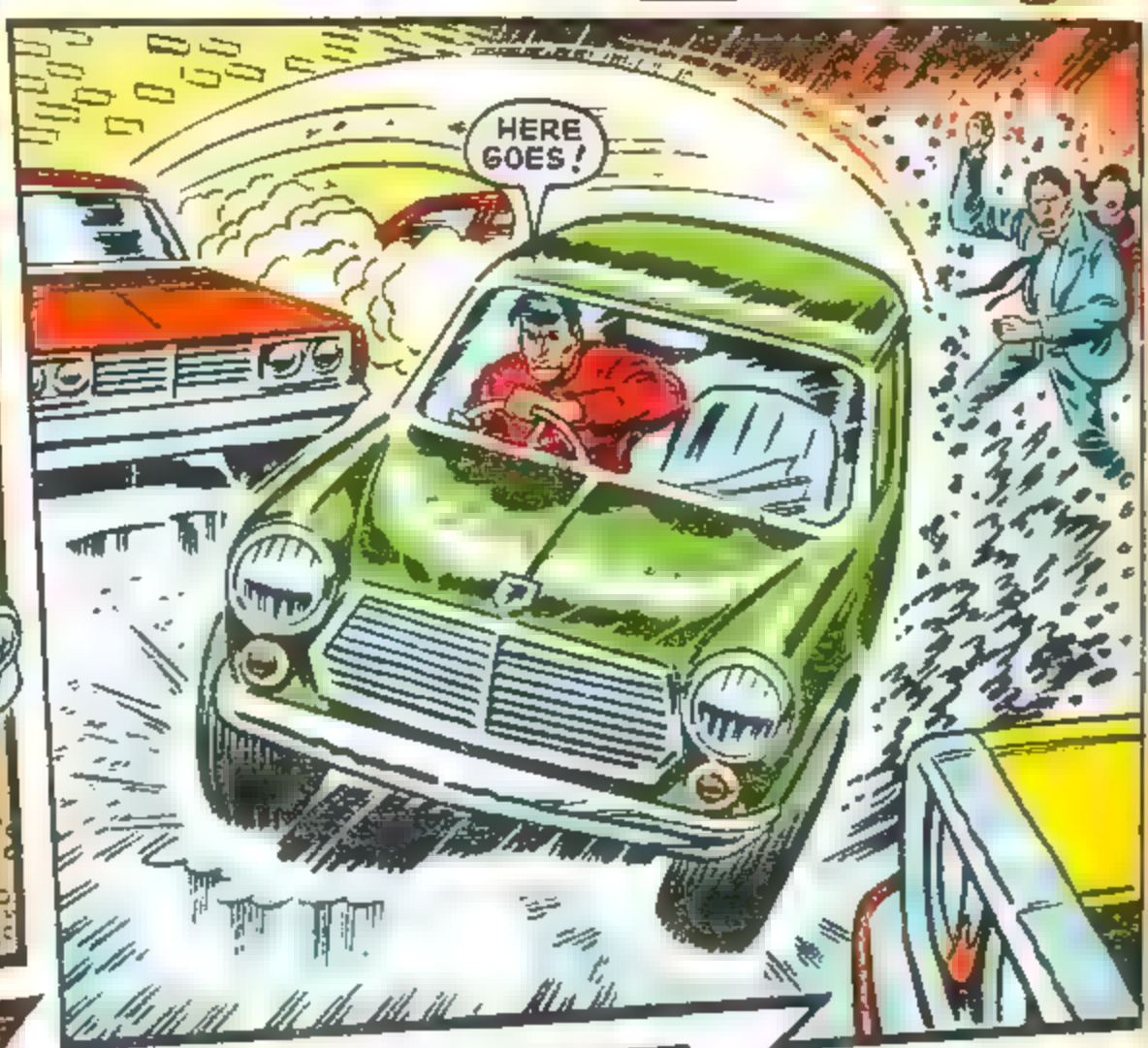
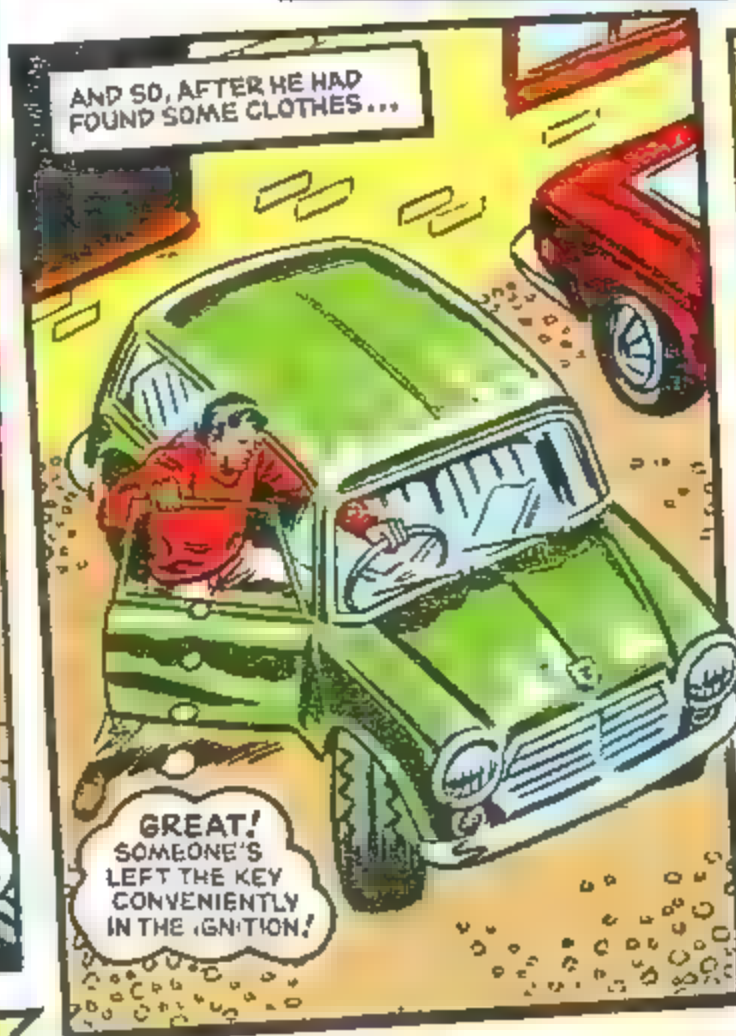
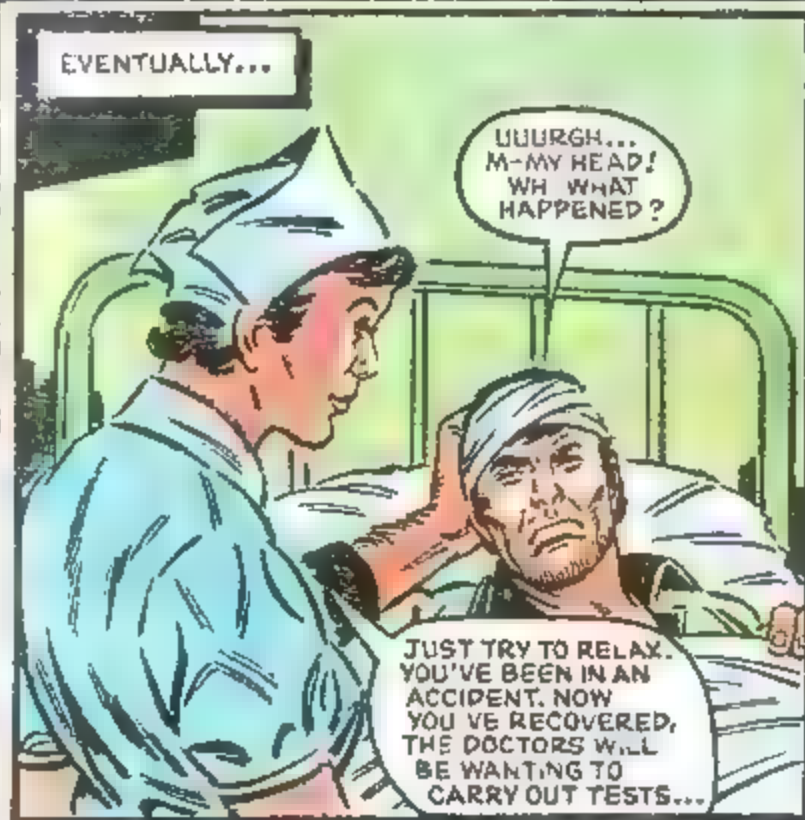
FOR A WEEK HE REMAINED UNCONSCIOUS...

APART FROM THE FRACTURED SKULL, THERE ARE NO OTHER INJURIES...

NO OUTWARD INJURIES. WHO CAN SAY WHAT HARM HAS BEEN DONE TO HIS BRAIN?







Will Trevor become involved in another crash? Find out next week!



MAN ON THE MOON...Big colour feature-INSIDE!

# SPEED

14p

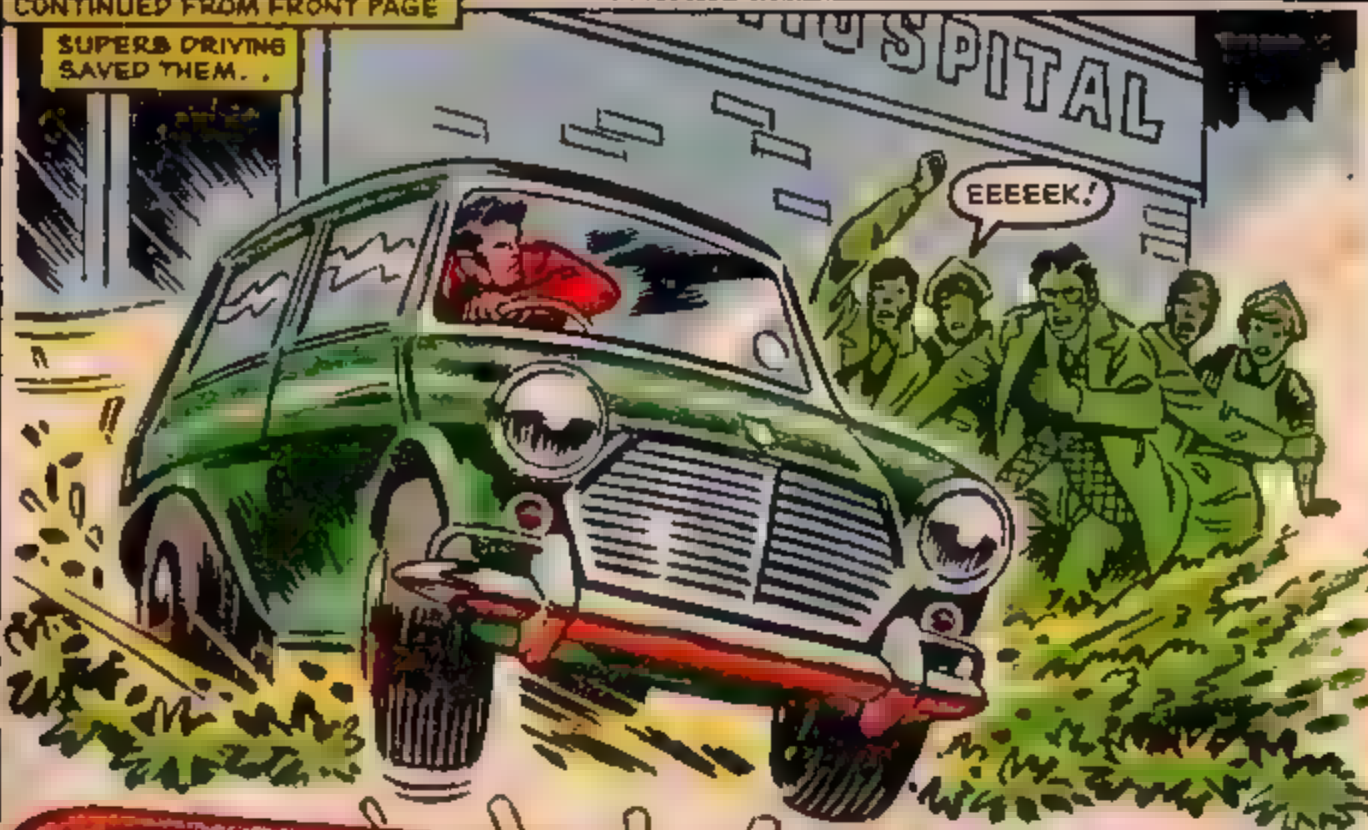
6th SEPTEMBER, 1980

EVERY MONDAY

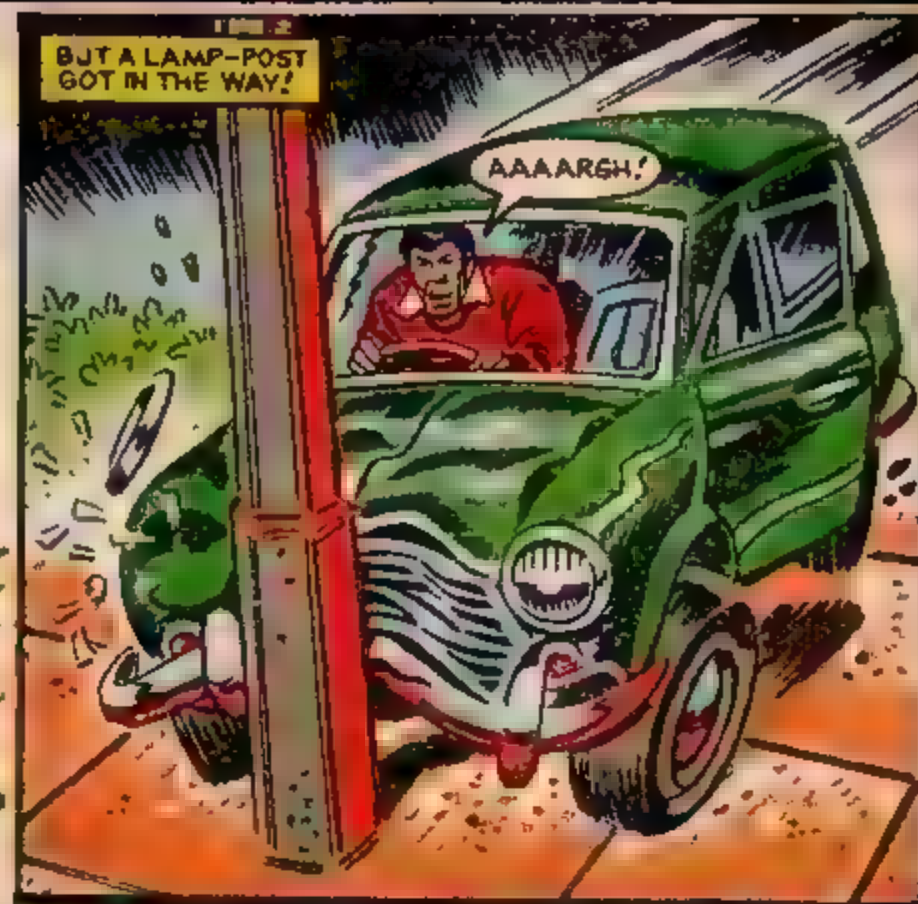




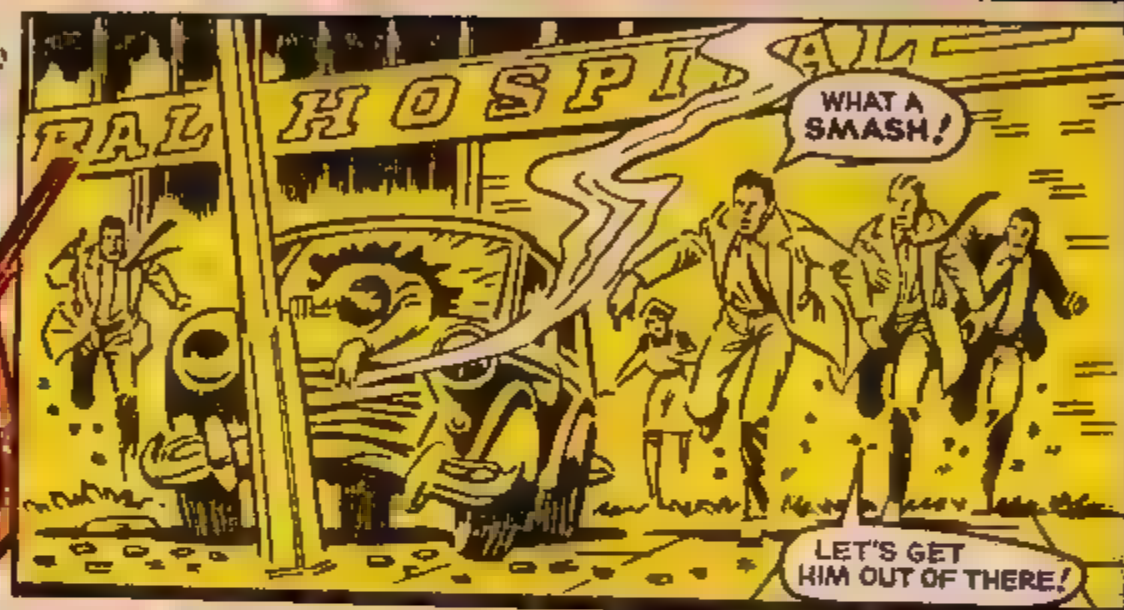
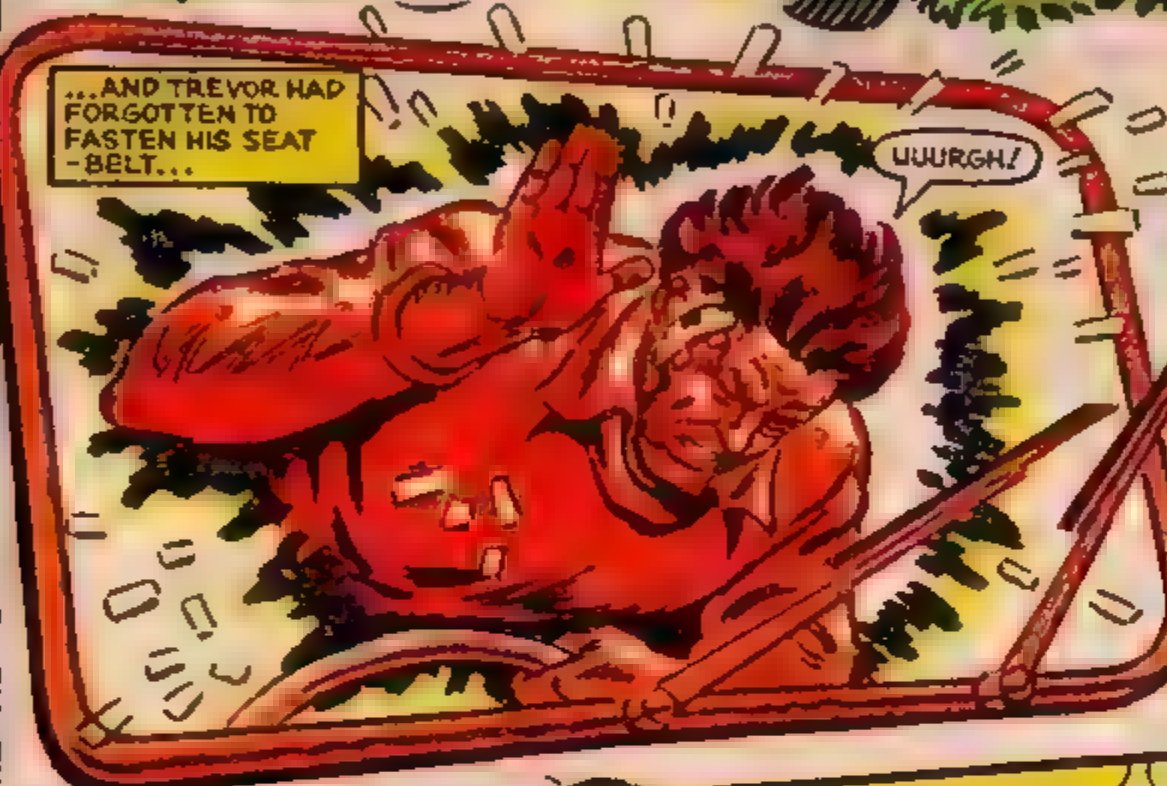
SUPERB DRIVING  
SAVED THEM...



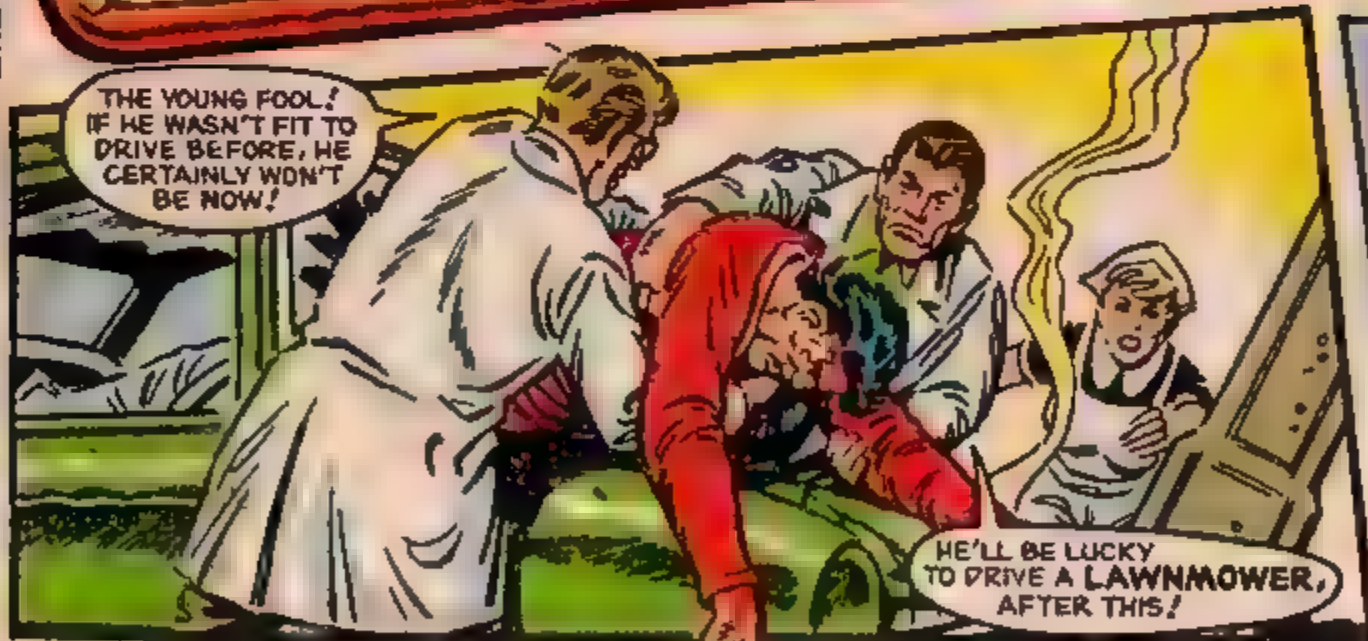
BUT A LAMP-POST  
GOT IN THE WAY!



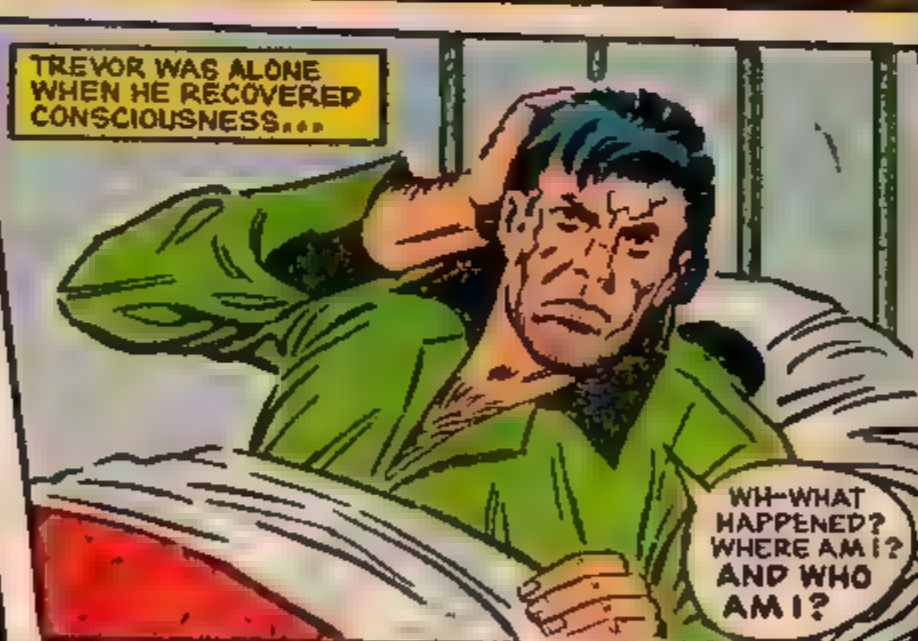
...AND TREVOR HAD  
FORGOTTEN TO  
FASTEN HIS SEAT  
-BELT...



THE YOUNG FOOL!  
IF HE WASN'T FIT TO  
DRIVE BEFORE, HE  
CERTAINLY WON'T  
BE NOW!



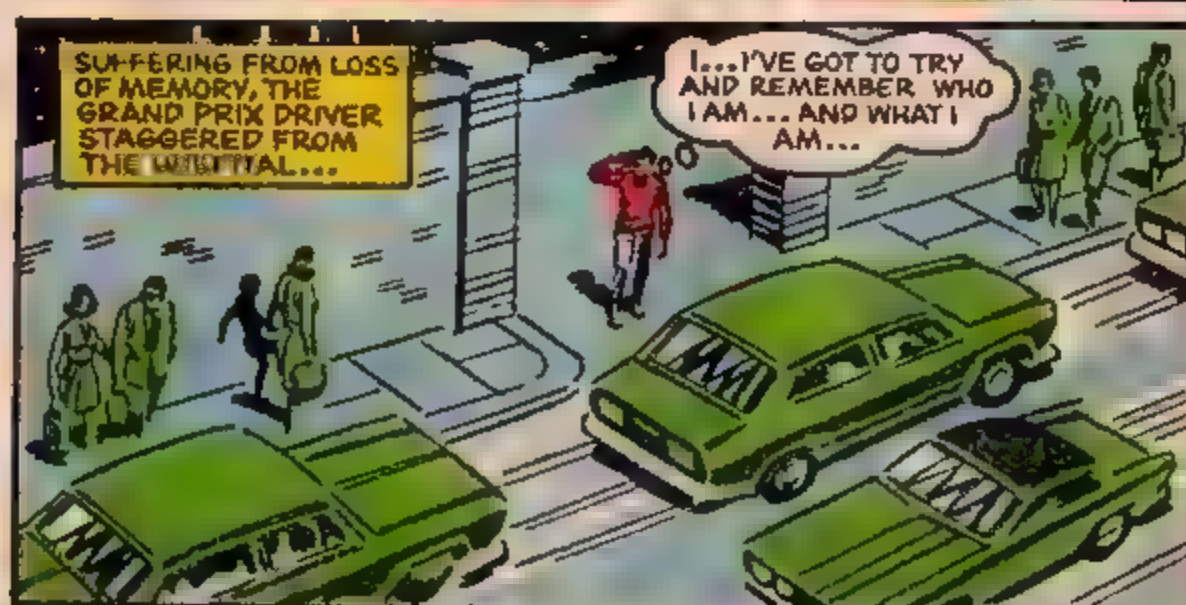
TREVOR WAS ALONE  
WHEN HE RECOVERED  
CONSCIOUSNESS...



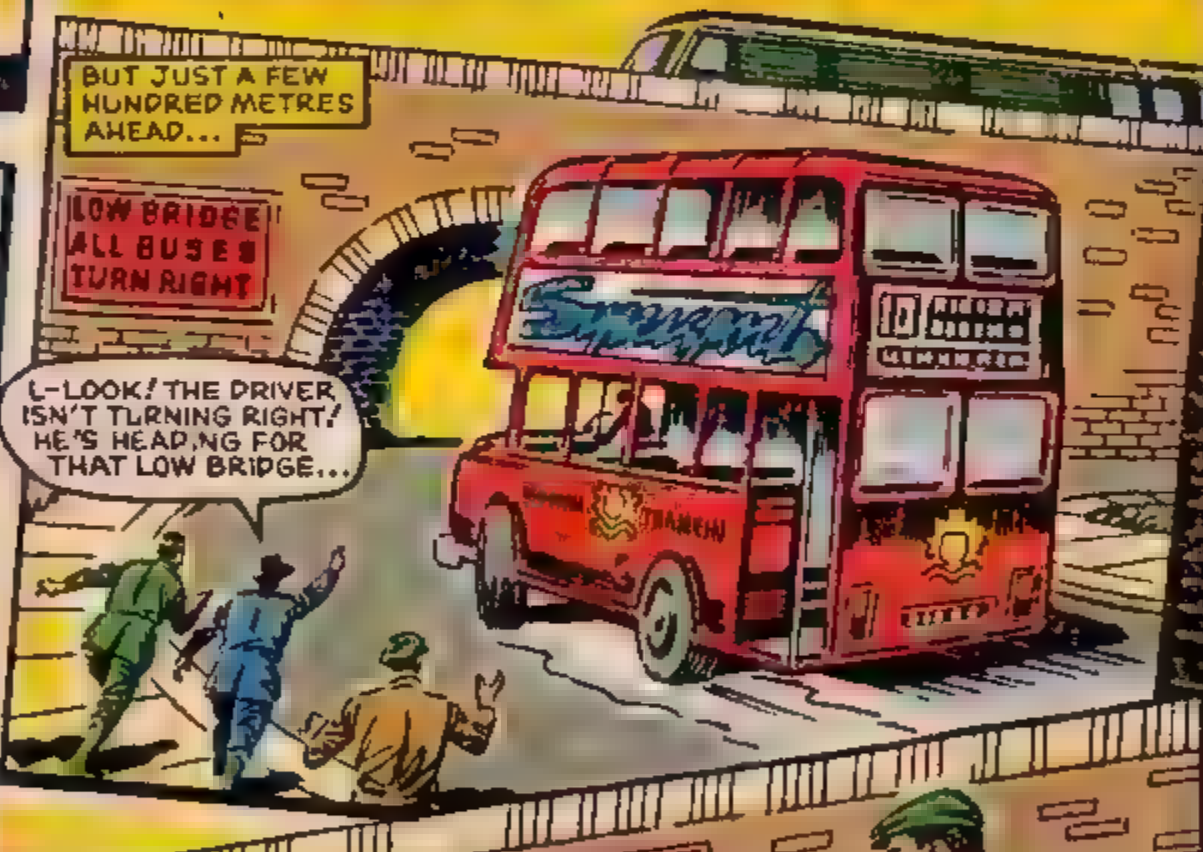
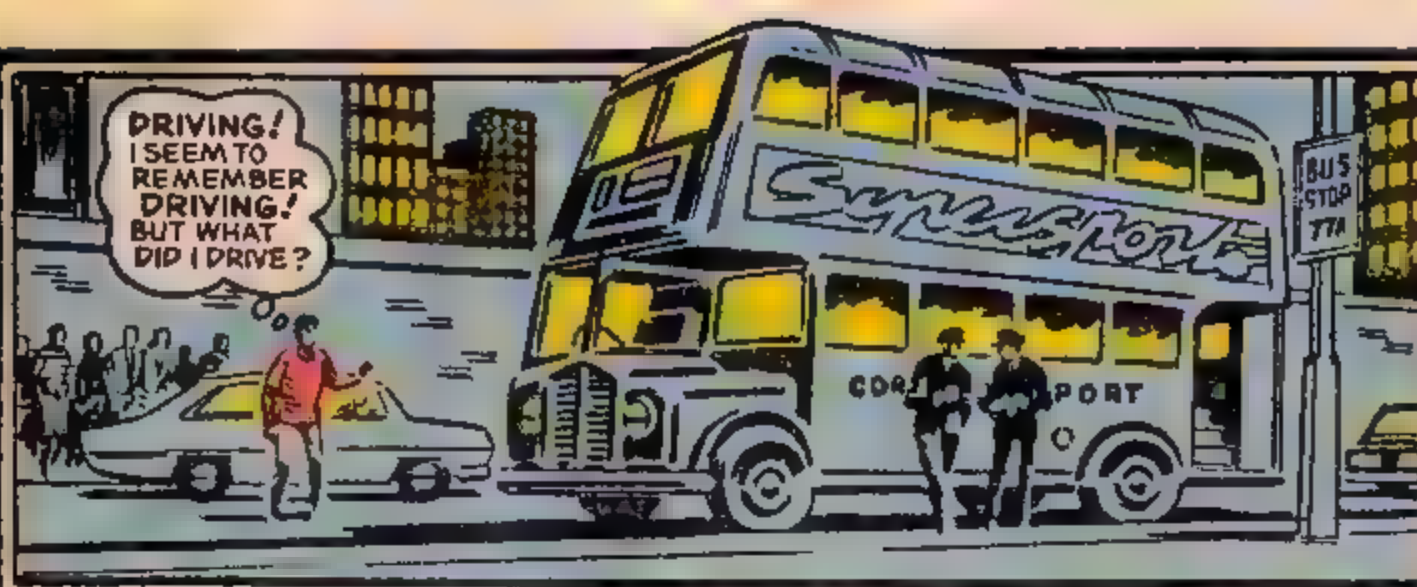
I CAN'T  
REMEMBER  
ANYTHING... I  
ONLY KNOW  
I'VE GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE...  
AND FAST! I DON'T  
LIKE THIS PLACE...



SUFFERING FROM LOSS  
OF MEMORY, THE  
GRAND PRIX DRIVER  
STAGGERED FROM  
THE HOSPITAL...







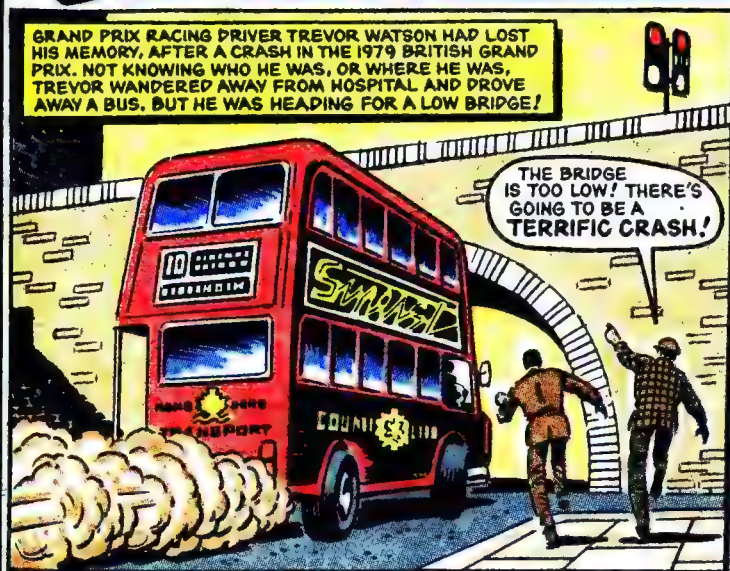
Is this going to be the way Trevor Watson dies? Find out next week!



Startling action as Trevor drove the bus straight into a low bridge!



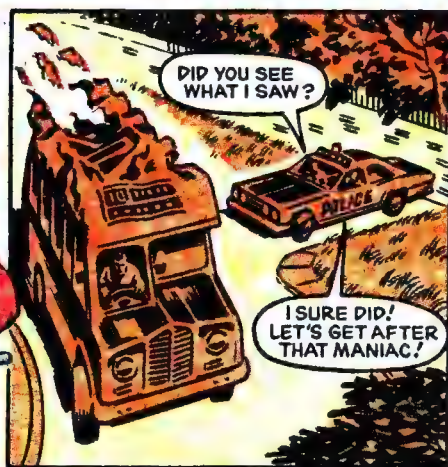
GRAND PRIX RACING DRIVER TREVOR WATSON HAD LOST HIS MEMORY, AFTER A CRASH IN THE 1979 BRITISH GRAND PRIX. NOT KNOWING WHO HE WAS, OR WHERE HE WAS, TREVOR WANDERED AWAY FROM HOSPITAL AND DROVE AWAY A BUS, BUT HE WAS HEADING FOR A LOW BRIDGE!



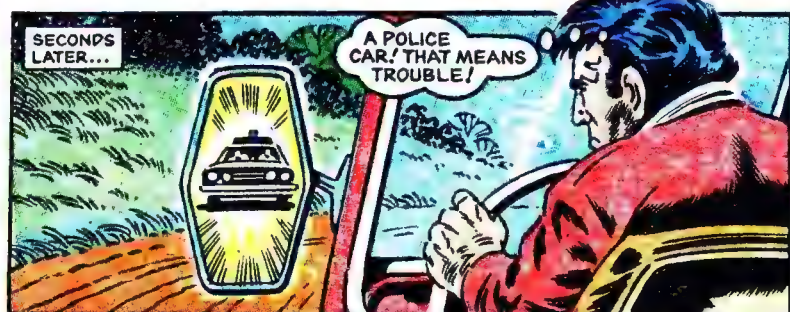
NEXT MOMENT!



FOR TREVOR, IT WAS LIKE A DREAM.



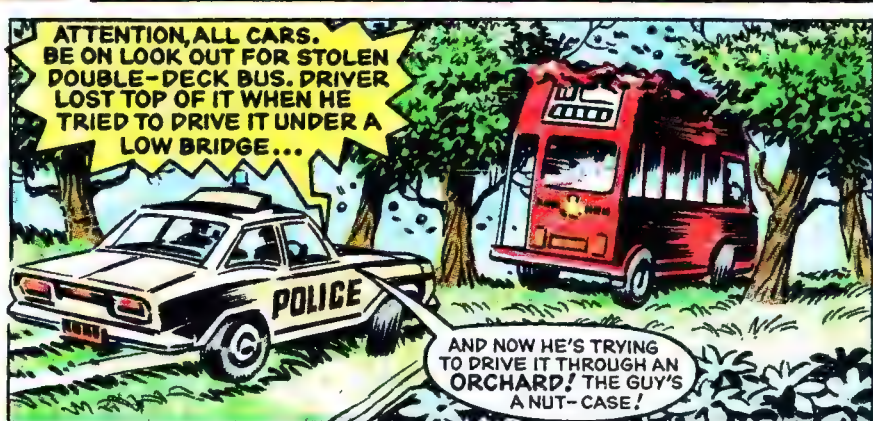
SECONDS LATER...



I'LL TRY TO LOSE THEM...



ATTENTION, ALL CARS. BE ON LOOK OUT FOR STOLEN DOUBLE-DECK BUS. DRIVER LOST TOP OF IT WHEN HE TRIED TO DRIVE IT UNDER A LOW BRIDGE...







BUT JUST AROUND THE CORNER... TROUBLE!



THE HUMPED-BACK BRIDGE WAS LIKE A RAMP...

HEY...I'M AIRBORNE!

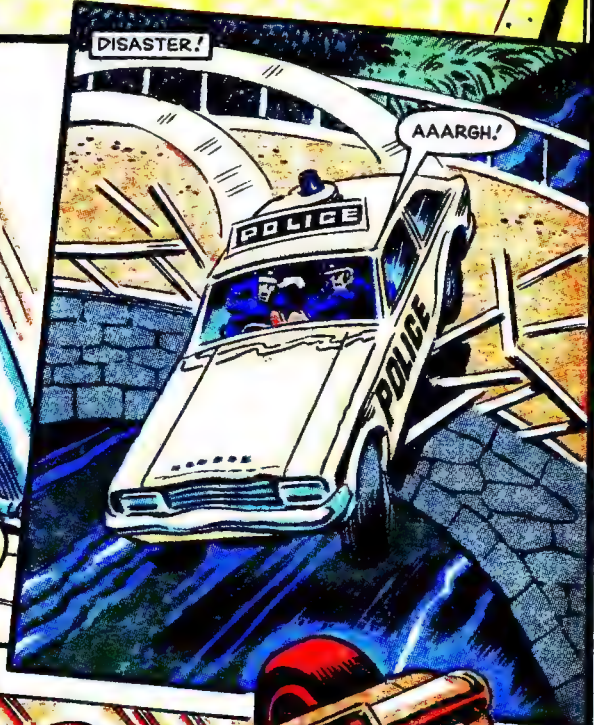


SUPERB DRIVING BROUGHT THE BUS TO A SAFE STOP. BUT THE POLICE CAR WAS TRAVELLING AT SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR!

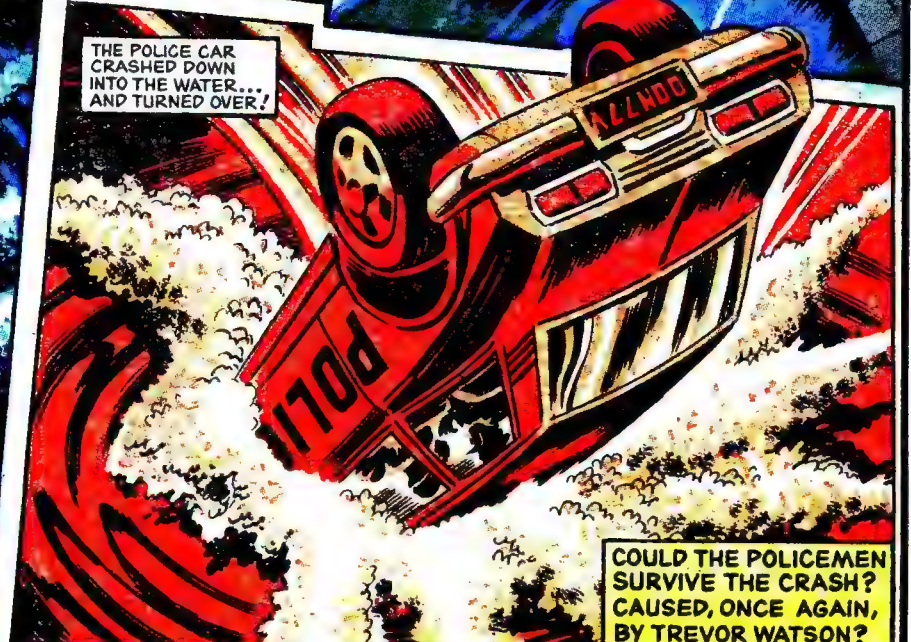


DISASTER!

AAARGH!



THE POLICE CAR CRASHED DOWN INTO THE WATER... AND TURNED OVER!



COULD THE POLICEMEN SURVIVE THE CRASH? CAUSED, ONCE AGAIN, BY TREVOR WATSON?

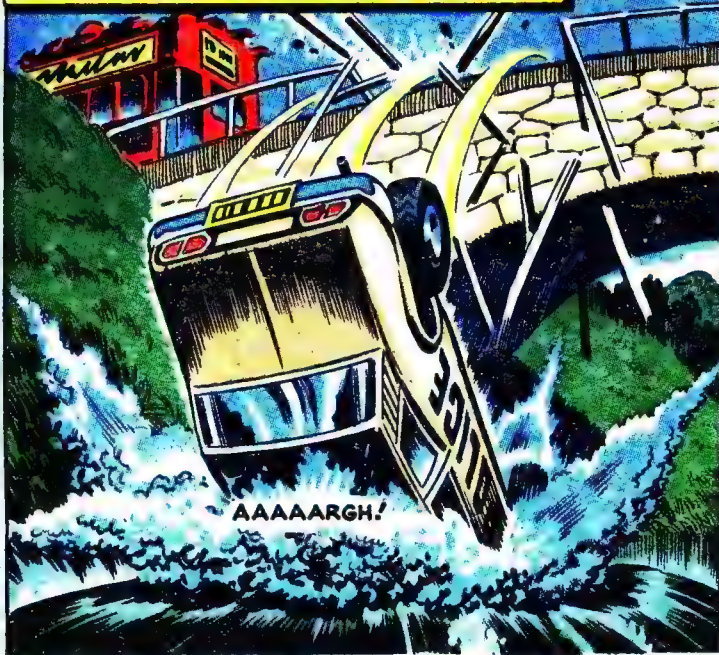
*There's more high-speed drama in next week's instalment!*



**Leaking fuel on a hot exhaust pipe blew the police car to pieces!**



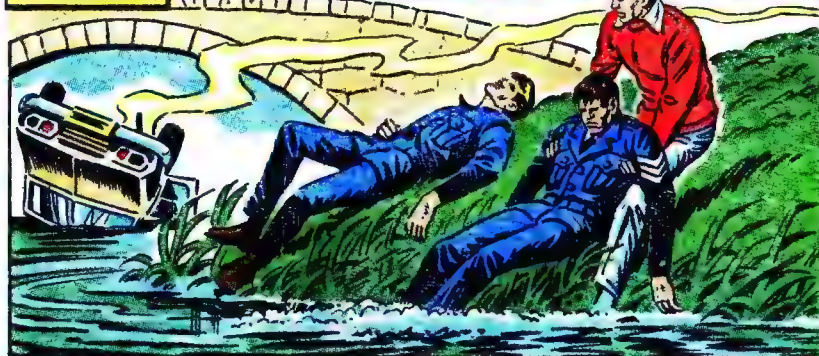
GRAND PRIX RACING DRIVER TREVOR WATSON HAD LOST HIS MEMORY, AFTER A CRASH IN THE 1979 BRITISH GRAND PRIX. NOT KNOWING WHO HE WAS, OR WHAT HE WAS, TREVOR WANDERED FROM HOSPITAL AND DROVE AWAY A BUS. AFTER RIPPING THE TOP OF THE BUS OFF, UNDER A LOW BRIDGE, TREVOR WAS CHASED BY A POLICE CAR. BUT WHEN HE WAS FORCED TO STOP, IN A NARROW LANE, THE POLICE CAR CRASHED THROUGH THE SIDE OF A BRIDGE...



STILL IN A DAZE, TREVOR CLIMBED DOWN FROM THE BUS... AND HIS BASIC INSTINCTS TOOK CONTROL!



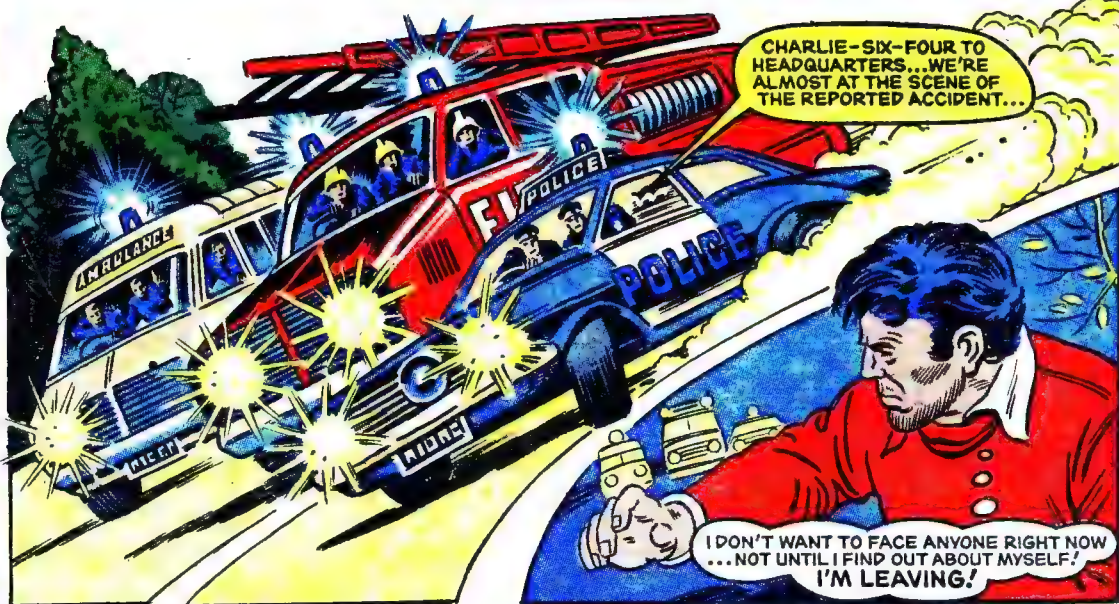
SOON HE HAD DRAGGED BOTH MEN TO THE BANK...



JUST IN TIME... FOR NEXT MOMENT, LEAKING FUEL ON A HOT EXHAUST PIPE BLEW THE CAR TO PIECES!



REINFORCEMENTS WERE ARRIVING!







THE TWO GUYS WILL BE OKAY  
...THEY JUST KNOCKED THEMSELVES  
OUT. NO SERIOUS DAMAGE.

BUT TREVOR WAS ALREADY SPEEDING AWAY!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE PERSON WHO  
STOLE THE BUS. SPREAD OUT AND SEARCH.  
HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!

IT...IT'S SO STRANGE, NOT BEING ABLE TO  
REMEMBER. CONFUSED THOUGHTS KEEP COMING  
BACK TO ME! RACING! CARS! GRAND PRIX  
CARS!

I...I THINK I WAS A RACING  
DRIVER. I SEEM TO...TO REMEMBER  
TAKING PART IN RACES...

...AND THERE WAS A  
TERRIBLE CRASH! AND  
...AND I THINK I WAS  
IN IT!

IT...IT WAS  
HORRIBLE!

HEY, MISTER, THIS  
IS WHERE YOU GET  
OFF. THIS IS AS FAR  
AS I CAN TAKE YOU!

THANKS FOR  
YOUR HELP...YOU  
GOT ME OUT OF  
A SPOT!

LOOK WHO  
THAT IS...DO  
YOU RECOGNISE  
HIM?

I KNOW YOU...YOU'RE  
TREVOR WATSON, THE  
RACING DRIVER. I'VE  
SEEN YOU ON TV!

HUH? WH-WHAT'S  
THAT YOU SAY?  
WHO  
AM I?

DON'T PLAY GAMES,  
TREVOR... I KNOW IT'S YOU! CAN  
I HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?  
SIGN...PLEASE!

HOW CAN I SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH  
...WHEN I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW  
TO WRITE IT? BUT AT LEAST I'VE  
FOUND OUT WHO I AM... SO WHAT  
DO I DO NOW?

There are more dramatic developments in next week's "Winner"!



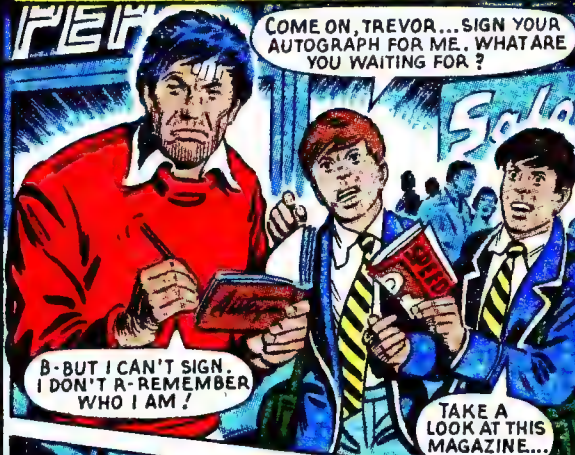
**Trevor Watson stepped into a go-kart – and rode it out of the fairground!**



# WINNER!



TREVOR WATSON, GRAND PRIX RACING DRIVER, HAD LOST HIS MEMORY AFTER A CRASH IN THE 1979 BRITISH GRAND PRIX. NOT KNOWING WHO HE WAS, HE WANDERED AWAY FROM HOSPITAL... THEN SOME BOYS IN THE STREET RECOGNISED HIM...



COME ON, TREVOR... SIGN YOUR AUTOGRAPH FOR ME. WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

B-BUT I CAN'T SIGN. I DON'T REMEMBER WHO I AM!

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS MAGAZINE...



...THERE'S A PICTURE OF YOU, TAKEN A FEW WEEKS AGO. THAT WAS BEFORE THE CRASH!

MAYBE THE CRASH HAS MADE YOU LOSE YOUR MEMORY!



THE CRASH WAS YOUR FAULT... AND PEOPLE WERE KILLED. PERHAPS YOU'RE TRYING TO BLANK EVERYTHING OUT!

M-ME... A KILLER?  
N-NO... IT CAN'T BE...



GOOD GRIEF... HE JUST WANDERED ACROSS THE ROAD!

HE'S IN A SORT OF DAZE! WE'D BETTER TELL SOMEONE!



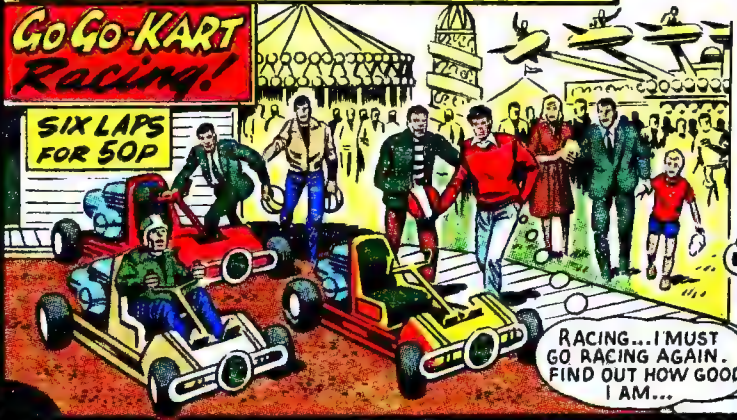
AND SO...

AND I'M SURE IT WAS TREVOR WATSON, THE RACING DRIVER!

HE WENT THAT WAY...

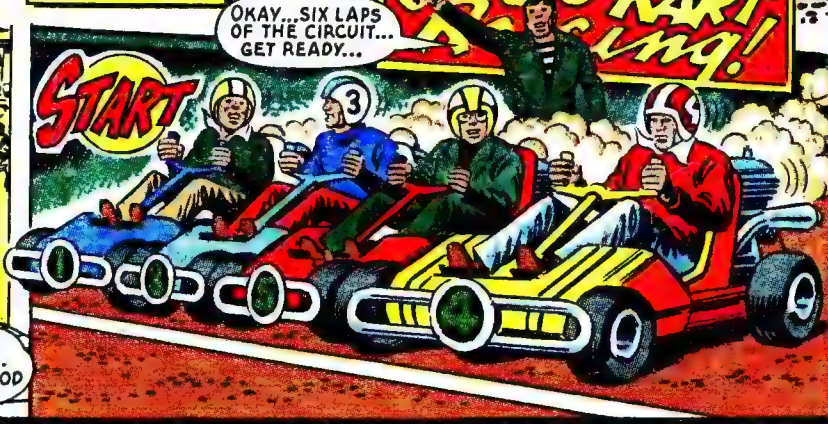
WE'VE HAD A REPORT THAT HE WALKED OUT OF THE HOSPITAL WHERE HE WAS BEING TREATED. THANKS, LADS... WE'LL SOON GET HIM!

MEANWHILE, TREVOR HAD WANDERED INTO A FAIRGROUND...



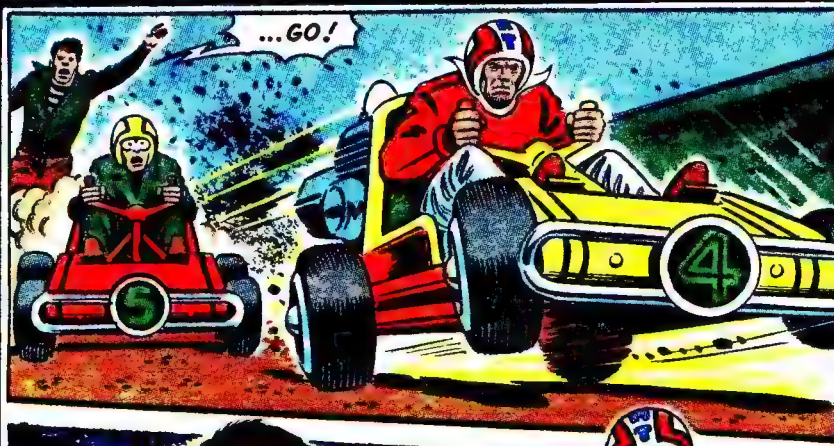
RACING... I MUST GO RACING AGAIN. FIND OUT HOW GOOD I AM...

MINUTES LATER...

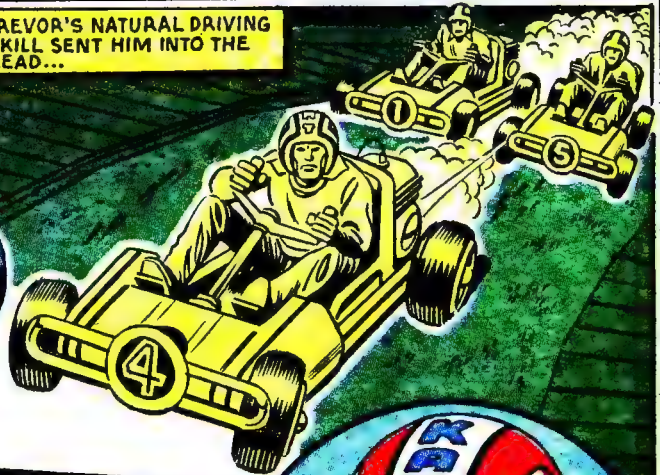


OKAY... SIX LAPS OF THE CIRCUIT... GET READY...



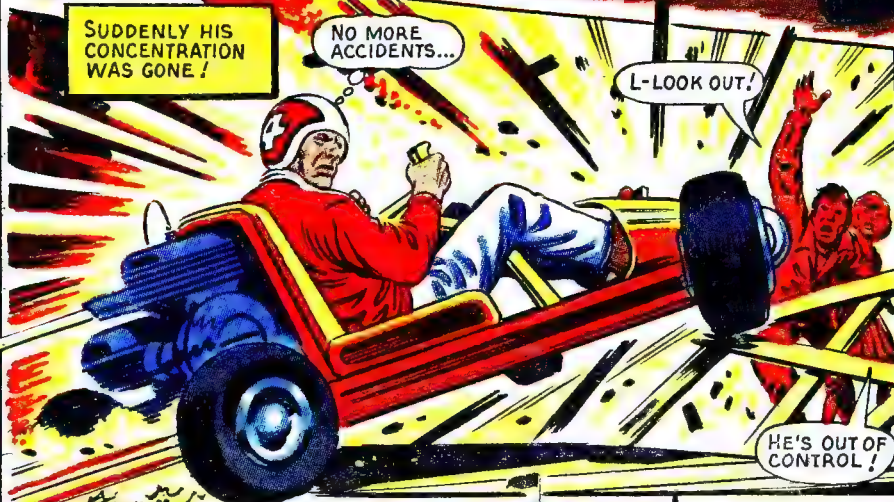


TREVOR'S NATURAL DRIVING SKILL SENT HIM INTO THE LEAD...



HEY, MISTER... GO EASY WITH THAT KART... YOU'LL HAVE AN ACCIDENT!

ACCIDENT? N-NOT AGAIN!

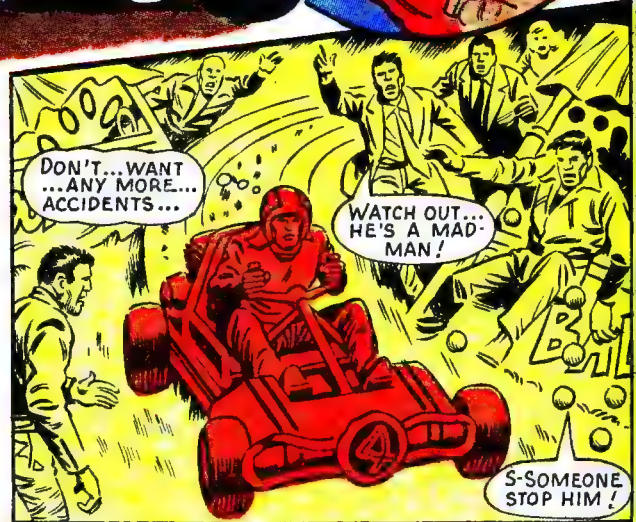


SUDDENLY HIS CONCENTRATION WAS GONE!

NO MORE ACCIDENTS...

L-LOOK OUT!

HE'S OUT OF CONTROL!



DON'T... WANT ...ANY MORE... ACCIDENTS...

WATCH OUT... HE'S A MAD-MAN!

S-SOMEONE STOP HIM!



THE KART SPED OUT OF THE FAIRGROUND...



HIS MIND IN A CONFUSED WHIRL, TREVOR DIDN'T EVEN SEE THE POLICE MOTOR CYCLIST...

HUH? A GO-KART ON THE MAIN ROAD? I... I'M SEEING THINGS. BUT IF I'M NOT, HE'S GOING TO GET ARRESTED... REAL FAST!

What will happen to Trevor now? The answer's in the next issue!



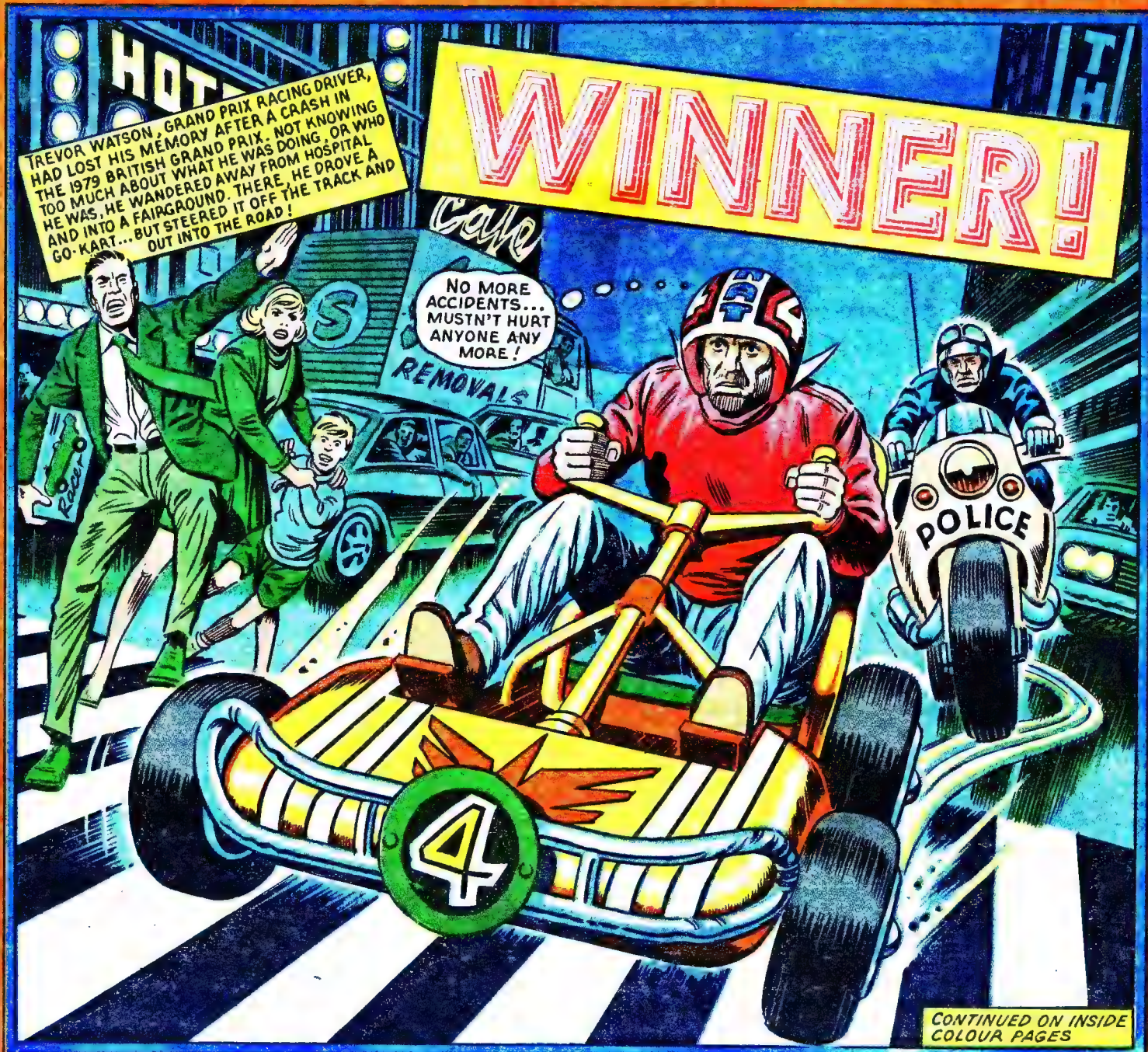
Part 1 of SUPER ROCKETS POSTER—Inside!

# SPEED

14p

4th OCTOBER, 1980

EVERY MONDAY

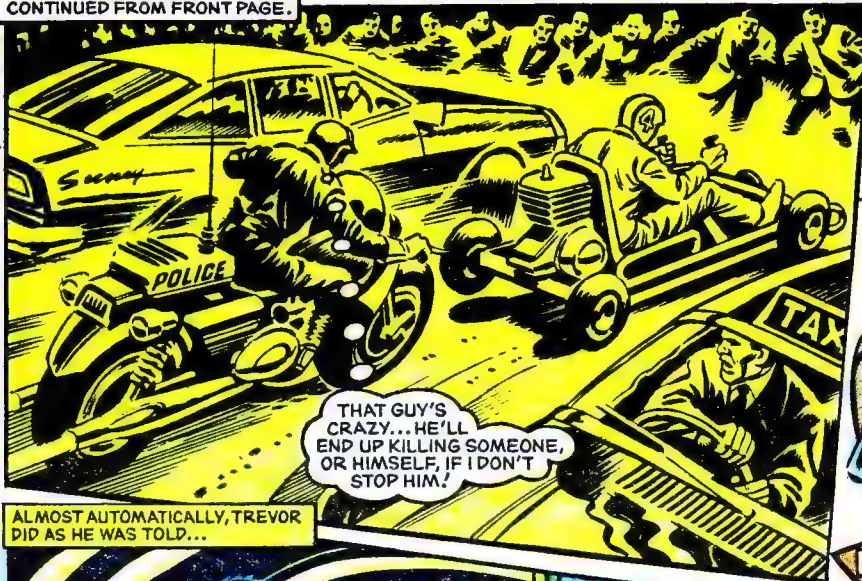


Australia 40c., New Zealand 40c., Malaysia \$1.20.

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CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE.



THAT GUY'S CRAZY... HE'LL END UP KILLING SOMEONE, OR HIMSELF, IF I DON'T STOP HIM!

ALMOST AUTOMATICALLY, TREVOR DID AS HE WAS TOLD...

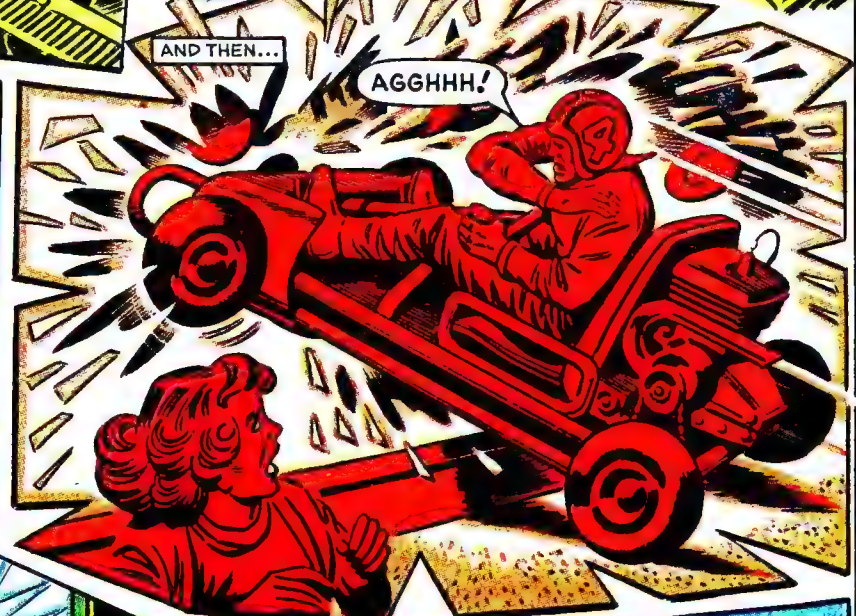
NEXT MOMENT...



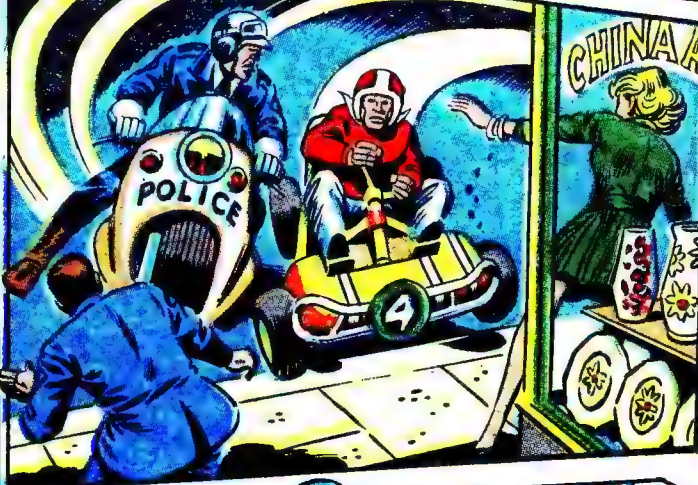
OKAY, PAL... PULL OVER! YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN AND GAMES!

HUH?

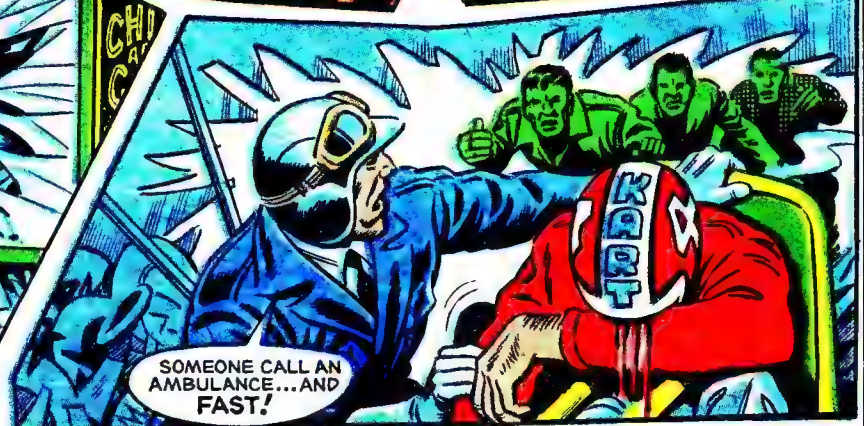
AND THEN...



AGGHHH!



HECK! I DIDN'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN! I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!



SOMEONE CALL AN AMBULANCE... AND FAST!

SOON TREVOR WAS BACK IN HOSPITAL AGAIN!



THE ACCIDENTS YOU'VE BEEN INVOLVED IN HAVE AFFECTED YOUR MEMORY. YOUR REACTIONS HAVE SLOWED DOWN A LOT. THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN DO ANY MORE RACING!

BUT, DOC... GIVE ME TIME AND I'LL GET BETTER...



NO... I'M AFRAID NOT! FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL HAVE TO LIVE A QUIETER LIFE... AWAY FROM THE WORLD OF SPEED!

BUT SPEED'S ALWAYS BEEN MY WHOLE LIFE. IT'S THE ONLY WORLD I KNOW...

THEN FORGET IT, MISTER WATSON... YOU'VE GOT TO!



AND SO, AS THE MONTHS WENT BY, TREVOR'S PHYSICAL INJURIES GOT BETTER AND EVENTUALLY HE LEFT HOSPITAL...



REMEMBER, TAKE THINGS EASY! HAVE A GOOD, LONG REST!

WITHOUT MOTOR RACING, I'VE NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT REST!

FOR WEEKS, HE SAT AROUND DOING NOTHING...



HE LOST INTEREST IN HOW HE LOOKED...

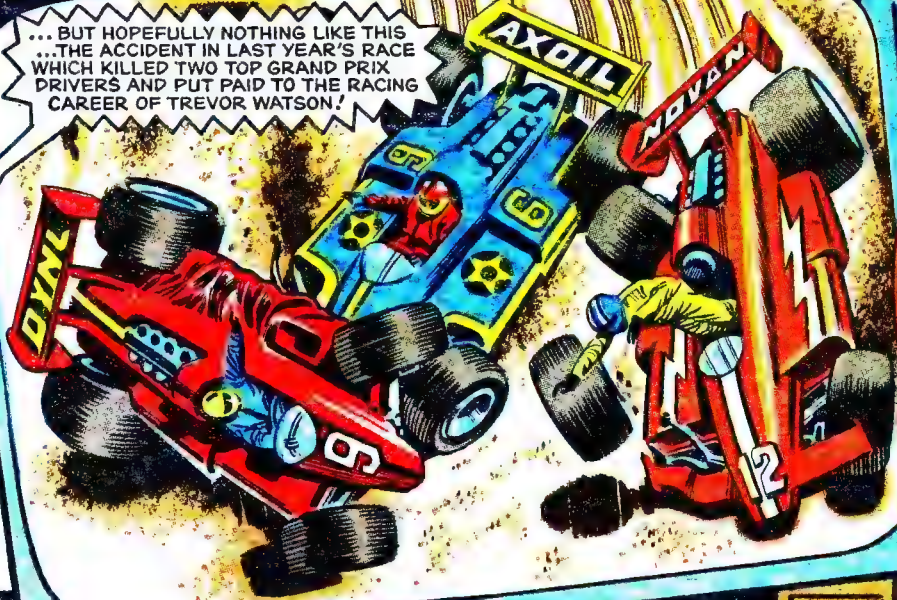


THEN, ALMOST A YEAR AFTER HIS ORIGINAL ACCIDENT...

THIS WEEKEND, THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE AT BRANDS HATCH WILL BE WATCHING THE BRITISH GRAND PRIX. THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR EXCITEMENT, SPEED AND ACTION...



... BUT HOPEFULLY NOTHING LIKE THIS ...THE ACCIDENT IN LAST YEAR'S RACE WHICH KILLED TWO TOP GRAND PRIX DRIVERS AND PUT PAID TO THE RACING CAREER OF TREVOR WATSON!



TREVOR WATSON HAS FADED FROM THE SCENE SINCE THE ACCIDENT. NO-ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM!



BUT WE'LL NEVER FORGET THE SPEED, DARING AND ABILITY OF TREVOR WATSON. HIS DRIVING WILL BE SADLY MISSED THIS YEAR!



I WILL GO TO THIS YEAR'S RACE ...I'LL BE THERE... AND I'LL SHOW THEM I'M AS GOOD AS EVER I WAS!



Look out for more drama with Trevor Watson in next week's **WINNER!**



Trevor Watson stepped right into the path of the speeding racing cars!



GRAND PRIX RACING DRIVER TREVOR WATSON WAS INJURED IN A CRASH DURING THE 1979 BRITISH GRAND PRIX. WITH HIS MEMORY AFFECTED, TREVOR'S LIFE CHANGED DRAMATICALLY AND HE LOST INTEREST IN EVERYTHING UNTIL A NEWS BULLETIN REMINDED HIM THAT THE 1980 BRITISH GRAND PRIX WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE AND HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO GO TO THE RACE.



LAST YEAR I WAS PART OF ALL THIS SCENE! NOW NO-ONE WANTS TO KNOW ME. THEY THINK I'M FINISHED AS A TOP-CLASS DRIVER!

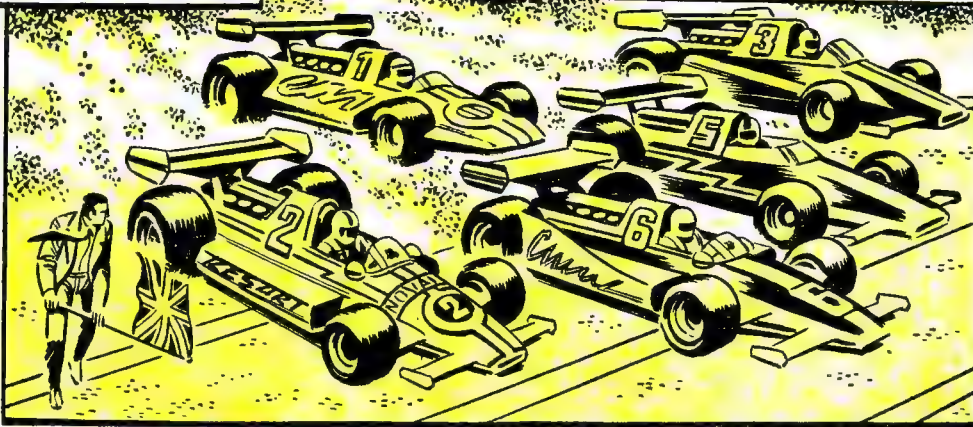


BUT I'LL SHOW THEM! IF I CAN'T MAKE THE HEADLINES AS A DRIVER, I'LL FIND SOME OTHER WAY!

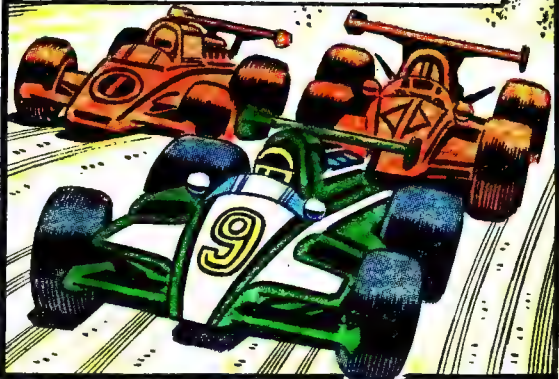
HEY, WATCH OUT!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM...? HE'S LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM!

THE START OF THE RACE!



FOR FIFTEEN LAPS ALL WAS WELL, WITH THE LEAD CHANGING CONSTANTLY...



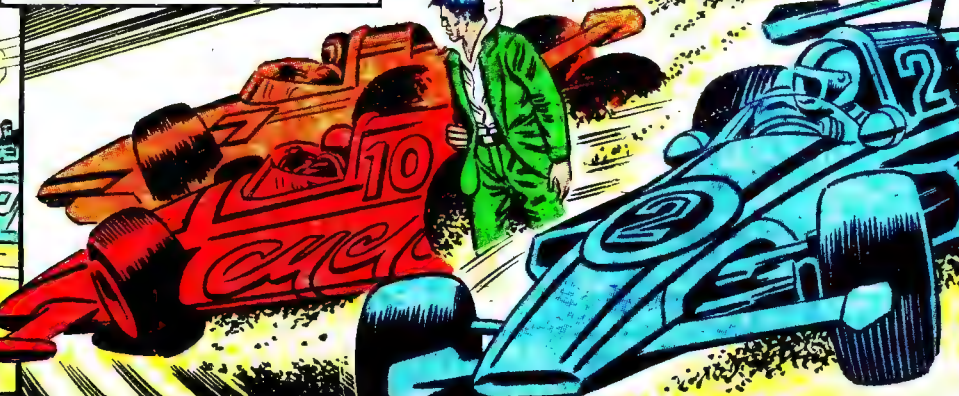
THEN, ON LAP SIXTEEN...



THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE TRACK!

HE'S RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE CARS... HE'LL BE KILLED FOR SURE!

AS READERS WHO SAW INSTALMENT ONE OF THIS STORY WILL KNOW, BRILLIANT DRIVING SAVED TREVOR'S LIFE...





BUT, NEXT MOMENT...

THEY'VE COLLIDED!

BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE... IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO BAD!

FORTUNATELY, NO-ONE WAS INJURED... BUT THE RACE WAS STOPPED...

PHWEW... THAT COULD HAVE BEEN NASTY!

WHERE'S THE IDIOT THAT CAUSED THE CRASH?

BUT IN THE GENERAL CONFUSION, TREVOR HAD MERGED INTO THE CROWD...

THE RACE HAS BEEN STOPPED!

TREVOR WANDERED BACK TO THE PITS...

THEY'RE GOING TO START THE RACE AGAIN IN TWENTY MINUTES!

LET'S HOPE THEY CATCH THAT MANIAC BY THEN!

DID ANYONE SEE WHAT HAPPENED?

SOMEONE SAID THERE WAS A GUY ON THE TRACK!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

L-LOOK OUT!

AAARGH!

THIS IS IT! NOW THEY'LL SEE I'M AS GOOD A DRIVER AS EVER I WAS!

LOOK... THERE'S A CAR ON THE TRACK!

AND THE GUY DRIVING IT ISN'T WEARING A HELMET!

HEY... IT'S THE MAN WHO WALKED ACROSS THE TRACK... I'M SURE OF IT!

TREVOR DROVE AS FAST AS ANYONE THAT DAY...

WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S CERTAINLY SPEEDING!

HOW CAN HE BE STOPPED?

BUT, ON THE NEXT BEND...

AAARGH! I'VE TAKEN THE CORNER TOO FAST! I'M GOING TO CRASH!

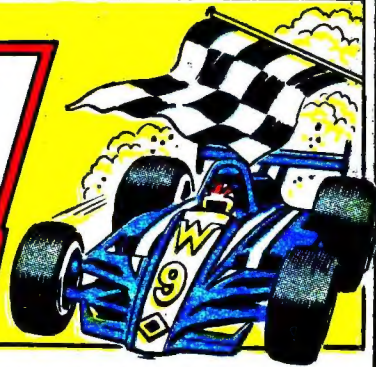
For more high-speed thrills – read on next week!



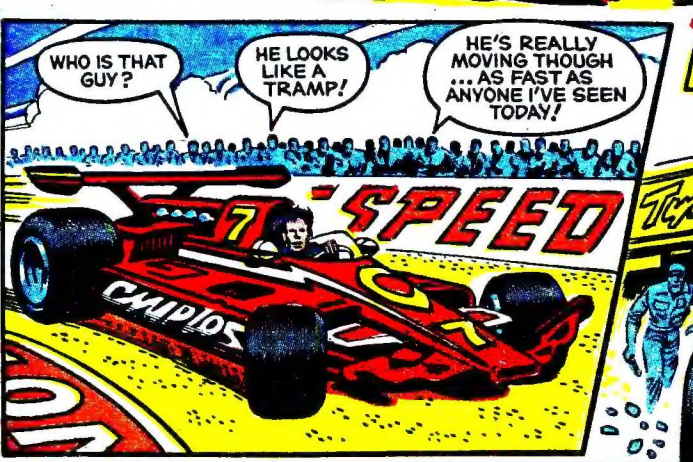
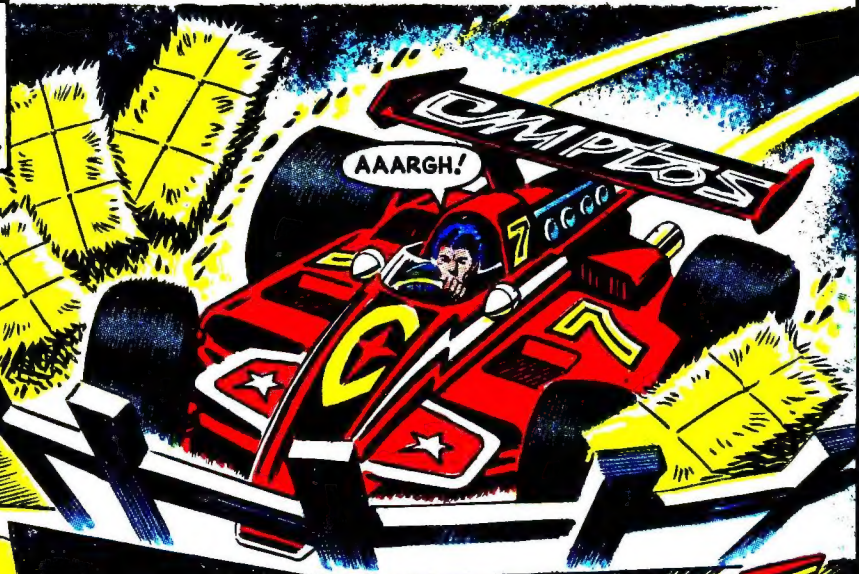
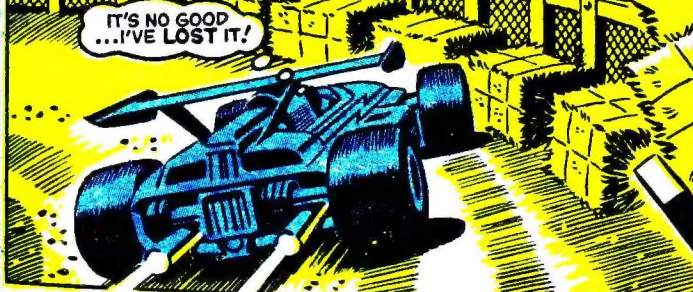
The racing-circuit crash had been caused by a civilian!



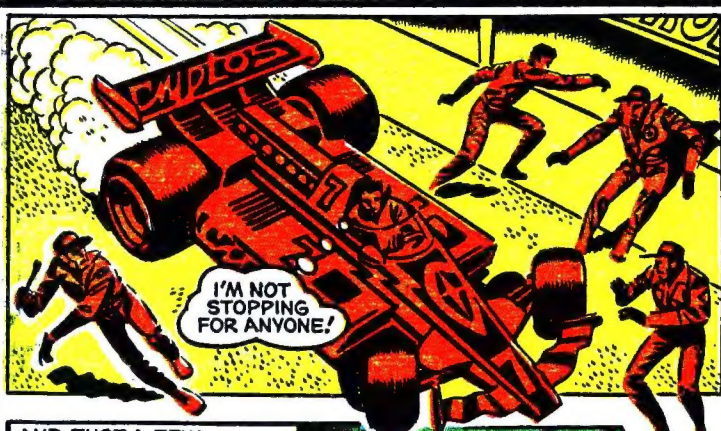
# WINNER!



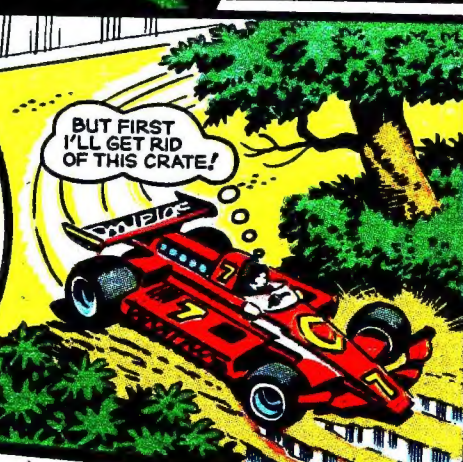
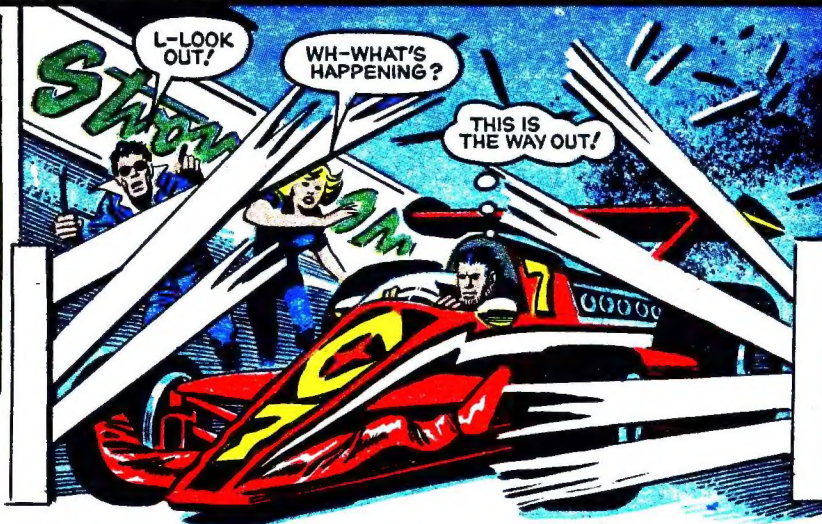
GRAND PRIX RACING DRIVER TREVOR WATSON WAS INJURED IN A CRASH DURING THE 1979 BRITISH GRAND PRIX. WITH HIS MEMORY AFFECTED, TREVOR'S LIFE CHANGED DRAMATICALLY AND HE LOST INTEREST IN EVERYTHING. A NEWS ITEM REMINDED HIM THAT THE 1980 BRITISH GRAND PRIX WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE AND HE WENT TO THE CIRCUIT. AFTER THE RACE WAS STOPPED, WHEN TREVOR WANDERED ACROSS THE TRACK, TREVOR "BORROWED" A FORMULA ONE CAR, DETERMINED TO PROVE HE COULD STILL RACE. BUT ON A SHARP BEND, HE FOUND TROUBLE!







AND JUST A FEW MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE...



There's more of **WINNER** in the next **BIG-NEWS** issue!



*Trevor's whole racing career hinged on the outcome of the medical report!*



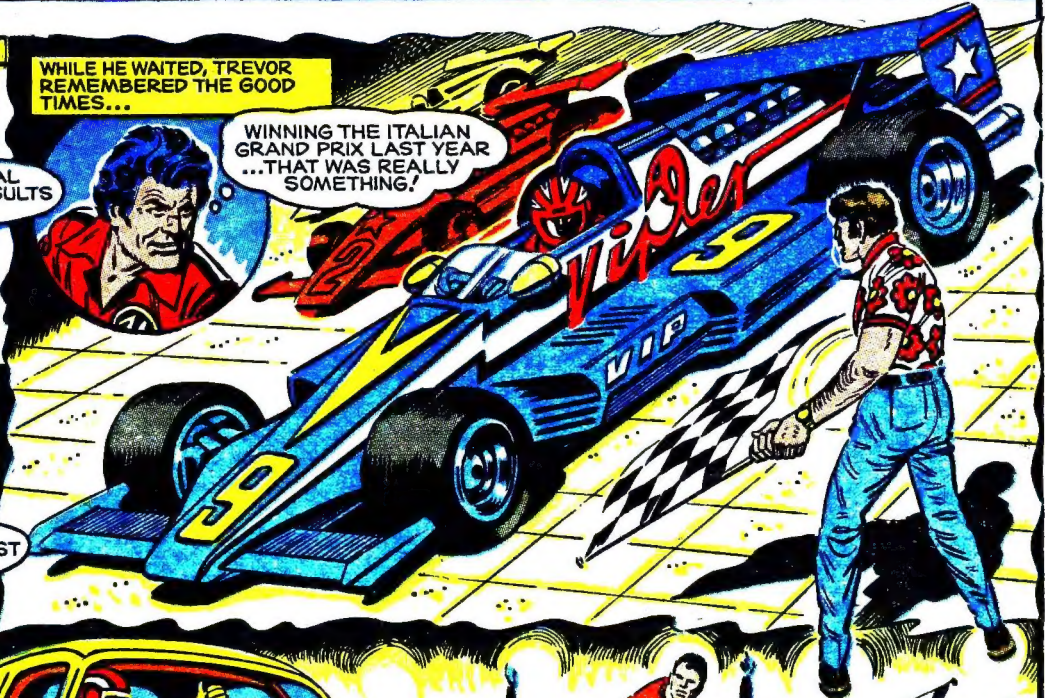
GRAND PRIX RACING DRIVER TREVOR WATSON HAD BEEN INJURED IN A CRASH, FOR A YEAR HIS LIFE DETERIORATED AND HE SUFFERED LAPSES OF MEMORY. BUT AFTER ATTENDING THE 1980 BRITISH GRAND PRIX, HE BECAME DETERMINED TO MAKE A COMEBACK AND VISITED A SPECIALIST...

WHILE HE WAITED, TREVOR REMEMBERED THE GOOD TIMES...

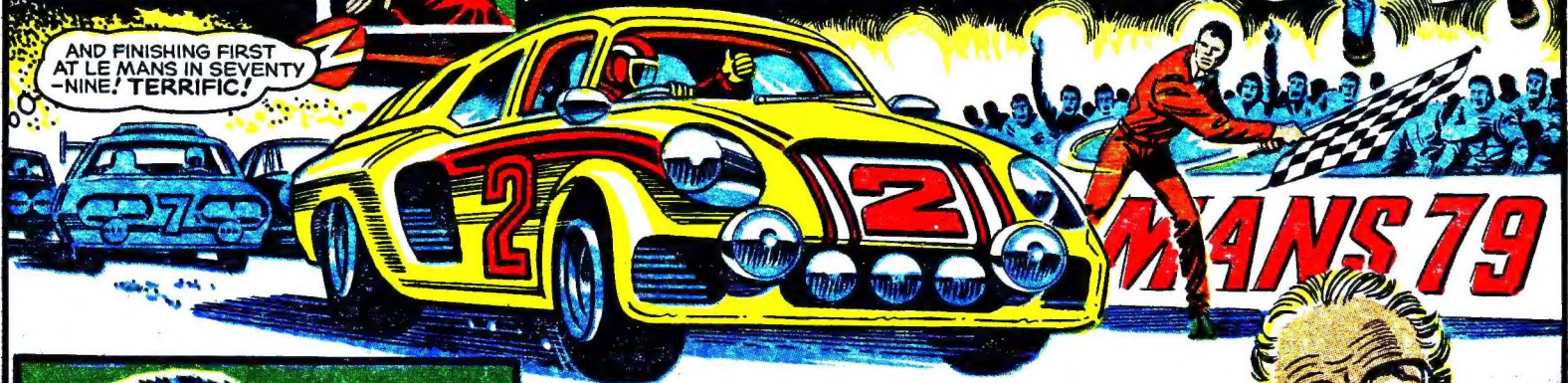
WINNING THE ITALIAN GRAND PRIX LAST YEAR ...THAT WAS REALLY SOMETHING!

WELL, TREVOR, THAT'S THE FINAL TEST. I'LL LET YOU HAVE THE RESULTS AT THE END OF THE WEEK.

THANKS, DOC. THIS IS GOING TO BE THE LONGEST WEEK OF MY LIFE!



AND FINISHING FIRST AT LE MANS IN SEVENTY-NINE! TERRIFIC!



AT THE END OF THE WEEK...

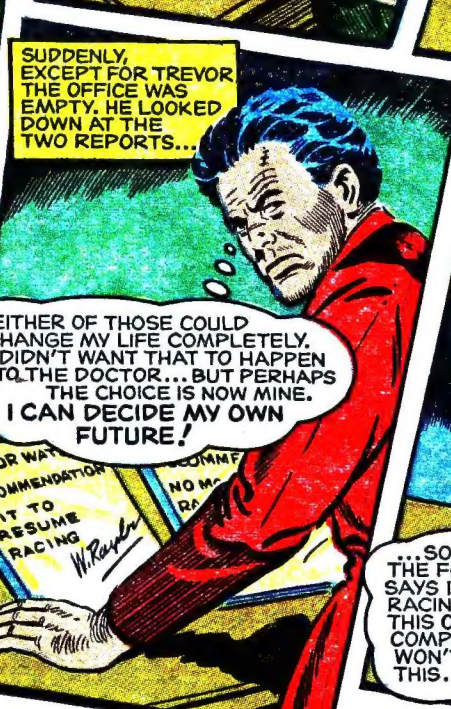
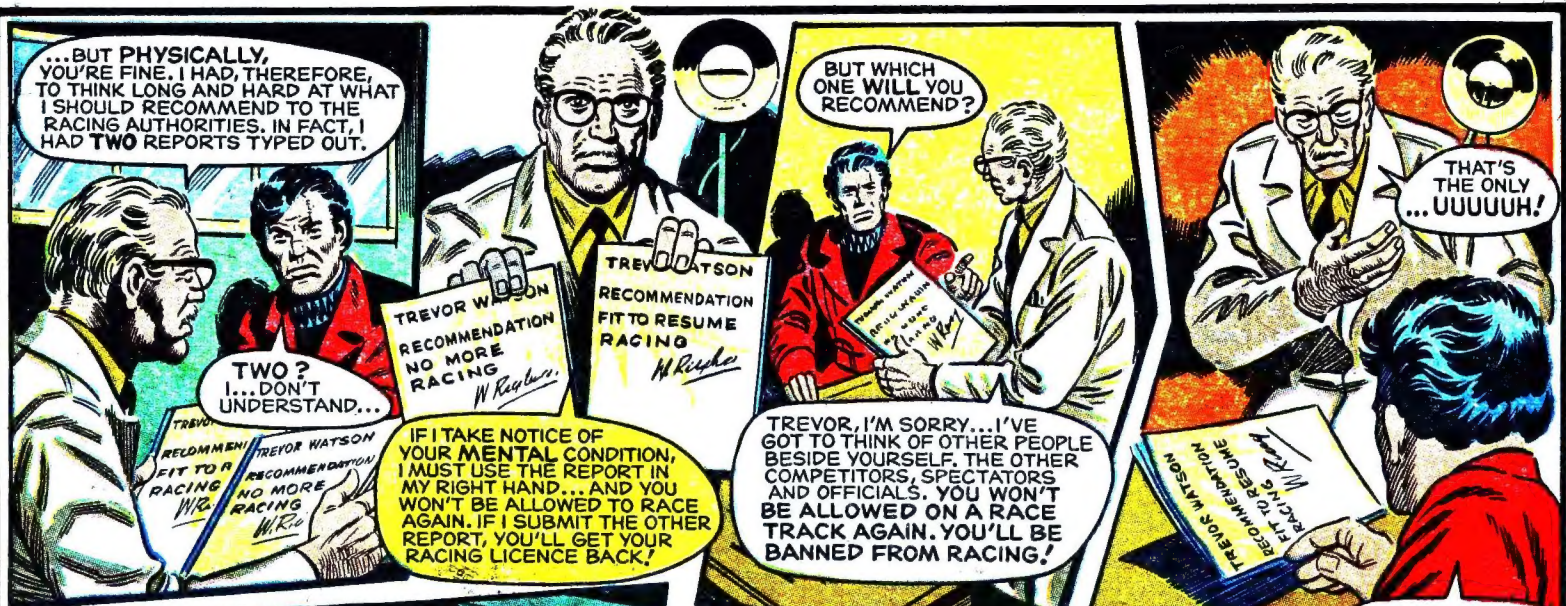
COME IN, TREVOR AND SIT DOWN. YOUR REPORT'S ALL READY.

WHAT DOES IT SAY, DOC...? I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE. YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME NOW!

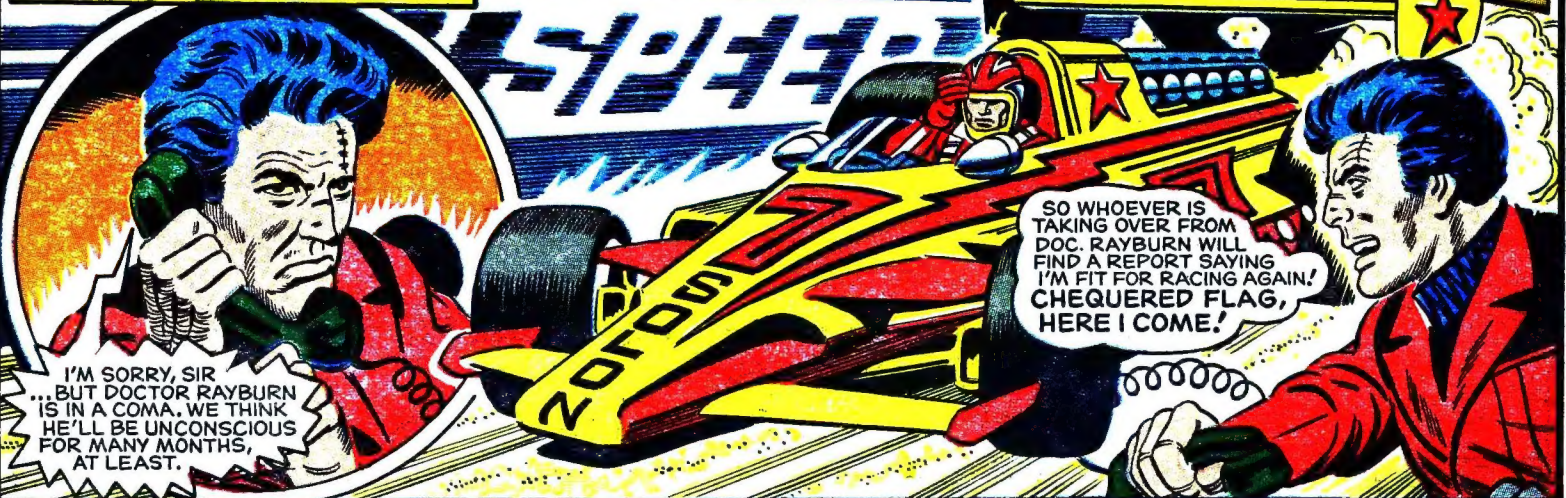
IT'S NOT SO EASY AS A SIMPLE 'YES' OR 'NO'. IN A WAY, THE RESULTS OF THE TESTS ARE INCONCLUSIVE. YOUR BRAIN PATTERNS DO SHOW THAT YOU WILL HAVE LAPSES OF MEMORY IN THE FUTURE AND FOR A RACING DRIVER THAT CAN BE SERIOUS!







AND WHEN HE TELEPHONED THE HOSPITAL THAT EVENING...



Look out for FILE OF FAME, featuring WINNER, in the great TIGER and SPEED!